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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 4, 1927. No. 20

GROUNDLESS CREDIT.

In one of his fables Aesop tells about a fly that sat on the axle-tree of a chariot-wheel and said, "What a dust I raise!" We smile at the mistaken fly. We know that the fly had nothing to do with the dust-raising. It happened to be in the dust that the wheel stirred up and took groundless credit to itself. The fact is, the fly was riding on the wheel that did the work that it took credit for doing. The uncomplaining wheel was both raising the dust and carrying the fly.

But have you not seen people like that fly on the axle? They are great "we" folks when the work is all being done by others.—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

"Our life is hurried and fretful, and while deeply and painfully aware of our insecure hold upon the eternal realities, we cannot keep quiet long enough to listen to God"—Dr. Harris Kirk.

MARKING THE DEAD LINE.

A contributor by the name of Thomas Minehan sends a piece to The Nation, describing in his own way the teacher contract maintained in an alleged small town in eastern North Carolina. What he wrote may be so; but the probability is that Minehan took poetic license or some other kind of license to embelish his story.

Tom Bost publishes in his paper the contract, which Prof. Chas. L. Coon, superintendent of the city and county schools of Wilson, N. C., presents to every applicant, who seeks work in his schools. It is:

"I further agree that I will take a vital interest in church and Sunday school work and other community activities; that I will not entertain company until late hours at night and thus render my school work next day inefficient; that I will not attend sorry moving picture and vaudeville shows; that I will not fall in love or become familiar with high school pupils; that I will not attend card and dancing parties; that I will not fail to use good sense and discretion in the company I keep; that I will use my best endeavors during the year to improve my work as a teacher; and that I will do nothing to bring disrepute on the home in which I live or to cause right-thinking people to speak disparagingly of me and of my work."

Anything wrong about this? Any person, mail or female, who can not

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in honor and with faith that he or she can carry it out is not the proper person to wield an influence over the child. If all other school officials followed a wise course similar to Prof. Coon's requirements for a teacher position, the character-building influence and example would be greatly enhanced, and the quality of teaching greatly improved.

Prof. Coon does not make them say that they will not smoke cigarettes, or play poker, but the last sentence of his contract covers these points with all, who have the real spirit of a real teacher. We must not forget that the average school days of a child covers the formative period of a life, and a teacher should possess the quality that encourages right thinking and right acting on the part of his pupils—the reputation for loafing, dancing, doing startling and odd things and idling away his time around a card table or on the streets during school periods is not conducive to forming good habits in the youth of the state.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TAKING NO RISKS.

An esteem exchange, edited by a very wise gentleman, seems to have missed his mark. Commenting on the contents of the contract that the officials of the Wilson county school require of prospective teachers, that journal wonders about the ability of that county to secure teachers. No trouble. Forward-looking teachers feel honored to be attached to a system of public schools such as Wilson county had built up.

Since the Certification of teachers obtains, there is much more risk in getting what you want and need in the way of teachers than formerly. In olden days any one who aspired to teach was evidence that he was prepard and qualified. so the only thing that concerned the school authorities was the manner of person. Now a few mechanical units, in many instances, fixes a position and price —the question of moral attitude enters not into the equation

The steemed exchange discussing the matter further has this to say:

> School teachers should be men and women of good morals, but their ability to "take vital interest in Church and Sunday School work" should not be a determining factor. They are hired to teach in the public schools, not in the Sunday School. Men and women of Christian principles are to be desired as teachers, we repeat, but there should be no compulsion about their Church work.

All laws are to govern the wicked, but they apply and hang over all men, good and bad and indifferent, alike. It is no reflection on a teacher to request a "vital interest in Church and Sunday School work." If his

heart and soul have no trend in that direction, he can pass Wilson and other thoughtful places by, and seek fields that suit his lack of a religious influence upon the youth that he leads.

If Wilson county contract was strictly followed by all school systems, there would be less danger in picking up teachers that spend a Sunday at the card table, golfing, etc. School systems have been so afflicted, accepting merely the mechanical "certification" as a final guarantee of worthiness and qualification.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

VALUES.

In the Lindbergh drama, says the Asheville Citizen, the most surprising thing is the surprise expressed by some people that Mrs. Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh refused emphatically and without a moment's hesitation the $100,000 offered her if she would go on the stage "to depict the American mother."

There are things that belong in the temple and not in the theater. There are rewards of love and devotion which, if the attempt is made to measure them in money, become a mockery and a reproach. There are values which, in the realms of glory, command the admiration of the gods of valor and adventure, but which, taken to the counting rooms, are made cheap and ugly by the babbling of the money-changers debased enough to think they can buy them.

Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh has already "depicted the American mother." She did it in the long years when, by example, precept and inspiration, she guided to maturity the body and soul of Charles A. Lindbergh and did it so triumphantly well that now, when he is in the swirl of adulation unequaled in history of peace-time heroes, he is unfailingly the gentleman with the unfaltering instinct that prompts him in all circumstances to say and do the graceful thing.

At the close of the War Between The States, when Robert E. Lee was offered the presidency of a New York life insurance company at a salary of $25,000 a year, he refused it on the ground that he knew nothing about the insurance business. When the company replied that it would require him to do no work and would pay him the salary for the use of his name, he answered that his name was not for sale at any price. He then became the head of Washington and Lee University for $1,500 a year.

The ladies and gentlmen of the world know the true values of things. As

Robert E. Lee scorned to capitalize the fame he had won by consecration to duty amid the blood and agony of his followers, Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh disdains the proposal that she should make a show of her motherhood for money.

In realizing her best self in her son, she has a reward beside which all the money ever minted is trash. She has flunk down on the counter of life a coinage that passes current in Valhalla. She has touched with her bare hands the ideal of maternity: the fashioning of a man able to excel his fellows and adorn the destinies of his race. And if she opened the doors of that temple of glory to the keepers of the moneybags, she would tarnish every ideal she put into her son's soul and deny every prayer he learned to lisp at her knees.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

MISS DOROTHY CARLSON.

In the National Oratorical Contest, which was pulled off in Washington, D. C., last week was unanimously won by Miss Dorothy Carlson, of Salt Lake City. Something like the number of twelve had right to be in this contest by virtue of having won in their respective state contests, but Miss Carlson was the only female among the orators.

The impressive aspect of this contest lies in the fact that five members of the United States Supreme Court, stationed in different parts of the great hall after the speakers assembled themselves, took a ballot and Miss Carlson received every vote. Now, it is dangerous business to question the wisdom and findings of a high court; but somehow or other, at this distance, we are inclined to the belief that those high Judges just couldn't resist the beauty of the lone woman, who appeard in that contest and fell to her charms, rather than her superiority in oratory—to be honest about the whole thing, since seeing the picture of Miss Carlson, The Uplift begs to add an additional vote to that of the Judges.

It is not stated, but it is reasonable to suppose that some of Miss Carlson's antecedents hail from North Carolina.

SILVER CROSS CIRCLE, CONCORD.

Several of the thirty-two members of the Silver Cross Circle, a junior organization of The King's Daughters, of Concord, held an informal meeting in the outing, capped by a picnic supper on the ground. These young ladies during the past school year have done their parts well in school, and in their organization have gone about doing good. Among the fine little things they did for the less fortunate in our midst was to contribute twenty dollars to the "milk fund" of School No. 2 for undernourished children.

In this group we find: Miss Addie White, teacher and leader of the Circle, and Misses Virginia Smart, Elizabeth Parks, Ida Patterson, Lillian Batte Martha Means, Louise Means, Elizabeth McEachern, Mariam Cannon, Margaret King, and Elizabeth King. They had a fine time romping over the open; and some older folks enjoyed these fine, attractive youngsters in their superb innocence, happy souls and sparkling glee.

Some things to forget:
—imagined slights
—yesterday's troubles
—failures of the past.
—malicious criticism
—petty quarrels.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

"Head Work" wins in the race with "Hard Work."

I hardly believe there is a case where a person deliberately goes off and hides himself when an office is hunting around for a man. The genus homo is not built that way. And politicial history is devoid of such a record.

To be happy without the things you want is the most acceptable way to enjoy the things you have.

Here's a recent expert definition of an expert: "A man who knows more and more about less and less." A definition, that defines in an admirable manner.

I have been looking for some poet to write a song on "What are the Permanent Waves Saying," I imagine they have swept so many men off their feet that they haven't time to write songs.

The most disappointed persons in the world are those who get what is coming to them.

When you keep the man with whom you have an appointment waiting, you extend to him a cordial invitation to think the worst of you. And he generally accepts the invitatoin without reservation.

They were romantically inclined—or had been. They evidently had been contemplating the future. Said she: "I was just thinking; a few words mumbled over your head and you are married." He had learned wisdom from others and cynically replied: "Yes; and a few words mumbled in your sleep and you are divorced."

These "ramblings" are just the thoughts that come to me from time to time, amid the busy, hurried rush of the exactions incident to daily journalism. I keep company with myself so much that it is imperative that I companion with a genial, good fellow. We all tent with ourselves, all through life. And content is a rich blessing. This tent of cordial friendship is a wonderful thing. What is more refreshing and restful to the weary pilgrim than his friendships? I doubt if anything this side of Heaven is more worthwhile than friendship and friendliness; and what a place it is in which to rest. We find it in the home, in business, the school and the church; but I think we often fail to appreciate the bond of sympathy that binds us all in Christian love. "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" is often sung with no thought of its significance. Some people seem to think that rest means idleness; but I do not think so. Tents signify camping. Camps are scenes of activity. Nature is never idle. We do not find much truth while idle. We have to dig for truth as for hidden treasure, but with what enthusi-

asm do we labor! So with friendship. We never win many friends through idleness, sloth or indifference. "To have friends one must show himself friendly." No child's play is true friendship. Jesus was continually saying to His disciples: "Come ye apart and rest." But it was not to give them time for idleness, but get in closer touch with one another and with God.

June roses! June bugs! June graduates! June brides! The very air is fraught with romance! The songs of birds—the fluttering gold and purple of butterflies—the exotic perfume of a host of flowers—and June sighs with raputre at the mighty joy in her own heart! Now the soft yellow sunlight falls across the church, touched with shimmering beauty the flower-decked hymeneal altar; a tender hush drifts down. The organ's strains float on high, "O, Promise Me," and ere we are aware a vow is plighted, divine magic transforms two hearts into one. Then they leave the altar, this bright-eyed pair, walking upon air and rose-petals and opal-tinted clouds. Ecstatic sighs follow them, sighs that seem to predict the perfect ending to the old, old fairy tale—"and they lived happily ever after." Will they?

Here's a good one. A certain sportsman and hunter bought himself a new bird dog, recommended to be fine on birds. He took this dog out on a trial hunt. The dog set a covey of birds; but he was a gun-shy dog. When the covey arose the hunter began to bang away, and the dog taking to the road went his way like a spotted streak. The man soon followed, and for some distance, but saw nothing of the dog. Meeting an old negro man, several miles furthr on, asked him if he had seen anything of a dog going along the road. The old negro replied: "Boss, wuz dat a dawg? I thought 'twas a hant."

There are times when we cannot help but pause, to contemplate the hidden, eternal mysteries of life; to speculate on whence we came and where we are going; why we are here and what is behind it all. Sometimes it is charged that the geologist and the oil man, who necessarily must believe and depend upon his knowledge, are atheistic, material beings, enmeshed in a sodden philosophy; lost to the inner things of life. Yet in his daily work the geologist or oil man reads to himself a constant preachment of his God; sermons in sands and stones more potent than those to be found in almost any other industry. On my desk, as I write, is a small vial of tiny fragments of an oil-bearing sand, golden in color, taken from the depths of a productive oil well, in Texas. It was sent me by a friend to show from whence come golden streams. More eloquent, more forceful and sincere than any spoken word is the sermon in sand. There are sermons in stones. Nothing is ever lost in the sight of God, it is said. Uncounted millenniums ago the sunlight beat down upon this old earth, as it does today, pouring out its generous heat and light—and who would stop to think that even the sunlight is not lost. Yet here it is, captured in this sand, preserv-

ed and treasured for our use. The geologist reads his fossil records identifying and interpreting his formations. And as he works he reads the mighty story of triumphant life forging upward, out of the darkness, into the light marching on and on, "whither we know not, but we do know we shall be like Him." The tiniest leaflet of so long ago that its age is to the total age of the human race as a second is to a century, leaves its traces, imperishable in stone. We unlock a treasure house of Nature prepared for us in such a remote past we cannot conceive even a tiny part of the infinite time between. Infinite vision. The fall of a sparrow—the flight of a sunbeam. And the power behind it all.

I heard one man say to another: "Have you any influence with this junk down here,"—referrnig to the sitting of the superior court—"I am summoned on the jury; I have nothing to do; and I do not care to serve on the jury." No wonder our courts do not function as they should when people hold them in such frivilous esteem and have no more respect for their sanctity and high authority. Disrespect for the law; the courts; national, state, county and municipal authority is a crime against good order and the peace and dignity of human society.

It is so easy for poor, frail humanity to think that God has forgotten us when trials come; but if you and I could only believe and remember that there are greater values at stake than our physical comfort or earthly success — that God is testing our lives to see whether they are the sort that ultimately can be crowned. If we were only wise enough, we would know that what seems our greatest trial is often our greatest blessing. "For our light afflictions, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things that are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal but the things that are not seen are eternal." All of us have our sorrows and disappointments. The cleaning fires are often very hot, and the winnowing fans seem to be exposing one to winds that will blow one away. Life seems perplexing and discouraging when you look at the things that are seen; but God wants you and me to look at the things not seen, and experience life which has stood up under all tests. God wants you and me, by His grace (for it is God that worketh in us for His own good pleasure,) to live up to the best that in us.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

HERO OF THE FLOOD.

Lindbergh has nothing on this hero—one of another kind. Lindbergh with a daring that the whole world applauds, did a service; Frank J. Smith, with a spirit of a sacrifice for others, took just as great a risk—all for the sake of saving women and children, snatched from raging waters.

Fortunately they had a place to carry the poor fellow. The King's Daughters' Hospital, born of a spirit and a wisdom to minister unto, not to be ministered to, though standing in four feet of water, threw open its door to care for this poor fellow, with a heart of bravery and of gold. It occurs

Greenville, (Miss.) King's Daughters' Hospital.

to us that more is to be accomplished in this world and a laying up for the next by building hospitals, as these women have done, than winning prizes at card parties. Don't you think so?

The horrors of this terrible flood, with its accompanying destruction and sorrow, will never be fully known. If this country had a president that knew how to think in terms of humanity, a Congress would have been in session to provide for the relief of the flood situation and to devise plans

for rehabilitation. Selfish politics and personal fear of a congress in session palsied a hand that should have been raised in the interest of humanity.

One of the first men to volunteer his services for relief work in the flood that swept over the Mississippi Delta, from the break at Stopp's Landing was Frank J. Smith, engine mechanic, of Greenville.

His first duty in the emergency was to put the engine of one of the government's big steel launches in order and to keep going in the race over the flooded area to save the lives of people marooned in the trees or on house-tops where they had sought refuge from the water. His range was over the Black Bayou Basin and down Deer Creek to Leland, Arcola and Hollandale where the flood was most severe and rapid in advance. Through the driving days of rescue he kept the old thirty horse power Miller engine at the top of its capacity, bringing refugees into Leland and Greenville.

It was on one of these trips that he met with serious injury. He was bringing about twenty-five women and children into Leland from the district around Hollandale when he noticed that they were about to strike a low hanging high tension electric wire. Although he fully recognized the danger he grasped the wire to fling it over the heads of the people crowded in the launch. As he was leaning against the steel side of the boat the current struck through him with a blinding glare and roar. It actually fused and melted apart in his hand, burning his arm to a cinder and tearing serious wounds in both legs. He was brought to the King's Daughters Hospital in Greenville where his right arm was amputated, and he is now receiving most careful attention in the hope of saving his legs which are horribly burned.

All that he possessed in the way of shop equipment, furniture and clothing were lost in the flood, for he abandoned everything to engage in rescue work. He is now incapacitated as a skilled workman. He is one of the heroes and victims of America's greatest disaster and is deserving of a Carnegie medal for saving the lives of two score women and children at the risk of losing his own life.

Some men work for power,
Some men work for fame,
Some men keep on working
Because they like the game;
Some men work for health-sake,
Some to show their grit—
Most men work because they'd
Starve if they should quit.

THE SUM TOTAL OF A MAN.

(Asheville Citizen.)

In Captain Charles A. Lindbergh's own story of his flight, published in **The New York Times**, he referred to the time when he thought he would have to make a forced landing on the ocean, and added: "But I remembered that the flying boys I knew back home spent some hours almost every week in bad flying when a forced landing would have been just as bad for them as a forced landing would have been for me. Those boys don't get credit for it, that's all."

Reading those sentences, the average citizen wonders why it was that, among all the air mail pilots who did the same work and had the same opportunities, Lindbergh was the only one to win through to the fame and fortune of the New York-to-Paris flight.

The answer is that every great achievement is the result of the sum total of some man's character and personality. There are many air mail pilots every bit as brave as Lindberg. There are those as skillful as he in the air. There are those who have vision ed the glory and the thrill of the New York-to-Paris non-stop flight. But it was Lindbergh who had the ambition, pertinacy, vision, courage and persuasiveness needed to launch him into the air in New York in his own plane and to carry him to Le Bourget field.

All those qualities were so combined in him, and each was so highly developed in him, that he was able to make the feat his own. They call him "Lucky" Lindberg. The nickname is no compliment to him, nor does it tell the story. He was "lucky" as every man is lucky who backs Dame Fortune against the wall and clubs her into submission. His take-off from New York was the result of several years of preparation and planning.

Having the ambition, vision and courage to see the possibilities and results of the flight, he began to save money out of his salary as a mail pilot. After putting away $2,000 he had the pertinacy and persuasiveness required to secure the remainder of the capital for the adventure. The personality that has charmed Paris and fired the imagination of the world, was also capable of convincing the men he approached that he was worth backing.

His flight was the result of the sum total of Charles A. Lindbergh. All fine work is the result of the sum total of a man at his best. We are apt to say of this or that achievement: "Why didn't somebody else do it?" Others failed to do it because they had not put into it quite as much as the successful performer put into it. There is no lasting fame that comes from the flash-in-the-pan success. True greatness is the reward of long arduous and consecrated striving for the desired end.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.
—Goethe.

KILLACKEY, BANKER.

By W. O. Saunders.

To my way of thinking the most interesting banker in America is John Francis Killackey, cashier of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. And you probably never thought of the cashier of a big hotel as a banker at all. Let's see.

* * *

The Waldorf is one of the busiest hotels in the world. Its 1,400 guest rooms are usually occupied. Its various dining rooms serve an average of 5,000 meals a day. Frequently as many as 8,000 meals are served in a single day, when there are a number of big banquets going on.

Ninety per cent of the guests of the Waldorf have charge accounts and there are 80,000 of these accounts.

John F. Killackey, for 16 years cashier of the Waldorf personally knows most of these 80,000 credit customers who come from every State in the Union and from almost every foreign country.

Killackey in his eight hour trick at the Waldorf handles sometimes as many as 700 cash transactions a day. His average is about one a minute. These transactions range from change for silver coin to the prompt cashing of a check for thousands of dollars. The cashing of personal checks of large denominations is a common practice at the Waldorf and the cashing of checks for as large amounts as $10,000 to $15,000 is not infrequent.

* * *

Killackey handles an average of about $50,000 a day in cash back and forth through the little window of his office. To the front and left of him and to the right of him, just a few feet away two plain clothes men always stand guard.

And Killackey has been doing this trick for 16 years, making change, paying bills, receiving payments of accounts, cashing checks, exchanging U. S. currency for the bank notes of foreign countries, at the rate of a transaction a minute, and his mistakes are negligible. Do you know of any other banker in America with a record like that? I don't and I wouldn't know where to proceed to look for one.

* * *

I have known Killackey for years. He tells me that I am one of two or three folks who know how to spell his name. I have stood near his desk time after time and watched his manner of dealing with the disconcerting stream of humans that flows by his window. A woman fussing with a book of American Banker's Cheques, wanting change just so a Jewish delivery boy with a c. o. d. package for a transient guest; a distinguished gentleman well known in international diplomatic circles; a celebrated author; an admiral of the navy; a rich dowager; a dandy commercial traveler; a timid old man with drooping moustache who looks as if he is trying to get out of evrybody's way and who is actually many times a millionaire. All being supplied with money in

various sums. Some in a vexing hurry; others vexatiously slow. Some peremptory and irritable, some so sociable and affable as to make themselves a nuisance to others waiting in line. And I have never seen Killackey in other than a smiling mood.

* * *

Killackey always smiles.

And that is why he makes so few mistakes.

It's easier to deal with many folks without becoming mentally and physically tired in the run of a day if one can cultivate and master the art of being nice to everybody. Killackey has done that.

I am going to talk to a group of young bankers at a dinner at the Warwick Hotel in Newport News tonight. I think I shall tell them about Killackey. Bankers can learn a lot from Killackey.

* * *

Killackey boasts that he probably knows the names and faces of a million different folks and he knows the trick of putting the two together and calling a guest by name almost instantly when the guest shows up at his window after an absence of months or years.

And when I asked him how he explained his memory for names and ability to keep smiling every minute in the day, every day in the year Killackey gave me a very simple and interesting formula: "You can't know a million folks intimately and personally without loving them," says Killackey.

"And you can't know folks intimately without having an interest in them. Just to know a man's face and his name is not enough. There is a similarity in names, a similarity in faces. But every human individual under the sun is unique and different from every other human in some intimate personal particular. You've got to like folks to get close enough to them to know them. When you really know them you don't easily forget them."

COUSINS.

Can and Will are Cousins
..Who never trust to luck;
Can is the son of Energy
Will is the son of Pluck;
Can't and Won't are cousins, too,
Always out of work.
Can't is the son of Never Try,
Won't is the son of Shirk.—Boston Transcript.

MONEY AND PUBLIC SERVICE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House, in an article in the Youth's Companion urges the youth of the country to take up public life as a career and to get away from the mistaken idea that a man has to be wealthy in order to succeed in such work.

When Franklin K. Lane was Secretary of the Interior in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet, he declared on one occasion: "Every young man who wants to serve his country in politics and statesmanship should first amass enough money to make him independent. The salaries paid public officials in this country are meager. The man who holds legislative or executive office should be so situated that he will not have to bother his head about money and debts. He should be able to devote all his energies to his job."

Mr. Lane, when he said that, had been a public servant while poor in this world's goods. He had had a long and varied career. He had been a success as a journalist, lawyer, corporation counsel of the City of San Francisco and an Interstate Commerce Commissioner. He had fought municipal grafters, and he knew the magnitude of temptation that confronts the poor man in public office.

"The truth of the matter is," Mr. Lane added, "that no man has any business in public life unless his great and dominating motive is to give himself to his country. There are men who satisfy their natures best by amassing money, but that is what they do. There are others who are true to their best selves only when they render service, and they should be in politics. But every man in politics, to realize his fullest possibilities, should be financially independent."

Mr. Longworth has been wealthy all his life. He knows nothing, by personal experience, of the handicaps and burdens of poverty or of too limited means.

Mr. Lane was nearer the truth of the matter than Mr. Longworth is. The ideal would be the official with plenty of private means governed by the urge to serve the people. On the other hand, there are many Americans who, beginning public service with no money, have struggled up to high honor, living on their salaries. Every one of them, however, would doubtless confess that, if he had not been worried by financial stringency, he could have done more brilliant work.

One of Mr. Lane's statements is irrefutable. This is that no man should adopt politics as his career unless his chief desire and great purpose is to give himself in service.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I may not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.—Louisa May Alcott.

A SEVERE INDICTMENT BY AN ABLE TEACHER.

By D. V. Meekins

Are the schools of North Carolina today, with their investment of millions in modern buildings with all conveniences and equipment gymnasiums, laboratories, domestic science departments, worship, and a ten-months school term and highly paid teachers, turning out better citizens or more learned scholars than the old fashioned schools of yesterday?

The answer is no, if one may take the opinion of a man who has been an educational leader in the state for half a century. That man is Prof. S. L. Sheep who retires this week as Superintendent of the Elizabeth City schools, a position he has held for 20 years.

In an interview given this week. Prof. Sheep assigns the chief cause of our failure to produce masterful students, to the growing tendency to broaden the curriculum and teach the child a multitude of studies, of which he may only gain a smattering, and the mastery of none.

Another reason for this failure to turn out finished students is the fact that many of them are not college material, he says. Too much attention has been paid to the quantity of education we cram into a child's head, and so little to the quality of it. Too many parents have been slaves to the ambition to see their child in college; when they should be seeing that the child gets quality education in the high school—a few things learned well.

And too many of the students sent away to college are not even college material. They would be far better employed in learning a trade or entering business.

Only Half Finished School.

A deplorable condition, but proven by the fact that less than 50 per cent of the students who enter high school during the first year ever graduate. This is largely the result of a lack of interest in the studies pursued, indicating more than anything else the outcome of poor teaching.

And it all gets back to the high schools, for these teachers went to their normal schools or colleges, where they were accepted as having mastered the work of the high school; and beause they thus accepted, they didn't get the right kind of training in these institutions. With minds yet immature, they are sent out in the world to make interesting a multitude of subjects, of which they know nothing but must try to cram into minds that see no need or feel no desire for such subjects.

Professor Sheep cites noted educational authorities to sustain his statement.

Prof. Sheeps' statement, granted this week, has behind it the experience of a man who is known as one of the educational leaders of North Carolina. He has taught four generations of Elizabeth City people, since he came here 49 years ago to teach a private school, which he conducted for 29 years As superin-

tendent of the Elizabeth City schools he has held the chair of arithmetic than 1,500 students for many years in the mysteries of a complex curriculum specified by the state department of education. For 14 years, he has held the chalr of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry at the summer school of the University of North Carolina. Here is what he says:

We Should Strive For Quality.

"Dr Edgar W. Knight has created something of a sensation of the need of longer school terms, but another item needs equal emphasis — the quality of instruction given. The spreading of our curricula over a great number of subjects gives the student a smattering of a great many things, and a mastery of none.

"This fact has been recognized by leading colleges for many years, just as it has been brought home to the leaders in public education everywhere. Some 20 years ago the dean of Harvard college said his college wasn't receiving the hard-headed masterful boys that formerly came, when schools had a more limited curricula.

"It is evident that pupils in public schools and secondary schools need to concentrate on a limited number of subjects and master those—that is education in the true sense of the word. The mastery of a limited number of subjects gives the student mental training which enables him to take other subjects later in life and complete the mastery of them.

"There are many things in our new school curricula which have considerable value, but to find time for these subjects and do justice to the fundamentals is hardly possible in the limited school days.

"The men who have gained prominence by outstanding accomplishments are men who have confined themselves to their chosen subjects. What is true of great men is equally true of students in high schools and elementary schools. Masters of the fundamentals in elementary schools are students who make greatest successes in high schools and colleges.

"The fact is that our colleges are sending home at Christmas time a very large percentage of the freshmen that enter with the opening of the college in the fall is evident of the lack of thoroughness of the subjects pursued in the high schools.

"Another reason for these failures is due to the fact that so many of them are not college material. The ambition of every parent today is to give his child a college education, at great expense to himself, and often to the extent of depleting his resources to the point where at old age he must live in complete comparative poverty.

Fifty Per Cent Should Not Go

"Dr. Faunce, president of Brown university, has stated that about 50 per cent of the boys who go to college would be much better off by going into the trades or business. The fact that a very small percentage of those that enter a freshman class complete college is evidence they are misfits. They come home to parents and friends who are disappointed because of their failure. Yet many drift into the business world and make notable successes, despite the fact htat they must recover from the

severe setback caused by their failure in college. One needs but to look about him in his own neighborhood, to find evidence of the truth of this statement.

"The same condition exists in our high school which is proven by the fact that less than 50 per cent of those entering high school ever complete high school, a condition which may be attributed in large degree to the lack of interest in the subjects pursued.

"Another cause of high schools failures is poor teaching. Teachers must know more than the subjects taught, and have the faculty of showing the pupil the value of the subject, and inspire a real love for the study that will cause him to achieve its mastery.

"I sometimes doubt whether our colleges and normal schools are giving the right kind of training to the would-be teachers in their institutions. These institutions are taking it for granted when a student enters, he or she has mastered the work of the high school, and it is a foregone conclusion they should have done so.

Bunglesome Teaching

"But the attempt to teach these rather immature minds many of the mysteries of psychology and sociology has not brought about any very great improvement in the ability of these people to impart instruction successfully.

"From a practical standpoint, we find few of these teachers putting the principles they are supposed to have learned about the nature of the mind into practice in their teaching. This is so true that some of the high school superintendents and principals advise these people to forget their psychology, and to teach the subject so the pupil will have a love for it, as well as a desire to become thoroughly acquainted with it."

Mr. Sheep explains that probably the greatest trouble behind the student's inability to grasp the extensive curricula of the schools today is the system of making him complete his schooling in 11 years. "It would be far better," says Mr. Sheep, "particularly in this climate, to carry the student through 12 years of nine months each, than 11 years of 10 months each."

"There are many reasons to support this claim. We are paying too much attention to quantity output; we are cramming the mind beyond its capacity to retain; we are not giving the child an opportunity for investigation, and the acquiring of general information; we do not provide a vacation lengthly enough during the hot months that is essential to his physical development; and worst of all, we are sending children to college at 15 and 16 years of age, the most impressionable age, when they are too young to go away from the character moulding and strengthening influence of their home and parents.

"Is this an accommodation train?" asked the traveling man.

"Only in a technical sense," replied Mr. Crosslots. "As a matter of fact, it's one of the most disobliging trains I ever rode on."

JUST VEGETABLES.

By M. Wilma Stubbs.

Every one who has the land for it, and who is at all garden-minded, possesses a vegetable patch. From it are expected, in season, crisp salads, sweet, tender peas, stringless beans, palatable and nutritious root vegetables. What perhaps is not expected from it is the color, fragrance, romance of the flower border.

Yet there is color, there is romance, in the "just vegetable" garden—tints and tones of color to delight the artist's critical eye, the colorful romance of the many centuries, the far-distant countries and climes, the strange folk, in which and by whom they have been planted and grown, not to mention the romantic story of their travels and the wizardry by which simple wildlings have become the highly civilized citizens of our garden plots, these, in turn, to become the progenitors of new forms of plant life.

Halve a beet and then another and still another—you will find no two species quite alike—and marvel at the rich and varied hues of red with which the Master Artist has endowed this common garden vegetable. Study the effect of early peas against a background of brown earth, as did Hawthorne, the delicate green of quick-growing lettuce, the deeper tones of the really beautiful foliage of the common carrot, the light and shade of rows and hills of beans and corn and wandering quash on a July morning or noontide. Then ask yourselves if "just vegetables" do not possess a wealth of color by no means to be despised and far richer perhaps than you had supposed.

Fragrant, too, is the vegetable garden with old memories, the aroma of human life, of the brave endeavors of countless generations of cultivators of the soil. Even for "just vegetables" we have to thank plant magicians of many tongues, of many hues of color, of the many centuries, the long ages of growth, since first the wildling was made to grow in gardens and produce other and better of its kind and of varieties till then unknown.

Walk through your garden on a day in spring or early summer or in the fruit-rich autumntide, and let your plant friends talk to you of their past. Some of these stories will take you back into the dim shadows of the morning of civilized life, others will carry you to the farms and gardens of the first Americans; upon still others will rest the glamor of more recent adventure and discovery.

Cucumbers and lettuce, asparagus, leeks and onions boast an ancestry hoary with age. Cucumbers and onions are perhaps among the earliest of cultivated plants. It is said that the former has been grown in gardens for at least three or four thousand years, probably much longer. Onions were highly esteemed by the ancient Egyptians, who paid divine honors to one variety. So the wandering cucumber vine of our little vegetable patch may tell us strange tales of the gardens of Persepolis when Darius was subduing the Pun-

jab or when Xerxes was being forbidden Europe by the "wooden walls" of the Greeks at Salamis; and the green shoots of the onion row will gossip with us concerning Egyptian market gardeners and Egyptian housewives, when the pyramids were rising in the Nile Valley and current history was being inscribed in strange hieroglyphics upon temple and obelisk.

It is quite possible that the Lake Dwellers of Europe were as fond of garden peas as we of today are since pisum sativum has been found among the ruins of their villages. No one knows anything with certainty of the origin of this delectable food. It was grown very early in western Asia and northern India. A Chinese work on horticulture, dating from the Middle Ages and known as the Pent-sao, tells the story of the introduction of this and other vegetables into China. It seems that a certain diplomat, one Chang-Kien, was also much interested in scientific matters. In the second century B. C. he was sent into Western Asia on a diplomatic mission and while absent interested himself in foreign plants to such good advantage that he brought back to the gardeners of his native land the watermelon, the walnut, peas and beans, spinach and the cucumber.

Lettuce has a long life-history as a salad plant. So also has celery, which is mentioned in the Odessy So early as the time of Pliny and the Cilician physician, Dioscorides, this useful table-plant was established in garden—and blanched. The Greeks and Romans knew and used our garden aspargaus and probably also cichorium endivia (the endive). We have seen that spinach was introduced into China from west-central Asia in the second century before Christ. It was not known to the classical people of the Mediterranean, however, and did not become a part of European menus until at least the sixteenth century. New Zealand spinach—not a relative of the true spinach—was brought only recently from the islands whose name it bears and suggests the romance and adventure of South Sea discoveries.

Beet greens may have been a Greek and Roman dish, at least it is stated that these peoples made use of both the leaves and root of beta vulgaris. The turnip, carrot and parsnip, too, are all of Old World origin. But a part, a large and very necessary part of the vegetable garden is of American origin and genus. Not for that reason are we to suppose these New World vegetables are really new. Many of them were probably under cultivation when the Ro- was discovered. Pole and bush beans man Cato was thriftily tending his acres, perhaps even when Egypt and Chaldea and India were in the heyday of gardening achievement. Of these is our Indian maize. One can only dream how ancient its cultivation may be. The oldest burial places contain ears of corn, and there is little question that it was grown in variety by the early Mayas and probably by the predecessors of the Incas. Nearly all of the divisions and tribes of the races occupying America when the Europeans opened it to the world grew some form of it. Such

plant development and wide traveling proves a long, long history. Those old-time Americans gave us also our garden bean or at least the simpler forms from which the many varieties of it are derived. Quite another member of the bean family is vicia faba, or faba vulgaris, the vegetable known to the ancients and to the European gardener before America are both of the tropical regions of our own continents, and these American beans were also, like the all-necessary corn, widely cultivated by both civilized and half-civilized-Americans before the coming of the European.

Yet another citizen of our gardens claiming American origin is the potato. A nature student whose boyhood was spent in South America tells of being shown by his father the insignificant tuber with which, early in the history of the continent, pioneers in the service of agriculture, wrought such wonders. For when the Spaniard crossed the ocean on his mission of conquest, he found the potato everywhere grown on Andean farms and grown in variety. Carried to the Old World solanum tuberosum was re-introduced into America (in Virginia and North Carolina) in early colonial days. The sweet potato is also supposed by some authorities to be an American plant, though the wild form has never been found. On the other hand, it is said that sweet potatoes were cultivated by the Chinese in the first centuries of the Christian era and in the South Seas at an early date. From the scientific name of the plant, ipomaea batatas, we have by error the every-day name of solanum tuberosum.

But not only did our dusky predecessors in American agriculture grow strudy upon cornbread and baked beans, they devised also uses for another product of their gardens and ours, cucurbita pepo, including both the pumpkin and the squash. Doubtless those old-time North American housewives were as proud of their store of these useful and delicious vegetables as any garden-maker and householder of today. In the fall they hung up strings of pumpkins to dry, as our mothers dried apples. With the exception of cucurbita maxima, from which are derived our winter squashes, the "isquoukersquash" and the pumpkin are both supposed to be of American origin.

The very nutritious, wholesome and popular tomato is probably also an American gift to the world. The "wolf-peach"—vegetable or fruit?—is not, however, of those older gardens. Its use as a food is of comparatively recent time.

Perhaps we have said enough to show how fascinating "just vegetables" may be. What a proof they are of possibility! And how interesting it wuold be, at some timeless agricultural fair, to compare the products grown by the farmer of today with those raised by Persian and Chinese, Babylonian and Egyptian, Greek and Roman, Aztec and Maya, Chibcha and Peruvian. Surely the wonder of the vegetable garden—and of life—is not less that man has had a hand in the process.

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

(Exchange.)

Ole Bull and John Errickson had grown up together in Norway, but each had gone his own way. Ole Bull loved the beautiful and learned to express himself on his violin. John Errickson had a mathematical and mechanical mind and thought of Ole as a visionary that never would amount to anything. So their paths separated. Bull went on with his music and gained an international hearing; Errickson came to the United States and became a well known manufacturer.

Years passed by and Errickson prospered greatly in his business. He frequently saw the headlines in the papers about his boyhood's friend, but thought no more about him than if he had seen some David of Old Testament times playing on his harp. Finally Ole came to the United States and even played in John's own city, but John was too much of a practical man even to go to hear his recitals Ole learning of this, visited him in his factory. He first talked of mechanics and of different kinds of wood, things Errickson was already interested in, until his old friend was all attention before he knew it, and made to wonder how Ole ever gained knowledge of such things. In this way the musician led him on until he showed him the mechanicsm and the reasonancy of his violin. Then he drew the bow across the strings, explaining, as he did so, the wonderful effect of vibration. When he was finally convinced that Errickson was sufficiently interested, he threw his whole heart into an old and familiar melody. As he played strain after strain, Errickson wept, saying through his tears, "Play on, Ole I have discovered the thing that has been lacking in me all these years." As the violinist played men left their tasks and came into the office, until Errickson gave command for all work to cease until all the operatives might hear Ole play.

What the young man needed who came to the Savior was whole-hearted surrender to God in Christ Jesus. Yet a man may even be a Christian and still be lacking in some one thing vital to the fullest expression of his being. John Errickson had missed much in life simply from the fact that he had never found a channel for full self-expression. To be sure, he was absorbed in business and in it found real joy, but there was something lacking. He needed something outside of his business. Self-expression is not always found in one's vocation; it must often be discovered in an avocation. It may be found in music, painting, public speaking, writing, gardening, nature studies or in a thousand other ways. Man to find the fuller life must have something to give; something to give back to his own being if not to others. Paul tells us that the Master said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This is not only true of money, it is true of love and many other things dear to life. There is a giving of one's self in unselfish service that none can afford to ignore,

for it carries with it a satisfaction that the human heart needs and deeply craves.

In John Errickson's make-up there was a leakage, a short circuit where power was lost. So it is with every man who has not found some special channel for self-expression. In the heart of John Errickson Ole Bull struck a sympathetic chord that vibrated after long years having been untouched. There are often pent-up feelings that almost burst the heart. Jeremiah, because of the rejection of his message by the Jews, and his subsequently being placed in the stocks, tells us, "I said, I will speak no more in His name. But His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forebearing, and I could not stay." There never could have been any satisfaction to Jeremiah except in doing the thing his heart told him he was called to do. Many of us need to go on a voyage of discovery.

A BOY'S VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

I've read a heap of stories
'Bout soldiers, knights and kings,
I used to think the Bible
Didn't tell about those things.

But now I've found the stories
The Bible tells are true,
And they beat all the others—
I think they're great, don't you?

They tell 'bout kings and soldiers,
And folks like me and you,
And little boys with fishes,
And girls and women, too.

And then they tell of Jesus,
And of His love to men,
No matter when I read them,
I want to read them again.

—Pearl Holloway.

A DAY AT A TIME.

By Rev. Collins, in Christian Herald.

"Be not anxious for your life." "The worst of our fears never happen," said Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" of England. After years of forebodings in government, after many misunderstandings with the crowned heads of Europe, after motives of Christian service had been misconstrued, Gladstone bore testimony that the things that worried him most never happened!

Jesus realized, as He went about among men and women, how many people were carrying unnecessary burdens. Just as is happening to-day. Mothers are worrying themselves sick about their children and cumbered about serving; fathers, fearful of the years ahead, buying the home, paying for children's education, carrying business responsibility. And the strength needed for life's battle is sapped during sleepless nights and fretful days.

How can we overcome these weaknesses? How can we go out into the challenge of the day armed with the courage of conquerors? Jesus said, "Ye must become as a child." Whoever saw a boy who worried where his next meal was coming from, or what would happen when his shoes were worn out? He knows mother will take care of the dinner, and dad will fix his shoes. Even further did Jesus go when He said, "Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat.... Is not life more than the food, and the body, than the raiment?"

"Now every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove—
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought."

SHORT WORDS.

(Dearborn Independent.)

There are long words and short words, more of the short than of the long, and it is to the use of short words that the English tongue seems to run. Not long ago, a group of scholars chose what to them were the big words in common life, and they were all short words.

Take that outside of us, the mystery of the world, how it all falls into the span of short words: sky — star — sun — earth — air — rain — snow — tree — grass — water — grow.

And the things more near us in the way of life—that word "life" itself! — man — woman — child — food—drink — fire — home — love — work — play.

The things of the spirit, all said in short words: faith — hope — fear —grace — strong — weak — wonder.

And then those two infinitely decisive words: yes — no.

Most of them words of one syllable, too. Even "syllable" might have been written "part."

TRYING OUR STRENGTH.

(Young Folks.)

I was introduced to a man on the train the other day who interested me very much by a modest story of his life. He began, when he learned I was from Philadelphia, by saying that about fifteen years ago he was a member of the Athletics. In a little while he was farmed out to another league. But during this time he would engage in wrestling matches, for it was in this field that he excelled rather than in baseball. He showed me some pictures of himself and newspaper accounts of physical contests in which he engaged. He seemed not to be able to talk much on any subject than that of physical prowess. As our train came down through the mountains we saw a fawn over in the woods. Instantly he remarked, "I would like to give that animal a chase." Among the many trees there was one that lifted its top high above all the rest, and he spoke about the joy it would give him to climb it Then he told me of a wrestler whom no one had been able to pin to the mat under ten minutes, and my new friend was going to tackle him shortly. It was a joy to hear him talk. How he delighted in his strength! The exercise of it gave him a pleasure that nothing else rivalled. In one field he had just about excelled and he put his whole soul in it.

It is not needful to tell my readers that then and there I learned a lesson; it is not needful because if they had been in my place they would have learned the same lesson. There is a joy that words fail to describe coming to any one who stands near the top. The remotest sensation of that experience can hardly be detected by the individual who is content with mediocrity. There are hosts of us who have not achieved, and yet we are satisfied to remain just where we are. We have inbibed the notion that it does not pay to make the struggle. We have learned enough to carry us through life and that is sufficient. We earn enough to support ourselves and our families and why should we worry? It is doubtful if any other sentence has done more harm to most. people than "that will do." There is unspeakable joy in knowing that we have done the best we could.

TREES.

The city of Gaffney has put on her Summer dress, and as usual, green is the predominating color. Nature never changes the style. But it is a fashion that never wears out its welcome on its return each year. Though green, the color of the leaves varies in shade—some of a delicate shade, so delicate in fact, that they look as if they might fade before the burning rays of a warm summer sun. However, they never do. Others are an olive green and still others are darker—a deep rich green giving the appearance of vitality and the power to resist the rigors of Summer storms and the bleaching sun.—Gaffney Ledger.

KEEP THE LANDMARK SET.

(News & Observer.)

So many prerogatives of legislative bodies have been surrendered that it often appears that they may become mere adjuncts of the executive departments of government. One of the landmarks of legislative assemblies has been kept inviolate, however. If the time shall ever come when members of legislative bodies can be held accountable in other places for what members say in debate, then free government will be dead.

Attorney General Brummitt does well to call attention to this important principle of political liberty in making it clear that he will issue no subpoena for Senator Rivers Johnson to appear before him to answer for what he said in the course of debate in the Senate. It is true that Senator Johnson has volunteered to appear and tell all that he knows, but it is only because he desires to do so and not because of compulsion. It is not a distinction without a difference. It is a matter of vital principle of free government.

Freedom of speech for members of legislative bodies in England and America is a right that was bought with blood. If this right were surrendered, then the Legislature would become a mere adjunct of the two other branches of government. In America the three branches of government—legislative, judicial and executive—have been made co-ordinate. Each is separate and distinct within its distinctive realm. They should remain so.

The Legislature is the forum of discussion for questions of public policy. If the right of discussion should be taken from it, then it would have no reason for existence. Take away debate, and the Legislature would become a mere rubber stamp. Remove discussion, and the people would no longer have a forum in which to consider questions of executive policy, no forum in which the injustice of laws could be remedied.

Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character. —Froude.

BY WAY OF CHOICE.

(Young Folks.)

In their classical mythology the Greeks had a character by the name of Hercules. He was the son of Zeus, and a hero of more than national fame. He was looked upon as the incarnation of manly strength and patient endurance. He was the doer of superhuman deeds, and reputed to have been the founder of the Olympic games. He has been made much of in Greek literature and life, and the youth of that nation were delight-

ed to learn of his feats of adventure and power.

In one of his poems a Greek writer cites how one day Hercules met at the cross-ways two goddesses, the one named Pleasure and the other Virtue. The former offered him ease and a good time, while the latter held out to him usefulness and an honored name. Hercules chose the latter and made her the constant companion of his life. Among all great choices there is none that surpasses this one.

But what has happened in the realm of mythology has happened in the world of fact. If the creations of story-writers delight and charm us, we are none the less delighted by acts of heroism and wisdom in the sphere of actual life.

The fair figures of pleasure and virtue still stand in the pathway of us all, bidding for our interest and choice. It is not a rare thing to hear of and see those whose lives are set to the rule of having a good time. It is their meat and drink. It is what they think of when they start out in the morning and it is what they dream of when they come home at night. It is their constant topic of conversation.

But not all belong to that class. There are still those who choose the course of usefulness. They have made helpfulness and virtue their compaions. But they are not thereby deprived of pleasure of the most deep and abiding character. They have their good times. They can laugh and sing too. But their lives are motivated with good purposes. They believe that they were not put here for a good time, but to fill their hands with honest tasks.

"Courtesy is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gateway, but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden."

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 1.

"A"

Roy Adams, Russell Capps, Alton Ethridge, Byron Ford, Robert Gupton, Henry Jackson, Robert McDaniel, Horace McCall, Chas. Morrow, Paul Parton, Jesse Roundy, Ernest Rohr, Geo. Stanley, Herbert Williams, and Jack Walker.

"B"

Talmadge Fry, Clarence Maynard, Edward Moore, Jas. Hunsucker, Jas. Beddingfield and Geo. Pearson.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Norman Grass, Julian Fisher, Robert Glasgow, Robert Kermon, Bert Murray, Louis Pleasants, Howard Shaw, Colen Sells, Lee Wright and David Whitaker.

"B"

Herbert Floyd, William Ballew, Lawson Beasley, Mallory Poe.

Highest grade for the month was

made by Colen Sells.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Stanley Tripp, Samuel T. Moore, Dwight Ewing, Otis Bass, Paul Burgess, Hubert Crayton, Langford Hewitt, George Hayes and Elmer Mooney.

"B"

Lincoln Burgess, Earl Williams, Norman Beck, Gibson Lanier, Foy Allen, Claude Cooke, John Hill, Kenneth Lewis and Roane Turner.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Fuller Moore, William Shirley, Guy Thornbury, Cleveland Shaw, Ivan McCombs, Howard Atkins, Eugene Lewis, Kelly Tedder, Clyde Evans, Isaac Bartley, Karl Kimzey, Ralph Wright, Dan Wilson, Nolen Austin, Shermon Saunders and Bill Goss.

"B"

Dalton Lanier, Paul Sapp, Clyde Cook, Robert Chattin, Earle Fault, Vernon Walker, Hermon Kissiah, Earnest Carlton, Leonard Stinson, Wendall Ramsey, William Shaw, Leon Matthews, Gerndon Odom, Vernon Cox and Ed. Massengill.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Aaron Davis, Allen Johnson, Earnest Pleasant, Emmitt Levy, Chas. McMillian, Claude Whitaker, Montford Glasgow, Rudolph Snipes, Herbert Munn, Dealdon Campbell, Baker Smith, Bill Elliott, Edmond Hodge, Cordill Smith, Allen Wrenn, Clyde Kivett, Lester Whitaker, Glenn Page, Herschel Crews, Earl Griffin, Eddie Berdeau, Edd Juilliam, Lebron Vause, Earl Mayfield, Waldo Moore, Tan Parsons and Stanton Hale.

"B"

Carl Griffin, Clarence Whitten, Loy Odell, Leory Daniels, Ozell Willis, William Doby, Carl Shoaf, Thomas Vance, Cecil Vause, Willard Squires, Hubert Hines, Franklin Smith, Marvin Cook, Leonard Powers, Victor Eavens, Walter Ricks, Arthur Fowler Norman Bradford, Chas. Beaver, Ted Stewart, Obe Sims, Wheeler Vandyke Woodrow Hines, Ben Chatten, Carl Shopshire, Percy Long, Perry Quinn, Johnnie Price, Arnold Cecil, Wylie Moore, and Johnnie Daughtry.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Last Sunday the boys enjoyed a chicken dinner.

Charles Morrow, a member of the thirteenth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week. He went to his home in Columbus, Ga.

The barn boys have been hauling hay during the past week. Others have been plowing and doing other field work.

The fruit has begun ripening now. The boys received peaches the other day. A little later on we will have plenty of this delicious fruit.

The boys on the work force have been kept very busy the past week hoeing cotton. We hope to have a very fine crop of cotton this year.

Last Saturday afternoon, the Pythian team came out for a game of baseball. The visiting team won, 10-9. It was an interesting game.

We wish to thank Mrs Harvey Moore, of Charlotte, for the Bibles that she presented to the boys of the second cottage. We feel sure that the boys will make good use of them.

The chicken boys have not been heard of much lately. They are on the job just the same. They keep the pens cleaned, the chickens well fed and watered and the eggs gathered.

"Peter Undaunted By Persecution" was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells how Peter and his disciples were beaten for preaching in the name of Jesus Christ whom they crucified. "Standing Firm Under Persecution" was the theme. The golden text for this lesson was: "We ought to obey God rather than men."—Acts 5:29.

The regular Sunday afternoon services were held in the auditorium last Sunday by Rev. W. W. Orr. He took his text from the second chapter of Hebrews, the third verse. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." He told of what we did if we saved another person from death. We saved him from death to life, parents and the good of the world. He told of a trip to the slums in Chicago and a visit to a mission church. He walked in to see what it was like. Once inside, the preacher asked him if he was a preacher, and he said he was. He asked him to preach for him. He he held a Testimony Meeting, each man giving an account of how he was saved. One man got up and said: "One day I was walking along the street in front of this church and a young man asked me inside. 'Come on Judge, and talk with the Lord.' I don't know why he called me Judge, but just the same I was one. A Jugde on the Queen's bench in England. I got the drink habit and was disgraced, left for America, and took up the habit again. My wife and children left me and I wasted all my money. I didn't think much of this place then. After I came in and began to get serious, and prayed I was saved. From that night to this, I have never touched a drop of liquor. Now I have a good job, my wife and children back with me and I am happy." Rev. Orr brought out several good points on his subjects. The sermon was very interesting.

One day in school the teacher said: "Micky, give me a definition of salt."

"Shure," Micky responded; "It's the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you boil 'em and don't put any in."

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 11, 1927. No. 21

THE PRIMARY STUFF.

In my town recently the senior class of sixty-four bright boys and girls in the Shelby High School, my boy being a member of this class, held an election and named with one voice an Assyrian boy as the most popular student in the class. He won this distinctive honor without pull or influence, social, financial or otherwise. He was elected because he never shirked a job, never refused responsibility and never welched before work. I stand uncovered in the presence of such a boy, and am proud beyond words for such a class of native born North Carolina boys and girls who honored themselves and honored their school in the recognition of true character and in the exaltation of genuine worth. To me the election of this boy was the most hopeful and wholesome election in North Carolina this year. "This Assyrian boy had character, and character is the primary stuff out of which leadership is made."—O. Max Gardner, concluding an address to the graduating class of the Lexington High School.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Jewels

Longfellow gave a young friend this advice: "See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem every day. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine forth such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself." This is good counsel for any Christian who would learn the leson of gladness. To this may be added, Take into your heart every day some cheering word of God. Listen to some heavenly song of hope and joy. Let your eye dwell on some beautiful vision of divine love. Thus your very soul will become a fountain of light and joy, and gladness will become more the dominant mood of your life.

—Selected

NUMBER TWENTY.

A fine dream of yesteryears is now a reality. I refer to Highway No. 20, reaching from the delightfully satisfied old city of Wilmington up to and in the very heart of the most beautiful mountain scenery this side of the Mississippi. I inspected a part of this achievement myself, by a trip from Concord, via Monroe, to the Cape Fear. It's wonderful. From Concord to the Cape Fear the speedometer registered 225 miles going and 226 miles returning.

Except for a few miles on route 151, a sand-clay proposition leading into Monroe, the trip is made without encountering dust. But deliver us from several miles at the approach of Monroe. For years I have heard of an animal classified as the "road-hog." I never saw one until on the 24th of May. He was seated in a truck, kicking up a dust that was blinding.

He held to the middle of the road. Tooting of a horn only changed his speed to prevent my passing. When slowing up to avoid the terrible dust he was raising, he slowed up. This performance covered seven or eight miles. A law should be passed for such animals; if there be one, it goes uninforced on that particular road. Page Sheriff Fowler.

Speed.

Two hundred and twenty-five miles in seven hours for a little roadster beats the Seaboard train. That's traveling, compared to the means of transportation in other years. But this is possible because of the blue and white ribbon, without a wrinkle, the genius and spirit of a great state in action has unwound for the joy and convenience of its citizens.

Crops.

The advancement of the crops was a distinct surprise to an up-country observer. Down in Columbus and Robeson counties the season is supposed to be two or more weeks ahead of Piedmont North Carolina, but the crops were not even up with those of the latter section.

Those good people of the South-east had been suffering a severe "dry spell." All through the swamps water was absent. I wondered what had become of the frogs. Not a one was heard to play a tune along the highway between Whiteville and Wilmington. Even the mosquito was not in evidence.

Meets the Requirements of the Law.

The twin cities of Whiteville and Vineland are unique. You scarcely know when you reach one or leave the other; but one thing in that pleasing community, aside from the wide paved streets, beautiful flowers and unusually attractive homes, well kept, is the fact that you are forced, when entering the twin cities or leaving them, to pay court to Columbus County court house. They compel you to drive around the institution. That provision indicates that the Columbus authorities escaped the trials and contests of Newton.

Development.

Better homes, better outbuildings, better kept grounds, better farming operations and better everything seem in absolute evidence along the entire highway. This is the natural outcome of good roads; and, of course, the people are happier. No trouble about getting gas. Filling stations abound. Possibly there is room for more. I am obsessed with admiration for a manly youngster wherever I see him. I am tempted to take the trip again, merely

to have several little 13-year old gentlemen serve me with gas.

Just a short distance on this side of Rockingham is a station presided over by such a little gentleman. It was a joy to trade with the courteous little fellow; but, just like a boy, he had to "have a little negro boy hanging around for company." Have you not enjoyed the picture of a little white boy supremely happy to have the company of and to "boss" a little pickaninny? No friction—just satisfaction.

A Calculation.

I ruminated some as we sped along a marvelous road. Having manipulated the silent steering wheel—my car is equipped with two steering wheels; one for the real driver, and the other one for the exercise of comparative judgment in negotiating speed and congestion—I had time to wonder "How come."

Figuring the distance to Wilmington in feet and the length of a column in the Charlotte Observer, I began to think of the strenuous and religiously faithful devotion of Col. Harris in advocating the virtues of the state, the development of its resources, the exploiting of her climate and the responsiveness of her soil, during these fifty years he has been writing the story of North Carolina. I figured it without pencil or paper that were all the writings of this editor along the above lines pasted together it would make another ribbon that would reach all the way along No. 20 from Wilmington to Asheville. It was proper and fitting that Editor Harris was invited to be one of the chief speakers at the celebration, in Lumberton, of the completion of No. 20.

Another Matter in Evidence.

One or two parties, seeking a little free advertising and hoping to inherit a little notoriety, have been engaged in blackguarding the educational efforts of North Carolina. It is mighty easy for a tax eater and a miserably small tax payer to criticize the efforts of a great state. They ought to travel No. 20.

The superb school buildings that grace this route give the lie to the indictment of these glory seekers. There never has been such a thing as the little red school house in this state. It was log. They are gone. In their places at convenient distances are to be seen modern brick buildings that meet in full the requirements of consolidated districts. These buildings cost money. The state has not been asleep in her honest effort to give the rural child an equal chance.

It is this very thing that has enhanced rural living, and before many years

—when the quality of teaching and teachers catch up with the quality of school equipment, along with the acquisition of water and light systems—the cities will have nothing on the rural section in the delight of living.

Holds Her Own.

Delightful old Wilmington with her folksy people—she is perfectly satisfied. Perfectly content are her people until up in the day to hear all the news of the outside world as it comes trickling in via Raleigh, Greensboro and Charlotte.

Now that the terrible ferry accomodations are to be supplanted by a modern concrete bridge a revolution for the good and joy of the whole people is about to take place—but what a shock to the fine sentiment of a pleasing and satisfied people.

"I'm One of Your Boys."

On Market street I was leisurely strolling, trying to catch the evidence of a change in the past four years. Advancing toward me was a bright face boy, with outstretched hand. "Well, who is this I am speaking to?" "Why," said the handsome little gentleman, "I'm one of your boys."

He evidently told others—Wilmington has been a rather liberal patron of the Jackson Training School. The next day several did me honor to call at the Cape Fear hotel. Just a word to you busy man, who for the moment has overlooked the fact that the only thing that you can convert into a man is a BOY:

To have had a part in snatching from a toboggan of evil that leads to eternal ruin a boy; steadied him for a while; sent him out into the world to take his place as an asset to society rather than a menace; making good, he appreciates you and yours; singles you out on the street, looking you square in the face and assuring you "I'm one of your boys."

That's the glory of service—that's fine salary—that's the answer to "who's my neighbor."—J. P. C.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Today seventeen years ago a certain man came into the young and struggling life of the Jackson Training School. This is the way it happened:

Jas. F. Hurley was then nursing the young life of The Concord Daily Tribune. He was asked to name a promising young man that knew something about type-setting, and one that had character and one that did not

believe that booze was requisite to efficiency in the fine art. He named his man.

Today seventeen years ago I drove to Kannapolis, found Jesse Caldwell Fisher, clad in a white apron and presiding over the retail counter of a beef market. A proposition was made; he accepted; he came with us.

Barring several months, Mr. Fisher has been connected with the fortunes of the Jackson Training School for seventeen years. He officiated at the birth of this little journal; he made himself useful in every conceivable manner in every department of the institution; he never carries a watch that keeps time and has not cultivated the art of watching the clock. The "C" in his name ought to be "F", meaning faithfulness.

His worthiness, dependability and efficiency has kept him all the while as the head of the Printing Class; and growing up with the institution, learning its real purposes and aims, has made himself a valuable attache of same. In recognition of these fine qualities, he holds also the position of Assistant Superintendent.

It is no sense in awaiting his removal to another country for telling the truth on this worthy and agreeable gentleman, so The Uplift is thrusting this bouquet at him while he can enjoy same in the presence of his large circle of appreciative friends.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

There is something finer than to do right against our inclinations, and that is to have an inclination to do right. There is something nobler than reluctant obedience, and that is joyful obedience. The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it. The real test of character is joy. For what you rejoice in that you love. For what you love, that you are like.—Henry Van Dyke.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE GREATEST PROBLEM.

Your greatest problem is yourself. You are also your greatest treasure. If you can get yourself determined upon—find out what you are and what you are for—and if you can discover and develop the elements of value in your nature, your life will take on beauty of orderliness and your need of saving bank will be less and less, for you will be your own riches. I say if you can, for this procedure take wisdom, and wisdom is a fruit that ripens slowly. Perhaps you are not yet wise; perhaps you are confused amid the surface and appearances of life; perhaps your code of conduct is based up-

on the customs of times and the sayings of the alleged sages; perhaps you are disheartened and discouraged even in frenzy of retreat before the things in your life which seem to oppose you and beat you back. But even so, this is but a condition or mood which is not final. The condition will right itself, the mood will pass.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

LITTLE THINGS.

Man is made by little things. His soul seems made like his body—as if by the heaping up of cells. In each cubic inch of the human body there are a few millions of cells. These are so concatenated as to compose at last the form of a Washington or a Beatrice.

The formation of a good soul is not otherwise, and each little part is essential to the peace of the sum total. Little influences combine and shape the heart. It is not quite enough to say: "He is an American." "She is a Northerner." For a million influences are at work here and there, and not each one will respond to the touch of the same million.

No one large term will save us, for Aaron Burr was an American; the Sioux Indians are sons of the temperate zone, and Henry VIII was a Christian. The valuable thing is the many little or separate facts which fall under the broad term. The word "Galilean" did not harm Christ because the ten thousand thoughts and deeds of his soul ran counter to the reproachful epithet, and carried him far away from the old generality.—Swing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Friends make excellent helpers and encouragers, but they were never intended to be used as crutches or as braces. A wise old proverb says: "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." How much better to think and plan for yourself than to say, "Well, Harold says that."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The child that has never known the joy of having a pet has missed something from life more precious than all that wealth can buy.

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Flying across the ocean is becoming rather common. How about making the next spectacular jump to the moon?

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

There are no really hard times for the efficient—nor many good times for the inefficient.

A straw will show which way the wind blows—especially if it's one of those round Panama babies, and it gets about a ten-foot start on you.

Simple justice is thus very humorously described: "Kilty or not kilty?" the old German asked of a man charged with stealing a barrel of coal oil. "Not guilty yer honor," said the man. "Den vat you vant here?" said the old judge fiercely. "Go on away about your peezness."

People who haven't time to stop their cars at a railroad grade crossing sooner or later manage to find time to attend their own funeral.

The one hundred and twenty-five graduates of the three high schools of the city of Durham, quite over one half being young ladies, presented an animated and inspiring scene at the city auditorium Friday evening. Costumed in immaculate white, they were typical white rose buds of humanity. Among the number was one outstanding figure that gave a quaint charm of admiration to the beautiful bevy of graduates. One young lady, only one, wore a white gown that came down to her ankles. It had the appearance of a little old motherly fashion, of over half a century ago. It was clever and just as cunning as could be and was in marked contrast to the others, with their short skirts, many showing their knee-caps. It was indeed refreshing to see a moving picture of beauty adorned as our grandmothers were in the former days when there was more modesty extant than in these later days. This young lady should have an extra gold medal.

A mining paper says that "Oil and gas made it possible for Captain Charles Lindbergh to blaze a virgin air trail across the Atlantic, and incidentally giving the world a new air hero. Without the benefit of gasoline, of the lubricating oils made from petroleum, the birdman probably would not be flying at all." Yes; and if there had been no steel, or iron, or wire, or anything else that made up his machine, he would not be flying. If there had been no Atlantic ocean he would not have gone across. And had not Lindbergh been born, there would not now be an air hero. But, oh, shucks; this kind of reasoning can go on ad infinitum. It makes the brain whirl. If there had been no world, there would not have been this air feat. So there you are. And that's that.

It is true that money does not grow on trees, but a good deal of it has been obtained by grafting.

Why cannot kindness to the dumb animals that are so wholly at the mercy of man be taught in the home from infancy? Why? There is a peculiar pathos in the word kindness. If the question asked could be wafted

throughout the world, and presented to the mothers of men, in the right light, they would surely teach their children to be kind from earliest childhood. Just as the greatness of honor is taught, so should kindness go hand in hand with that teaching. It has been said that children are cruel by nature, and will always be so. Must not children be trained to obedience? Then why can they not be trained to be merciful? Take the time to teach the greatness, the nobleness of a kind heart, and in time the child will teach someone else, and so and on, until the human race is humanely educated. When you teach honesty, truthfulness, and the essentials that make up a good life, teach kindness too, for without it no one can truly be great.

The statesmen to whom has been delegated the task of regulating the affairs of the world can now take a little season of rest from their arduous labors. They can turn the job over to the class orators at the colleges.

Operators now want to regulate the output of crude oil. For ages past it has been the desire, and hope of all the small boys I ever knew, that there was some means of curtail, drastically, the output of castor oil, which has been the input for generations.

The late Marion Barbee was a man of much good wit. In his earlier days, before he came to Durham to merchandise, he ran a store at Fish Dam, in the country, and was also the postmaster there. It was a star route. He had to keep a record of the arrival and departure of the mails. It so happened that the mail carrier's horse died. The mail failed to reach Mr. Barbee's office the day the horse died. He sent the entry on to Washington: "No mail today. The carrier's horse died." The next day no mail. Mr. Barbee sent in this information: "No mail again today. The horse is still dead." This went on for several days, and each day he notified the postal department that the horse was still dead. It afforded a good deal amusement in the post-office department at Washington.

Did you ever observe what a difference one letter will make. Take window and widow, for instance. You can see through a window; but who ever heard of anybody who could see through a widow.

As the women say, "They were just too cute for anything." They were two tots, apparently three and four years old. Both dressed alike. Hand in hand without noise or childish glee and laughter, they wandered about the big Trust building, taking the different departments of business. There was a merry twinkle about their large blue and brown eyes, as they looked with the deepest interest on scenes entirely new to them. They had nothing to say to anybody; kept out of the way of business activity. They just looked as if they were intensely interested in everything going on; and everybody doing the same thing. Some greeted them with a broad smile and a pleasing word; others patted them on the head as they passed; and still others hurried by them with scarcely a

glance. But the tots were not disconcerted. They pursued the trend of their sight-seeing in their own innocent way, all unconscious of their being the cynosure of several interested people. They were not only cute, but lovely in their demeanor.

Buying on the "easy payment" plan is all right, but it does not make payment any easier, when they become due.

Short haired women have as long a wait in the barber shop as some of the men. That is one place where women comes "Next!" to you.

Thrift does not consist of worrying about last month's expenses, or extravagances, but in nailing this month's as you go along. "Hard payments," not "easy payments," is the motto of success. The harder you make it to spend when you cannot afford to spend, the more you will have to spend when you can afford it.

Two men comparatively strangers, may be talking inconsequently. One happens to mention a certain person he knows in a certain town. "Why," says the other, "I've been to that town and I know that fellow." Immediately a bond of friendship has been formed between them. If you love folks sufficiently to take into account those little hardships and disappointments and irritations as well as those little joys and surprises and delights we all love; and if you talk to folks about just such things; and especially if you let them talk to you about them; if you really listen attentively while they talk—in other words, if you prove to be a person with a warm, humane, considerate, understanding heart—whatever else of this world's good things you may lack, you will never lack friends. What greater single thing could you ask than to figure happily in the lives of your friends; to be welcomed by them and to be sought by them.

There are sunrises as beautiful and as gorgeous as the sunsets. Isn't it a thrilling thing to see the day begin and end in such beauty? The hand divine is seen in the changes and tinting of heaven's glory revealed on this side of its portals. I read the other day a beautiful tribute to "Sunrise." It was: "Waiting with eagerness the dawn the Eastern sky prepares her weave of filmy cloud. Stars of first magnitude, midst ripening blue, still hold their vigil. Broad bands of silver and crimson creep up from the horizon, gloriously tint the mist of night and give the morning kiss to the stars. The banner of day is complete. Swift following, the lancers of the King of Light swing down their spears and drive the night before them. Then comes the royal chariot in view, arousing the sleeping world to action and sending the slinking beasts of darkness to their dens. The banner is already far in advance, heralding the Sunrise to a benighted people." Isn't that beautiful?

Putting the horse before the cart has now been changed to "quart before the hearse" by the obliging bootleggers.

GARDNER TELLS GRADUATES THAT CHARACTER WINS.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

"I hope you go on to college, if you are going to pursue knowledge," O. Max Gardner, told the Lexington high school graduating class Friday night. "But if you are going to get the social prestige of the campus, to wear bell bottom 'britches' and have a big time off the old man's money you would be better off if you stayed at home."

There is no reason why any high school graduate with ambition should not attend any North Carolina college. The colleges are looking for those with the ambition to carry them through, who are not depending on a full purse. The boy whose parents have little money but who has ambition is much better off in the struggle for success than the pampered son of the rich. I wonder why men struggle to pile up wealth to pour into the laps of their over-priviledged children."

The "next governor" went on to point out that an overwhelming per cent of the successful men have had to struggle to reach their present places. "There are hard places on any road you may take," he said.

Mr. Gardner stated that he did not come to make a "literary address" and that he would not attempt to deal in high sounding rhetoric, but that he did want to say something to the graduates that they would remember and that might prove helpful to them in finding their rightful places in life. Mr. Gardner was presented by Solicitor J. F. Spruill as one who can "walk with kings without losing the friendly touch."

In the course of his speech of about three-quarters of an hour Mr. Gardner said:

Three Essentials.

"The three qualities essential for leadership are character, ability and personality. I know that men are not equally endowed with these three attributes, and never will be. God did not make us equal. If I had been making the world and had been running for political office at the same time, I would probably have made us all equal, but if I had made the world I would have made a mess of it. God makes one man tall, another man short. He makes a few men wise and the most of us otherwise. He gives one man ten talents and another man one. He makes a few women beautiful and the rest more beautiful.

"God knew that the joy of living comes from struggling, that the joy of possessing comes from earning. He encourages the spirit of emulation—that is of friendly rivalry among individuals, groups and nations. We misinterpret is as "something to quarrel about," but still it gives zest and joy to life."

"He may be deficient in ability and a perfect bore in the realm of personality, but the man with high character is never a failure. Char-

acter constitutes the warp and woof of eternal life. Every citizen with good character is a success. He may be only a ditch digger, but if he digs an honest ditch, a straight ditch, he is a good citizen. The tragedy of human life is that we find so many people who can do a job and won't, for one reason, because they have never found what their job is. There are so many of us to do a lot of things we are not cut out to do. General U. S. Grant's ambition was to be an orator, whereas God created him for a military leader. The sucessful man, the man to be envied, the happy man or boy or girl, is the one who finds his job and goes to it and masters it.

"To find one's life work is not always easy. The best suggestion I can give on this subject is this: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Study your limitations: and "in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he will direct thy paths." And remember that the only way to get a big job is to do a little job well.

"No, men are not born equal; but we are coming each year to the finer appreciation and realization that every citizen is entitled to, and must receive, and equality of opportunity; that no child, because of its environment, heritage or station in life, shall be hemmed and hedged about with narrowed, restricted and limited opportunity.

"The most democratic institutions in America today are our public schools.

THE HERITAGE

By Abbie Farewell Brown.

No matter what my birth may be,
  No matter where my lot is cast,
I am the heir in equity
  Of all the precious past.

The beauty of the living earth,
  The power of the golden sun,
The Present, whatsoe'er my birth,
  I share with every one.

And mine the future to bequeath
  Unto the generations new;
I help to shape it with my breath,
  Mine as I think or do.

Present and Past my heritage;
  The Future laid in my control;
No matter what my name or age,
  I am a master-soul.

DR. POTEAT TO WAKE FOREST SENIORS.

In opening his address Dr. Poteat declared himself under the tyranny of his own habit of dealing with culture in relation to some phase of intellectual life of the moment. After naming some of the titles of his past speeches, Dr. Poteat declared the title of his last address to be "Culture and life."

"Culture," declared the speaker, "is a sort of beneficent infection which you catch out of the atmosphere of the best—the best things, the best men. Here for four years you have been in such an atmosphere. You have been occupied with things of physical nature and with things of the spirit of man."

And a bit later: "Your studies here have not filled you up with something, but improved your quality, widened the range of your interests and fellowships, made you citizens in the republic of the mind. You do not need to be reminded that these processes of culture are not completed. They never are. Diplomas merely mean that you started in this endless self-cultivation, I hope well started.

"If a man,s life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses, it may well be questioned whether our work is more important than our leisure. It is certainly true that a man will show what he is by the way he occupies himself outside his office. Culture is for leisure. That is for life itself And Ruskin will tell you there is no wealth but life."

Tried by this test, Dr. Poteat continued, the American life falls far short. "We do our work well, but we lead meager lives," he declared. "Boredom is said to be the American malady, which is to say that we are destitute within, having scant inward resources and a narrow range of interests. We have not yet attained strikingly and widely the finest flower and fruit of the American spirit, a genuine culture.

Build Up On The Inside

"I charge you," said the speaker to the seniors to, "build yourselves up on the inside. In whatever calling you spend your days, you will be a man first and a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, teacher, banker afterwards. What you want, therefore, is more man—a life which the white-haired poet of Camden describes as copious, vehement, spiritual, bold.

Christ, declared Dr. Poteat in conclusion, is the secret of this complete and radiant manhood. In his own words: "You will not find the highest culture apart from him. Sweep the universe with telescope and microscope."

"With all the material culture in the world," declared Dr. Poteat, "without Christ one's culture will want consistency and elevation. It will be empty and aimless and cold.

"He will transform and ennoble and beautify you in the inward parts, if you give yourself to him without evasion or reserve, and in all com-

ing days, bright days and dark days, you will find his joy to be your joy and strength."

WHY VARTAN WOULD NOT CHANGE HIS NAME.

By Minna McEuen Meyer.

There is no room on Canada's great farms for boys who will become good farmers, so when the World War left many orphans in the Near East, instead of just sending contributions for their support in far away lands, as we in the United States have done, the Canadians also arranged to bring over one hundred Armenian orphan boys to grow up on Canada's farms.

When the boys landed they were first placed in an orphanage not far from Toronto. One day a lady came to see them. She was especially attracted by one lad about ten years old.

"What is this boy's name?" she asked the director.

"It is Vartan," he replied.

"If you will change his name to James, I will support him and send him to school," said the lady.

The next morning after the chapel service the director spoke to the small boy. "Vartan, I want to change your name to James. A good lady who is interested in you says she would like to take care of you and send you to school, but she would like you to bear the name James."

Little Vartan looked up at the director's face, and then down at the floor, but he did not answer.

"Did you understand me?" asked the director. "Don't you think James is a fine name?"

Tears came to Vartan's eyes. He could not speak, but with a look that was an appeal for help, he turned toward his friend, an older boy, who hat near. The older boy stood up.

"Please, sir," he said. "When Vartan was a tiny baby his mother took him to the church and as the minister sprinkled water on his head she gave him the name Vartan. That name is all he has, sir, that was loved by his mother."

"All right, my boy," answered the director, his voice trembling a little, and turning to the whole group he added, "you may go."

When the lady came again to the orphanage the director told her that Vartan did not wish to change his name and explained the reason.

"Well, I'll do more than pay that boy's support," she declared when she heard the story. "I am going to adopt him as my own son, but his name will remain Vartan."

You can not force the growth of human life and civilization any more than you can force slow-growing trees. That is the economy of Almighty God, that all good growth is slow growth.—Gaynor.

BENJAMIN T. McBRYDE.

(Greensboro Daily News)

Benjamin T. McBryde, for nearly a quarter of a century the head of the public school system of Cumberland county, and one of the most universally beloved men of the city and county, died at his home on Haymount this afternoon. Mr. McBryde was found unconscious and desperately ill by his wife Friday morning.

The night before he had attended a school commencement and gave no sign of the approaching illness. His health, however, had been quite poor for several years, and about two months ago he announced his decision not to ask for reelection as county superintendent of public instruction. His successor, elected at that time, would not have taken office until July 1, and therefore he achieved one of his confessed desires, to die in harness in the work that lay nearest his heart.

Mr. McBryde's work had given him a place of leadership among school men of eastern Carolina. It was virtually a life work, though he had studied for the law when a young man. His father's death compelled him to give up his law studies, and he returned home to manage his father's farm and help support a large family of brothers and sisters. He soon found more congenial work in the school room, and taught until his election as county superintendent of his native county in 1903.

Mr. McBryde was a graduate of Davidson college. Though he had lived in New Orleans and in Alabama when a young man, most of his life was spent in Cumberland county. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. D. D. McBryde, beloved pastor of Sardis and Bluff churches in this county.

The funeral will be held from Sardis church, near Linden, tomorrow afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Mr. McBryde is survived by Mrs. McBryde, who was formely Mrs. Harriet Bennett Hardison, of Wadesboro, and by eight brothers and sisters: Archibald McBryde, of Greensboro; Dr. Malcolm McBryde of Reidsville; Mrs James Worth, of New York; D. L. McBryde and Mrs. Margaret Baxter, of Linden; Mrs. Alexander E. Williams, of Fort Hayes, Ohio; Ernest McBryde, of Florida, and Dural McBryde of California.

He also leaves the following stepchildren: William, Kenneth and Hugh Hardison, of Wadesboro; Lieutenant-Commander O. B. Hardison, instructor at the United States Naval academy; Joseph H. Hardison, of Raleigh; and Mrs. C. J. Kanaga, who is now enroute to China. Mrs. Kanagas' husband was recently ordered from Fort Bragg to foreign service and they left Sunday night.

What you learn from bad habits and in bad society, you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you.—Gough.

NOT ON THE PROGRAM.

By Bayard Daniel York.

Kenneth Madden's steps were slow as he walked up the gravel path to the little home where he and his sister Alice and his mother had lived since the death of his father. He was tired from baseball practice, but his weariness sprang from something deeper than that.

He was not surprised when Alice came running towards him.

"Ken!" she cried. "I saw the names in the paper today—you are not on the program!"

"I know it," he replied. "In fact, I rather guessed the truth about a week ago."

"Mother has just counted on your being one of the speakers at Commencement," Alice said. "I suppose that, not being able to get out and see folks very much, she thinks about things and dwells on them more than she would if she were not lame. She feels that you are the big man of the family and that you can do anything that you set out to do."

She stamped her foot.

"What was the matter with your essay, I'd like to know?" she demanded.

"Mr. Harrison told me that ordinarily it would have been plenty good enough," Ken told her. "It just happened that this year there were an unusual number of good ones and mine came in the 'almost' class—about the way I lost out for honors by being sick those three weeks last winter."

"How about baseball?" Alice suggested abruptly. "You've been pitching to the batters a lot—isn't there a chance of your getting into the commencemnt game with Kingsley? It seems as if a fellow who's been on the squad for four years the way you have—"

"Not a chance," Ken interrupted. "I'm useful in the jobs that nobody else wants to do, like pitching to the batters. But to come right down to tacks, Sis, in baseball just like all the rest of it, I'm simply—not on the program!"

He plodded upstairs to his room and threw his books on the bed. There were times when Ken rebelled at the fate which seemed to keep him from the things he tried for. In baseball he had always given his part, and for the most part he had worked willingly and gladly in the obscure tasks which had been assigned him, helping as he could. And he had helped a lot—as Coach Larsen had emphatically stated more than once.

But in the important games it had always been someone else who pitched the team to victory and someone else who batted in the runs. Ken had to sit on the bench.

His thoughts returned to the Commencement program. He shrugged his shoulders and went downstairs. He might as well see his mother at once and have it over with.

She was sitting in her favorite sunshiny corner of the living room. The two crutches, without which she had been unable to walk since an injury to her spine four years ago, stood beside her chair.

"Home, son?" she smiled; and then with a quick glance at him she add-

ed—"ah, we must look out for those shoulders—keep them straight and square."

"Mother," Ken said abruptly, "you won't want to go to Commencement."

He looked away from her eyes.

"I'm not on the program," he stated dully.

There was a moment of silence in the room.

"Ken," said his mother slowly, "it's a great moment in a mother's life when a fine big chap like you is graduated from high school. With only six places on the program and over two hundred and fifty in the class we couldn't expect to have you on the program unless it just happened that way. You've gone through school with a fine clean record—that's the great thing."

Another moment of silence followed. Ken was thinking that it was like his mother to take the news this way—not a word about disappointment to her, but only the thought of him. Even so, he was not prepared for her next words.

"I've been thinking today about your going to college," she went on. "I belive we can manage it—"

"No," Ken said crisply. "We talked that all over after Dad went—and settled it. Dad left money enough to take care of you and Sis. It's up to me to get work and earn my own bread and butter. You've even dipped in a little to what Dad left to put me all the way through high school—and you mustn't do that any more. It's settled."

She started to speak again—but Ken backed toward the door, a firm little smile on his lips.

"It's settled," he stated again.

The days passed swiftly, filled with the rush and excitement of the Commencement season. Each afternoon Ken reported for practice and watched the team, and especially Hurlbut, the pitcher, round into shape for the coming game when Vernon would meet Kingsley in the great climax of the baseball season.

One day Jimmy Waite, the smallest member of the senior class, pranced onto the green—turning a double handspring which brought him to Ken's side.

"How's the old arm?" Jimmy asked.

"Fair," Ken answered. "But what of it? Hurlbut's going like a prairie-fire, and even if he should blow up, Nick Bolles is slated to take up the pitching burden."

Jimmy struck a pose.

"I've been casting an eye upon your performance, young fellow," he stated pompously. "And I have arrived at a conclusion."

Ken regarded his classmate with a grin—yet he felt a lively interest in the coming words. Back of a clownish manner, Jimmy was known to possess an extremely keen mind.

"I think," Jimmy said, "that you are just getting your pitching stride. Next year in college, say, you ought to—"

"Forget it," Ken muttered. "I'm not going to college—I can't afford it."

"I was sort of figuring," Jimmy explained; "that maybe you'd get into the game with Kingsley, strike out fifteen or twenty men, and then in the last of the ninth with the bases full and our team three runs behind

you'd sock the ball over the fence for a homer—and that some crazy alumnus would grab you by the hair and drag you off to college!''

He dodged Ken's playful thrust—and walked off in a inverted position, using his hands for legs.

The Vernon-Kingsley game was played the day before Commencement. In the first inning Kingsley made two runs—two hits, a lucky piece of base-running, and a Vernon error accounting for the tallies. Nothing more happened until the fourth inning, when Vernon staged a sizzling batting rally, and went into the lead by a score of three to two before the excitement died out.

Three more innings passed with both pitchers performing in masterly fashion; then in the first of the eighth came the change.

Hurlbut opened the inning by allowing the first Kingsley batter a base on balls. Each of the next five batters conneceted with the ball for vicious cracks. Only phenomenal work by the Vernon fielders prevented a score.

As the third man went out, Ken felt a hand on his shoulder.

''Warm up,'' Coach Larsen said crisply. ''Bolles has just twisted his arm. If Hurlbut can't hold them in the ninth, I shall send you in.''

The players were running in from the field. Ken had a hard decision to make—but he lost no time in making it.

He ran out to meet Hurlbut.

''Use your fast ball,'' he counseled. ''Fast and close to the batter. I've been watching carefully—and they aren't hitting your fast ones.''

Ken hurried out through the gate where Dixon was waiting to ''catch'' him, and went to work. Presently, the coach looked through the gate.

''First of the ninth,'' he stated. ''We're still just one run ahead. Be ready to come if Hurlbut weakens.''

Ken nodded, wound up, and hurled the ball with all his might. Two minutes passed—and he heard a great shout from the stands. The coach looked in again.

''Hurlbut's struck out the first man,'' he said. ''His fast ball is going over just right.''

Ken pressed his lips together and continued to throw the ball. Suddenly another yell, wild and unrestrained this time broke from the crowd.

Larsen came through the gate.

''It looks as if we wouldn't need you,'' he said to Ken. ''Hurlbut's struck out number two—he's pitching like a new man.''

Ken and Dixon and the coach came back toward the diamond together. It was a riotous moment. With the score three to two and with two out, it needed but the retiring of one more man to bring victory to the Vernon team. Hurlbut worked carefully. He pitched a ''ball' then two ''strikes,'' then another ''ball.''

The ball went back to the pitcher's hand—and suddenly it was speeding again toward the plate. Ken saw it and sensed its direction. It was a fast ball, close to the batter.

The batter swung, putting all the power of his arm and shoulder muscles into the motion. There was a dull thud as the ball struck the catcher's mitt.

With a roar that seemed likely to rock the distant hills the great crowd of Vernon people leaped into the air. The game was over—Vernon had won.

Ken nodded to himself. He had not been needed. As usual, he was not on the program.

And yet he felt that he had managed to play the game, after all. The thought comforted him. It was in his mind as he marched with his class into the great auditorium for the Commencement exercises. He saw his mother and Alice—and smiled at them as he passed. Jimmy's father had called for them early and helped the lame mother into one of the best seats in the room.

The exercises moved on in their stately way. The orchestral selections, the school song (the last time they would ever sing it as members of the school), the essays, the honor awards—all proceeded toward the inevitable moment when two hundred and fifty-six young men and women would be graduates of the school where they had spent so many happy hours together.

Then Mr. Harrison, the principal, arose to speak.

"Before the diplomas are presented," he said, "I have an announcement to make which is not on the program. A few days ago a loyal friend of the school came to me with a plan which he had thought out and which I was glad to endorse. We are founding tonight a 'Good Citizenship Award,' to be given each year to that member of the graduating class who shall be judged to have done the most for Vernon during his four years as a student in the school."

Ken felt a poke in his ribs.

"Listen carefully," the more or less irrepressible Jimmy whispered. "This is going to be good."

"The award," the principal was saying, "is not for excellence in scholarship or for ability in athletics, although both of those qualities are considered. It is rather for those sterling qualities of character which, coupled with outstanding achievement, make for the finest type of Vernon citizen. In short, it is just what its name suggests—a good-citizenship prize."

A tense silence settled over the great assembly as the principal's voice paused momentarily.

"The award," he continued, "consists of a bronze medal and a scholarship to the yearly value of three hundred dollars toward the recipient's college expenses. In making the award the members of the faculty and a large number of students have been consulted. The most striking fact has been the parctically unanimous selection which they have made."

It seemed to Ken that the principal turned and looked straight at him —and for the first time some faint glimmering of the unbelievable truth forced its way into his mind.

"To Kenneth Stanley Madden," Mr. Harrison went on, "who in his quiet, unassuming way has for four years given his best to the school we all love, we are glad tonight to make this award in recognition of his outstanding qualities of good citizenship."

The silence of the crowd was broken, shattered, as as it seemed, beyond repair. To Ken, stumbling to his feet to make his way to the platform where Mr. Harrison awaited him, the great surge of sound around him reminded him of the shout which had gone up when Hurlbut had

struck out the third batter in the ninth inning—and yet he felt that there was something in it deeper and more heartfelt than even the wild joy of a baseball victory.

He reached the platform, received the medal and turned.

And then, as he walked back toward his seat, the whole company arose in a spontaneous demonstration such as those old seasoned auditorium walls had never witnessed before.

Ken's eyes searched the crowd—until they came to rest on his mother, standing proudly at Alice's side. His smile deepened.

He found his seat—and Jimmy slapped him on the back.

"Not on the program?" Jimmy cried. "Why, man, you're the programmiest thing here tonight!"

CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL.

Uncle Sam must seem a curious chap to rank outsiders. He preaches the glories of self-government, at home, while clouting the unhappy Nicaraguans and taking their guns and liberty from them; in running up protective tariff on goods in America, while solemnly advising the Europeans never to do so foolish and devastating a thing as to adopt protection.—Columbia State.

ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION–DETOUR.

By Erald Schivo.

How often when motoring leisurely along a smooth highway have you been irritated by seeing your way blocked because a new road was in the process of construction, or an old road, perhaps, was undergoing repairs? Were you annoyed when you saw the word "detour"? Without doubt you have driven over many miles of highways. The pavement was a smooth pavement in many cases, sometimes the road was rough—but did you ever stop to inquire why the pavement was rough or why the pavement was smooth?

The first roadway was probably a natural trail. Then the need came for broader, harder, more wear-resisting surfaces. It was only natural that road construction should equal the demands of traffic. Rock was adopted, but it soon became necessary to use a bonding medium to hold the loose rock in place. In the days of horse-drawn vehicles water was employed for this purpose and few dreamed that the water-bound macadam would ever be discarded. Then came the automobile.

The vehicles made one street after another useless because of the suction caused by their mechanically driven wheels. A more adhesive bonding material was needed and coal tar was found to be efficient—but not for long. When traffic was light and the temperature was fair the coal tar was adaptable, but if the tempera-

ture was high the coal tar softened with the result that the roadway became brittle. When traffic increased it was found necessary to discover a material that would not be so easily influenced by high temperature. Experimentation brought a soft grade of asphalt.

This material is still used in the construction of the penetration or macadam type of roadway. In roadways of this type the wearing course is coated and bound together with a bituminous material usually applied by means of a mechanical distributor. These asphalt macadam pavements give good results regardless of the traffic—but they must kept in constant repair or trouble generally follows.

Because the asphalt macadam type of pavement required consdierable maintenance, the so-called hot mix method was adopted. This has proven to be a successful method where there is heavy traffic.

The mineral aggregate in the pavement is heated and combined in certain proportions prior to being spread and rolled. A mechanical mixer and dryer accomplishes this work. The sand and stone, called the mineral aggregate, are fed into the dryer where all moisture is driven off. Then after being heated to about 400 degrees Fahrenheit it is weighed and mixed in certain proportions with hot asphalt, when it is then ready for the street.

There are many types of pavements, and all have their merits, yet it appears that the sheet asphalt pavement leads them all. In this type of pavement the wearing course is composed of a mechanical mixture of asphalt with a carefully graded sand and mineral filler, such as limestone, dust or Portland cement. Regardless of the foundation it is ordinarily laid upon an intermediate course of asphaltic concrete called binder. This type of pavement was first developed in 1870 by E. J. de Smidt, and its use has increased greatly because of its proven ability.

Many people know that much money may be saved by merely covering old, wornout brick and asphalt macadam with one of the hot-mixes. It must be remembered that the wearing course is a wear-resiting medium and is not designed to carry heavy traffic—the base or foundation course is for that purpose.

Asphalt is now used quite extensively for resurfacing. An asphalt surface about two inches in thickness may usually be laid without disturbing the grade line in relation to gutters, street car tracks, man-holes and so on. The laying of a six-inch cement concrete pavement is sometimes impracticable without removing a considerable portion of the old pavement.

There are two types of foundations to be considered when new highways or streets are to be constructed, or where the road-bed is in such a condition that salvage is impossible. There is the cement and the asphaltic concrete—and which might be preferable must be ascertained by the conditions prevalent.

The rigid or cement concrete foundation transmits the knocks from modern traffic to the subgrade and to the vehicle almost equally. A displacement of the subgrade often occurs and rapid depreciation of

vehicles using such a road is obvious. The non-rigid or asphaltic type absorbs these blows because of the flexibility of the asphalt, and the transmission of vibrations and blows to the subgrade are almost eliminated.

Every day you may travel over asphalt pavements, some of them in excellent condition and a few in need of repairs. When your machine happens to jolt over rough, uneven streets or highways you should not condemn asphalt pavements in general. The rough streets in all probability have only a sprinkling of road oil—at a low cost—and because it has the appearance of being black it bears the misnomer of an asphalt pavement.

There are many types of pavements which vary in cost from two cents to thirty cents per square foot. Of course the cheaper roads or streets will not stand heavy traffic without continued maintenance. It is generally safe to say that where the hot-mix method has been employed with proper specification and inspection the pavement will be in excellent condition fifteen years after it has been laid, and there are many cases on record where asphalt pavements have given twenty-five and even thirty years of service without repairs.

Under the heading hot-mix there are several types of pavements, all of them having the distinction of being class "a." The selection of any one of the types, such as asphalt concrete, Warrentite Bitulithic and Topeka mix, depends upon the local conditions and the preference of the engineer in charge.

When you are riding comfortably along the streets or highways of the country do not mutter with annoyance when you see the word "detour." Perhaps a new road is being constructed that will give you pleasure for many years to come—again the very road that you condemned a short time ago may be undergoing needed repairs. Detour with a grin on your face—you will in all probability smile with satisfaction when you come across the road again.

SOWING IN TEARS.

Weeping times are suitable for sowing; we do not want the ground to be too dry. Seed steeped in the tears of earnest anxiety will come up all the sooner. Truth spoken in awful earnestness has a double life about it.

Our heavenly seed could not fitly be sown laughing. Deep sorrow and concern for the souls of others are a far more fit accompaniment for godly teaching than anything like levity. We have heard of men who went to war with a light heart, but they were beaten; and it is mostly so with those who sow in the same style. When thine eyes are dim with silver tears, think of the golden corn. Bear cheerfully the present toil and disappointment; for the harvest day will fully recompose thee.

—Selected.

SUBURAN SUMMERS.

J. W. R., in a Philadelphia Exchange.

While many hie away to the mountains or the shores, a few quite sensible Philadelphians cultivate (literally) the suburbs. The writer upon arriving there found some of his cousins enjoying suburban homes, and half a dozen of the German pastors spending their summers on acres somewhat farther removed. He looked about on his visits for a summer home, the first along the lordly Delaware, only to realize that the wealthy Drexels and Biddles had long ago pre-empted its shores. For a dozen years he kept a weather eye peeled for a large piece of ground at a small price. But there did not seem to be "any such animal." With the slightest improvements, land near a large city takes on a speculative value. Yet patient search is rewarded in earthly as well as spiritual things.

A mile and a half from the trolley, on a tract which is not yet opened up for anything but sale, where nature furnishes the only water supply, and the realtor all the gas, they were glad to let the minister have an acre or so at a bargain and upon his own terms of payment. One commendable feature of such a summer resort, and possible old age retreat, is that it keeps him in touch with several new mission fields, just five miles beyond the city line. Another is the fine example for our young people, who can easily spend in a few summers at average hotels the price of such a lot. Indeed a single summer's expensive outing of that kind would fence and plant it with delicious fruit, lovely flowering trees and shrubs, and make it a joy forever to possess. If handy with tools, another transformation of costly recreation into permanent ownership and healthful exercise would build a small bungalow. (The dictionary says we borrowed this word from India.) The labor is half the cost in building, and the laborer reaps beside high wages the good appetite and sound sleep it affords.

But you may ask what one can find a few miles out of a metropolis, beyond mere dirt and perhaps a generous sprinkling of stones and stumps. Let me tell you. I found weeds, and began to clean them out at once; starting with the wild mustard and Canada thistles on this old farm land, and reserving a thick patch of dandelion for the plow, and a few poison ivy shoots for gloves. But among these unwelcome intruders were shining buttercups, large violets, and wild strawberries with their promise of most tasty jelly each June. And down by the creek my first close inspection revealed a thicket of wild raspberries, quite worthy of a place until better varieties could replace them. The tent caterpillars had made their abode in one of the small trees, and were smoked out promptly. As I worked I heard the sweet clear call of the bob-white across the valley flats, or from the wooded heights on its northern rim, and hoped the neighborhood would not fill in so fast as to rob us of its feathered denizens.

I roamed along the creek and found neglected cherry and apple trees stranded from the shipwreck of the old farm life, blossoming as vigorously as of yore. The early owners must have been English, for there were hawthorn saplings, too, and these promised new delights at their time of blooming. The Germans call them the Christ-born, from a tradition that our Saviours's crown of thorns was woven from them, and another legend says Joseph's staff was the stem of a young hawthorn. Farther on were tall black walnut trees, which will bear their choice nuts in the fall, unless sacrificed for mere furniture or gun-stocks. They are natives, and so is the little juniper, which I mean to transplant to my future front yard. A neighbor showed me a nice spring on my own ground, draining a clean meadow hillside, and when I was flushed from my work I washed my face in it, and drank of its clear cold water. We found a robin's nest, despoiled by some crow, with one blue egg tossed out and broken on the ground below it. Best of all, there was one pool deep enough for a bath, and some low land swept by the spring freshets, which could be deepened and dammed up as a nice fish pool. The government fish hatcheries supply you with small fry, sometimes with fair-sized catfish, perch, bass, and trout for such private ponds. They will be much more attractive than the big suckers the boys snare here in the spring. And a few squares away are shallows where appetizing water cress may be gathered in great bunches.

It is wonderful to find such natural treasures surrounding a great city, but the list is not yet complete. My neighbor dug up in her yard an old flint-lock musket, which may have been dropped when the British rode out to Fort Washington only to find the patriots prepared for them by the warning of Lydia Darrah. And in the two-century-old farmhouse alterations led to the discovery of old English coins, while quite a collection of Indian arrow heads has been gathered from the corn fields. The neighbors are kindly, ready to plow a piece for my winter potatoes, after the bugs cease their ravages, and contribute to the rural surroundings horses, cows, goats, some playful dogs, fancy ducks and chickens, and a black cat with kittens. Do you wonder that I am "sold" on the suburbs?

FASHION'S BIG TOLL.

"It used to take two sheep to clothe one woman," says a humorous British observer. "Now, I understand, it takes only one silk worm." But the cotton and woolen industries are not the only ones that are in difficulties through the vagaries of feminine fashion. Bobbed hair has put most of the African ostrich farms out of business, for ostrich plumes do not go with the close-fitting hats that the bobbed and shingled hosts affect.—Youth's Companion.

THE PARROT PEOPLE.

By Marion Stauffer Doyle.

Polly wants a cracker! Polly wants a cracker! Surely at some time or other you have heard this familiar speech from a member of this gaudy-dressing, short-tempered family of feathered folk. But the truth of the matter is that polly does not want a cracker at all, although she has been taught to say that she does. She would much rather dine on a fine fresh peanut, an apple, or even a rose, for all this family, which includes about five hundred and sixty species, cockatoos, macaws, etc., prefer to dine on flowers, fruit and nuts. However, there is a lady living next door to me who owns one of the green Amazon parrots, the most familiar of all the parrot people, who feeds her anything she happens to prepare for the table. Consequently polly has acquired an appetite for many things that are not good for her health. Especially has she chosen for her own particular dainties, meat and pie! On this diet, I am very much afraid polly will not live out her "three score years and ten," which along with the human folk, is the parrot people's alloted life span.

These birds inhabit South America, Africa, the East Indies, New Zealand, and Australia. One hundred and ninety species are found in the New World, only one of which occurs north of the southern border of the United States. This is the Carolina parrakeet, a bird about thirteen inches in length, having a green plumage body and yellow head. The forests of South America espically abound with these brightly colored birds.

All members of the parrot family are characterized by the curved upper beak and the oddly placed toes, two of which point forward and two backward, causing them to be very awkward walkers, but they are accomplished climbers and strong fliers.

When the parrot people mate it is for life. They build their nests in hollow trees or in sandbars. They endure cage life well and in spite of their bad habit of biting they make fine pets. They are natural imitators and can be taught to speak words quite plainly. The gray parrot of western Africa is most easily taught to speak.

The macaws are a long-tailed group of larger parrots. There are about fifteen species, found mostly in Paraguay and Brazil. They are most gorgeously dressed of all the parrot group, and are noted for their size and beautiful colors of blue, red, and yellow.

In New Zealand is found the kea, an olive-green parrot, which has fallen from its fruit-eating habits to attacking and killing sheep, thrusting its powerful beak into the fat which surrounds the kidneys.

The lory is a parrot remarkable for its extensible tongue, with which it takes the nectar from flowers.

The cockatoos, found in Australia, are very similar to the parrots in habit. They also thrive in captivity and may be taught to speak, but are more apt to use their harsh voices

in screaming. Their plumage is usually white tinged with red, orange, pink, gray and black. Most species have a large crest of feathers that can be raised to a height of as much as five inches, but which lies smooth when the bird is quiet. These birds fly about in flocks of one hundred to one thousand and are very destructive to grain fields. The largest specie of this family is the great black cockatoo of New Guinea.

The little love-birds are also parrots. They are found in Africa and are no larger than sparrows, but of exceptionally lovely colors. They receive their name from the apparent affection they show each other. I say "apparent" because scientists say their domestic relations are not always as ideal as is popularly supposed. One learned ornithologist says of a pair he keeps that the Lady of the House is an absolute little tyrant! If her spouse dosen't sit close when she wants him to, she scolds him like a regular shrew, but at other times, regardless of his rights, she drives him off the perch.

The blunt-tailed parrot one so often sees in the zoological gardens is a native of the Orinoco territory (S. A.). It is a bright green color with blue on the head and red or yellow markings on throat and wings.

Thus we see that Nature distributes her favors evenly. We know that the sweet-singing birds usually wear dull, unattractive plumage, while the gorgeous colors almost always go to the harsh-voiced members of the feathered folk.

MISS FRANCES WOOD

It's a great tribute to a teacher especially a young and pretty one when the Superintendent says she never watches the clock, but works long hours overtime, giving whole-heartedly of her talent and energy in aiding students in their dramatic work, debatnig, music and other activities without extra pay. Miss Wood has been instructor of English in the Elizabeth City high school for the past two years, and is coming back next year. Her home is in Cedartown, Ga. The evidence of the love and appreciation the school has for her unselfish work is found in the Spotlight, the school annual which is dedicated to her this year.

—Elizabeth City Independent.

THE MESQUITE BUSH.

By Fred Cornelius

A few years ago two men were traveling through the arid plains of southwest Texas. One of these men was a native; the other was an Easterner, or, as the Texans called him a tenderfoot.

It was in November; and one day the weather became suddenly very cold.

"She's coming a norther," said the Texan, "and unless we build a mighty big fire we're going to freeze to death.

"But," said the tenderfoot, "how are we going to do that? There is no wood.

"You are wrong again," answered the Westerner, "There's plenty of wood."

The Easterner looked about; but as far as he could see there was nothing but sand, sand, sand, save here and there a little clump of mesquite bushes no taller than a child's head. The man shook his head in doubt.

Ten minutes later the Texan stopped the team near one of these patches of mesquite; and while the Easterner unhitched the team from the wagon, the man of the West began digging around one of the bushes. Just under the dry sand the root was found to be at least three times as large as the trunk of the tree.

By the time his companion had unhitched the team, he had uncovered about a foot of the large root. Then they hitched the team to this root and after some struggle, managed to pull it out of the ground. The tenderfoot whistled in surprise; for the root was fully forty feet long. Within an hour the two men had enough fuel to last them all night; and who knows but that they would have frozen to death had it not been for the Westerner's knowledge of the ways of the mesquite.

In addition to their use as fuel, these mighty roots of the mesquite are used in making fence posts, mining props and even ties for narrow-gage railroads. Near the town of Mesquite, N. M., I have seen a Mexican hut built entirely of the large tap roots of mesquite.

This tree grows in Colorado, Utah, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico. In the dry lands it grows only a few feet tall; but around the rivers it may reach a height of fifty feet or more. The leaves are very much like those of the honey locust, only smaller. Its bark is of a dark brown color, and its flowers, which come in June or July, are in finger-like clusters, yellow in color; and they have a pungent fragrance, dear to all lovers of the desert.

The seed pods are five to ten inches long, containing a dozen or more beans to the pod. As a rule the bushes are literally loaded with beans in August; and Mexicans and Indians use them for food.

In the early spring, tender shoots spring up from the roots; and cattle are very fond of these. Take it all in all, the mesquite bush is a very useful tree.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Rhyne Lowder, a member of the eleventh cottage, has been given a position in the bakery recently. We all hope he will soon become a fine bakery-man.

Last Tuesday night after supper the third cottage and sixth played a game of baseball at the ball ground. The score was 11-8 in favor of the third cottage.

Recently there has been a change in "School cars." The old Ford was "traded in" for a new Tudor Ford Sedan. As the boys say it is "the stuff."

The boys of Rockingham Cottage wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. L. W. Buck, of Chorlotte, who from time to time generously donates books and magazines for their use.

For the last two or three weeks the chicken force boys have been catching young turkeys that have been running loose for some time. They have caught about fifty turkeys and expect to catch about that many more.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He read a part of the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Judges. He talked of Mica, who was a thief and stole his mother's money. After a long time he returned it to her, with the hope of receiving it back for himself. He then told of Jonathan, who was a priest, came to to preach for Mica. For his labor he received his lodging, board, clothes and a little spending money. He also told how Esau sold his birthright for a morsal of meat. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all present.

Several weeks ago a young officer from Fort Bragg made us a visit, trying to secure some new fellows for camp. He agreed to take all boys seventeen and over. In the meantime, they are to be given several "shots" in the arm. Now all of them are going around with a "sore" arm. The trip will be a treat for them. They are to remain there from the fifteenth of June till the fifteenth of July. We all hope that they will have a fine time.

Peter Preaching to Gentiles was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Peter had been forbidden to preach in the name of Jesus Christ, but he did not stop. Peter told how that the same Christ that they worshipped was the one that they had crucified and buried. That God had raised Him up on the third day and He had received the gift of the Holy Ghost. When Peter had finished preaching, he baptized a large number of them. The golden text for this lesson was: "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek; for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."—Roman 10:12.

Last Saturday afternoon we went to the auditorium for a surprise. When we arrived Supt. Boger had

us sing several songs and then had some of the boys recite. When the time came an orchestra started playing. The youngsetrs forming this orchestra and a group of singers were from the Odd Fellows Orphange at Goldsboro. After several selections, a group of small girls rendered a dance and songs. After that two of them recited. Then a few more selections ended the program. We very seldom have an entertainment of this sort, and every body enjoyed it very much.

Last Saturday afternoon the boys went to the ball ground and witnessed our team win a victory over Franklin Mills by a score of 6 to 5 after ten innings of hard playing. This was the first game of the season that the boys have won. Playing with the home team was Archie White who was the star of the game. White went into the box at the beginning of the ninth inning after Mr. Lisk had pitched brilliant ball for seven innings. The score was tied in the eighth inning when the visitors scored two runs in the tenth inning. The winning run was scored by Jackson catcher for the school. It was a hard game for both sides and we are proud of our team.

SEASHORE EXCURSION

TO

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA BEACH AND RICHMOND, VA.

VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1927.

Round Trip Fares From Concord, N. C.

RICHMOND	NORFOLK	VIRGINIA BEACH
$7.00	$8.00	$8.50

Tickets on sale going on all regular trains to junction points, thence special train and regular trains 12 and 40, Friday, June 17th, 1927. Final limit good to return on all regular trains (except 37) up to and including train 11 leaving Richmond 10:20 P. M. and train 3 leaving Norfolk 7:00 P. M., Wednesday, June 22, 1927. R. H. Graham, DPA.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 18, 1927. No. 22

NO STAND STILL.

He that is good will infallibly become better, and he that is bad will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue and time are three things that never stand still.—Cotton.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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our tasks in the world to be of that character. The moral disorder that lies about us and is at work within us has much to do with our attitude toward the things that ought to engage our strength.

We still believe that it is altogether possible for us to face our tasks with a smile and a cheery heart. If we keep ourselves fit in body, mind and spirit, we shall find our daily duty a challenge to us that we cannot resist, For the most part that which repels as we face a given task is not in the task itself, but in us. Most of us have to work whether we want to or not. We are so situated that we must earn our bread by the sweat of our face. If we imagine the world owes us a living we shall soon find out how quickly the debt is denied once we stop working. There is an unseen master who drives us out the door every morning, saying, "Go to work." And if we take each step under compulsion, there is nothing that can save our lives from misery.

Is there something wrong with our schedule of thought, pleasure, ambition, that invests our work with unpleasantness? Have we tuned our lives so completely to ease and luxury that we are not going to perform any duty that does not have to be done? Let me repeat that it it possible to enjoy and be profited by doing the things that come to hand. We may feel a partnership with the Divine in accepting even common duties and doing them to the best of our ability.

"There's no pleasure, sport or fun
Like the joy of duty done."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

FALSE PRIDE.

We applaud successes, openly or in our very hearts. In your leisure moments take an inventory of successes about you. How many of the worth while human forces among your friends and acquaintances were born with "a silver spoon in their mouths?" Who are the really constructive genius among them. You answer, of course, those that "were up against it," and had to learn at an early age to hustle.

This thought is suggested by a little lecture The Uplift brought down upon itself when a lady told us that we should not have told where we found Mr. Fisher, when we were out looking for a trustworthy individual to take charge of this little magazine, and, who proving all that Jim Hurley claimed for him made himself invaluable in the activities of a struggling institution. We told right where we found him—in a long white apron,

presiding over a retail beef counter. Any disgrace about this? Not a bit, if Fisher sold good beef; gave honest weights and was courteous in his dealings. And we are sure that he did all these things; then why object to telling it when he has made great progress?

The funny part of this whole business is the good lady who commented that The Uplift should have kept silent on that point, in her silent moments recalls how barefooted she walked down the cotton row withh a hoe in hand, fighting old general green. She doen't have to do it today, though entirely honorable—she is on easy street, filling a highly womanly position in society, home and communtiy.

Why, Daniel Branson Coltrane, who has risen to a high state in life through integrity, hard and faithful work, will tell you that when General Lee sent his men home at the surrender he, Mr. Coltrane, came home barefooted. That he faced hardships ahead. He's not ashamed of it—and in full possession of his faculties he goes moving serenely towards his 85th birthday. W. J. Swink worked for his board and twenty-five cents a day; see what faithful energy and ideals have accomplished—he's not ashamed of it. Irwin Woodhouse worked in a small printing office merely for his board. Another banker we know used to plough a steer; he doesn't brag about it, but he's not ashamed of it.

What of all this false pride? It's a sin. Lots of us attended old field schools in a log house. Oh, get off your false pride, and make a confession —it will do you good and encourage others whom obstacles confront.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

VERY MUCH ALIKE.

The hundred and more millions of people in the United States, though widely separated, are, affirms the Young Folks, much alike in their fundamental desires and habits. As we write we are several thousand miles from our usual place of writing. We are in a sparsely popultated midwest state, in a city more than one and one-third miles above sea level. Across a broad expanse the towering snow-covered Rockies are plainly visible, many miles removed. But the people are much the same in their ways. They buy the same food products, canned and bottled goods familiarly labled. They ride in the same make of cars, listen to the same things over the radio, are interested in the same national sports and read about the same sensational murder trials. They are talking about the flooded Mississippi area and are gathering relief funds. They have the same styles

of dress and use the same slang phrases. One lives in the same world and with people very much like those he knows thousands of miles "down east."

And they know the same God, sing the same hymns, say prayers we have often heard, and listen to sermons on the themes that are our common heritage. It is not only in material things that we are so very much alike. But our joys and sorrows are similar and we express them in worship in about the same way. After all, we are experiencing about the same emotions and have about the same attitudes toward our fellowmen and toward God, no matter where we pause to mingle with people. Since we have physical and spiritual desires that vary but little in different parts of the land and since we have found about the same methods of satisfying these desires, certainly there should be a mutual interest on the part of all of us in the welfare of all of us—for we are all very much alike.

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GETTING BORESOME.

Gene Ashcraft passes judgment on Lindberg's qualification as an orator in these words:

> "Well, I heard over radio the voice of Charles Lindbergh, the hero of the world. Charlie ain't no public speaker. His voice sounds like a cross between a file and a buzz saw, and that his tonsils were neglected when he was a child. In other words, he talks with a nasal twang like a Down-East Yankee.
>
> Let us hope Charlie keeps on flyin'—one thing he can do better'n any other person in the world—and not try to develop into a public speaker."

Charlie out of appreciation of his govermental recognition should have tendered his services in giving Cal a free trip to the Black Hills.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

GOT LEFT

Winthorp College, the state school for girls at Rock Hill, S. C. is in the midst of some excitement. A modernist has been shooting off some stuff that was not in keeping with what normal and religious folks believe in and know that is responsible for all the civilization we enjoy, failed of re-election.

The dear young things, who naturally enjoy the fascinating oddities that bob up, have a little protest. All power to the sane mind and courage of Gov. Richards.

This thing of importing so-called professors of sociology is a dangerous

thing. There is more foolishness and smart alexism in this phase of educational endeavor than in any other department of school instruction.

South Carolina is not the only state that needs a cleaning along this line.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

FIRST PAGER.

Divorces, murders and common cussedness have had a hard time recently in making the first pages of the average daily. Col. Charles Lindbergh, who crossed the Atlantic at one sitting of 33½ hours, has pushed the others items to inside pages.

Say: can you imagine any body, from abroad or the spirit world, that would excite the public prints to such activity? So much has been said about the colonel's mother, that folks have been wondering about his daddy.

General Zeb Vance Walser, of Lexington, has added certain information. Col. Lindbergh's father was a congressman from the sixth district of Minnesota; was a Republican of the Roosevelt type; siding with him cost him his seat in congress by a "regular"; was a member of the Lutheran Church; married a member of the Scot-Christian Church.

Let us ring off now—it is more important that the P. and N. railroad be permitted its construction than a continuation of trying to make a fool of Col. Lindbergh, which seems an utter impossibility.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

PAGAN.

So much in love with Life am I
That when my day is done
I could not do as old men, who
Sit dreaming in the sun.

When poignant joys that I have known
Can be no more for me
I would not sigh for days gone by,
Nor sit here placidly.

Let frenzied Time rush by me now
And I shall love each day,
But palsied Age will find me gone—
I sing no muted lay!

Bright W. Padgitt, in Asheville Citizen.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

All bells exposed to the weather most generally get "ringing" wet.

There was a marriage recently and I am confident that it was in reality one of those "quiet weddings" so often mentioned in the papers. I do not know whether they were just naturally timid, or scared, but neither the bride or the groom spoke above a whisper.

I hear of a man who is the father of twins, and he recently had the picture of only one of the twins taken. He said that both were so much alike a picture of one would answer for both.

The reason some fish act in such a queer fashion when taken from the water is because they are caught in seine.

Some fellow, who has evidently been doing some thinking, says that only about five per cent of the total adult population actually think. The remaining 95 per cent merely think they think. This thing of thinking is a hard job. I have tried it for some little time. I have thought when I couldn't think in a clear thinkable manner. It is true that there is no trouble at all to let the mind run easily, like a motor idling, skipping lightly from one subject to another, not doing any work on any one of them, like some of these "ramblings" are gotten up, at times, when tired nature needed sweet repose. When the long, hard pull of real, constructive thinking is required—well, that is a different matter. Do you think? Do you reason out matters in your own mind, weighing pro and con, and then arriving at your own decision—or do you let somebody else do your deciding for you? If you are the thinker you may not win complete success in life, but your chances of success are immensely greater than those of the idling mind type. You have a probability of success—the non-thinker has merely a possibility. The thinker is not a follower of the unthinking mob. When the mob is selling; forcing prices down; he buys. When the mob buys, he sells. Both ways he makes money. He can look ahead. His thinker is on straight.

I was just thinking, as I sometimes do when I have nothing else to think about except my thoughts, that delving down into the mighty storehouse of nature, the miner and the oil prospector find their fortune. Untouched until then by human hands, utterly divorced from all the squalid, soiling contact of mercenary greed, this wealth is clean, virgin, bright and shining, straight from the source of all true wealth; created as wealth was intended to be created, by the honest labor of men on the raw materials of Mother Earth. Clean money—the cleanest money of all, this fortune is. No stains of

labor mercilessly ground down to the last penny of profit mar it. No parasitic profits made from cold commercializing of pitiful human frailties; no pantering to degenerate tastes, to useless extravagances or weakening habits here. Gold, so they say, is always dirty. But it is contact with humanity that makes it so. As it comes from the generous bosom of the earth, all Nature's wealth is clean, virgin and unsoiled. The man who takes his winnings from this source dreams no uneasy dreams of pitiful hands reaching towards him in the night; of tired voices crying out, "Out of our frailty you made it; from our weakness and your might came your wealth."

I heard a man the other day giving a friend of his some advice on what to take for a "bad cold." This was his prescription: "Take quinine and whisky; or quinine and brandy; or quinine and rum; or quinine and gin. And, listen; you want to be very careful about the quinine—it's powerful stuff."

The following epitaph came under my observation a few days ago. It struck me as being a good one; so I'll give it to you, with the suggestion that it, or a similar one, may not be inscribed upon your tombstone:

"A nervy man was Lew McCord,
He crossed a trestle with his Ford;
They found a twisted wire or two,
But haven't yet located Lew.

The place for the man who will hustle; the man who is willing and able to get out and do things is still wide open in the Southland; and golden opportunities, too numerous to mention, abound in North Carolina.

I am not at all surprised at a business man being tired. A round of golf in the morning and a baseball game in the afternoon.

It is a true axiom that if your sins do not find you out, your neighbors will.

"A stitch in time may save nine," but a great many people drop a whole lot of stitches when they begin to mend their ways.

I awoke a few mornings since with some degree of fame, and I felt as proud as "Lucky Lindy" in my little berg. I received a letter from a new magazine in New York, addressed to "Dr. James A. Robinson, editor Hispanic American Historical Review, Durham, N. C.," and they wanted me to contribue to the same and treat the topic of the "Differences in Latin-American and North-American Temperaments—a study of the mental attitude of the peoples; to what extent their differences and points of view have contributed to any misunderstandings and how a better understanding can be developed." My, that's some subject. The Latin-American temperament is a "dead" thing to me, like the Latin language. But I am firmly of the opinion that the mental attitude of the North American temperament could be better developed, and misunderstandings avoided by having the addresses on letters, like the girls concerned about their new hats when going out—on straight. The editor of the maga-

zine thus honoring me is named Oakes. He is a little "ache on" me.

A man the other day said to another young fellow, wearing a white cap with a black brim: "Do you mean to tell me that you have lived here for years and cannot tell me the quickest way to get to the railroad station?" The reply was "I could tell you, for I am a taxi driver."

I have just been thinking what a power oil and gasoline are and what they are making possible. The world rings with rejoicing and good will. Oil and gasoline are making these things possible. The seas shrink. America and Germany, and all of Europe, are knit closer together. Hard on the heels of the recent great achievements of Lindbergh and Chamberlin, crossing the Atlantic, come announcements of new plans for flights across the Pacific. A Japanese flier will dare the uncharted journey from Japan to Seattle. Americans will try to make Hawaii, to sail to Japan. At both ends the giant crowds will be waiting to welcome fliers. "Transportation is civilization." Kipling said it, did he not? There is a world of truth in the short sentence. Out of the provincialism, the igorance, the suspicion that breeds war, a new and better world is coming; a world knit closely together by the bond of transportation and communication; a world whose people understand each other and so avoid the squalid dissensions, squabbles and disputes which lead along the red pathway of conflict. The roar of many motors will fill the heavens of the future. Great airships, planes, galleons of the air far greater than any now conceived will carry the fast commerce of earth. Petroleum, with other agencies, are doing it. Oil made the combustion motor possible; made the automobile possible; gave the airplane and the airship their chance. The most terrible weapon of war man has ever devised is becoming the most potent worker for peace. Next, the non-stop flight around the world, in not so very long now, perhaps. The flight toward world peace.

BABIES

All the world loves a baby, twining its tiny fingers about the heartstrings, melting us with its smile, binding parenthood into a more perfect union, the embodiment of innocence, the symbol of divine affection and benediction.

But the world was slow, very slow, in appreciation of the rights of babies. Only in recent years has this appreciation developed until now it is flowering in an understanding that the baby, no less than the grown-up, has a claim an life, a claim on health, a claim on happiness.
—Asheville Citizen.

ADULTS BRIGHT IN SCHOOL.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Ashevillians who have observed the remarkable results achieved by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morriss and her assistants in the Buncombe County schools for adults will agree with the statement of Professor E. L. Thorndike of Columbia before the American Association for Adult Education that the human being is never too old to learn.

Dr. Thorndike, who got his findings from elaborate experiments with adults studying in night schools, declares that the ability to learn increases until the individual is about twenty years old. It then remains stationary for a period of years, and from the age of about thirty begins to decline very slowly, probably at the rate of approximately of one per cent. per year.

But, he says, in such subjects as languages the adults learn faster than children. In fact, a man of forty-two learns faster than the child in school, because he can do more studyng per hour than the child. When we remember how ambition speeds up the mind, it is safe to say that men and women much above the age of forty-two can and often do learn faster than children. The brain working under forced draft at the unfaltering command of the will is a marvelous and unmeasured machine.

Herchel, who became an astronomer after having a brilliant career as a musician, was eighty years old when he wrote one of his most valuable treatises on the stars. Swedenborg was fifty-six before he quit his scientific work to undertake the writing which finally founded the Swedenborgian sect. Cato was eighty when he learned Greek. Ogilby, translator of Homer and Virgil, was nearly fifty before he began to study Greek and Latin.

"We do not count a man's years," said Emerson, "until he has nothing else to count." If he has nothing else to count, it is because of his own laziness or prefernece. When he claims that age bars him from new interests and pursuits, he uses as an alibi for his inertia an exploded theory.

A horse can't pull while kicking,
This fact I merely mention.
And he can't kick while pulling,
Which is my chief contention:
Let's imitate the good old horse
And lead a life thats fitting:
Just pull an honest load and then
There'll be no time for kicking.

DUTY, SERVICE AND SACRIFICE IN EDUCATION.

T. A. Snow, in School Journal.

It is a time for commencements and graduation. Many classes of American students in the flower of youth will receive the blessings of grateful words dedicating them to the work of the world. I wonder sometimes if not a great majority of our graduates fail to fully realize the vastness of the field before them and their duty to that field. We present them as labors of the harvest hoping upon hope that each will prove a success thus provoking the blessings of a grateful God and a grateful nation. In the hope that I can add some inspiration and advice—to every graduating class—this article is dedicated.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," we are told in the great Book of Books, Lowell tells us:

"Not what we give but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

So the Great Teacher and Master taught and the poets taught, that the blessings of giving are far greater than the blessings of receiving.

Every class is inspired, dauntless youth whose spirit and inspiration like Sir Galahad drives them into the unknown in quest of holy mission, appeals to me as a priceless gift on the altar of freedom, at the very feet of Him who taught us by precept and example that service, love and sacrifice are the greatest, things in all the world. It is a gift of honor, now and forever, we hope and trust. It is a gift of labor and toil and duty, radiating as an eastern sunrise, the hopes of a brighter day in the sacred realms of success and service.

The legend that most fitly typifies the feeling of our country today is that of Curtius, the brave Roman knight. In the center of the Imperial city of Rome a vast and mighty chasm suddenly opened, threatennig to ingulf the temples, palaces and dwellings. In vain did an army of mechanics and laborers seek to find a way to save the city.

When all efforts were futile, the soothsayers were consulted as the best means to appease the offeneded dieties. Their answer was that the chasm would never be filled until there should be cast into its depths what Rome held most dear.

Upon a given day the people gatherd with their gold and their jewels which they cast into the abyss. Suddenly a knight clad in full armor, appeared before them and cried out: "These, O Romans, are not fitting gifts! Youth and valor are your strength, your hope, your priceless possession." And so saying, he plunged headlong into the chasm. Its jaws closed over him, its ravages were stayed, and no trace was left upon

the flowering sward.

Its patriotic young manhood is America's most priceless possession, its very foundation and support. Not that we would rear warriors—for we pray for peace—but that our sons may develop souls so great that the giving of their lives for a worthy cause will be to them a welcome thing.

Unto you alike the ways of life are opened but nevertheless obstructed, and where you must travel at your own risk. It is the way of life, it it is the journey over which all men must travel. God guarantees you life and opportunity, but not without temptation. Yes, He breathed into your nostrils the breath of life, He gave to you an intellect but the success of that life and intelligence is with you. It's up to you.

You will meet as we have met and will continue to meet, psychologically and scientifically speaking, forces that will seriously affect your lives. At this juncture I want to introduce two of these famous forces of characters that have shaped and molded many a life. It may be a life that when it ends the heavens rejoice, and the earth mourns the loss; on the other hand it may be a life shapened. fit only for the scrap heap of meaningless manhood or womanhood. That will depend altogether on the forces that dominates your activties.

These forces to which I refer are Pluck and Luck. Did you ever of them? Was it not courage, determination and resolution backed up by action that won for the little handful of colonists that greatest thing in their lives, and of men and nations, "freedom under heaven?" Was it not Pluck, stamina and will power that caused "Mad" Anthony Wayne, when asked by General Washington, "if he could take Stony Point," to say, "I'll Storm Hell If You'll Lay the Plans." Was it not a driving, compelling motive within that caused our American boys to cross the pond leaving the fireside of rights and freedom, to fight and die on a foreign soil that souls distressed and in need might live in peace?

Oh, yes it was courage that caused our Savior to die and to say while enduring the agonies of death, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." It was Pluck, that longing desire to serve that aroused the spirit of service within Fanny Crosby, though blind, to spend a life writing 800 songs that today echo and reecho in the chambers of our churches throughout the world; that cheers the multitude who live and see. Though the shutters between the world and her soul were closed, yet her songs stand an eternal monument to her memory.

Julia Ward Howe was able, not with any sense of fear but with courage, to say to her personal friend and physician, Dr. Ames, and to the world, "The Lower I Drink the Cup of Life, the Sweeter It Becomes, All the Sugar Is At The Bottom." That is service untainted through courage and a resolution to do. Pluck, if you please in the face of duty. He is the sentinel on guard.

Next I want you to meet the other force known as Luck. He is the heralded master of the very famous and age old saying, "Isn't he lucky?" Yes, he is the sweetheart without the lover, he is hunger without the food.

he is the sauerkraut without the spare ribs, the apple dumpling without the apples, he is success without effort, he is achievement without honor.

True, history reveals incidents where fame and apparent success have come to men and women by chance or almost by a divine endowment; but the long, long trails over the pioneer empire building where now only the memories of service, hardships, duty and devotion linger, are dotted and strewn about by the bleaching bones, the silent martyrs to a worthy cause. But this devotion and success conquered the laws of nature, at least made them obedient, tapped the forest, curbed the roaring and almost defiant rivers, leveled and penetrated rocky walls of the west, educated and enlightened the ignorant, robbed death and the grave of a portion of its heritage and claimed our own. today those obstacles, those defiant elements of progress have bowed the knee of resistance and welcomes the great marches of civilization; all through the eternal law of service and sacrifice. Lucky? Well, no. Just a blessing, the reward of labor and pluck—not by luck.

You are heirs to an Education, your heritage is the earth; your birthright, the good will of mankind. But we must calculate with extreme care and accuracy the great triangle of a given life. It is the triangle whose There is your problem. It's up to you individually lives of men and women that have lived and gone, of the lives you have known or have read about: what has been their solution? I believe it was Mark Twain who said, "Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry."

I recall and not so very long ago, back in the lone school house near the woods, incidents of perplexing problems; and may God forgive me if I should forget that little old institution of learning when it is gone in reality if not in memory. I say God forgive the ungrateful and thoughtless mind who will forget this foundation stone of America's freedom and constitution, of her ideals of democracy, of her greater institutions of learning and the birthplace of her loyal sons who long since sacrificed their all on the altar of equality for all men.

One of my greatest problems as I recall it, was to find the area of a triangle whose sides are of unequal length and no two sides the same length.

Likewise it is perplexing in the extreme to figure out the exact solution of this great triangle of life. Just what is our duty; what constitutes our share of service, and what must we sacrifice? These are the statements that demands a formula and solution. Every life must answer, every effort must be graded.

Education is only a means to an end—tools in your hands with which you must shape and mold.

Speaking strictly of the educational world our duties are varied and many. Men will sicken, there must be skilled physicians; men will not understand their right relations to one another, there must be lawyers to counsel them; there are criminals, and there must be governors, soldiers, policemen, to protect. There must

teachers to instruct, preachers and poets to inspire, artists and authors and musicians to minister to the literary taste. There must be homes, and there must be wives and mothers who are adding to spiritual wealth by their patience, their fidelity, and their love.

If we do not by our consecrated use of hand, or head, or heart, by our personal activity or our wise direction of the activity of others, by our serving and by our suffering, endeavor to add to the world's wealth —material, intellectual, or spiritual —at least as much as we have taken out of it, we belong to the category of the beggers, the thieves and the gamblers.

A man should never be judged by the result of his labors, but by the nature of his effort. He might strive with all his heart and life, and strength, yet fail; but he did his duty. Garibaldi, the great Italian patriot, voiced the explicit duty of the soldier when to his soldiers in the most trying hour, he said,"Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun: no lodgings, no munitions, no provisions, but forced marches, dangerous out-posts and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries—those who love freedom and their country may follow me." Oh! those are the things that stick into our souls like spears and daggers, that compel us to say "Yes" to duty and "No" to cowardice.

Henry Ward Beecher said, "All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life."

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half finished condition, can never know. It is this concientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done becomes artistic.

"Banish the future," says Osler, "live only for the hour and its allotted work. Think not of the amount to be accomplished, the difficulties to be overcome, but set earnestly at the little task at your elbow, letting that be sufficient for the day; for surely our plian duty is, "Not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

The great Master of heaven and earth taught us our duty by his life and death when upon earth. The great Washington taught us likewise by his long-suffering, endurance and patience during the great struggle of our nation's birth and independence. Woodrow Wilson gave with his life in his execution of the duty he owed.

Is it not then as the Savior taught, "He who saves his life shall lose it, and he who lose his life for My sake the same shall save it."

Many a youth, on the bloody field of battle where men are taught to kill, have looked up into the face of

a comrade and pal in arms, and whispered, "Tell her (Mother, sister or sweetheart) that I died in the line of duty." If duty is so honorable where it is duty to kill, isn't it far greater to live and die if necessary in the line of duty, increasing the blessings of mankind upon the earth?

Service is no less than our duty. It is first to see and understand our duty and then to heroically serve that duty.

Life consists of only two certain parts, the beginning and the end—the birth and the grave. Between those two points lies the whole arena of human choice and human opportunity. "Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself," says Frank Crane. The earth is the field. Service is needed. Men and women of vision are hailed and accosted on every hand.

One of the great questions often asked is, How can I be of service? What can I do? I can talk out when others are silent. I can say men when others say money. I can stay up when others are asleep. I can keep on working when others have stopped to play. I can give life big meanings when others give life little thought. I can say love when others say hate. I can say everyman when others say one man. I can try events by a hard test when others try it by an easy test. What can I do? I can give myself to life and to service when other men refuse themselves to life.

Do your work—not just your work and no more; but a little more for the lavishing's sake; that little more which is worth all the rest. And if you suffer as you must, and if you doubt as you must, do your work. Put your heart into it and the sky will be clear. Then out of your very doubt and suffering will be born the supreme joy of life. J. Pierpoint Morgan writes, "I do not remember that in my whole life I ever willfully misrepresented anything to anybody at any time. I have never knowingly had connection with any fraudulent scheme. I have tried to do good in this world not harm, as my enemies would have the world believe. I have helped men and have attempted in my humble way to be of some service to my country."

No greater task in all the world has or ever will be assigned than that of the teacher. For mankind, not scholarship, is the first aim of education. We as teachers must confess that we are but mere instruments, slaves to our profession. Though leaders today when on the ever coming tomorrow over the sod and the dew march the endless tread of progress—fruits of victory. The leader whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside. In the long fight for right and peace under the sun, the watchword for all of us, is to spend and be spent. It is a little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years: and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. Service will keep us undaunted, service will carry us through.

One man when he has done a service to another is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third in a manner does not even know what he has done, but he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has produced its proper fruit, as a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, as a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act as a vine goes on to produce again grapes in season. Must a man be of these, who in a manner acts thus without deserving it? Yes. "What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service! Art thou not content that thou hast done something comfortable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompence for seeing?" If so—service would be costly and the great cry of human need would fall on our ears as sounds of tinkling cymbals for service then would have lost its pleasure.

We must labor until we're tired, We must give until it hurts. We must travel until we're weary. We must search until eye-sight fails and our bodies like an egg shell is broken. Oh, yes and then it becomes sacrifice. But that isn't all we must stand persecution unflinchingly and like the Savior of man, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." "And Father, I thank Thee," like Evangeline. That is sacrifice in reality, and nothing short of that spirit and attitude to our profession in life, even though humble it may be, shall we ever realize the fullness and sweetness of a life well spent. Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deed that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still in spite of all, The child of God.

To be great in life we must seek to know and understand our duty; to be great in death our lives must be one of service; to be great in history our lives must need be one of extreme scarifice.

Therefore, as you launch your bark or mount your steed in answer to the call of the long, long trails in quest of your mission, let me exhort you to believe in the author of the following lines:

Oh! Unseen Power that rules and controls the destinies of the children of earth; teach me the symphony of life so that my nature may be in tune with Thine.

Reveal to me the joy of being loving, selfsacrificing and charitable.

Teach me to know and play life's game with courage, fortitude and confidence.

Endow me with wisdom to guard my tongue and temper, and learn with patience the art of ruling my life for its highest good, with due regard for the privacy, rights and limitations of other lives.

Help me to strive for the highest

legitimate reward of merit, ambition, and opportunity in my activities, ever ready to extend a kindly helping hand to those who need encouragement and succor in the struggle.

Enable me to give a smile instead of a frown, a cheerful, kindly word instead of harshness and bitterness.

Make me sympathetic in sorrow, realizing that there are hidden woes in every life no matter how exalted or lowly.

If in life's battle I am wounded or tottering, pour into my wounds the balm of hope and imbue me with courage undaunted to arise and continue the strife.

Keep me humble in every relation of life not unduly egotistical, nor liable to the serious sin of self depreciation.

In success keep me meek.

In sorrow, may my soul be uplifted by the thought that if there were no shadow, there would be no sunshine, and that everything in life must have its antithesis.

Grant that I may be a true and loyal friend, a genial companion with the broad honest charity of an intimate knowledge of my own shortcomings.

If I win, crown me with the laurels fitting to be worn by a victor, and if I fall, may it be with my face to the foe, fighting manfully, and falling, fling to the host behind,—play up, play up, and play the game.

Let me at this time repeat the old and everlasting truth, that no man liveth to himself alone. We are in a world of complex currents which make us mutually dependent. We cannot thrive but by the patronage of our neighbor; we cannot win but by their confidence and favor.

I pity the man of fame or fortune who comes to the court of final accounting a bankrupt in service to his fellows. I pity him because he has missed the sweetest joy of living. I pity him as he stands before his God stripped of his raiment and self-conceit with nothing in his hands but the itch for gold which he can no longer hear.

You young men and women of today are starting up the morning slope of life. It is a beautiful way, for you are facing the sun and the shadows fall behind you. It is a joyous way, even though there be stones to bruise your feet and thorns to prick your hands, for hope makes the heart happy though the eyes may weep. I wish for you a speedy and safe ascent to to the crest of high achievement. Presently, before you are hardly aware, it will be afternoon and you will turn downward on the long decline. The sun will shine behind you, the shadows fall in front of you, and in the far distance of the faint gray rim of time you will perceive the mysterious wood that fringes the more mysterious stream of sleep upon which you will embark for another land that lies beyond the shadow and the mystery and the silent river. Let me hope that as you descend your meditations will be disturbed only by the song of those you have helped in the morning slope; that as you go down the stumbling way of decrepitude, you will be steadied by strong hands that have felt the touch of kindness; that when you embark, your voyage through the deep

waters will be guided by the beacon light of an unwavering faith, and that when you come into the land of everlasting sunshine and unfading flowers, you will receive the welcome of divine fellowship for which a life of service has made you somewhat worthy.

Duty, Service and Sacrifice—write them indelibly upon the table of memory, stamp them in the avenues and folds of the brain, burn them on the arched chambers of the heart, mark them with calloused hands and feet mold them in fashion into a sympathetic believeer in mankind; and in the last analysis, as sons and daughters of men, and when claimed by the ages, may we leave behind that eternal monument—the great triangle of a successful life.

Economy is a good thing, but too much of it sometimes proves expensive in the long run.—Jas. E. Carraway.

HOW OUR FLAG BECAME "OLD GLORY."

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

Our flag was about half a century old before it received its now well-known nick-name of Old Glory. A lad of Salem, Mass., proved himself such an expert seaman that he got his Master Mariner's papers on his twenty-first birthday, an unheard-of thing even along that coast of sailors.

On that day, March 17, 1824, there was a double celebration for William Driver. And his mother surprised him with a flag that she had made herself with the aid of some neighbor girls. William was deeply touched and could say nothing for the moment. Then he sprang toward the flag and said, "Old Glory!"

It was a good name for a flag dear to many and with such an honorable record. And the name has never been forgotten. It is likely to be remembered as long as we have a nation and a flag.

William Driver had an adventurous life, for he captained a ship that sailed to New Zealand, Australia, and the South Seas many times. It even went twice around the world. And floating proudly over it was always "Old Glory."

Once, when no one else would come to the aid of a party of white people who had been forcibly removed from an island in the South Pacific to another where there was a fierce savage war going on, he rescued the whole group. Many years before they had been set down on the first island because of a mutiny on the ship they were sailing on, and they had made a home there and called it Pitcairn Island. Now, with their children, they were moved to Tahiti. And, most of all, for their children's sake, they wished to escape from the wild revolu-

tion going on there.

Young Captain Driver was the only man who listened to their call for help. And he knew that if he took the hazard and anything happened to his ship the insurance company would pay him no insurance. His boat was too small to move the colony of white people, unless most of them slept on deck. But they were glad enough to do that, and the captain shared their deck sleeping. too. For three weeks they sailed before they saw their own island of Pitcairn lying before them. But nobody was sick aboard ship, and the whole matter ended very well.

At other times Old Glory saw the ship attacked by natives, who came wrapped in war mats in canoes to plunder the white man's ship. The islands of the South Pacific had no metal, and iron or lead was considered a great treasure. If the war party got the upper hand, a captain's ship would soon be stripped of its iron parts as it lay in the harbor. Once Captain Driver, in spite of hiding all the loose metal in the hold, found his deck swarming with savages, who were seizing even the bolts and fastenings of his ship's equipment.

He did not like the idea of mowing down the natives with his deck gun, but there didn't seem much choice when they produced English muskets from their canoes. But his dog, Charlie, straining at his rope to get into the fight, put an idea into the captain's head. The natives knew little about dogs, and later when they were imported called them barking pigs. But when the cabin boy, Pablo, let Charlie loose after fair warning by the captain to the thieving chief, Ta Tara, it was a great sight to see the natives leap into the sea. Most of them left behind the metal they had stolen, but the bold chief jumped last of all and carried with him the deep sea leads, which he had picked out as specially to be prized.

When Captain Driver left the sea and made his home in Nashville, Tenn., Old Glory went inland with him. They might have expected to have quiet times thereafter. But the Civil War came on, and the American flag had no place in the state after it seceded from the Union. To save it from being destroyed, William Driver had the hand-made flag sewed inside a bed quilt.

In that hiding place it stayed until February 25, 1862, when the Union army took Nashville. Old Glory, hurriedly ripped out of the quilt, helped in the celebration by flying from the top of the State House dome that day.

After the war the flag disappeared for some years. At last it apparently was found and the Essex Museum at Salem, the town where it had been made long before, was glad to accept it and give it a place of honor as the first American flag to be called "Old Glory."

But by a strange mischance the claims of that banner were proven false. It was not after all the flag made by William Driver's mother. Instead the original was found out in a little town in Nevada. This time there couldn't be any doubt of it, for it had a well-proven history. Salem would have been glad to get this genuine Old Glory, but it was thought that a flag of such historic

importance ought to be in the city of Washington with other flags of interest, like the original Star Spangled Banner, the flag which first called out that name.

So President Harding, who was in the White House when Old Glory was re-discovered in Nevada, had the honor of presenting the true Old Glory flag, a century after Mrs. Driver had made it for her son's birthday, to the National Museum at Washington. There you may see it with other banners that have a thrilling history in the making and preserving of our nation.

SHINING AT HOME.

(Exchange.)

"The Good Deeds Club had a meeting," reports a writer in the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. The president rapped for order. The secretary read the minutes. The treasurer read his report. The committees read theirs. The next party was discussed and committees planned. Then the visitor made a speech to the members about their duty to others.

" 'A good deed a day by each of you will make a golden chain of love and service to girdle the world,' said he and everybody clapped hard. Service, that was the word.

"On the way home the president bought an orange from Tony and tossed the peel along the walk as he went.....At the street crossing a woman struggled with an umbrella, closely wrapped and sticking out at an angle, a puppy that wiggled from under one arm, three bundles, and a small boy stiffly enclosed in a sweater suit. The car stopped to take her on. Three members of the Good Deeds Club watched her with an amused smile.....

"An empty ash can stood squarely in the middle of the walk where some mischievous youngster had rolled it. A strong Good Deeds boy gave it a kick, th next boy did his bit and they kicked the clanging, banging can the length of the block regardless of the feelings of the owner when he missed it the next day."

We can well imagine for ourselves the rest of the story and we can see why the one who reported the happenings after the Good Deeds Club meeting remarked that "Doing small acts of kindness now will prepare for greater one to come."

Have you ever heard of a girl or a boy who went to a meeting to study about our mission work in Africa, and then home again without feeling any kinder towards the colored people who lived in the next street? Have you ever known of a member of a mission band or Light Brigade who loved to be told stories of missionary heroes in China, and yet teased to the point of anger the Chinese laundryman. Have you yourself ever sung in your most expressive voice, "I'll go where you want me to go," and then grumbled at home when your mother asked you to run upon an errand? Can you learn by heart and by proving it every day that "The light that shines farthest, shines brightest at home?"

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

By J. L. Sherard, in Young Folks.

Robert Marlin came in at dusk from a hotly contested tennis match, his face flushed with the triumph of victory. It was a warm, sticky afternoon in mid-June, unrelieved by a single vagrant breeze, and a bit overladen with the heavy perfume of roses and honeysuckles. He slumped into a wicker chair on the vine-clad porch, dog-tired but happy, and faced his father.

"I've won the local championship," the boy announced proudly. "I'll get to represent Oakland at the state tourney. You ought to have seen—"

A sharp glance into John Marlin's pallid countenance suddenly stilled the words of Bob's lips.

"What's the matter, father? Are you ill?"

Mr. Marlin smiled weakly. "Oh, no. Just a touch of weakness. Too much heat, I suppose. I'm glad you won the finals. Now, go ahead and tell me about it."

But in spite of Mr. Marlin's attempt to laugh it off, he had to give up and go into his room and lie down.

That was the outward beginning of a break that laid him up for the rest of the summer and that came perilously near to costing him his life.

"You're not as young as you once were," the doctor cautioned him. "The machine has slipped a cog or two, and you'll have to be laid up for repairs. Two or three months in the mountains or at the seashore will bring you round again—if you'll only be patient and take your time."

"But how can I afford it? You see—"

The physician held up a warning finger.

"But you will afford it!" he said, positively. "The cost will be little. You don't have to go to a fashionable place. It's air and climate and rest you need, not style. As for the paper, Bob can run it. If he can't make good after completing the course in journalism he's been talking so much about, why, he's just a rank fraud."

Before they packed him off to the mountains, Mr. Marlin made a secret visit to Asa Thorne, who had a business finger in every pie in town and who was reputed to be its wealthiest citizen, and negotiated a small loan to cover expenses. Mr. Thorne already held a mortgage over the equipment of The Banner, the only newspaper in the county, which Mr. Marlin had given him nearly a year previously in an effort to expand the paper's usefulness for his own profit and for the good of the community.

Bob faced the crisis with a sinking heart. He possessed a deep, quiet devotion to his father, a tie of affection that had been doubly strengthened since his mother taken away, and his first impulse was one of loyalty to him at whatever cost.

But there was his career ahead of him. What of that? He had just landed a minor place in a big metropolitan daily, and he was to take up his work after a month's rest at

home. But now this sudden change in his plans, due to his father's misfortune, stabbed him to the quick. He had fought very persistently to secure a try-out on the city newspaper, and if he failed in that he might not soon get another chance.

What if his father's illness should continue indefinitely and force him, as a loyal son, to stay on and on and bury himself in Oakland? The prospect filled him a feeling of disgust and revolt. Oakland! What was there ahead for it? Had it not fallen into a permanent state of suspended animation, poky, somnolent, moth-eaten like an ancient garment?

During the summers Bob had helped his father with the paper. In this way he had acquired some practical experience. But the The Banner had been a semi-weekly. The fall before, just after Bob had gone away to college, Mr. Marlin had launched into a venture fondly cherished in his dreams for many years. He had converted the paper into a daily.

The twice-a-week paper had paid a fair profit. But from the very beginning the daily had shown a margin of loss. In the gathering cloud of financial trouble, the owner, a bit discouraged but still strong in the faith that Oakland could and would support a daily, had gone to Mr. Thorne and appealed to him for assistance. The banks had failed him. All other possible sources had gone back on him. While Mr. Thorne was the kind of man his name suggested, still there was no other to whom he could go. Thorne was preferable to bankruptcy. But really Mr. Thorne had been kind and indulgent.

The daily was a four-page affair, with a Saturday afternoon issue stretched out to eight pages by the help of plate matter and cheap comic strips. Local news of a readable nature was hard to get, and Bob had to hustle day and night to keep up The Banner's standard, for whatever Mr. Marlin's business judgment may have been with respect to establishing a daily, he had a natural nose for news and succeeded day after day, with remarkable resourcefulness, in gathering and giving his subscribers something of interest to read.

In two weeks Bob had gotten into the swing and the spirit of the work admirably. After that his nervous tension relaxed and things moved more smoothly and more satisfactorily for him.

It did not take the young novice long, however, to discover that the paper was losing money. His father had evidently pitched his hopes too high, for Oakland was too small a place to support a daily. Surely Mr. Marlin must have been misled by the outlook for development, for without a marked expansion in industrial growth The Banner could not hope to survive the arduous struggle of waiting and muddling through to that indefinite day which would possibly come "sometime."

Bob faithfully carried out one promise in spite of the personal disappointments and discouragements that came to him all too often. He would not worry his father over business affairs. While Bob had his own fight to make, and it was no easy one, the supreme fight was his father's to win back his health and the strength that constant work and

increasing worry had so dangerously sapped. He wrote his father cheerful and encouraging letters, with only the remotest references to the paper.

Unpaid bills began to press. Bob felt more and more keenly the harassing grind of it all. It irritated him because he was helpless. He had gone to one of the local banks and laid the situation frankly before the president and his loan committee, but his application for a temporary loan was turned down flatly. At the end of every week it was a mean job to scrape up enough funds to meet his limited payroll.

One blue morning he looked up from his desk to find Mr. Thorne coming in at the door.

Bob involuntarily frowned. Well here was a peck of trouble! He instantly associated the visit with the mortgage and sensed a peremptory demand for payment.

Mr. Thorne must have interpreted his fears, for he put Bob at his ease at once.

"I'm afraid you're having a tight squeeze," he remarked sympathetically. "But don't get discouraged, my boy. Stick it out. Perch up. There's a better day coming. Really, it's right here now. Let me explain . . ."

Then Mr. Thorne enthusiastically plunged into the details of a plan he had conceived, what he termed a "killing." Certain interests, backed by abundant money and headed by Horace Landon, a well-known figure in the manufacturing and business world, had decided to come into the undeveloped and hitherto neglected section around Oakland with a tremedous scheme of improvements which would bring new people and add great wealth to the town and county.

"My information is absolutely authentic," Mr. Thorne spoke in tones of the deepest confidence. "They've got an option on the Gentry tract, two miles out on the river. They expect to build a gigantic lake, a great tourist hotel, and to do a lot of other big things that spell expansion and wealth. Why, bless your soul, people and money will pour in here like a gold rush."

"Well?" Bob queried, thrilled, but feeling his way cautiously.

"Here's my dope, son," the promoter said, coming down to the object of his mission. "I'm the early bird. I've got an option on all the land lying by the side of the Gentry tract. I've had it surveyed and am now ready to offer the lots to the public. I got it dirt cheap, too. I'm putting on a big advertising stunt, and I'll have the whole town on its head and scrambling to buy lots and lots of 'em. Nothing like a boom, you know, to stampede people. I want to use a full-page ad tomorrow, and then I want you to back it up with a strong editorial and all the local stuff you can cram into the paper. We'll boost. We'll keep it going and keep it hot. Then you'll see some of this rusty money around here polished up by circulation. There's too much of that kind in Oakland, anyhow."

"You can have all the advertising space you want, Mr. Thorne, at customary rates."

Thorne looked at him in hurt surprise.

"That ain't enough. I've given you straight dope all right. But if there's any lingering doubt in the public mind, it will immediately vanish when The Banner comes out and puts the stamp of its approval on the lot sale. The Banner has got a rep for bein' right you know."

"Ah, that's just it," Bob replied enigmatically.

Mr. Thorne's lips drew a little tighter. He was silent for a moment before speaking. Then he reached into an inside coat pocket and drew out a folder. He extracted two thin papers from the sheaf of documents.

"I have here two mortgages given by Mr. Marlin on the newspaper plant. Short-term loans. Past due. I can help the paper; the paper can help me."

He laid the mortgages down on the desk that Bob might visualize them and take in their full significance.

Two mortgages? Bob's curiouity was aroused. He took up the new one and unfolded it. After a glance, he handed it back without comment.

Bob merely nodded his head as an invitation for Mr. Thorne to proceed.

"The Banner is losing money. I know it as well as you do, Bob. Mr. Marlin has got to do something. I haven't pressed him. I don't care to—if I can help it. But business is business, and I must have my money. Listen to this: You give me your support in the way I want, and you shall have twenty-five per cent of the net profits. It may mean enough to liquidate all your father's debts to me and set him on his feet again. I'm willin' to be generous . . ."

Bob hesitated. His head was in a whirl.

Taking silence for acquiescence, Mr. Thorne rose to go, with the promise that he would come back later and have the advertising copy and also a suggested editorial if Bob cared to have the latter blocked out for him.

Bob did not leave the editorial office until well after midnight. After the small office force had left, he sat alone in the gathering darkness considering the matter from every angle. Thorne was a prominent citizen of the town, a bank director, a stockholder in nearly all its enterprises, and why Bob, therefore, doubt the accuracy of his information? Wasn't this a chance to help his father retrieve his losses? And wouldn't it do more than any other power to restore his health? If Mr. Thorne's business foresight and judgment had proved better than that of others, wouldn't it be a fine opportunity to co-operate with him not only for the purpose of saving his father but of establishing closer relations for the future with the town's leading business man?

The clock in the court house steeple struck twelve. Bob got up and switched on the light. A lone policeman strolled by and made some friendly but inane remark about being up so late.

Bob slept little that night. The whole responsibility of making a decision in a situation that contained a puzzling element of doubt was up to him. How he longed to consult his father.

Almost he broke his resolution not

to disturb Mr. Marlin. But as he turned the problem over and over in his mind, he came back again and again to the bald truth. The problem was his own. It would be unfair and cowardly to try to shirk it or to shift the responsibility.

Next morning early Mr. Thorne came round with the display advertisement and a suggested editorial which he had prepared the night before.

Bob read the editorial slowly. Then, his resolution stiffening, he handed it back.

"Sorry, Mr. Thorne. Can't use it. You can have all the advertising space you want, but not the editorial. That's not for sale."

"What do you mean?" retored Mr. Thorne, his round face turning a deeper purple under the thurst.

"Just what I said."

Mr. Thorne got a grip on himself. His angry manner subsided. He became as smooth as cream. He argued, pleaded, and then, failing in both, he made an open threat.

"I'll give you just one hour to decide, young man," he announced judicially, pulling out his watch and holding it up suggestively. "Just sixty minutes. I've offered you the chance of a life time, fair and square. You can accept it or have the paper put on the block in a foreclosure sale."

"It won't take one second to get your answer, sir," Bob replied quietly. "I see it all now. You're just a 'Shylock.' And now—get out!"

The reaction left Bob in a vacillating mood. Had he acted too hastily? If he had doubts, as he had a right to have, why hadn't he wired Mr. Landon before turning down Thorne's proposition? The story could have been verified in that way. But even then, assuming that the story was correct in every particular, wouldn't it be a dangerous thing, a questionable matter at best, to use the editorial columns to back up a scheme in which personal interest was so heavily involved? How easy it would be to slip up even in an honest judgment and thus mislead the public.

Bob decided to wire Mr. Landon for justification of his stand if for no other reason. No reply came that day.

Then next morning a wave of excitement spread through the town. It was flooded with copies of an issue of a paper published in an adjoining county, containing the full page advertisement, and an unsigned article or news story charging that **The Banner** was under the influence of the "interests" and was holdnig back a story that meant so much to Oakland's future expansion!

In his greed and desire for vengeance, Thorne had taken a desperate step and had, like many men in similar circumstances, lost his head.

Mr. Thorne was busy on the streets and in the stores spreading the good news. Prospective buyers looked him up, eager to get in on the ground floor. The boom spirit was in the air. It was spreading like a contagious fever.

In the morning mail Bob received a letter from his father. One paragraph he read over and over.

"I have been worried by one thing particularly," the letter said. "That is the Thorne loan. He was kind when others were not. But he is a hard man. It may be unjust, but I

can't rid myself of the fear that he may have some ulterior mothive. I want you to see him and discuss the paper he holds. It is now past due. Get him to wait until fall . . . If anything comes up that seems doubtful, resolve your decision in favor of the doubt. **The Banner,** what ever may be said of it, has kept itself free an untainted. I leave it all to you. Initiative and principle are two things that lie back of all honest and worth-while business.''

What Mr. Marlin had in mind Bob did not know. Perhaps it was just a general warning to be on his guard. Or was it an example of that mysterious intuition that sometimes manifests itself at the right time when one person is watching over another in love and sympathy?

That afternoon **The Banner,** while refraining from an exposure of what had taken place between Mr. Thorne and the young editor, carried a simple straightforward story asserting that the proposed development was based merely on rumor and suggesting that the people wait for confirmation before investing their money in an uncertain venture.

Feeling was tense in Oakland. Bob praised or berated according to the point of view of the individual. Two factions instantly came into prominence. One effect was to give the newspaper a backbone. It stood for progress and for the right, and it was ready to fight for it. The undercurrent of revolt against Thorne for his many hard practices rose to the surface. It took courage from Bob's firm stand and there began that unconscious crystallization of public sentiment that moved forward to a better community feeling and to a greater spirit of unity and cooperation.

An unexpected answer came to Bob's telegram to Mr. Landon. The wire had been forwarded to him as he was on his way to Ookland for a quiet visit of inspection. He landed in the town in the midst of the excitement. He was quickly informed of all that had transpired.

Mr. Landon's first act was to call at the newspaper office.

''I cannot at this time give you a full story of our plans,'' the capitalist replied to a question of Bob's. ''But I'll give you enough to make a good story and satisfy the public that a new day has dawned for Oakland. Thorne was wrong. We have other plans. Our plant will be on another property. . . . But there are other things I want to talk to you about now. We have made a complete survey of everything in your town and county. We know all about **The Banner.** We know the manner of man your father is. We want to see him back in harness. A good newspaper fair, and impartial and clean, will mean more to us in our industrial development here than you can imagine. And I am particularly glad to see that you are a son of your father. . . . Call Thorne over to the office. I'll buy his paper. He can assign it to me, and I'll hold it until Mr. Marlin can make arrangements. . . I know more about you than you thnk. . . Mr. Marlin and I are graduates of the same school, in fact, two schools —Old Bolton and Hard Experience. . . .'''

''It's fine of you to say that of my father,'' Bob thanked him

gratefully. "After he comes back, I'm going on to New York to get my chance."

"What's that about New York?" Mr. Landon sat down again while Bob told him of his plans.

"You cut that right out!" Mr. Landon insisted emphatically but good-naturedly. "You're needed ten times more here in this community than you are there. Can you realize the opportunity for service and for usefulness and for all that is best in life right here in the little town you have grown to despise? Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? I should say it can."

Mr. Landon spoke convincingly for severl minutes.

"That certainly puts it in a light I hadn't thought about," Bob said appreciatively as he shook hands with his guest. "I think I" stay here—where I'm needed most.

We Judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—Longfellow.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Archie Waddell, a member of the eleventh cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week. He went to his home in Greensboro.

The barn boys have been busy lately plowing cotton. We hope to have a fine crop of cotton this year, at least it looks that way now.

Harry Allen, a member of the ninth cottage, has been given a position in the bakery recently. We hope that he will soon become a fine baker.

The shop boys have been busy lately making a new body for the truck. The old one was "gone," and the new one will help the looks wonderfully.

The boys of Mr. Johnson's and Mr. Simpson's school rooms have been hoeing cotton lately. The boys were all glad for the change, as it was a chance to "rest" their minds.

Last Friday night after supper the eleventh and the third cottage boys engaged in a game of baseball. The third cottage boys won, 13-2.

The Social Hour Club, of Kannapolis, through Mrs. J. H. Rutledge, kindly donated four sets of "Rook" cards. These will be greatly appreciated as this is a very popular game with our boys.

The boys and officers again enjoyed a chicken dinner last Sunday. We were very successful with our incubators this year and several hundred chickens have furnished a part of our menu during the past two

months.

Last Saturday afternoon a baseball team from Concord was the opposing team. Mr. Lisk started off the game, pitching, but Archie White relieved him in the fifth inning. The other team changed several times and finally put in Bill Bost. The game was a good one. Pat Henry, a former boy of this institution, played for us. Mr. Godown and Pat Henry made a three-bagger each. The score was 10-6, in favor of the other "bunch."

"Peter Delivered From Prison," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Peter had been imprisoned by Herod, the king. He had prayed to be delivered. In the middle of the night, an angel came, opened the gates, released him from the chains and led him out of the prison. When Peter was in the street, he went straight to the home of John, where he and the other apostles were praying for Peter's deliverance. When Peter came to the gate and knocked, a girl came. Instead of opening the gate, she ran inside and told the others. They were in doubt and came to see for themselves (which shows that they were praying with little expectation of their prayers being answered) and found Peter standing there. The golden text for this lesson was: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, for the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

Rev. Fogleman, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He told the story of the two men, one built his house upon a rock, and the floods came, but the house remained. The other built his house upon sand, and the floods came and washed the house away. His subject was: "Building the Christian Character." For a firm foundation of a house, we must have solid ground. Christ is the foundation for Christian Character. Upon this foundation we are to build our character. When the building is finished, the owner and contractor inspect it. If it is satisfactory, the contractor is rewarded or paid. Christ also inspects our character. If it meets His requirements, He accepts it and we are rewarded, as was the contractor. He then told us of his life experiences, how he had "roughed" it up. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all.

LORD'S BUSINESS PAYS.

"For what shall it profit a man if he have all the theology in the world and know not how to put it across?"

So said Rev. Clinton Wunder, D. D., and proceeded to put over the theology he had with a bang.

Dr. Wunder came to Rochester in 1921, about the time the trustees had decided that the Temple Baptist

church had done its work in its field and should move out before the onsweep of business in the downtown district.

Dr. Wunder thought differently. Where there are souls, he reasoned, there was need of religion. The problem was merely to compete with other interests in the neighborhood.

$3,000,000 Church Plant.

The minister competed. Today a $3,000,000 combined church and office building, an organization that operates seven days a week, and overflow services testify to the results of the competition.

He started to preach his philosophy: that the business of living is to develop oneself to the fullest culture; by education, observation, thought, and by mixing with people; then in finding expression for this development. "I am preaching to help people to help themselves, and then helping others," Dr. Wunder says.

Believing, then he had something to sell, Dr. Wunder proceeded sell it. He used advertising, and used it generously. He drew people and he holds them.

He extended his church into every walk of life. When a new building was needed, he convinced his trustees that it should be a combined office building and temple. It was built and rents from offices are paying the principal as well as the interest.

Cleaned Up Gangs.

He attacked the gang problem, a large one in the busy section of Rochester. Today hundreds of boys and girls are off the streets, due to clubs operating under his auspices.

He established a nursery in the building, where mothers can have their babies cared for with the greatest possible medical skill.

He organized a neighborhood school with a staff of forty instructors; noon day organ recitals; he established rest rooms within the temple where refreshment may be obtained.

The church's work is carried on as a huge business organization. It's cash turnover is $112,000 a year. Trained workers—not volunteers from women's societies, but salaried specialists—handle details. The card index system and the telephone are sextant and compass for the staff.

Dr. Wunder has put the church into business, but he has also brought business into the church. Seven thousand persons a week visit the skyscraper temple. Every service is jammed with listeners, including many who have before considered church going not the thing for downtown business men. Hundreds stand. Hundreds more are turned away.

"My Father's business'—the greatest business in the world—requires the same attention given any store or factory," says Dr. Wunder. "The church must use every legitimate business method. If a product is worth selling, it is worth selling well, and to the largest possible numbers.

Teacher: Who were the 'Four Horsemen'?"

Bright Pupil "Paul Revere, Jesse James, Buffalo Bill and Barney Google."

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 25, 1927. No. 23

WORRY.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthful; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust upon the blade.

It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids, but love and trust are sweet juices.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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RESPECT YOUR OCCUPATION.

No one who habitually belittles his occupation makes the most of its possibilities. If he looks down upon it, it is unlikely to develop his capacities, and make of him the man he should be. When a young man speaks contemptuously of the work in which he is engaged, when he acknowledges that he looks upon it as a make-shift, and declares that he will give it up for something better as soon as possible, the most sanguine cannot make rosy prophecies as to his future.

Respect your occupation. Don't speak of it slightingly and don't belittle it still further by half-hearted work.—The Way.

"SHE ALWAYS SHOOK HANDS WITH ME."

There is a vacant chair in our midst today. A bright light of great cheer and encouragement has gone out. But it still shines. She passed away to another clime, last week. Some countrymen at Sunday School reverted to the loss, each sustained in this going away.

> *"I never met her on the streets of Concord that she did not stop, shake hands, inquire of me and mine—no other woman I know would think of that."*

The foregoing represents the estimate of a populace in the passing of the fine spirit that has taken its flight. Here's the testimony of mankind to greatness of human kindness and interest that make the world better and mankind akin. The spokesman is a humble, modest and upright citizen with

no possession of wealth and no craving for the limelight of social activity; and, in face of this, "she shook hands with me."

She knew in life what human troubles are; she had tasted of the bitter things, to which you and I and all of us are subject; but the brilliant sun of cheer which had its abiding place in her soul and sustained her in all these matters radiated its warmth and touched humanity in common. That's a power most uncommon with a selfish, hungry world.

For seventy-five years she lived this life of cheer and hope; and when the cruel ravages of disease, incident to creeping age and a penalty of great activity, engulfed her and stopped her cordial mixing with her fellows, there was universal sadness. Now that she has gone hence, the big and the little, the rich and poor, the strong and the weak stand uncovered in the sweetest regard for the memory of this truly democratic woman.

The subject of this departure from our midst, and whom we all mourn, is Mrs. Missouri Cline Brown, who fell asleep at her home in Concord, on the morning of June 15.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

BOTTLED UP.

The county seat which Stephen Cabarrus named has been bottled up for many years. But in spite of this affliction which the old town has had to contend with, Concord has made a wonderful record in growth and importance. Some of this affliction is our lack of doing, but the bulk of it has been thrust upon us.

We sat by with indifference when the Albemarle-Norwood road ran to Salisbury rather than to Concord, cutting off the finest trading back-country the county ever had and never to return. Bonds were voted to run a road from Mooresville. It proved a goat to aid another movement.

The late Gov. Aycock and Carl Duncan came to Concord, got just what they wanted—they were in absolute faith—but when the road was built it went to Charlotte. Concord was used, beyond doubt, for the purpose of putting ginger in another community. An important character, who had much to do with the parent of the Norfolk-Southern Railway, in an unguarded moment, boasted that he had located the road for the bond-holders so as to go direct to Charlotte. The wonder is and has always been how much did this change cost.

Even in the location of permanent highways, the old town has had to suffer a wrong. To do this the very essence of the law was violated. The

cost of its act—cutting off a territory from the county-seat of Cabarrus—is counted against the county as part of its allocation of bond money.

The P. & N. is the latest candidate for our devoted love, but a hearing is now in progress by an agent of the Interstates Commerce Commision to ascertain if it should be built. Opposing this new development are several railroads, which exemplify the fable of the cow, dog and hay.

Whatever the outcome of this hearing, it seems most probable that Concord may again become the goat. The latest proposed routing of the P. & N. points to as much. The new course is just as much a "parallel line" as the originally suggested route, which contemplated coming by our doors. It's a goat game, again, we fear.

But glory be, the powers are unable to take away from this goodly town and county the glorious sun—that's a blessing that cannot be controlled by the selfish.

In this season of "asking one," how many of our patriots are able to name the gentlemen who compose the Interstates Commerce Commision and where they were found by the appointive power?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"I"

How many institutions and causes would go to the bad, become useless and waste away, were old man "I" eliminated by removal, death or something else. Pity grammars could not be revised to fit the tempers and conceits of men and—a few women. We have the first person pronoun; the second person; and the third. The first—the great "I"—is used a dozen times where occasion would suggest the good manners of "you" or "he."

This thought is brought to us by listening in on an address over the radio by a man telling of the struggle of a hospital in the foreign lands. He used "I" so often that it became nauseating. Curiosity got the better of us and we began after a twenty minutes punishment with the man's egotism to count the times the great "I" played a part in his address, which was being delivered as if his congregation were deaf and the Lord showed no disposition to listen in.

The balance of his address covered nearly forty minutes. By actual count he used "I" two hundred and thirty-seven times. What a great man!

We are prone to believe at times that a cause or an institution or a business depends on the continued living and direction of one man. That's what the public may think; but every man, who makes a success of his en-

terprise or his cause does not share this view. He builds the thing—he does not inflate himself.

Too many mammoth institutions and wonderful causes have prospered and waxed stronger when the genius who conceived them laid down his earthly work—somebody, in the economy of God, has been prepared to take up the dropped threads and weave them into beautiful fabrics. We see such examples all about us and why worry your friends with the first person pronoun when that pronoun should be called SELFISH PERSON PRONOUN?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FORECAST.

It is generally accepted as a foregone fact that the next Governor of North Carolina is to be Hon. O. Max Gardner. The public rejoices in this. It assures the incumbency of an elegant gentleman, of constructive powers, and one who actually loves his state.

Already the public is fixing the slogan for the new administration. Aycock was education; Glenn was prohibition and better railroad service; Craig was in the genesis of the road movement and prepared the soil; Bickett was the idol of lovers of beautiful phrases and did his part in making the taxbooks tell the truth; Morrison put into actual existence the great road movement; McLean showing the whole public how to run a business to result in a healthy cash balance. They are saying now that Gov. Gardner will set up as his solgan, "Better rural homes." This is easy to believe. Gardner has been doing a constructive work that leads to this much desired achievement.

It is not a death-bed resolve of his. In his native county, he has exhibited a wonderful genius in making agriculture a paying business; he has led in giving to the rural people the conveniences of life. Through his influence and leadership there are hundreds of Cleveland people who have quit drawing water; quit the necessity of the branch hole for baths; where the children study their lessons by electric lights rather than a pine knot; where paint arrests the ravages of time on homes; and where power relieves of many drudgeries.

Max Gardner is a forward-looking, constructive statesman. His leadership will mean much for the state.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"HUSKY."

By way of the Asheville Citizen we learn that a new thing has struck the

mountain section of the state. It goes in by the car load, if we are to place credence in the flaming advertisement in the said Citizen. They call it "Husky."

Whether this new discovery is being imported to revive the real estate dealings, it does not declare, as most patent medicines do, the per centage of alcohol carried by this wonderful medicine that is cheating mountain graves. And no where is it associated with the conduct of women who are putting out of commission so many others. Wonder if Husky had anything to do with the murdering of the Waynesville policeman and caused the chief to lose his job?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ANOTHER CHOICE SPIRIT PASSES

At Elkin, on Tuesday, after a lingering illness death claimed Mr. G. T. Roth. He was a man, who lived in such a manner as to make the world better.

Coming to the Chatham Manufacturing Company in it organization, from his home in Allentown, Pa. and proving himself so valuable the company refused to let his leave at the conclusion of his contract. He became a fixture and a power of great worth to the community.

His passing grieves us. Where this little magazine is made, where our shoe fixery is located and where our wood-working plant is housed are in a building which he and his good wife donated and at a time when the institution was "flat of its back." This is our Industrial Building and known as the Roth Building.

The Uplift purposes a fuller account of the life and achievements of this truly worthy and useful citizen.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SENATOR SPAINHOUR UNSATISFIED

State Senator J. F. Spainhour, of Burke county, has written a public letter to State Superintendent Allen, complaining of the enormous cost of his office during one year ending June 30, 1926. It is claimed that the expenditure reached $438,225.32, not counting the expenditure for the equalization, the amount being larger than the cost of running the entire courts of the twenty districts of the state—even $125,976.16 more than the courts.

The Senator is aggrieved that that Mr. Allen has not responded to his indictment. Mr. Allen is not to blame. The costly, if not wasteful, administration of his office, is forced upon him by inheritance.

The legal authority and requirement of this great expenditure does not lie

at Mr. Allen's door—it was inherited from an unbusiness-like, if not wild, leadership preceding his administration. Having mussed the school law, until embarrassed, he is cutting a wide-swath in the management of county affairs. Let us hope the county affairs of the state will not suffer the same fate.

The amenities of the situation seem to tie the hands of Mr. Allen, as similar conditions would tie the hands of any normal, up-standing man.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ONE REASON FOR THE TUSSLE

Here and there is an alleged orator and educational leader claiming that the state is making no educational progress. There are others, of the plain-clothes variety, who manifest a disgust at the extravagance, as they allege in school matters.

One is curious to know how much of the $438,225.32—the cost of one year's administration of the centralized school business—is involved in the maintenace of the mechanical method of declaring teachers. Then, coming down to localities, it is hard to imagine that a former attache of that centralized school business could be worth $6,000.00 per annum, with assistance, other perquisites etc, in directing a county school system.

People see these things, and wonder. There is no man in the state that can earn $6,000 and other perquisites by heading the public schools of a single North Carolina county.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

We note with pride and a fond hope for future generations that all the brides of the season were radiantly beautiful, charming and highly educated; and that all the grooms are prominent in business and graduates of so and so. We further observe that all brides and grooms are conspicuously known throughout the state and extremely popular.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

A door can be used for two purposes—to open and let one in, and to close and keep one out. Our mind can be compared to a door. For some the mind opens up for them continually new vistas, new thoughts, new hopes; showing the way to success, happiness and real values. For others it shuts them tight from things that are useful, beautiful, pleasant and real, making them disagreeable, thoughtless, pessimists or rascals.

The advice is given that it is not wholesome to go into the water after a heavy meal. I never do. When I am after a heavy meal I usually go home, or to a restaurant or cafe.

A man was complaining the other day about some of the busses being late. Well, everything has its uses. What account would the waiting rooms be if all the busses were promptly on time; and you, too, when they came?

Some people say they see good in everything. But I have never been able to see good in the dark.

The most popular station in this life, in these fleeting days, is the radio station. Yet some folks get very much winded by dashing from one station to another.

A famous educator, not so long ago, was so surprised at some of the queer ideas he found in some people's minds that he sent out a questionaire asking that the ten commandments be graded in the order of their importance. The commandments are in two sections, you remember; the first four religious, relating to the worship of God and obedience to Him; and the last six social, concerning one's relations to his fellow man. When Jesus was questioned on the subject He declared that the first and greatest commandment of all was "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind"—that was the first element of life—and the second was, "And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But the majority of those who filled out the questionaires for the educator exactly reversed that order, and put the religious mandates away down at the bottom of the list, and the social commands at the top, not realizing the latter grew out of the former. It was not until the worship and the love of God came into the world that anyone thought of being concerned about his fellow man.

"My, my, you are up quite early,"
Said Dad to his daughter, Molly;
"Eearly, nothing," said the daughter,
"In from an auto ride quite jolly."

One great difficulty today is the fatal philosophy of "getting by" in all classes of work, which has been playing havoc with so many of our workers, because they seek to "just

get by'' with their work, and not putting first things first in their lives. I remember talking to a man once who was doing some work on a house, and when I asked him if he were a carpenter, he said that he was, but a spoiled one. And he explained his statement by saying that when he was working on his first carpenter's job, he was delighted at getting the work, and desired to make good and earn his money, so he worked as hard as he could. Presently he was interrupted by a fellow worker who told him that it was all wrong to work like that. The job would be done in no time, and then they would all be out of work. When he asked what he could do about it, for the boss would fire him if he were idle, the man showed him how to lay down his saw where he picked up his hammer and have to go back for it when he wanted it; and lay down the hammer where he picked up the saw, and in other ways soldier on the job. So the man followed his instructions, and established habits that he had never been able to shake off, although they had cost him many a dollar after he became his own boss and his time increased in value. And then he got up and began looking around the room, exclaiming, ''Where in the world did I lay that hammer down?''

There are lots, cords and stacks of people who say, ''The world owes me a living,'' and they do nothing; just sit down idly and wait for the world to come in and bring them the living on a silver platter. Well, my advice is, don't you stress that idea too much that the world owes you anything, or else you will find yourself in great dis—tress. The world don't owe you anything. It is you who owe the world a life. Those who live to get never climb the heights of those who live to give. Only 1 and ½ per cent of the American dollar is being spent on education, and only ¾ per cent on religion, while four times as much is spent on tobacco. The boy or girl with no education has just one chance in 150,000 to succeed today, while the high school graduate has 87 times as many chances.

Night dreams and day dreams are about like work and play. The fellow that sits about all day dreaming of things he would like to accomplish, will never accomplish much. The night dreams are the moving pictures to the mind. But some dreams have realities. Joseph saved Egypt from famine by interpreting Paraoh's dream as a warning of seven years lean to follow seven years of plenty. This is one of the many Bible instances when men were ''warned of God in a dream,'' such as the one of Jacob's ladder; of Joseph, directing him to take Mary and the infant Jesus in to Egypt; of Pilate's wife, warning him to have nothing to do with the trial of Christ. All through history men have been influenced by belief in dreams. The deaths of Julius Caesar, Alexander and Joan of Arc were foretold in dreams. The Emperor Augustus escaped death, through the dream of a friend. Columbus saw in a dream his great discovery. Nowadays nearly every family can tell almost uncanny stories about dreams coming

true, and prophecies being made through dreams. This just shows how truly people have always believed dreams have a bearing on life. There is, too, a striking similarity in their interpretation everywhere. When "Mrs. Hurrygraph" tells me she had a beautiful dream of delightful trip she took with congenial friends, I am pretty confident what is coming and who is going and that dream will come true.

Every now and then you see it mentioned in the papers that a baseball player has been sold from club to another for many thousands of dollars. The world hero, Colonel Lindbergh, has been offered big sums of money for the use of his name, or to appear in a commercial way. There is a growing tendency to commercialize everything. I do not know what will be next. The question that arises in my mind is, is it right to sell influence. Lindbergh has not yielded yet to that persuasion. The great Southerner, Robert E. Lee, was offered a tremendous price, just after the civil war, when he was broken financially; if he would allow a certain firm doing a legitimate business, to use his name. Though financially needing money, and physically almost worn to desperation, his courage and morality arose to the occasion and he replied: "I have nothing left but my name, and it is not for sale."

Pat went into a drug store for an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered his purpose he asked, "How much?" Well," answered the clerk; "if you want the empty bottle, it will cost 5 cents; but if you have something put into the bottle, we won't charge you anything for it." "Sure, that's fair, enough," said Pat. "Put in a cork."

Matrimonial squabbles should not be recorded in a diary. The proper place for them is in a scrap book.

Paradoxical as it may appear, still it remains a matter of fact that a bit in a horse's mouth does not prevent him from getting hungry.

What the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks," has come down to us through more that half a century, and now, living under the Volstead regime, and studying the faces of people, one comes to the conclusion that it is a long time between thinks, with some folks.

It is the people with clear visions who see the bright side of things and get the best out of life. One thing is as certain as day follows night, you cannot be optimistic with misty optics.

To the women of other days,
The present fashion is shocking;
Our mothers rolled up their sleeves—
Our daughters roll down their stocking.

The traffic signal light says to all motorists: "Don't come near me when I'm seeing red." And the green light says: "Drive on slowly

ahead."

There are some analogies in this world that are puzzling. A man will work, and stint, and delve to secure a home for himself and family, and after he gets it, he will scheme, and mortgage, to get an automoblie which takes him away from that home most of the time.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.—Thomas Hughes.

MAKES APPEAL FOR AID.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Mrs. Edmund Taylor of Greenville, Miss., who is well known in Western North Carolina, having for many years maintained a summer home at Waynesville, has sent The Citizen the following appeal for aid for the King's Daughters Hospital at Greenville. This is the only hospital in the flooded district, and while it was materially damaged by the flood, it it was open and in operation every minute that water was in Greenville, and rendered aid to numerous flood victims.

Mrs. Taylor's letter follows:

"You will pardon me for laying before you a matter of supreme importance to a large number of citizens of the delta who have suffered by the reason of the disaster brought about by the recent Mississippi Valley flood. I consider this a rare opportunity for doing real constructive work, no greater has come under my observation.

"We hear much of rehabilitation. The word is in everyone's mouth with a different meaning and application to the distressing conditions prevailing. Different groups of people interested in various phases of the work seek to explain in detail and at great length what should be done by the American Red Cross and other agencies for the relief of flood sufferers many of whom have suffered serious losses and without material aid, will find it difficult to begin life anew when they return to their devastated homes.

"A brief history of the King's Daughters hospital in our city which has been a haven of rest, a refugein time of trouble to hundreds of flood disaster patients will not be amiss.

Ten Years' Struggle

"For the past ten years a little band of women has struggled to secure funds to build a hospital adequate to meet the needs of the delta. Early in 1926 after a strenuous campaign in which the organization and citizens of Greenville and Washington county took an active part it was found that sufficient funds were on hand to begin the erection of the

building. In the meantime a competent architect had submitted plans and specifications for a four story building to be constructed of reinforced concrete and steel and hollow tile with tiled roof, to be laid on piling, to include administration rooms, and provide for every department, for the accomodation of one hundred patients.

"The contract was awarded to a reliable construction firm and work began on the building about the middle of April, and completed in less than nine months to the entire satisfaction of the board of directors who had labored earnestly and watched with jealous care the erection of the new King's Daughters Hospital which was to mean so much to the people of the entire delta.

"On January 23, 1927, the doors of the hospital were thrown open to the public and thousands of interested spectators passed through its portals and inspected every department with deep appreciation of the complete and marvelous equipment which had been selected with great care, modern in every respect, fully abreast the times and second to none in the land.

"The cost of the building fully equipped and furnished for the accomodation of one hundred patients was found to be in the neighborhood of $400,000, of which amount one half is still due. About $200, 000 donated by the generous citizens of Greenville and vicinity made it possible to borrow sufficient funds for the erection and equipment of this magnificent hospital, the only one in the flooded area Mississippi.

"Up to the time of the flood disaster the King's Daughters Hospital was self sustaining with an average patronage per day of seventy-five patients, ten per cent of that number being charity. With careful management the hospital would have been able to meet all obligations including interest on its bonded indebtedness for 1927.

"However, when the levee broke at Stops Landing and all railway trains as well as concrete highways were engulfed in the mighty flood our resources were cut off, our paying patronage reduced to a minimum and but for the timely assistance of the American Red Cross the hospital would have been forced to close its doors immediately.

"In order to meet the emergency we have reduced the staff of trained employes as much as consistent with the requirements of a standardized hospital recognized as "A" grade by the American College of Surgeons. We have also cut down our force of non-professional employes to a great extent, thereby reducing the expenses, yet retaining a sufficient number to keep the hospital up to standard.

"Seventy-five per cent of the patients now in the hospital are victims of the flood disaster and are cared for by the American Red Cross. In a short time the Red Cross as a relief organization will withdraw from this section but as time goes on these people, rendered destitute by the flood will be in more urgent need for hospitalization than they are at present, for a large area of the flooded district will make no crop this year, water still covers thousands of acres of land to a depth

of several feet and no planting will be possible under the circumstances, hence the real hardship will continue for months after the Red Cross has withdrawn its aid.

"In looking to the future we feel that the small number of paying patients, and the large number of those who apply for admission to the hospital sorely in need of help but unable to pay for services rendered, will make it extremely difficult to finance the institution and keep the organization of salaried employes intact, and ready to serve the people of the entire Delta whether they are able to pay their bills or become dependent on others.

No Reserve Fund.

"It has been estimated by our business manager that to keep the hospital up to standard grade with a sufficient force of trained employes to meet this emergency we may expect a deficit of $500 monthly during the period of rehabilitation. The King's Daughters hospital has no reserve fund, is operated without profit and solely to provide hospital accommodations for those needing surgical and medical attention. The Board of Directors receive no salaries or remuneration of any kind for their services, and gladly give freely of their time for the success of the hospital.

"We believe if these facts are placed in the proper light before those who have means to use for the purpose of uplifting humanity and ministering to the sick and needy in such a way as to restore them to their families sound in mind and in body it will be one of the greatest powers of good accomplished for the citizenship of the flooded areas during the period of rehabilitation.

"Moreover, if this newly erected hospital which in the Providence of God was completed and ready for occupancy by the victims of this awful catastrophe, can be saved from bankruptcy and put in a position to carry on the great work for which it was designed there is every reason to believe that it will continue to grow and prosper and serve people of the Delta for generations to come. On the other hand if the King's Daughters hospital is not able to meet its financial obligations month by month and the interest on its bonds there is no doubt of the cruel fate which awaits it.

"Owing to the fact that the once prosperous citizens of our county (Washington) who have pledged money to meet the hospitals needs are now in dire need of financial assistance for their own families it will be impossible for them to come to the rescue of the hospital or lend any assistance whatsoever for several years.

"The above plea for financial help for the King's Daughters hospital is made with a full knowledge of the circumstances regarding its obligations and financial status, and without attempting exageration or in any way overstating the plain facts which confront the management of this institution which we believe above all others in the Delta needs your serious consideration and immediate and generous aid.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Edward Taylor, Chairman
King's Daughters Hospital Relief Committee.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(By Dr. J. G. Baird in Charlotte Observer)

The most vital question before the people today is the education of the youth. The interest manifested, the willingness to meet increased taxation to carry on the work are sufficient proof of the importance of the project. That much headway has been made is not to be denied. Improvement and progress are to be seen on every hand. The system has now come to a point where there needs to be some thinking done. There are conditions that must control the operations of every enterprise. Some of these conditions, it would seem to us at least, are being ignored, with little hope of any relief in the near future. The system is growing to be too much of a one man power. Centralization is fastening its grip to an extent that the people are going to have to rise to the point of personal privilege. Mecklenburg County has spent during recent years more than a million dollars in the construction of elegant school buildings. Consolidation after consolidation has been made with the view of increasing efficiency. So far as the kind of education the county is to foster is concerned, this question is, has been realized. The question is, "How much farther are we going before it is learned that all children are not alike, and therefore need instruction to suit the individual case?" Admission to college seems to be the only objective at present. Fundamentals, such as the study of English grammar and arithmetic, are being hurried through and graduated in, so to speak, in order that full time may be given to some course that will lead to a unit to be credited when the time comes for admission to college. This is being done with full knowledge that fully ninety-five per cent of the children will never enter college. It is no wonder that fifty to sixty per cent are dropping out of schools so early in the game. The schools are not offering the course of study that interests them. Hundreds of the very finest boys of the country are being denied entrance to college because they are lacking in this unit preparation. Boys, far less ambitious, far less brainy, far less worthy, are going only to be sent home at the end of a semester. A boy with ten units or less, might enter and make a great success of the work he might elect, but to this the Medes and Persian crowd at Raleigh says no. The schools as now constituted must follow to the letter every line of instruction from the bosses, with the penalty of having the school taken off of the accredited list if it dare deviate one iota. King's Business School is today filled to overflowing for the simple reason that the boys and girls could not get what they needed in the public schools. High school and college graduates are there taking courses in English grammar, spelling, reading, arithmetic, paragraphing and common every day arithmetic in an effort to make preparation for earning a living.

Dr. Knight, of the University, is

going over the State telling the people that we need to have something done to better conditions while the politician, amid vociferous applause, is telling the people that all is bright and rosy. The time has come when the people should begin to think a little more for themselves. The welfare of the State is calling for a more diverisfied education. Forty per cent failure last year in the grammar and high school grades would indicate that something needs to be done. The child must be studied as an individual. Approximately 25,000 children are attending school in Mecklenburg County. So far as I know the little vocational school out in the Belmont section of the city is the only school where provision has been made for meeting the needs of those that can never hope to attend college. The State owes these children better consideration. If there were more care exercised in the study of the individual child, perhaps some of the many failures in the high schools could be avoided. Too many parents, it is feared, are obsessed of the notion that vocational schools are schools for the poor, for the boy and the girl who are not college timber. It will be interesting to watch the future of the fine class that graduated this year at the vocational school in comparison with those who graduated at the regular high school. The world is looking for the young man, the young woman who can deliver the goods. If there has been a mistake in the preparation, the handicap is going to be hard to overcome. A member of the rising senior class in one of our State institutions told me a few days ago that only twelve of the sixty-three that started in his freshman class, expecting to pursue a special course, have survived the demands of the course. The reason for the failure was given—indifferent preparation in the fundamental branches.

North Carolina is ninety-nine per cent Anglo-Saxon, but nowhere are the types of the people more distinct. Each section has its own peculiarities. The needs of one are not the needs of the other. Why employ a system that demands the same course of study for all? French, Latin, Spanish and the various ologies may have their place. The few may be benefited by the studies of these, but where there is one, there are scores to whom such studies are not only a bore, but they are absolutely useless because there is left no storage for another day, because the knowledge they get from the study is so far imperfect that nothing is gained either in mental drill or in practical information.

The present requirements have grown so familiar that the teachers are prone to pronounce a boy a bone head if he fails to measure up to the standard set for him. A better opportunity, a more considerate teacher, with some latitude granted in the selection of a course of study, has not infrequently led this boy to heights from which he viewed his former teacher as really one of the very small things on the earth. Thousands of the very best things in life, inventions that the world can not afford to throw off, have come from the brains of the blockheads so called in the days when they were struggling

for what could not get.

The tendency of the times is to run off after the purely speculative. Too much of our school work is being mapped out by men that are purely visionary. The children are comout of school mere machines. This is a condition that can never be remedied until we can man our schools with teachers who are thoroughly absorbed in their work and who can make a practical diagnosis of the individual needs and thus turn the course of the child along a line that will not only interest, but prepare him for the duties and responsibilities of life. It is certain that constant changes in the ranks and an influx of young teachers every year who have no intention of remaining longer than a year or two at best are not going to give us schools that touch the spot.

It is good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

HEFLIN ADVERTISES FOE.

(Shelby Star.)

It is noted by the papers that Tom Heflin is soon to appear on the platform in this state in a fight against Al Smith, or rather against Al Smith principles. Mr. Heflin does not realize it but he will during his stay in the state do a lot of good advertising for the New York governor: A month or so ago hardly a newspaper could be found that was not commenting on Smith editorially. Likewise politicians, from the peanut variety to the master vote catchers, were getting the flare headlines through merely expressing personal opinions on Smith. That, if you believe us, was valuable advertising for Smith. A famous make of car became famous because it was the butt of jokes and criticism, but the jokes and criticism got before the public eye and a billionaire resulted. The month's flurry over Al Smith as it happened some time back in this state brought about more advertising than Smith could get with $100,000 spent for advertising space, and likewise it brought more publicity than any before-hand candidate has ever received.

However, the Smith controversy seems to have withered up of recent weeks and very little about him is to be seen on either the editorial or news pages, but let Senator Heflin come up and lambast Catholics in general and Smith in particular and the old Smith controversy and subsequent publicity will flare up anew. In other words Heflin by his coming will cause the name of Smith to be talked and heard in sections where it was hardly known or had been forgotten.

Such is the occasional brilliance of Southern politics.

HOW WE PLAYED IN THE OLD TIMES.

By Julian Hawthorne, in Dearborn Independent.

It seems to me that I was playing all the time when I was a boy. The work I did was negligible—and often neglected, I guess; but play looms large in my memory between the years of 1850 and 1870. It may be that young folk now have an idea that their grandparents were inclined to be serious; but I believe that children played on board the Mayflower, and all through witch times. Our development was not so one-sided as might be supposed. And the fact that our ancestry has produced the present generation, which I am assured is the finest that has ever issued from the loins of Time, proves that the old people must have lived well and profitably; and what is more profitable than play?

Work, unless it be regarded as an especially remunerative sort of play, is well known to be burdensome and debilitating. The Duke of Wellington said that Waterloo was won on Eton cricket-fields; and we might add that the Civil War was won by baseball men, except that our immortal game had not become general at that time. But we knew three-old-cat and hockey, and we waltzed and polkaed, and the drum, fife and jew's-harp were prevalent. When the first company of young Concord fellows left for battle in 1861, it was to the music of an indigenous band, assembled at a day's notice from the resources of the township; and the tune they played on that proud and tearful occasion was 'Yankee Doodle.' Have you heard it, It was a great tune, and did as much to put gumption into our boys as did the 'Star-Spangled Banner' itself.

No, we were not a sad-eyed and dyspeptic lot in the 1860's. We even did practical joking. The most successful fisherman that I knew in Concord was a farmer, a serious-looking man of about thirty. He would keep hauling good perch and bream out of the river, while I, a dozen yards away, wouldn't get a bite.

'What bait do you use,' I asked him at length. He shook his head; it wasn't the bait so much, he said; fact is, it was a secret! He admitted that the angle at which you held the rod over the water might have something to do with it; and the color you painted your cork bob was important, too. 'But I'll tell you, Julian, my boy,' he said at last, 'I was fishing one time long ago with an old chap who would catch ten fish while the rest of us were coming to the end of worms without so much as a smell. We clubbed together and raised ninety-eight cents and offered it to him if he'd tell us the game; but he said, no, he'd love to, but it was a recipe that had come down to him from his first ancestor on the Mayflower, and they all had to take an oath of secrecy on it.

'But one day, when we was sitting alone together right here, he was reaching to pull in a pickerel, and he toppled over and down he went. I knew there was a deep place right there, and he couldn't swim, so I hopped in after him and brought

him out, pickerel and all. When he came to, he thanked me, and said if I'd promise not to give it away, he'd tell me something, so I promised—yes, sir, he up and told me the secret right then and there. But, you see, Julian, having promised, I don't feel it would be right to give it away, even to you.'

But when he saw how discouraged I was, saying there was no use of my fishing and never catching anything, he relented and opened the hidden chamber of his soul. Like other great things, it was simple. On returning home I was to take a handful of plain salt and dissolve it in a china cup of warm water; coil up my fishline, put it in the cup, and let it stand forty-nine minutes. Take it out and dry it in the sun for one hour; then go fishing. That was all. 'But for the land's sake don't let anybody know!' he added as he gathered up his string of fish and walked away.

This is the first time I have revealed that secret in the sixty-five years since then. I was fourteen years old and had been in Europe, but I believed him. I tested his recipe thoroughly; and that is all I care to say about it.

Before telling what we played at in my boyhood, it may be well to run over some of the things that were lacking in our environment for that purpose. What has the present young person from twelve to twenty, say, at his or her disposal? Gocarts and whizwagons to drive at people's shins on the sidewalks, and the getting into, or under the wheels of, full-grown autos afterward. Jazz music and jazz dancing, associated with petting and necking parties.

I don't say that there was no petting or necking in my time, but they were always private and personal enterprises, never gregarious. Kissing, too. A kiss given in public would lose its savor, but as we practised it, it had a tremendous kick, which we didn't readily get used to. And I am inclined to think that our plan was the better. I, for example, was very fond of girls, though much afraid of them; I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of them I kissed before I was twenty, and even the kisses that I gave the few might easily be counted; so that when, afterward, I read the advice of Polonius to his son, Laertes, about not 'dulling the palm of entertainment,' I could appreciate its good sense.

Baseball and tennis. Our baseball at Sanborn's school was the 'Massachusetts' variety; the batter stood halfway between first and fourth bases, and was put out not by being touched with the ball in a player's hand, but by being hit with the ball on the throw. The balls were small rubber things, and hurt little if they did hit; the bats were not standardized, and the rules of the game not strict. The game had not yet been taken up by professionals; nines were made up of players who were inhabitants of the places from which they hailed, and such a thing as buying or trading players was not even imagined. There were no grandstands nor bleachers, no fortunes to be made by anybody. It was long before the game was dubbed 'national.' I don't know how it first acquired that name;

it may have been as a set-off to the English national game of cricket. But it never has been national in the same sense that cricket is across the Atlantic.

There is little money in cricket abroad, and the amateurs are more popular that the professionals. Cricket is deep in the soul of the Englishman, and everybody, literally, plays it.

You have tennis; it didn't get over here till the eighties, and we had to do without it. The idea of 'championships' in baseball, tennis, or in any other outdoor sport, was hardly yet in the germ with us; what we played for and had was fun. It was nice if the family came down to watch us, but we were content if they stayed away. We played hockey with sticks picked up in the woods; 'shinny your side' was the word, and we went at it soulfully. I was twice knocked out, once by Willis' huge club, as he drew it back for his blow and hit me between the eyes, and once by the ball, hard rubber, which imbedded itself deep in my middle section. I was sensible of the glory of being struck down in the front of battle, but not until the effects of the blow had begun to abate.

There was swimming for boys, and for girls also under proper conditions, which were such that the boys ordinarily preferred swimming off somewhere by themselves. In Concord the boys had the river—parts of it where girls never came except by invitation and with due warning—and a couple of remote ponds in the neighborhood. If girls participated, it was only under the escort of chaperones, and in bathing suits which I hesitate to describe; they were of heavy dark woolen stuff and extended from throat to ankle, and also to the wrists—and the boys had to adopt the same fashion.

At Harvard, the young gentlemen found a safe place for themselves on the banks of the Charles, where their unclad gambols were supposedly out of sight of dwellings; but the faculty one day received a protest from two maiden ladies who said that, by looking out an attic window on the river side of their house, they could discern objects afar which they felt assured must be naked men. Our swimming place was moved farther away; but the ladies came again to say that they had procured a telescope through which our unspeakable performances were still visible. What was the faculty's rejoinder I don't know; but we stayed where we were.

Skating. If you can believe it, we had no parlor skates, nor even any skating rinks; nothing but winter ice outdoors and skates bound to the feet with crisscrossed straps. The first skates were brought from Holland, had long turned-up toes, and were grooved down the blade; you couldn't get more than six miles an hour from them. A little later came the smooth made-in-America rockers, and various patent devices for fastening them to the shoe without straps. You have bettered all that, but you can't better the good times we had. There were mighty skaters too; Storrow Higginson, for instance, who could make a mile under three minutes and describe curves

and involutions like the live lariat that Will Rogers manipulates today.

There were no professionals with their antics, but to do the outer edge with the elbow of the prettiest girl in school held fast in the crook of your own, with the moon overhead and the bonfire blazing on the shining ice sheet far away youder—that was transcendent! Emerson, too, skated, but he did other things much more gracefully.

The trouble with you is that the multiplicity of your plays and playthings spoils your appetite, and what you are after is not so much enjoyment as excitement. But the edge of enjoyment stays keen, whereas that of excitement soon dulls. Your tendency is to train experts in all sports, and then to look on. But vicarious play is poor stuff compared with playing the game yourself. You know that those athletes in the arena are doing their job for pay, and you are reduced to criticizing their performance instead of jumping in and taking a hand.

The attitude of mind of the spectator is superficial; that of the one in the game goes to the core and makes the heartier man. One hears gossip nowadays about 'Selling out the game.' But why not?—since the pre-occupation of the professional is not for the glory of the sport, but for its emolument. This breeds suspicion in the onlookers—an unwholesome and debasing thing.

This magazine has for some months past been describing the dances of the days of my youth. I wish I could convey the thought and feeling of those who danced them. Try to imagine a young girl who fancies that there is something sacred in pure womanhood, who recognizes the perils of temptation, and therefore avoids them, instead of 'taking care of herself,' who can believe that there is in her (her own yet not her own) something that is divine and precious—imagine such a girl when she is invited to a dance. Such a thing has not happened to her every day, nor perhaps as often as once a week, or once a month. It is a thing for which she must prepare in spirit as well as in body.

For she cannot, as today, go as she is; her ball dress must be a thing apart, to be studiously planned and long remembered. She must appear other than her everyday self—embellished, exalted, transfigured. The movements of a dance carry an emotional and spiritual significance derived from long-past ages; they are a primitive language of beauty and of love; the beauty of grace, the intimations of love, and the invitation to it. To fulfill such an office no refinement can be too exquisite, no preparation too heedful. For this may prove to be her day of days, to which she will look back till the last moment of her recorded time. Her preparation for it becomes a rite, serious, yet thrilling with internal joy. Her dress must express her ideal self, no trival thing, but womanhood incarnate.

It seems to me that sensibilities of this sort, and a nature to manifest them, are worth while. They afford means for enjoyments which purify the nature and elevate character. To be incapable of them is to be depriv-

ed of something too valuable to be described or replaced. They not only make the passing moment beautiful, but they build an inetrior chamber whose fragrance is never wholly dissipated, to which we may again and again return to be refreshed and tuned.

Such elements of well-being existed in the old time, and it avails nothing for robust optimists to stand on the rostrum and affirm that our boys and girls are as good as any have been, and in many respects better. Are the standards as high as they used to be? The young people know more—are at least supplied with more memorized information—than in former times; but there is a time for knowing, and a time for not knowing; we do not fill a jug with wine till the jug has been hardened in the fire. It was a wise man who said, 'There are things which a man is a scoundrel for knowing,'—a deep and weighty saying!

Young folks today see and hear and speed around the world: we were home-keeping bodies. But does the hearing in New York of what is said in London make the saying any more valuable? We save time; but do we save it in order to do more, or to have leisure to do nothing? The work of the world is done for the benefit of the workers, and of their dependents and of posterity.

But each fresh step in progress adds to the number of things to be done; we ourselves die in the trenches before the unattained citadel, and for our children it must be the same; instead of securing leisure for them, or ourselves, we do but toughen their job and ours. Moreover, leisure, hard though we strive for it, is the very thing which more than any other we dread: the problem in a vacation is, What shall we do? We catch a fish, shoot a bear, climb a mountain, canoe a rapid. But who can sit around all day and do nothing? We can play bridge, dance, eat, sleep; but sleep and food are not vacation; and the other things are not only work, and hard work, but, unlike normal trade and professional work, they pay no dividends. And if you succeed in compelling your body to quiescence, all the more do the wheels in your brain spin round, planning business to come, or recalling past successes or mistakes. No vacation in that!

But I was speaknig of the comparative merits of play, past and present. In Concord, in the middle of the last century, we had to stay at home and make the best of it; we sawed our own wood, dug our wells, grew our garden truck, baked our bread, made our own gowns and breeches. Neighbors would help one another out at a pinch. There were schooldays, picnics, corn-huskings, candy-pullings, dances at home, eucher and whist, puss-in-the-corner, rowboating on the river, newspapers rare and without scarehead, books, love-making, now and then a marriage or a funeral. We never had to stop and think, What next? And it was really hard to tell, at any moment, whether we were working or playing. We also read the Bible, and believed in God and that we would meet our dead friends in Heaven. Some of our townspeople drank whiskey and many

chewed tobacco. I never heard of Darwin, vivisection, New Thought. Yet in some respects we are not a benighted community: we had men, and women too, who are not yet forgotten.

There was a picture in Munich called 'The Pursuit of Happiness.' Happiness is depicted as the phantom of a beautiful woman, floating onward in the air, holding up in one hand a golden crown, scattering gold from the other. The pursuer is a horseman, desperately reaching toward her from his saddle, heedless that the hoofs of his horse are trampling to death another woman whom he had loved, and that he himself was on the point of being overtaken by the skeleton hand of Death, riding behind him; beneath him are the last timbers of a broken bridge, and beneath that the Abyss. But the phantom floats on in her glory. We contemplate the picture: 'Yes, it's true, but it can't be helped!'—and we pass on.

But the true point seems to be, not that temptation can be abolished, but that we can avoid the broken bridge. Our stupendous material progress is an experience, a natural result of continued mental activity. Danger lies only in our regarding it as of any real value in itself. The ancient warning hits the mark, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? —and if we object that we have no souls, yet the truth remains: material things, except as garments of things immaterial, are rubbish or worse. But recognize them as mere garments, and you are free.

Thomas Carlyle said it in his **Sartor Resartus.** All wise men, before and after him, say the same. It was confessed in Concord, and cannot be gainsaid now. But for young people, just emerging into the present extraordinary brilliance of material achievement, and additionally perplexed by assurances of plausible but shallow persons that creation is self-evolved and directed, and whose judgment or understanding of proportion and relation is necessarily unmatured—it is small wonder that the dazzle of the tinsel obscures true vision.

Control of nature is a stage which we are bound to reach in the course of events. It may be of less importance than we are prone to think, but if we are not beguiled into imagining it to be the millennium, it cannot hurt us. But it may be questioned whether our present cumbrous paraphernalia be not excessive. Mind has made it; may not mind accomplish the same or better results without it, or, as we would now say, miraculously? Then, things would no longer be in the saddle; and we would probably dispense with most of the impedimenta which we now hold to be necessities, or luxuries. Nature, so long hostile, will become our playmate. Old Concord was primitive, but it was not far from the right idea.

As a man thinks so he is, therefore some people never are.—Boston Transcript.

IN PRAISE OF COD-LIVER OIL.

(Asheville Citizen)

Now comes an English professor and sings the praises of cod-liver oil, sings them lustily, loudly and long. For ourselves, we did not know they still made the beastly stuff. It has been years, we are sure, since we've seen a picture of a man in a rubber hat and slicker carting a huge codfish around on his back. He used to stare out at one from the pages of nearly every magazine and newspaper. Why he disappeared we have were offered to discover him and never known; but if any rewards bring him back we never read of them.

But now this Britisher, Professor Mellanby, of Sheffield University, an expert on diets, it seems would have us believe that in the British Isles at least cod-liver oil has sovereign virtues all its own. He was not talking about infectious diseases, tuberculosos, colds, pneumonia, rheumatism or other things of that kind to which the Britishers are said to be particularly susceptible. These things are serious, he says, but adds that more serious stil is the matter of British teeth. In England he declares, bad teeth, decayed teeth, are so general as actually to be regarded as the normal thing. Nor are bad teeth so universal because of lack of proper attention to them, he maintains. The basic trouble is that they are badly formed; and they are badly formed, he contends, because few persons in England get sufficient "vitamine D" in their systems, "vitamine D" being the vitamine which increases calcification or in other words hardens the bones.

Professor Mellanby has conducted elaborate experiments to prove or disprove this theory and these experiments have convinced him that it is true beyond a doubt. If it is correct, he argues, then having good teeth becomes largely a matter of diet. There are difficulties, however, about following a diet which will give one, in England, the supply of "vitamine D" that is needed. Many of the foodstuffs in common use have positively anti-calcifying effect; to be freed of this harmful characteristic cereals, for example, ought, he says, to be neutralized by exposure to the ultra violet ray. That, however, is hardly practicable for the average household; and it is here that cod-liver oil comes handy. A teaspoon of it a day, says Professor Mellanby, administered from babyhood will insure the development of perfectly formed teeth; and more than that, will incidentally have such an effect upon the condition of tissues and muscles as to turn babies "into reasonable people almost as soon as they are born."

What there is to the Professor's theory is for the experts in these matters to determine; but it is a very interesting suggestion and one point which he made strikes us with great force. "If we lived in the tropics, where there plenty of sunshine," he told an audience of English teachers, "we should have plenty of 'vitamine D' formed in our skins." Here is a plausible explanation, it seems to

us, of the fine teeth of most Negroes. We were never impressed with the theory that they owed their good teeth to the fact that they did not eat hot bread.

"We are told that we should also love our enemies. It may be impossible for you to like your enemies—they may be even despicable in your sight—but you can still maintain the spirit of good will towards them. One of the finest things that can be said about any man is that he is good-hearted.—Rev. W. A. Jenkins.

AN INSECT ARMY.

By Harriet G. Brown.

Scientists tell of strange gypsy tribes of army ants that are found in the jungles of British Guiana. The Indians of Guiana and the white people, too have come to have rather a friendly feeling towards these ants, because in the tropical regions not only the rude thatched huts of the natives but even the well-built houses of the civilized people are more or less overrun with huge tartantulas, large roaches and many other annoying insects, and after one of these great armies of ants have spent a few hours in the house not an insect is left. The house is probably cleaner than it has been for a long time.

Each tribe has a queen, one only, whose sole business is to lay eggs. She is sheltered, watched over and waited upon like a real queen. She is so well guarded that no harm can easily come to her.

Over the dim, damp floor of the jungle these tribes wander, never, however, staying long in one place. When one of these ant armies is going through a forest, it is easily located by the calling of the ant-thrushes and other birds that follow a fighting tribe, partly because of the panic-stricken fight of the insects and partly because, as the army passes on, it leaves behind many legs and other parts of insects which furnish tid-bits for the birds.

The whole tribe does not take part in the drive for food. When reaching a new place a temporary nest is made and the eggs and the little ones are left there in charge of some of the workers. Swarms of workers wait at the entrance of the nest for the warriors to return with their booty. When the warriors return, the workers take the booty, and carry it into the nest. They also carefully brush and comb the tired warriors. The warriors have curved jaws with powerful nippers with which they literally tear their victims to pieces.

If the victim is large, a number of ants will fall upon it. Not only small insects, but large ones and often young birds, animals and large snakes are slaughtered.

NEW WORDS AND THINGS.

(The Robesonian.)

New words keep bobbing up to fit new conditions and things. Dictionaries get out of date now surprisingly soon. New words every now and then hit you between the eyes that the painstaking compilers of dictionaries never met in all their researches. The Raleigh News & Observer publishes a partial list of new words and new use of words that the American of 1900 did not meet in his day's browsing in the papers. "Glenn Frank," observes the Raleigh News & Observer, "writing of how Mark Sullivan in his 'Our Times' shows the new words and the new use of words," has listed some of the words that the American of 1900 did not find in his newspaper. He might have added to the list of strange words and sights that the daily wanderer without a gun meets in a day's ramble these cute little alae nasi mustaches that a man would have been shot for wearing back in the "good old days." But here's Mr. Frank's list that the newspaper reader did not meet in 1900:

Nothing about the radio or the movie as an institution; no mention of a chauffeur; no high adventures of the aviator; no mention of income tax or surtax; nothing about insulin or relatively or the quantum theory; nothing about tractors; no reference to a Federal Reserve system; nothing about chain stores; no advertisement of an automat; nothing of ships driven by oil-burning engines, or about women smoking; no advertisements of boyish bobs; no luird stories of rum-runners; no reports of bolshevism; nothing of fights between fundamentalists and modernists; was not challenged by the high claims of a Nordic; saw nothing of Freud or his complexes; was not lured from work by any cross-word puzzle; saw no rotogravure section; read no stories of a Ku-Klux-Klan; found no mention of camouflage; saw no soda fountain advertising sundaes; saw no picture of one-piece bathing suits (and saw no pictures of 'em either at the beaches); found no advertisment of lipsticks; read nothing of a parcels post; saw many advertisements of hairpins and horseshoes; read reports of croquet matches more than golf; saw little about vamps or flappers or feminists; rarely saw the word propaganda; read of an accident to the horse drawing a streetcar; found no mention of a jazz orchestra (and was not driven crazy by hearing one); saw nothing of a League of Nations or an agriculture bloc.

And you maybe can add to the list yourself; at least you can tell of some other things you see every day that you did not see back in those old days—and glad you're living today.

"Many a boy found out later that just where he gave up he should have held on."

POTTERY STORY OF ROMANCE.

By Virginia Terrell, in Asheville Citizen.

Plenty of patience, and dogged persistence brought over from Scotland have made the Pisgah Forest Pottery another of the native North Carolina industries.

Simple enough, that. But behind the amount of patience, and the dogged persistence that survived a trip from Scotland, several years in the north, a while in Tennessee, and 15 years in Western North Carolina, there is the story of the building up of a pottery from an artist's brush and a deserted old well.

Potters, like many other professional folks, should, perhaps, be born and not made. But of course there are many angles to any question. Some years ago, near Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. A. Stephen, an artist from Scotland who had made her way from her native land to the northern part of this country, and had later come South, took some clay from an old well in her back yard, made it into a vase, and decorated it. A friend asked for one, and gradually she built up a business, with the assistance of her husband and son. After her death the son carried on her work, and now has his pottery on the Brevard Road a few miles beyond West Asheville.

Working from the standpoint of an artist rather than a potter, Mrs. Stephen obtained a result that no other potters in this section have achieved—native pottery, with native decrations. Her son, after years of studying chemistry, has carried it further. He has achieved colors in the burning that vary from pale green grey to deep red, and through the use of materials found in this section of the state has obtained a hard porcelain of its kind made in North Carolina.

The pottery has been built of stones found in the vicinity, a tiny house hidden from the road by a grove of cedar trees. Mr. Stephen and his assistant keep hte shelves in the show room filled with vases and bowls and pitchers that have been molded by hand, colored with the chemical mixtures that Mr. Stephen is trying to perfect, and decorated with designs taken from the mountains. Laurel, rhododendron, famous scenery, historical scenes, and other native subjects serve as his models for the work, which is done with china paste. At present he is designing a large vase to be placed in the Asheville city hall, using mountain flowers for the decorations, and probably a frieze of golfers or some other subject of peculiar interest to this section.

One of the most interesting pieces of wrok that Mr. Stephen is doing, is the attempt to perfect a blue which he achieved once some years ago. The vase which came out of the kiln in the beautiful shade he still has at the pottery, but the orders which have come for more of them have not been filled, for he has not yet been able to bring out another. He has been very successful, however, with greenish blues, greys, and reds.

The name of the pottery when it was first started in Tennessee was

the "Nonconnah," an old Indian name meaning "Long Stream." This name was given it by Mrs. Stephen, who had spent several years among the Sioux Indians, painting and studying their life and customs. When she settled in Tennesse some of her paintings were sent to the Centennial exposition, at Nashville and were awarded a prize.

Mr. Stephen has been more interested in the chemical side of his pottery than in the artistic, but he has carried on the traditions set by his mother—that of designing his work before turning it on the wheel. And the result is really artistic pottery.

SHINING WINDOWS.

(Exchange.)

It was dusk, and Mary walked briskly along the street. She looked up at the houses as she passed by, and there was one that she especially noticed. From this one the lights streamed out into the street through clean, shining window panes. "My' the people who live in that house must be happy," thought Mary, "for it looks so inviting."

Miss Bruce looked over the new class and smiled as her eyes rested upon Ellen Martin. Ellen's eyes were shining. They always gave one a warm welcome, and made one feel contented somehow, just looking at them. "My, that girl must be happy," thought Miss Bruce.

If you pass a house with the curtains all pulled awry, the shades at various angles, the windows spotted and dusty, you say to yourself, "That house must be disagreeable inside."

And it is the same with people. If their eyes are dull, or sullen, or cross, or afraid to meet yours, you say to yourself, "That must be a disagreeable person!"

Shining windows or shining eyes? They are alike, for they reflect the beauty that lies hidden within.

"You are writing a Gospel
A chapter each day
By the deeds that you do
By the words that you say.
Men read what you write
Whether steadfast or true
Pray, what is the Gospel according to
YOU?"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Last Monday afternoon a "steeple jack" painted the flagpoles. The new coat helps their looks wonderfully.

A car load of coal arrived at our "siding" last Monday and was unloaded by Mr. T. V. Talbert and a number of boys.

Rain last Saturday afternoon caused the ball game to be postponed. The boys retired to their respective cottages to amuse themselves with various games.

In the mornings when the milk boys start milking, they try to see who can finish his cows first. So far, Albert Millis, a member of the eleventh cottage, is the "champion." He averages from five to eight cows every morning. We all hope that he will continue so.

The other day a boy was told a joke, but didn't laugh. He said that he did not see anything funny about it. This is it:

Willie Rose
Sat on a pin,
Willie rose.

Maybe there is no joke to it, but the way to get the most fun out of it is to try it yourself.

Henry Jackson and Clifton Myers, members of the fourth and second cottages in order named, were paroled by Supt. Boger last week. We all hope they make good.

In addition to being one of the state's best newspaper men, Ben Dixon MacNeill, of Raleigh News and Observer staff, is also very popular here at the school. We were all glad to see him last Tuesday afternoon and hope he comes again soon.

Last week our new Miller Saw, a machine with which to cut linotype slugs and leads, arrived. As most all machines, it came apart, and had to be assembled. Mr. Godown, our printing instructor, undertook the job. He only had a picture and the parts, but soon had it running.

We also have new "steel top" tables, on which to "make up" forms. The tables have arrived, but as we go to press, the steel tops haven't arrived. As soon as they come, we will be pretty well fixed.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. Mr. Arrowwood conducted the services. He had with him Mr. Roland, a song leader, who lead the singing and taught the boys a chorus based on the third chapter of Revelations. Rev. Mr. Arrowwood took his text from the third chapter of Revelations the twentieth verse. "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. He told of a picture he saw, of a tired, weary traveler knocking at the door of an old shack. There was no latch on the outside, therefore it had to be opened by someone inside. The door to our heart has no latch on the outside, so Jesus asks us to open it and

receive Him. We do not have to clean out out heart before He will enter in and help us. He will come in just as it is. Some people say they will do better and then receive Him into their heart, that is not the right way to do. Receive Him now and he will help you to be a better person in every way. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all.

THE THINGS UNDONE

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
  At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
  The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
  You were too hurried to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
  With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
  So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
  Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
  Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
  And the blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
  And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
  That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
  At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 2, 1927. No. 24

THE GOOD THINGS.

"The really good things—the big things—are inside and not outside the man. The big thing is not luxury, but contentment; not a big house, but a big satisfaction; not accumulated art treasurers, but a fine art appreciation; not a big library, but a serene studiousness; not a big estate, but a large vision. The big things are not the things that are seen, but the things that are not seen. Seek peace and ensue it. Seek the things that are above. Such indeed are the true, goodly people."—Dr. Jowett.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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LIVE LONG OR LIVE WELL, WHICH?

There can be no doubt that all of us want to live long, and that is what Israel wished for their king. But there are other measures of life, are there not? We may live to be three-score and ten, and yet not get very much of a substantial character done. On the other hand, we may not live out more than half the allotted years of a man's life and yet render a service that the world can never forget. There are a few persons of whom we remember litle except their age. There are others whose age we never have known or cared to know, but whose good works have made an indelible impression on our lives. There are certain scientists who believe that the time is coming when the average age of man will be at least a hundred years. But we still believe there are more desirable goals than that. The art of living well is and ever will be far more essential.

AN HISTORICAL EVENT.

We thank Associate Justice Heriot Clarkson, of the North Carolina Supreme court, for an invitation to attend, on July 4, the Unveiling Ceremony of a Monument to (1) Heroes of King's Mountain that went through Gillespie Gap; (2) Heroes of Etchoe Pass—The Thermopylae of the South—Francis Marion, Commanding; (3) North and South Carolina and Tenessee Troops, 30th Division, that broke the Hindenburg Line.

This event occurs at Gillespie Gap, just three miles from Little Switzerland and twenty-five miles from Marion.

Condensed History.

The attractive little 16-page folder, giving the history of this commend-

able movement, is very informative. Governing this event are upwards of thirty places in the heart of the mountains represented on the committees that will see that the event goes off in clock-work fashion. Typically representative men and women from these various places will in themselves make up a gathering that will practically fill Gillespie Gap.

The Program.

Furnishes the assurance of an interesting exercise. The meeting will be presided over by Judge Thomas M. Pittman, chairman of the N. C. Historical Commission. There will be instrumental and vocal music and addresses by Gen. Metts and by Ex-Governor Cameron Morrison, whose subject will be "Heroes of King's Mountain."

"Battle Hymn of The Republic."

Among the songs listed for singing are "My Country 'Tis of Thee;" "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" "Old North State;" and "Blest Be the Tie That Binds.'

There is a parenthetical clause under the naming of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which is to be sung by these great Southerners, that indicates two outstanding things. One is the magnanimity which obesses the South, in that this particular Hymn was written by Mrs. Howe, an extreme Northern Sympathizer in the War Between the States; and again, it shows that early in the history of this country there was considerable changes of living bases.

The folder announces that Mrs. Howe was a descendant of the Marions. She was born in New York, and the Marions are native South Carolinians.

The story of the genesis of this hymn, the source of its origin and the occasion make interesting historical data. The hymn has gotten into the school song books. Mrs. Howe's husband was the rankest kind of Anti-Slave crusader; and she produced this hymn, as of a dream, after her visit to the army of the North fighting the army of the Confederacy out a distance from Washington. Like most of the North at the time emphasis was made that the war was for the freedom of slaves and not the higher motive of defending States' Rights—the question of slavery was merely incidental.

Though the sentiment of Mrs. Howe's poem is orthodox in these days and times; but when written, she was pulling and praying for the success of the Federal army. That we have our children to sing it; and being used on patriotic occasions like the Gillespie Gap celebration prove that we do

not harbor enmity—just don't withhold the glory that belongs to our sacred dead, who fought for our cause, and we remain serene.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LEGAL "NERVE."

Up in Asheville a 91-year old lawyer is defending a woman charged with the murder of another woman. It appears that the prosecution engaged a woman to play the part of an incarcerated inmate. She seems to have gotten into the confidences of the alleged murderess; went on the stand as a witness against the accused. Her conduct, if we catch the full import of 91-year old Col. Virgil S. Lusk, is reprehensible to say the least.

Turning to the said witness, he remarked: "She appears to me as the incarnation of Dante's description of the Ruler of the Inferno." That, we submit, is "nerve," if not news. To say that thing in a crowded court room where women predominated 7 to 1 and about a woman witness is certainly an exhibition of nerve, especially so when the orator is headed towards his century mark.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

NANCY HANKS.

"Where the mother of Lincoln was born" is the title of an article of investigation by William E. Barton in The Dearborn Independent. What difference does that make? Nancy existed and she had a baby by the name of Abe, whom latter day writers in certain quarters are trying to make a little god of.

Why do not some of these historical investigators visit Gaston county, Rutherford county and some other North Carolina sections if they wish to get some first hand knowledge of Nancy and some sidelights on Abe? If Mr. Barton would come down to North Carolina, see the great developments in Rutherford county and thereabouts, and meet up with editor R. E. Price, who would gladly introduce him to several parties who could and would gladly give him some information that is not covered with hoary lies created by folks who are trying to make a beauty of Nancy and a god of her baby, he'd hear something worth while.

They seem to shy by places where real information can be had.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

IT IS PECULIAR.

We note that women are to be admitted to State College—the A. and E.

at Raleigh. The University has already opened the gates. These things cause some people to wonder and a few to ask questions.

Why do women desire to enter a man's school, when they have one specially set aside for their use. Are they not satisfied with advantages to be had at the Normal at Greensboro? Have you ever heard of a boy or man student seeking entrance for a school life at the Greensboro institution? Is it because the dear girls find life miserable in the absence of the other sex?

Not many years ago it was a rare thing to find a woman attending a court trial, except when for some reason she was compelled to do so. We see by the Asheville Citizen that at a trial there for the death of a woman by another woman, the officials have to rope off the entrance to keep back the women. Even with that precaution, it is estimated that the attendants at the trial is seven women to one man.

These are funny things. Why don't the sociologist professors account for this?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SUMMER CAPITOL.

Cal and his wife are hid in the woods, out in South Dakota. But that does not save the public the ennui occasioned by having to see in our favorite morning newspapers of some foolish little thing they are trying to do.

Cal is trying to fish. They fool him by making him think that he's catching real fish, when it is just a rubber imitation secretly hung on his hook. Then we are informed that Cal got miffed over a late luncheon. He blamed his wife for delaying this important part if his vacation, by her too long a tramp.

While this is being written, we see a woman, having been hoeing cotton since five o'clock, dropping her hoe and headed to her humble home to "fix" dinner—dinner, mark you—for her husband who has been driving a mule to a plow since daylight. Yet Cal thinks he has a hard punishment because luncheon is late.

This same fisherman of rubber fish imitations thinks farming is a great, easy and prosperous occupation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

FIXING HIS POLITICAL FUTURE

Hon. John G. Dawson, one of the cleanest and most affable gentlemen that has graced the political arena in North Carolina since the days of the late Chas. B. Aycock, has been state chairman of the democratic party for sev-

eral years. During all that time he never deceived a single fellow citizen, never told an untruth and looked the world square in the face in his own inimitable graceful manner.

Mr. Dawson has taken the public—at least the great party which he has headed in an admirable way—into his confidence by telling it that his private and personal business requires his time and that his resignation is forthcoming.

Already the prophets are fixing his political future. Why, this Kinston gentleman is worthy of any office that he may aspire to. He has every qualification for any office in a republic. He could take the place of the fisherman in the Black Hills of South Dakota and most of the world would rejoice and the balance would feel relieved.

The esteemed Greensboro News, which is highly enjoyed in this office, settled Mr. Dawson's future by way of two correspondences. They appear side by side on the front page. One had him headed for the United States Senate and the other had him going to the governor's mansion in Raleigh.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MOTHER'S FACE

Three little boys talked together,
  One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
  To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
  One of the little boys said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
  All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
  Said the second little lad,
"Was a pony at the circus;
  I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow
  With a grave and gentle grace,
"That the prettiest thing in all the
    world
  Is just my mother's face."—Source Unknown.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

Speaking about hard work in this world, I think if I had to go over it all again from the start, I would be an electrician. His work is "light." That is, the lightest I know of, no matter how hard he has to work.

Papa and daughter had just returned from the commencement where daughter had graduated, and daughtersays to papa: "Dad, wasn't my commencement gown a whooperino? I had the other girls skinned alive." Father looked at her sadly and remarked: "And this is the girl whose graduating essay was 'An appeal for Higher Standards of Thought and Expression'!" My! My!

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is of the opinion that "women will soon be wearing trousers." Some of them have been doing it for some time. But those who travel much, and given to wearing trousers, will quite likely give them up when they try to undress, or dress, in the upper berth of a Pullman car.

You can give Colonel Lindbergh credit for one good thing, along with the many credits and honors heaped upon him. He crowded Judd Gray and Mrs. Snyder, and Charlie Chaplin's divorce case, and all the rest of them off the front pages of the newspapers. That was a flight across the "see" as great as his journey across the ocean.

And Lindbergh's achievenment! What an hour in the history of American achievenment! One human atom sailing alone in a twentieth century chariot of the sky, over 3,600 miles of watery waste which might have—O, so easily—become his grave; accomplished in 33 hours and 30 minutes.

We are living, we are dwelling,
  In a grand and awful time;
Age to age, on ages swelling—
  To be living is sublime!

A little boy had eaten during the day a quanity of not over-ripe apples. At night he was roaring lustily. His mother had a visitor who was much disturbed over the boy's agony. "If he were my child," she said, "he'd get a good, sound spanking." He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking a child on a full stomach." "Neither do I," replied the visitor. "I'd turn him over."

An old darky was "argufying" with his mule, which seemed to have declared that travel for the day had been concluded, with a good deal of kicking and prancing. "Your mule doesn't seem to hittin' on all six," remarked a by-stander. "Nossuh, he don't," agreed the owner, "but he sho' am wukkin' good on all fo' brakes."

This last spring, plowing time, a farmer hired a raw Irishman to do some plowing, and gave him the following instructions: "Now, Pat, you first make your first furrow

straight, so choose a mark and plow to it." Some time after the farmer came out to see how Pat was getting along. He found that the plow had been wandering zigzag all over the field. "Why, Pat," he exclaimed, "I thought I told you to choose a mark and plow at it?" "Sure, and I did, sor," replied Pat. "I plowed staright for the cow on the hill beyant, but the crayture wouldn't kape still."

The old incentive used to be, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Even then a great many fellows were run over while trying to hitch up with old, patched up harness. The expression is poetic; but it is poor comfort in these times when wagons are going out of fashion; becoming fewer in numbers; and sold off for the purchase of automobiles. Then, if you should use the admonition "Aim your automoblie at a star," there seems to be so many more automobiles than stars; and if you drive ahead at a star, likely as not some other has picked out that same star, and you have a collision in the drive. That's going in high gear. But what's the use? Just drive on to high ideals, whether they be stars or crowns.

Summer days! They are here. What a lovely and exhilarating time of the year it is for humans as well as for nature. Your thoughts turn to the great out-o'-doors; hikes in the deep woods; fishing trips along the banks of silvery streams; long motor drives along winding roads. Throughout the land the sound of the baseball bat is heard; golf clubs are hauled from their winter places; tennis courts are gone over and made smooth again for flashing games ahead. A new light is in the eyes of boys and girls, and a new spirit in the mind of every person with eyes to see. What a glorious and fitting time it is, too, to renew the ambitions and earnest desires of service and the high determinations of this absorbing journey along life's highway, seeking to come forth again, as nature does, with new loveliness and splendor of character and life.

The one thing that is sane and safer about breathing through your nose is that it makes you keep your mouth shut.

Conversation overheard in a book store, while parties were looking over road maps. She—"My goodness, no sane person can understand this map." He, wishing to be of assistance to her—"Let me see it."

It occurs to me that the itching sensation that some people mistake for the pangs of ambition is merely inflammation of the wishbone.

I have observed that the only difference between the primitive man and the modern man is, that when the latter's wife talks too much, and gets on his nerve by nagging, he gets up and goes to his club. The primitive man merely reached for it.

Patience is a cardinal virtue. Patience linked with labor is a winning team. The old adage, "All things come to him who waits," I regard delusion and a snare. Just to sit

down and wait for a thing never gets it. It comes to the fellow who waits—waits on himself. The reason there's so much room at the top is because the crowd is all at the bottom waiting. Every one can give you fifty alibis. The truth is, they are at the bottom because they like it. They fear the fierce white light that beats upon the high places. The man who gets ahead uses his head; not to explain why it can't be done but to figure out a way to do it. All things come to him who does NOT wait —idly.

I asked a friend of mine recently what happened to the gate he and his girl used to swing on. He told me that she gave it to him.

Years ago women used to buy their clothes by the yard. They do yet. One yard.

If you wish to have a long summer, and an unmolested vacation, have your notes to come due in the fall.

Did you ever stop to think how dependent the modern world is upon metals for its prosperity?

Obviously, of course, the very basis for the commercial exchange of today is the metal gold. Its possession or its lack means the difference betwee affluence and poverty. The nation that has much gold is a prosperous nation—witness the United States, most prosperous nation on earth and by far the greatest gold holders—while the nation that has little or no gold correspondingly is the depressed and impoverished nation.

But the other metals, less considered in the checks on prosperity, also play a mighty part. Where would the prosperity of the United States be if it were not for her iron, copper, zinc, lead, and similar metallic resources, pray?

To an astonishing extent the very life of modern times is dependent upon the metallic resources. It has been said that we live in an iron age . But truthfully enough, it is more than that, and we exist because of metallic development.

If today were forced to do business on the slender metal mining and manufactures of even fifty years ago it would be impossible to do one-tenth of the things that are now done.

Look around you and undoubtedly you will see half a score metal products, of which your grandfathers never even dreamed.

The telephone, electric lights and power, the automobile, the aluminumware in your kitchens, the fillings in your teeth—all metal.

To be sure there have been metals in use almost since the beginning of human history. But never as they are today when we do everything from repairing our bodies to building our skyscrapers and traversing our skies by use of metals.

There is a great truth in the saying that present prosperity is largely a metallic prosperity. Imagine aluminum alone absent—a development entirely of the past few years —and consider what a great gap that one metal alone could make in your present well-being.

BACKGROUND OF AMERICA REVEALED IN "LONE EAGLE."

By H. E. Woolever, Editor of The National Methodist Press.

"Tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection" was a favorite saying of the father of Charles Lindbergh. And it seems from what we have learned of this man and his wife and the lad, who has not only conquered the air but whose conquest of the world seems to be complete, that this favorite saying of the father became a rule of action for the entire family. And this American lad with typical American parents who by precept and example taught their boy those simple virtues which have made America great has scored tremendously for the home and the church and the simple life of the ideal American. He sat at ease among Kings, he spoke wisely to the multitudes, and has amid the adulations of the millions and the splendors and trappings of royalty behaved himself as a simple unselfish American lad. Dr. H. E. Woolever of the National Methodist Press has an illuminating and valuable story of this remarkable young man, a story that no reader can overlook without loss to himself.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

Never in peace time has the nation's capital given such enthusiastic tribute as it extended to Charles Augustus Lindbergh, the youthful aviator who pioneered the airway from continent to continent. Not even at a presidential inauguration his this federal city seen such outbursts of enthusiasm. The reception given the young air pilot was everybody's. Not as in an affair of state where officials and the favored few are privileged to participate, this was the people's reception and no class was lacking in the make-up of the tens of thousands who greeted this mid-western lad. Neither were there geographical restrictions. In the tourist camp, cars from 39 states were registered and representatives from the other 9 states were in the cheering crowds. Not ever before had such a large crowd gathered in the National Capital to welcome a living hero as surrounded the Washington Monument where the President of the United States received this quiet, unassuming boy and pinned the Distinguished Flying Cross upon him whom he had a few hours before commissioned a colonel in the United States Officers' Reserve Corps. The closing paragraph of this address of the Chief Executive was especially significant.

"And now my fellow citizens, this young man has returned. He is a hero He has brought his unsullied fame home. It is our great privilege to welcome back to his native land, on behalf of his own people, who have a deep affection for him and have been thrilled by his splendid achievement, a colonel of the United States Officers' Reserve Corps, an illustrious citizen of our republic, a conqueror of the air and strengthener of the ties which bind us to our sister nations across the sea, and, as President of the United States, I bestow

the Distinguished Flying Cross, as a symbol of appreciation for what he is and what he has done, upon Col. Charles A. Lindbergh."

The Deed and the Flyer

President Coolidge, in the last phrase of his address, touched the note which prompts these lines. The daily press has carried to the people the story of Lindbergh's every hour since he left Roosevelt Field headed for Paris. It is "what he is" which made possible what he has done and which accounts for at least half of the enthusiasm which has been manifest in this country. The deed so notable in itself has been made a hundred fold more significant by the modest way in which the American lad has conducted himself, the character which, under most testing circumstances he has revealed. While presidents, kings, powers and principalities, prime ministers and cabinet celebrities showered praise upon an American boy in his early twenties, he did not lose his head nor assume the air of a boastful conqueror.

"If you can talk with crowds and and keep your virture,
Or walk with kings nor lose the common touch,
. . . . . .
Yours is the tarth and everything that's in it,
And which is more, you'll be a man, my son"

A True American Type

The Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, in presenting to Col. Lindbergh the Cross of Honor of the United States Flag Association declared that "in your flight you happily incarnated the spirit of America." This famous jurist and former Secretary of State referred to the fact that this country had sent many ambassadors of peace and good will to Europe, "but you were the most successful of them all. You carried healing in your wings."

No American who has visited Europe since the war has so stimulated good will and tended to change the unkind estimate which many in the old countries have regarding Americans as has this "Lone Eagle." They have claimed that we are a bragging, egotistical, self assertive and money grabbing people. This youth, who so significantly typifies the American people and their ideals, nullified in one day accumulated misrepresentations which have grown up in the last few years.

Charles A. Lindbergh was born of typical American parents, hard working, purposeful and Christian. His father was born in Sweden in 1859 and the following year was brought to the United States by his parents who settled in Minnesota. He attended the rural shools, worked on the farm, in the woods and on the railroad which was being constructed through his section. He thus took his place among those who, because of honest effort and democratic ideals, are the real makers of America. He later made his way through Michigan University receiving the degree of bachelor of laws, and married a bachelor of science graduate of the same institution. Both have made their contributions to society, one in the halls of legislation and one in the laboratory of learning. These two, endowed with high purpose and given to hard work, instilled into their boy like ideals. During the ten years, 1907 to 1917, that the father served

as a member of Congress, he won the reputation of being a hard worker. He was always at his office by 5 a. m. and often earlier. His principal effort in Congress had to do with curbing the money trusts. He was regarded as an "obstrutionist" by his enemies and an "idealist" by his friends. By example as well as by precept he taught his son, who was born in 1902 in Little Falls, Minnesota, the ideals of earnest and purposeful work. One of his favorite statements was, "Tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection." The father died three years ago while a nominee for the govenorship of his state.

The mother who has shared the triumph of the young aviator is one of the most queenly of American women and her life and ideals are reflected in her son. Her chosen task is that of school teaching. While her son was flying across the trackless Atlantic, she continued to teach her classes in chemistry in the Cass Technical High School of Detroit. While the millions followed every report of her son's progress toward Paris, she remained at her task, expressing confidence that he would get there

She quietly slipped into Washington to greet her son on his return. Her coming was at the earnest invitation of the President, but she remarked, "I cannot understand why I should be needed for my son's reception." The mother of the hero became the guest of the First Lady of the Land who, like herself, once graced in the teaching profession. Mrs. Lindbergh made no pretenses, and except that she was entertained at the White House and was escorted about by the reception committee, she would have been lost among the thousands of other mothers in Washington. She would have preferred to be. While waiting to board the ship to greet her son, the crowds were surging round the car in which she sat calling for her to stand. She remarked, "I don't like all this publicity."

On Sunday, she bowed with her son in prayer as with the President and First Lady of the Land they attended divine services. On Sunday evening she slipped away as quietly as possible from the White House to take her train to New York. The railroad insisted on adding a private car ad the White House attendents carried a luggage which consisted, not of numerious wardrobe trunks, but of a hat box and one small suit case which were sufficient for this typical American mother who, like her son, seemed to carry an air of "why is all the fuss necessary when one is just doing what one has set out to do?"

A Product of an American Home

It is parents of this type who have made millions of American homes which are training grounds for heroes sung and unsung. This air pilot is indicative of the type of his home. While others talked mch about the flight and quarreled over the division of the possible spoils, the quiet youth who was not known above scores of fliers six weeks ago, went quietly ahead and did it. When he arrived in Paris, the cables carried messages offering him millions of dollars to appear upon the stage and in motion pictures. He refused to consider material fortune and will continue as a

student of aviation interested in its future development.

Thus unswayed by the proffers of wealth, unspoiled by his wonderful record, untempted by the wine and frivolities of Paris, he, the most conspicuous figure of the world, demonstrated the best type of American. No cigarette manufacturers could use him as a sales means, no liquor brewers or distillers could point to him as a user. Abstaining from liquor and tobacco, clean of thought and speech, this blond youth of six feet three gave his fellows of this and other lands an example of what an American may be. President Coolidge expressed the spirit of the millions of admirers when he stated that it is what you are as well as what you have done.

Back of the boy was the father. As the youth sat on the capitol steps watched by the tens of thousands, his mind must have gone back to his father who onced served in that building. Likewise his character goes back to that Congressman parent who is described by his colleagues as exemplary. He never used liquor or tobacco. He enjoyed toil, chose high ideals, and practiced the simple life.

Basis of a Hero's Character

As the victor of the air was lauded and greeted by cabinet officers and senators here repeatedly it was said, "How does this young fellow keep his poise and modesty? Will he not break under it?" However, at every turn when pressed to speak while in the National Capital, he always diverted attention from himself to others—the scientists to whom he gave the credit for perfecting the art of flying, the American manufacturers who built the plane and others.

While speaking at the National Press Club reception, he stated that when he landed in Paris it was the first time he had ever been abroad and that he wanted to stay and look around some. However, he had not been there long when the Ambassador told him that the President invited to come back to Washington to be received by the Nation. He smilingly remarked, "The Ambassador said it was not really an order but that a battleship was waiting at the shore to bring me back."

The chairman of the reception committee at this same gathering, a veteran newspaper correspondent in Washington, accounted for the unprecedented newspaper space given to the achievement of this youth. "He personified to a Europe amazed at the revelation, the real spirit of American." He said the press found pride in telling the story of the career of an Amercian boy which brings to the people of the world a new realization "that clean living, clean thinking, fair play and sportsmanship, modesty of speech and manner, and faith in a mother's prayers are the fundamentals of success."

A Boy of Christian Training.

When the source of the qualities which have called forth the world-wide praise of this American boy is sought, it is found in that Christian foundation which has undergirded this Nation throughout its course. The strength and character of this country have always been found in the Christian homes of America.

The mother of the young trans-Atlantic flier tells of the careful Christian training given by the father to

the son. Those who saw the earnest mother, educated and refined, could not doubt her large part in training the boy for manhood's responsibilities. She, as is characteristic of her son, gives the praise to another. She tells of Congressman Lindbergh's faithfulness to the Lutheran Church of which he was a member and in which the son was brought up. The father was a regular church attendant while in Washington and he taught his son the lessons and catechism of the church and held up to him Christian ideals of life. The mother gives the chief credit for "clean living, deep spiritual life and that daring and persistent element in her son's character" to his Christian ancestry and to the daily lessons in Luther's catechism which it was his father's custom to teach the son.

America hails a son for his achievement and character. Out of the accomplishment may soon come transoceanic passenger service through the air. Important as this may be, of how much greater significance to the world will the recent flight prove if out of it comes a new regard on the part of American youth for clean living, hard work, earnest purpose and Christian character. These characteristics, accompanied by a becoming modesty, if given a new emphasis because of the achievement of this youthful air pilot, will be of incalculable value to both the Government and the homes of this Nation.

"God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands.
. . . . . .
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking!"

AN UNFROCKED MINISTER.

Rev. Dr. Edwin Smith has been cast out of the ministry of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. He had resigned as pastor of the Lutheran Memorial Church, at Pittsburgh, and had accepted pastorate of the First Unitarian Church in the same city, after the protests which had been aroused over his expressed beliefs. He had been cited before the Church court for his open assaults against the Virgin birth, against the miracles, blood atonement and the bodily resurrection of Christ. The verdict of guilty—he was convicted of heresy—was 233 to 0, and on sentence of expulsion it was 231 to 0. This is the first case of the kind in the history of the Lutheran Church in this country, but the Pittsburgh Synod is being praised by Doctor Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church of America, for having "upheld the faith of the Church."

—Charlotte Observer.

SAFETY: CONCEALED HEROINE'S NAME.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

In a recent issue of The Uplift Editor Cook told how he found J. C. Fisher, who is director of the printing department of the Jackson Training School, and a valuable man to the institution. When Mr. Cook was looking for a man he sought the advice of Jim Hurley—the senior of the Salisbury Post was then editing a paper in his home town of Concord. Jim Hurley told him to look in a certain meat market and he would find a man that would fill the bill. Mr. Cook said he found young Fisher wearing a white apron and selling meat. Fisher agreed to abandon the meat market for the job Mr. Cook had to offer. He proved to be all that Jim Hurley claimed for him, says Mr. Cook, and "made himself invaluable in the activities of a struggling institution."

In the next issue of The Uplift Mr. Cook relates he had been lectured by a lady who reproved him for telling that he found Fisher at work in a meat market, wearing a white apron. The lady critic thought that part of the story of Mr. Fisher's success might have been omitted. Mr. Cook can see no disgrace in selling meat, if it is good meat and one gives honest weight and is courteous to customers, and he is sure the present assistant printing director met these requirements in the days when he clerked in a meat market. Then Mr. Cook, with a nerve that is cause for wonder, comes back at his lady critic with this:

"The funny part of this whole business is the good lady who commented that The Uplift should have kept silent on that point, in her silent moments recalls how, barefooted, she walked down the cotton row with a hoe in hand, fighting old general green. She doesn't have to do it today, though entirely honorable—she is on easy street, filling a highly womanly position in society, home and community."

The little barefoot gals chopping cotton in the fields—you can see some of them as you pass on the highway—may some time be on easy street and occupy high place in society. There is nothing discreditable in chopping cotton, nor in any honest labor. But few of them would want to admit that they labored in the fields as children. Men are prone, usually, to boast of their accomplishments as barefoot boys on the farm. But the girl children, on the idea probably that field work isn't proper for a girl, are not given to mentioning that part of their career. And what Mr. Cook's lady critic thinks of him would be interesting, if it could be printed.

How much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.—George W. Ballinger.

SOMETIMES OVERESTIMATED.

(Lumberton Robesonian.)

Ninety-four boys and girls last week in the Greensboro high school received diplomas. Thirty-five of this number were boys. The evening of graduation the superintendent of the high school read the names and the grades of the six highest and all of them girls, which set one to wondering how far down the line he would have gone before he ran across the name of a boy. All the prizes for scholarship, literary and other attainments including the prize voted by the class to the best all round student went to the girls, except one small prize for which the girls were not allowed to compete. Is this the sort of record all the high school students are making? If so, the old question is woman the intellectual equal of man will have to be changed to read is man the intellectual equal of woman—N. C. Christian Advocate.

The same thing is true of the graduating class of the Lumberton high school as to the six whose names were read out as having made the highest grades and as to the relative number of boys and girls in the class.

Of course parents are naturally gratified when their children are among those making the highest grades, but to attach too much importance to it shows a lack of appreciation of true values. With all due credit to those who by honest effort have made records that entitle them to special mention, it is at best an incomplete record. It is admittedly difficult to take into consideration all the things that should show in such a classification, and the mere figures do not tell the whole story.

Reading out the names of the six highest is sometimes unfair to other students who barely missed being entitled to that classification, and they are read out sometimes in a way that is unfair to some of the six themselves. At the recent commencement here the public was left to assume that there might be a wide margin between the highest and lowest of the six, when it would have been only fair to state that among the five ranking next to the valedictorian there was not so much as one point difference, as The Robesonian is informed was the case.

After all, it is the honest effort that counts, and it would be a fine thing if some system could be devised whereby in computing credits those whose fail to make the grades that entitle them to mention among the six highest, and yet have done honest work, maybe under handicaps that kept them from making the grades, could be given the recognition they deserve.

It very often happens that those who fail to make the highest grades in high school and college are spurred on to greater efforts and pass their class leaders in after life. If those who make the highest grades are humbly conscious of their own shortcomings they may succeed in keeping ahead in spite of the handicap.

17 TO 11.

(Monroe Enquirer.)

They are softening a little. Comes slow, but it is coming. Last year the King's Daughters in Wilmington, rather than let the body of a dead Federal soldier, who fell stranded, buried in the Potter's Field, bought a lot and had him put away with order and loving care.

Every Memorial Day, here and there about in the state there are several graves of Federal soldiers. The women, decorating the graves of our departed loved ones, never pass by these graves without sharing their flowers. The ratio is greater, too, than 17 *to* 11

My kinsman, Bryce Ashcraft, who is a member of Colby College faculty department of mathematics, Waterville, Maine, sends me the following which is dated from Augusta, Maine.

The department of Maine G. A. R. at its annual convention Wednesday voted 17 to 11 to pass a resolution providing for the return of Confederate flags captured by the Maine regiments now at the State House to the survivors of those organizations from which the were taken.

L. G. Carleton of Winthrop who introduced the resolution said that it would be in a spirit of fraternity, charity and good will to return these old emblems.

Orrin P. Richardson of Waterville said that the flags were left here for the time being by the regiments then passed on and this is the place they should be kept.

George W. Golding of Oakland advocated the return of the flags.

"These flags are absolutely of no use to us and never will be of any use to succeeding generations," said Mr. Golding. "I favor returning them through our state to the state from which they come. Let us be generous, boys and return these flags."

J. W. Folger of Skowhegan said that the convention had no right to vote the return of these flags and comrades should listen to the voices of the men who captured the flags.

Frank Fairbanks, Mt. Vernon, 90 years of age, the oldest comrade at the convention favored the return of the flags.

Edwin Riley of Livermore Falls, opposed the return of the flags.

"We are not the boys to apologize to the South for what we did," said Mr. Riley. "If we don't want to keep the flags, let's burn them up rather than return them to the South."

Charles F. Tibbetts of Augusta and Charles E. Nason of Gray both spoke in favor of the return of the flags to the South.

Mr. Ashcraft's comment to the foregoing is that, "Some of these old boys hardly know the Civil War is over. Some are very generous."

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A HERO WE FORGOT.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The formal ceremonies in which nations and cities have exerted themselves to the utmost to outdo each other in acclaiming Colonel Lindbergh are drawing to an end. The hero is secure of earthly immortality so far as anybody can ever be. He is full of honors. The thing he did for advancement of aviation, the thing he loved stands forth as an achievement the race will never forget.

But our enthusiasm it not so exhausted, the springs of our admiration are not so dried up, the voice of our gratitude is not so hoarse that we can not now proceed to honor a hero whom we have too long forgotten. The thing he did called for as much valor as Lindbergh displayed. Its results are incalculably more valuable than those of Lindbergh's flight in money losses avoided, lives saved and human agonies prevented.

He is John R. Kissinger of Andrews, Indiana. He is in need of money. He is a physical wreck. He is sick and broken because without coercion or persuasion, on the chance of helping to save the lives of millions of his fellow beings, he did the thing which a whole world believed would doom him to torturing, swollen, hideous death. He lived through it, but he left his strong young physique and his perfect health on the altar of his heroism.

Nearly thirty years ago the United States Government sent Dr. Walter Reed to Cuba to find out how to rid that island, and incidentlly the world, of yellow fever, a plague which had lashed this country with seventy-seven epidemics within a hundred years, killed 1411 out of 1500 soldiers at one army post and in one epidemic cost the national treasury $100,000,000. Reed, suspecting the mosquito as the carrier of the germ, asked volunteers from among the troops in Cuba to submit themselves to experiments from which all men shrank because everybody in those days regarded yellow fever as practically incurable.

But, for one experiment, John R Kissinger and John J. Morgan volunteered to sleep in a sealed room and to stay in it until bitten by some of their fellow roomers, five mosquitoes that had bitten persons dying with yellow fever. Both men were bitten. Both escaped death by an eyelash. And Kissinger never recovered his health. Eleven years later the Government voted him a paltry $100 a month, but amount goes mostly to doctors and druggists. His wife, in order to keep things going, has had to take in washing.

And yet this is the same country that brought Lindbergh home on a warship and loaded him with honors, and Kissinger, who threw the dice with death for a bigger stake and without thought of the possibility of subsequent reward, is every inch the hero that Lindbegh is. The Congressmen of the country will make some amends to Kissinger if we, the people, write to them and remind them of this very gallant genlteman whom we have too long forgot.

THE DRAMA OF THE DEFEATED.

By Harry Stillwell Edwards, in Asheville Citizen.

Year by year the story grows; the wonder story of the South! No man may prophesy the end!

Sixty years ago no human mind held a vision of the South of 1926. Sixty years more will discount the wildest dream of her progress!

There is romance in it. And poetry! And tragedy! And retribuion! But above all, drama! The drama of the defeated, the crushed, the ruined, who came back through half a century to win! For the South has won the victory. Appomattox was her sunrise, not her sunset gun!

Again that faithful historian of the South. The Manufacturers Record, takes up the story of its annual Blue Book of Southern Progress; a book that should be made accessible to every Southern boy or girl. What we as a people have done is important often grandly so; but what we are doing is vital. 'Tis the forward look that counts. Here is a part of the story as told in the Blue Book:

The South embraces 969,237 square miles of territory—approximately one-third of the United States.

Its population is 39,711,000; approximately one-third of the whole.

In New England over 60 per cent, of the population is foreign stock, and 23.3 per cent, foreign born. Rhode Island leads with 69 per cent. of foreign stock, followed by Massachusetts with 66; and Connecticutt with 65. Westward the percentage runs down to 50.

In the South including even Missouri and Oaklahoma, the percentage of foreign stock is about 8 as compared with 48.2 for the whole country otherwise. The West South-Central States have 13.5 per cent. foreign born population; the East South-Central only .8 of one per cent.; the South Atlantic 2.1. North Carolina has but .7. These figures do not constitute a digression from the drama. They are necessary to the profoundly interesting thought that the glory of America today and possibly her safety tomorrrow, rests with the Anglo-Saxon blood.

The South has 3,382,303 farms; a little more than half of all in the United States.

It has 38.5 per cent. of all the farm acreage; 34.5 per cent. of the crop land, and 36 per cent. of the pasture land. The total value of all farm property in the South is $15,462,648,855. A three-fold increase in twenty-five years! We are talking about billions. And about people who stood in the ashes of their homes sixty years ago and gazed over only desolation to their horizons.

Greater agricultural advantages exist in the South than anywhere else in the United States. Every table of figures proves it.

They show, too, that the South furnishes about one-half of the commercial truck crops — $156,787,000. Also more than one-fifth of all the wheat grown in the United States—175,000,000 bushels. And more than one-third of all the corn—895,111,000 bushels. And about one-fifth of the oats; 1,152,418,000 pounds of tobacco—more than 80 per cent. of all the

whole crop; and practically all of the cotton.

Cotton! Here is romance enough for a hundred columns like this. Cotton, produced by Suthern labor, under Southern skies, with Southern capital, and ofttimes with none at all! The defeated arise from the ruins of their own homes, paid their debts with their own labor, and turned the balance of trade in favor of America, with one product—cotton. Maybe the answer to "who won the war?" is found in one word—"cotton!" The Allies had it; the enemy lacked it. Friendly labor had it and grew fat; enemy labor lacked it and starved.

In 1926 the South produced $994, 340,000 worth of cotton, and $150, 000,000 worth of cotton seed.

Other products followed in bewildering figures. Barley, buckwheat, rye, velvet beans, peanuts, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, cabbage, sugar cane, rice, all hay, sorghum cane, soy beans, cowpeas, broom corn, pears, grapes, lettuce, asparagus, peppers, carrots, oranges, grape fruit, apples, peaches, etc. The values run into billions. The diversity is complete.

What an anomaly! The greatest "one-crop" producing section, continuing and increasing that crop enormously, now shows the greatest diversification not only in America but in the world.

Why? Because the South is at once a farm, a home and a factory. It runs all the way down the Atlantic and along the Gulf sloping, as a garden should, to the south-east and south, its bosom bared to the kisses of the morning sun. Beyond its mountains that pluck moisture from the clouds and shed it impartially right and left to the eager fields, lie the grain lands that riot in the long-ripening heat of afternoon, drained by mighty rivers; irrigated by many streams. Between the East and the West, the mountain slope and mountain valley green with grass and golden with grain.

Why? Because the latitude is that which has most favored the human race from time immemorial. In it man was born. And the arts, and agriculture, and civilization. "There Delos rose and Phoebus sung." There, too, was the Gethsemane of the soul of man—his Calvary, his resurrection. Man first ceased to be an animal only in the latitude of the South, and became man, as we know him.

Why? Because it was this high product of humanity, blest with faith, with high ideals of home and heaven, with courage, aye, sublime courage! which, bearing the banners of the Anglo-Saxon, came into this heavenly land, set up those banners, and giving themselves to the soil and to God, fought the world to a standstill for their possessions. And they still possess them!

What the bold adventurers and their children have done with these lands has been crudely outlined. But there is a vaster story which the Blue Book holds and this space can not contain. It is the story of the South's manufactures, mining, biulding and development. The fascinating story of iron, gas, oil, cement, hydro-electric power, cotton and trade. Think of the drama behind cotton alone! From contentment with the first values, crude lint, the South now

manufactures 67 percent. of the cotton its fields produce, and retains at home the second, third and even the fourth values as the scale ascends. It is this battle for these upper values that has forced New England capital Southward.

The value of the South's crops and livestock products in 1926 was $5,232,000,000. The value of it's manufactures, $10,372,185,0 0 0. It takes a mighty imagination to hold these figures, but in them is summed up the material triumph of the South. And much of the spiritual. For while it is true that our late enemies have taken our bonds and invested otherwise heavily in the South, the basis of it was faith and confidence. And that faith and confidence the South won on the field of battle, and by patience, conservation and indomitable courage in the long struggle with poverty, and by the way her people lived up to the pledges of Appomattox.

When an enemy praises you it is something to be proud of. But when he stakes his money on you—and he is a New Englader—you may settle down contentedly in the knowledge that you are pretty much all right. Lindbergh did not build his plane, fashion his compass, or manufacture his gas. But he crossed the Atlantic on his own and arrived at his objective safely.

And on his own the Southerner has brought the old ship of state, treasure laden and gay with fluttering banners across the troubled waters of '65 to safe anchorage in the pleasant harborage of '26.

DO YOU LIMP?

There is an old Buddhist legend that tells of a certain beautiful royal horse that was found to be lame. He had a most curious and awkward motion in one of his legs.

When King Sama, the owner of the horse, heard of this lameness, he sent skilled horse surgeons to the royal stables to examine the animal and report. They reported that the horse was sound in wind and limb. He was not truly lame, but he limped. They could not tell why.

Then King Sama dispatched a sage to the stables. The wise man returned and said: "Sir, I have dicovered why your horse limps." "Why?" "He has a companion who limps." "Who is that?" "His groom, who walks lame. The horse has imitated him." "Get another groom," said the king. This was done, and it was not long before the horse walked fair and straight and evenly.

Now, whenever I notice a boy whose speech is coarse and whose bearing is unmanly and who has caught these poor tricks of manner from his so-called friends, I say to myself, "He limps, and I know why he limps."—F. J. Gould.

"POPS."

By John Scott Douglas, in Young Folks.

Waldemar Small's fame in Wentworth College during the first two years of his residence there amounted to nothing but notoriety. His accomplishments were inversely proportional to his efforts in that direction, for the harder he attempted to do a thing, the less he seemed to succeed.

Small was really a misnomer, for he extended six feet four into space. Mother nature had played a prank on him when she handed out his various attributes; in one so tall and so thin one might expect to find a deep, rumbling voice, but, as a matter of fact, Waldemar Small had a high falsetto voice that was wont to turn squeeky on occasions. His bushy hair refused to "stay put," no matter how much grease and hair oil he applied. Moreover, Small had a face that was ages older in appearance than his scant seventeen years would signify. This aged face promply earned for Small the somewhat obvious pseudonym of "Pops"—and the name stuck.

Pops had come to Wentworth from a small town that boasted not even the proverbial "one horse." His social contacts there had been few and far between, but his attempts to remedy the matter at college proved singularly futile. His first break was to spill tea down the back of Prexy's wife at an informal tea given for the out-of-town freshmen. This was hardly the way Pops had desired to win fame, but it earned him a half column written by the joke editor in the "U" Daily.

Pops' notoriety soon spread, to his chagrin. He was lauded in the Comic Magazine as being the only man in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps of the University who was in step. Someone painted his name on Prexy's steps together with the freshman colors, and Small had to do considerable explaining to exonerate himself from the blame.

But I think the thing which gained Pops the largest morsel of notoriety occurred during his second week in college. Perhaps the story was not true, but, at least, everyone believed it was. Pops was supposed to have asked someone where he could get his laundry washed, and the student facetiously remarked that it was customary to throw the laundry on Prexy's desk, and that he would be glad to take care of it. According to the story, Small went to prexy's office, found the president out, and left the bundle of laundry on Prexy's desk with his name on it! It seems incredible that anyone could have been so green, and knowing Pops as I later had occasion to do, I doubt the truth of the tale. Yet, nevertheless, the story was widely circulated and widely believed. It established Pops as the school comedian, and from that time on, numerous stories about the lanky Freshman were circulated that undoubtedly had not a word of truth in them. But Pops suffered in silence and tried to smile half-heartedly when someone kidded him about his latest escapade. How he ever endured all the "guying" he received in those

days is beyond me, but he must have had the patience of Job and the optimism of a retired millionaire.

His reputation for tactical blunders having shattered his social possibilities, Pops next turned his attention to sports. He turned out for crew regularly. That also happened to be my forte, and I had reason to notice that Pops worked faithfully and attracted the coach's attention not a little. He also turned out for wrestling, but was too awkward to go far in that direction.

But hard luck seemed bound to dog his footsteps. Just before the selection of men for the freshman crew race with "Cal," Pops took sick, and when he emerged from the infirmary at the end of two weeks, he was a mere shadow of his former lanky self. The coach wouldn't even permit him to turn out for crew, so pale did he look.

A month or so later, Pops turned out for crew again, but he had been too long without practice. He was placed with the freshman "scrubs," where he remained until the end of the year. He seemed to take the loss with his habitual optimism, and he never ceased to turn out until turnout ceased in the spring. On that final day the coach came into our locker rooms, a thing he was not prone to do and drew Pops aside.

"Small, you've got possibilities in the crew if you would build yourself up physically—put on some 'beef.' You've got the height, but you haven't got the weight or the stamina."

"What would you suggest, sir?" Pops demanded eagerly.

"The woods, man. Work as a lumber-jack during the summer. Pick the hardest jobs physically.. The fresh air, hard work and heavy, coarse food will build you up."

"I'll do it," the lad agreed with finality.

The coach laughed and clapped Pops on the shoulder and then he sobered up as he noted the freshman's serious, absorbed expression. "You've got the perseverance, Small; that takes one a long way in any line. Don't be discouraged because your results won't show immediately; success is a long pull, anyhow."

So saying, the coach turned and left the locker room. Pops stood staring at the door for a long time after our mentor had departed. Finally he turned his head and noted me. I perceived that his rather old face was bright with pleasure, and he looknot nearly so aged.

"My, Scotty," he exclaimed exotically, "he has noticed me after all. I sort of had an idea that he didn't realize that I was turning out at all —or didn't care, if he did realize."

I laughed at his earnestness. "The crew means a lot to you?"

He nodded. "Everything, I guess. Some way I don't understand the fellows, and I guess they don't understand me. . . . Scotty, wouldn't it be wonderful to be in the boat that beat 'Cal'? To fight and sweat and fight some more—all for Wentworth? To hear the cheers of your fellow students; to know that they were shouthing themselves hoarse to make you win? I'd give several years of my life to be in the winning boat."

That summer I worked in a gas station to develop arm and back muscles pumping gas. On registration day,

I saw Pops protruding over the tops of his fellow students nearly a head, and I went up to say hello. He had changed considerably, having acquired a complexion as brown as a berry and probably fifteen pounds in weight. His habitually doleful face lighted pleasurably when I spoke to him, and when he shook my hand I thought he would break every bone.

"That's some grip," I complained, smiling.

"I'm raring to go," he admitted. "It was tough at first, but after a while I enjoyed working until I was dripping with perspiration. Then we'd all take a swim in the river before dinner, and oh! what meals we had! Maybe we were so hungry, though, that we could have eaten cast-iron."

His voice, I noticd, had changed considerably, and was deeper and less falsetto than formerly. He looked more boyish, too, than I had ever seen him before.

He turned out that afternoon when I did and the coach gave him a joyous welcome, and put him immediately in the third boat. He worked like a Trojan all fall, and in about December was transferred to the second boat.

There is no let-up of training on the coast for ice, which accounts, in a measure for the nation-wide fame of Wentworth's crews. I was fortunate enough to make the first boat that year, and I hoped that Pops could improve enough to make the Number Three position. It was held by Bronce, a slit-eyed fellow, much disliked by the other lads in the boat because he wouldn't do his share of the pulling. He was able to bluff well enough, however, to fool the coach who rode in the speed boat.

Ted Bronce was the son of Professor Bronce, head of the athletics in the college. Many claimed that it was Professor Bronce's position as director of athletice which accounted for Ted's place on the crew, but this was not wholly true, for Ted had good physique and could have proven himself a valuable man for any crew if he had made the necessary efforts. He was just naturally lazy, however, and the fellows hated him for it, though they were, of course, too good sports to report his delinquencies to the coach and the latter never seemed to see them himself.

Pops remained in the Number Two boat all year, though he was by far the best man in that boat by the end of the year. Pops had spent his two years training for the port side, and, as luck would have it, the port side was left intact by graduation, while there was to be three vacancies on the starboard side. Just one more sign that luck was against the unfortunate Pops. His only hope for the third year was that someone on the port side would not return to the school or that the coach would give him the place held by Ted Bronce. This latter possibility was highly nebulous, however, for Pops weighed only 165 and Ted Bronce weighed 185; twenty pounds in weight means a lot to any crew man, especially in a hard race.

The scrubs, or second boat, had rowed together all year, and they had become rather intimate friends. Pops had seemingly found himself with that group of fellows, and it was evident that he was well liked by the

men in the boat for his willingness always to do his share and for his continual optimism. Accordingly, the men wanted to keep together during the summer, and the opportunity came when Frank Morris, the stroke of the boat, offered the Number Two boat men a position in his father's fish cannery. They accepted to a man, and sailed together to Alaska after the last classes in June.

What happened at that Alaskan fish cannery came to me by hearsay, but it is part of the unwritten history of Wentworth. The cannery was in one of the most desolate, deserted spots one could imagine; two hundred miles from the nearest town, with no means of reaching that town. It would seem that the men would go stale with nothing to do but work when the fishing boats brought in some fish. But one leaves Pops out of consideration in reaching such a conclusion.

Pops superintended the building of a heavy wooden barge. It bore only the remotest similarity to a crew shell. But it operated on the same principle, except that it was probably ten times as hard work rowing it as it would be to operate a shell. The barge even had sliding seats, like a real shell.

Immediately after this boat was built, the boys began to spend all of their spare time rowing. At first they were half dead after a turn-out in the crude shell, for it took an enormous amount of effort to keep such a heavy craft moving. But gradually they worked up sufficient brawn to keep their barge skimming across the water for literally hours at a time. They had two turn-outs a day, morning and night, and sometimes more frequently when work was slack. The men in Number Two boat returned to Wentworth next fall with muscles as hard as rock, and physiques that were not even equalled by the men in the first boat.

But when those Number Two men stepped into the light shells after their summer in the heavy barge, they found the shells mere child's work to row. Their iron muscles were harly exerted in the least by rowing the shell three miles! Such a feat seems impossible, but they did it.

The coach realized that something was wrong when he noted how slow the first boat seemed when compared with the scrubs, who were rowing in another part of the lake. He lined them up, and raced them over the mile. What was our chagrin to lose by eleven lengths! It wasn't even a race as far as they were concerned, but we were half dead, for we wouldn't lose to the scrubs without the toughest kind of a struggle.

Never have I been roasted in my life as the coach roasted us on that day. He called us slackers, and blamed us for not developing ourselves over the summer as the second boat had done. But he soon realized that nothing was gained by criticising us, for we had, after all, made very good time for the initial try-out of the season.

Nevertheless, the coach worked us overtime all during the fall, and by December we had reached the point where we could tie the second boat about once in three times! About twice in three times they would beat us.

Pops didn't like to see his boat tied by the Number Two boat, and one night, secretly he called his men together for a consultation. What happened there came to me indirectly during the next summer. Pops realized that his fellow boatsmen had developed their superhuman brawn by pulling on an impossibly heavy barge. They were losing their brawn by pulling on a light shell. Why not go back to the barge? he demanded. The men were enthusiastic about his proposal, so much that they agreed to keep their proceedings a secret, and row their barge for an hour every night. In fact, so anxious were they to keep their endeavors a secret, that they did not turn out from the crew house, but kept their barge secreted in the boat-house of one of the members of the Number Two boat, changing their clothes and taking their showers at his place as well.

From that time on, the Number One boat never had a chance. We didn't understand how men who were considerably lighter than we were could beat us so consistently, yet the fact remained that way. The coach became more and more disgruntled with our men, for the Number Two boat began to win by six, then eight, the eleven and finally by fifteen lengths! We were all in despair, for we din't see how we could pull any harder.

Finall I proposed to our worn-out men that we put the matters before the coach. We were working for Wentworth, and it was evident that the Number Two boat would do better in the race with "Cal" than would we. It was no use fooling ourselves any longer, no matter how much we wanted our letters. The coach listened to us in silence, and finally remarked gravely:

"I've come to the same conclusion that you fellows have, Scotty. There's no use talking, the Number One boat hasn't been stalling—I've taken care of that. Every one of you has done your best, but the scrubs are way out of your class. Never have I heard of such a thing happening. I wouldn't be surprised if Pops could tell us the reason for their supremacy, but I'm not going to ask him. From the way the men look up to him they consider him as their leader, and I'll bet anything they've been practicing on the outside. But, if they have, they deserve the chance to race 'Cal' —they've earned it."

From that time on, the Number One crew had but a desultory turnout, and the coach turned his full attention to prefecting the Number Two boat. There was but scant time to get the former scrubs working smoothly. We were all very interested to see how they would come out in their race with "Cal."

The race was on our home territory. The two crews set out evenly but at the half mile the erstwhile scrubs were a boat's length ahead. Running along the shore, I heard Pops grunt savagely:

"Boys, remember that old barge in Alaskan waters. We've earned a victory. Come on for Wentworth! It's the first time in three years, but we've got to make it. Fight! Fight! for Wentworth!"

The boat gave a spurt ahead at his words, but the "Cal" boat had quickened their stroke. Like bull-

dogs, the "Cal" men forged ahead. But the pace was telling on them, while the Wentworth scrubs had not begun to feel the strain.

On and on the two boats sped. First one, and then the other would forge ahead. I realized for the first time that the Number One boat would never have beaten that "Cal" crew they were out of our class.

At the mile they were still even at the second mile Pops' scrubs were one length ahead, and the strain was telling heavily on the "Cal" men. Pops shouted something about giving Wentworth a square deal, and they shot into an easy lead. Then they began to let out to the final notch. It was apparent then that they had saved their strength for the last. "Cal" never again approached them, and Wentworth won by ten and one-half lengths! I rushed up to meet Pops, and helped throw him in the lake, which is the honor accorded every winning crew by their teammates.

When he came sputtering to the surface, he cried, "Say, fellows, do you suppose they'll send us east to race at Poughkeepsie?"

"CUSSED" BY BOTH SIDES.

(Albemarle News Herald.)

The fellow who uses his own head and tries to make the truth his guide, has a hard road, for he is one day clashing with a faction which pulls in one direction and the next day he collides with the faction pulling in the other direction. He gets "cussed out" by both factions, wheras, if one will throw away all self respect, all sense of manhood and duty, and fall in, heart and soul, with one of the factions, boost everything that faction stands for, regardless of whether it may think it right or wrong, and oppose, heart and soul, everything the other faction favors, regarless of whether it be right or wrong, he only gets criticized by the crowd he opposes. Take politics for instance. If one stands right by what everything the democratic party advocates, whether right or wrong, he will get the ill will of the republicans, but the democrats will all say he is the stuff. On the other hand if one joins in with the republican party and boosts everything it stands for, and opposes everything the democratic party stands for, he will get "cussed out" by the democrats, but the republicans are his friends. But just let one use his own mind, his own sense of what is right and true and just, and let him stand out four square for that, and he clashes with the democrats one day and the next he clashes with the republicans, and the result is he gets the ill will of both parties and is abused by both sides. If a man wants to sail along easily he had better have no ideas of his own, but follow others' dictates, but if one wants to have the approbation of his own self, if one wants to make the truth, the right, the fair, his guide, he must be willing to take the abuse and slander of all factions who oppose

the right. But, after all, for one to know that he is standing by the right, for one to feel that he has a will and an opinion of his own, and that he is not afraid to express himself as favoring the truth, whoever it may operate against, is worth all the criticism and slander and ridicule and abuse which the two extremes in opposite directions may be able to heap upon him.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

The barn boys recently planted watermelons. All the boys look forward to the time for the "watermelon feasts."

Last Sunday's lesson was: "Review of Life and Letters of Peter." We have had a very interesting quarter. The golden text for this lesson was: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." New quarterlies will be given the boys during the week.

We have an unusually large crop of string beans this year, and in addition to having plenty to eat now, we are putting large quantities of them in gallon cans. The boys from several school rooms have been busily engaged stringing beans at the cannery during the past week.

In going over our campus one sees a profusion of blooms everywhere. The petunia beds, some several hundred feet long, are especially beautiful. Some of our folks here are becoming dahlia experts, but so far, Miss Latimer, has the prize-winning flower. This fine dahlia measures 18 in circumference.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Froehlich and daughter, of Loch Raven, Md., visited the school last Wednesday afternoon. They were motoring through from Palm Beach, Fla., where they had been spending several weeks with the former's parents. Mr. Froehlich is Assistant Superintendent of the Maryland Training School for Boys.

The ball game was watched by the boys with much interest. The opposing team was Harrisburg. Playing for us was "Chick" Williams, catcher for Davidson College, and another one of our old boys, Charlie Roper, playing left field. The Training School boys held them one and nothing until the sixth inning, when they scored two runs. McDaniel and Pleasant scored the two runs for the School. The score was two and seven, in favor of Harrisburg. Mr. Russel pitched a fine game up to the sixth inning, when he had to retire because of an injured finger caused by fielding a hard drive through pitcher's box.

Mr Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He had with him Rev. Mr. McIlwaine, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church at Char-

lotte. The preacher took for his text: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which lost." This is Christ's answer to the question why He came here. He told of the shepherd who had ninety and nine sheep. One was lost. He left the herd and searched the mountains until he had found the lost one. We are the sheep and Christ is the shepherd. The sermon was a fine one and we all hope Mr. Shelton will bring him out again.

CONQUEST OF THE FAR.

A new era—"The televictorian age—the age of the conquest of the far"—has dawned upon civilization within the past few years bringing with it a vast, free scope for American youth, Dr. John H. Finley, editor of the New York Times tonight told a capacity audience at the 93rd annual commencement of Wake Forest College.

Thrilling his listeners by his easy conversational style and the vast storehouse of knowledge behind his words, the widely known editor invited to deliver the annual literary address at the institution's commencement exercises chose as his formal topic "The World Moves On, Nevertheless."

Once, he said, upon graduation from high school out on the prairie, he delivered in his oration the optimistic declaration that "man has progressed steadily since his fall, as recorded in Genesis." Since however, he declared this has proven difficult to maintain.

"I made this unequivocal statement." he declared, "at a time when I had never actually seen more of the world than was embraced in two prairie horizons, whose centers were not more than ten miles apart.

How infinitely vaster than the firmament that showed God's handiwork to the Psalmist the universe has grown these two score years; how near to eternity has time been lengthened, so that a thousands years seem but a day to us even as they have long been to the Creator; how mobile, as the three angle men, who appeared on the Plains of Mamre and made Abraham's tent their hangar for their wings; how the bodies of men become; and how swiftly have the images of His mind been made to travel, that once could go only by slow footed mortals or mystical messengers.

"In these few years, there has drawn an age which I have called the 'televictorian age'. The age of conquest of the far," Dr Finley said.

"And what a free scope you have young men, who have come upon this planet, under the 'fated sky' of America not a Ptolemaic sky, whose stars have an all men concern and whose sun looks down on mortals for whom every day should be a fresh beginning, and for whom every morn the world should be made new." The earth is the Lord's the fulness thereof, but is yours, also, as it was never for our ancestors.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

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OR

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ON THE

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 9, 1927. No. 25

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

Not what you have, but what you use,
And also how you use it;
Not what you see but what you choose,
And whether you abuse it;
Not what you gain but what you lose,
And why and how you lose it.

—H. O. Spelman.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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ROMANCE.

The world is full of romance. It's a great romance to live a fine active life in this stirring day of our civilization. There's romance in little things as well as in big ones. There's romance in every life. It was romantic when you were born. It's a great romance when you marry the girl you love. See that she dosen't repent it. It's romantic to lend a helping hand to others. It's romantic to back a movement for the general good. It's romantic to sacrifice; perform your particular job better than it was ever done before; live peaceably with all men; romantic to deserve promotion; even romantic in these days to obey the law. The big opportunities for romance only happen once in a great while, but the small opportunities happen nearly every day in your life. Appreciate them! Enjoy them!

—Old Hurrygraph.

JUST FICKLE FAME.

We can not divine what the future has in store for our fame. A lady, protesting in the manner that a former chum treats her, remarked: "why she need not be so captious or jealous of me, my social position is secure." Maybe so!

They are asking who Dan Emmett is or was. That seems to astonish some folks. It need not. This world is fuller of ignorance than any other commodity, and it has a powerfully short memory. Ignorance!

Why, the other day we were telling of some marvellous accomplishments of Moses, the great leader. A big 17-year old boy, earnestly and inquiringly wanted to know something more about Moses, saying: "I never heard

of him before.'' So it is no wonder that Dan Emmett's reputation got hazy. But see what the Cleveland Star says along this line:

''Fame—how long does it stick?

The Winston-Salem Journal says in a recent issue:

Ask the first person you meet today who Dan Emmett was and you will probably get twelve different answers and all of them wrong. And yet this same gentleman is the author of a song that would probably draw ''iron tears down Pluto's cheek'' if that stoical personage ever heard it. Dan Emmett wrote ''Dixie,'' and he is to be honored for the first time in the South with a monument at Fletcher, N. C., when a memorial tablet for him was unveiled on Sunday, July 2.

Shelby can go The Journal one better. A man asked another here who Dan Emmett was and the answer he received was: ''Why, he's the fellow who flew across the North Pole with Byrd.''

Then the argument developed as to who was Byrd's companion on the polar flight. One man contended that his name was Bennett Richards, while another said he had the name reversed and that it was Richard Bennett. Shades of the screen stars. Later it was learned from an issue of an afternoon paper that Floyd Bennett flew with Byrd on the polar trip and Dan Emmett wrote Dixie. That's fame out on the street after time wings its way on for a year or so.

Five years from now who will remember the field where Lindbergh landed in France, the navigator of Byrd's Paris flight, or the names of the Honolulu. fliers. Fame is quite a bird of the air itself.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

EQUALIZATION.

We have had quite a good deal of commission investigation and adjustment in North Carolina. Some of them are modest and feel their way; others smart under the collar, take the bit in their mouths and attempt to go ahead in the face of judicial direction.

We had a commission to distribute the equalization fund of over three millions of dollars. There is much dissatisfaction with the result of that commission's work—so much so that it has been called into session to hear complaints. We must not lose sight of the everlasting truth that there is more money being expended in the educational cause than in any other department of the state. It goes into frills, ruffles and the execution of mechanical schemes. The work that certain travelling attaches of the edu-

cational department accomplish, in reality, is not worth ten cents in results.

The extravagance in the administration of the school system in the counties seems necessary in carrying out the requirments of a crazy-quilt school law. The requirements are such that a clerk in the county superintendent's office is forced, thus adding to the overhead charges. And, just think of a county paying its superintendent $6,000. It is a waste, pure and simple.

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THAT TRAGEDY.

Lexington has been shocked profoundly over a tragic occurrence in its midst. Sin is no respector of person, if that person gives up to it—and it makes a sure reward. The dethroned preacher pays the penalty; the wronged person goes through life, in so far as the world and social tenets are concerned, forever blasted. This is the penalty of her weakness.

The Dispatch, after a reference to the sad affair, concludes:

> Since the beginning man has been falling and rising—to higher levels, it is hoped—and fair minded people have never permitted the fault of an individual to reflect on a group. Fair minded people have not, let it be repeated.

Yet, it will remain for quite a while in the mouths of gossipers, the worldly-minded and the cruel; and those who fancy the blackguarding of a minister will take this as an opportunity to condemn the church and the religiously inclined. But the church is not to blame, but, possibly if not for the savoring influence of the church this man might have fallen sooner and deeper.

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DID IT FOR US ALL.

In most of this section Independence Day was celebrated in a very quiet manner. Locally we left the performance to that wonderful, magic town, Kannapolis. It is said that 25,000 people gathered to do honor to the great day that Jefferson and other great heroes made possible.

In a few minutes, had the great mills been running, they could have given each of this throng a souvenir in the form of a beautiful towel; and for that matter in a day's time the great mills could have supplied every living soul of the colonists of 1776 with a towel.

Another thing that marked the day as observed in Kannapolis is that no one was hurt, no one killed, the only unusual thing being the necessity of

arresting one man. Could this have happened fifteen years ago? Not hardly; yet we are told that prohibition affects but little good, is contrary to the laws of liberty, that great human so-called principle of Personal Liberty.

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BUTTING INTO THE AFFAIRS OF PEOPLE.

There are too many things being adjusted by commissions. The powers of Interstates Commission are entirely too great. It gives that body the power to thwart progress in many localities that they know nothing about even after a hearing is held. The power of man reaches just so far and no further.

Why should a commission be empowered to tell a community within a state whether it needs a railroad or not? They exercise no power in limiting cotton mills, except by preventing the building of railroads; they do not say how many filling stations we may have within a mile; they do not regulate the number of saw malls and many other things, that in their way are public utilities that touch the convenience of peoples of adjoining states.

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SERVED TWENTY YEARS.

The Robesonian, a semi-weekly published at Lumberton, Gov. McLean's home town, is nearing its forty-seventh year. During this time it has been for twenty years under the editorship of J. A. Sharpe. He is a capable, thoughtful and accurate writer, besides being personally a fine and attractive gentleman.

During Mr. Sharpe's direction, The Robesonian has become a semi-weekly, built its own home and shows every evidence of deserved prosperity. The Robesonian has been one of The Uplift's choicest exchanges; and if Brother Sharpe can hold out for another year, we will give him permission to vote. Help "save the state," as it were.

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We take no pleasure in the death of a man; but the brute of Burke county, who attacked and murdered a small girl, has met with his rich deserts. Hunted for near unto two weeks, he was finally shot when found hidden in the fastnesses of the mountains, but not until he offered to commit another murder. The nameless crime calls for nothing else. The sob sisters, which seem to have their chief headquarters at Asheville, putting

out propaganda against capital punishment, are silent over this most brutal tragedy in every language known to men.

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Note the picture in this issue. After the formal presentation of the Roth Industrial Building in 1909, we sought a picture of the donors. Out of characteristic modesty of these fine people, they refused to sit for the camera, until members of the board and Dr. Dixon and Mrs. Thompson agreed to join in.

This picture will be entertaining to our lady readers because it carries one back to dress styles, neck decorations and headgear.

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Calvin has reached his fifty-fifth year; and celebrating same, he dispensed with fishing for a day and played Cowboy for a change.

SMILE.

Smile once in a while,
  'Twill make your heart seem lighter;
Smile, once in a while,
  'Twill make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror—as we smile
  Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while,
  Frowns forever meet us.

—Nixon Waterman.

HE ACHIEVED–G. T. ROTH.

We are writing about a friend, who has passed on. There are some people, who by a kink in their natures and mental make-up forget bridges that carry them over a dangerous stream. That is painful and reprehensible.

Last week the sudden news came that Gilbert T. Roth, of Elkin, had been gathered to his reward. It was a shock, as the passing of a friend and even a distinguished individual whom you do not know in person is always a shock. The Uplift had only the opportunity of announcing the death of Mr. Roth.

Back in 1909 this journal was born as a monthly publication, in a little cabin, terribly open to the weather. In the third issue, the forms nearing a close, Mr. Fisher remarked that he needed about "another stick for the editorial page." To the case he went and he set up as was being dictated something like this: "The greatest need this institution now needs is a building for the installation of certain industrial features. That building will cost about $3,500.00. There is a man in the state who has the money and the will to aid in supplying this need. We have not yet located that man." Being warned that this filled the space, we stopped.

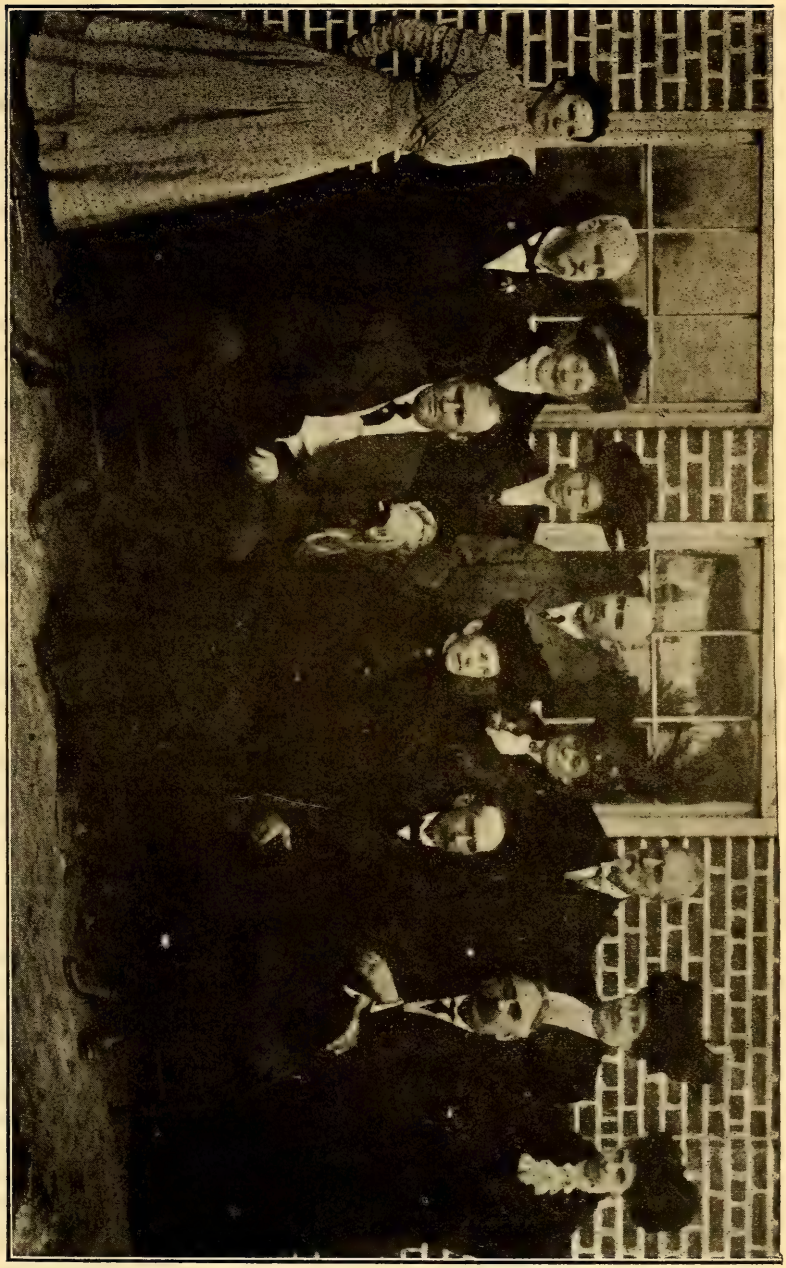
About one month later, while another monthly issue was being prepared for the little press, worse than an old Washington press, there drove up in one of Brown Brothers' livery teams. Of course, it was an agent wishing to sell something was the thought that ran through our heads. The little gentleman stepped to the cabin door, asking "where is the manager." He was sighted to Supt. Thompson, who was standing out in the campus. "Let me see," said the little gentleman, "your last issue of The Uplift." It was handed him. He turned to the editorial page and read aloud for us the little item about finding a man to give us $3,500.00 for the industrial building. "Well," we remarked, "what about it." He replied: "You say that you are trying to locate a man to do some building for your plant. Well (patting his chest) right here he is. I thought I would save you further trouble."

This is how we first met and first learned to know Mr. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, and whose passing we mourn.

Cut Of The Ordinary.

Mr. Roth sat down, after some deliberations over details, wrote seven drafts on his bank at Elkin for $500 each, asking that we start one on for collection, and followed by another as needed. And that is how the Jackson Training School came into possession in its distressed material days of a building in which are now installed our shoe fixery; our wood-working plant and our printing outfit, which though modest in size is modern in every way.

Falling for a latent curiosity we asked Mr. Roth some questions. Modestly—and he was by nature a modest and affable gentleman—he told us: "Last Sunday, on our way to church, we went by the post office, getting the mail. In it was The Up-



AFTER PRESENTATION OF ROTH INDUSTRIAL BUILDING—1909.
SEATED: Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, donors, in middle.

left; I opened at a point just where your distress call was printed. All through the sermon that item bobbed into my mind. Leaving the church I remarked to Mrs. Roth: 'This is an opportunity for us to give some evidence of love and appreciation for the manner in which the Lord has blessed us'."

And the building was later dedicated in the presence of the board; and quite a number of visitors. Mr. J. F. Hurley, representing the gracious donors, presented the building, and it was accepted by the chairman of the board. The late Dr. B. F. Dixon, then State Auditor, was present, and by invitation, made a speech that thrilled the audience and still lingers with us. This building bears a bronze tablet which reads:

THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED BY
G. T. ROTH and WIFE
IN LOVING MEMORY OF THEIR MOTHERS
MARY A. ROTH
LOUISA S. MOSSER
1909

This casual meeting under these circumstances gave us our first introduction of this delightful family. From this acquaintance grew into a ripe, mutual friendship. It is not in bad taste, at any rate we cannot refrain from referring to a little romance. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, back in youthful days, were school mates in Pennsylvania. And as I understand the situation they were childhood sweethearts. It was genuine—it is not always so. When Mr. Roth found himself established in business in his new North Carolina home, this childhood sweetheart business demanded a further consideration. It had abided its time of fruition. Mr. Roth went back to Pennsylvania and claimed his bride. We have seen enough, in the home, out in the public and learned enough of their great, splendid deeds, to know that childhood love is not always fickle. This is an example of childhood sweetheart, springing up in the school room, that is so genuine that it persisted in a beautiful and impressive manner down even to the grave.

Contribution Of Elkin Tribune.

The Elkin Tribune, published in Captain Roth's town, had the following relative to the passing of the friend, whose death we mourn:

Captain G. T. Roth, one of Elkin's pioneer and most influential citizens, passed away at four-thirty o'clock Tuesday morning at his home on Terrace Avenue. Death followed a period of ill health of more than a year's duration, which had confined him to his home almost constantly. Having suffered severe and repeated attacks of angina pectoris, his death was not unexpected to his family and friends.

Coming to Elkin from Philadelphia in the year 1878, at the early age of twenty-one, following his graduation from Lehigh University, he was one of the pioneer settlers in the town. Associating himself with the Chatham Manufacturing Company in the capacity of superintendent, he has been responsible in a large way for the growth of the plant from its small beginning to one of the greatest blanket mills in America, having continued as general superintendent throughout the years until declining health forced him to resign.

In every civic movement for the upbuilding of the town and community he has always been known to manifest the most profound interest. No citizen of the town was more prominently identified with its business life. He was a large stockholder in the Chatham Manufacturing Company, the Elkin National Bank, the Bank of Elkin, the Elkin and Alleghany Railway, Roaring Gap, Inc., and other business organizations. For years he had been vice-president and a member of the board of directors of the Elkin National Bank. His interest in church affairs and in the cause of education was as keen as that of the business world and for many years he had served as a member of the board of stewards of hte Methodist church and as a member of the high school board.

He had also served most efficiently on the board of town commissioners for many years. Captain Roth was the type of man who has helped in a substantial way to build Elkin from a wayside village to a thriving town as it stands today. He was a capable man, a busy man and made every hour of his life count for something.

Aside from his value to the community as a capitalist and a citizen of conservative business ability, he was a philanthropist who contributed liberally of his abundant means, for the welfare of the less fortunate. Captain Roth was a charter member of the Masonic Lodge, the Knights, of Pythias and also of the Elkin Kiwanis Club.

He was 73 years of age and is survived by his wife, Mrs. Rosa Mosser Roth; one daughter and two sons, Mrs. Albert Bryan, William and Thomas Roth; one little grandson, Master Thomas Bryan; also two sisters and one brother, Mrs. George Seaman, of Pennsylvania, Mrs. R. L. Hubbard, of Elkin and Mr. John S. Roth of Greensboro.

The funeral service will be conducted this afternoon at two-thirty o'clock from the Methodist church after which interment will be made in Hollwood cemetery.

A beloved citizen has gone, his memory has taken his place, and Elkin will remember him as if he had passed into a dreamless sleep.

The Mount Airy News.

The Mt. Airy News, published in Captain Roth's county, in concluding an editorial appreciation, has this to say:

He came to Elkin and took charge of the little woolen mill that worked possibly a half dozen hands. It was his job to run the mill and to turn out the goods. With almost no equipment to begin with he made it his life work to do his duty. As the trade increased he made the mill increase to meet the demands, and being a skilled machinist and a perfect genius at any kind of work, he made with his own hands much of the machinery that was at first used in his mill. As the years went by he saw the business develop and grow into one of the big corporations of the South. Many years ago he acquired an interest in the business and his interest made him a rich man.

As a citizen Captain Roth was one of the most lovable, most patriotic, most liberal and useful men the state has ever known. Only a few years ago he practically retired from ac-

tive business and took time to visit many of the countries of the Old World, going around the earth in his travels. He had not been able to take an active part in business for some months because of ill health and age. This section has not had a citizen who showed more real worth and ability to render a real service in upbuilding the country and developing the resources of the land. But few men are blessed with the ability to mingle and mix with their fellows and get results with less friction than Captain Roth. Elkin will mourn his passing as one of her first citizens and most useful men.

JUST A BOY—GUIDE HIM.

Show me the boy who never threw
  A stone at some one's cat,
Or never hurled a snowball swift
  At some one's high silk hat—
Who never ran away from school
  To seek the swimming hole,
Or slyly from a neighbor's yard
  Green apples never stole—

Show me the boy who never broke
  A pane of window glass,
Who never disobeyed the sign
  That says: "Keep off the grass,"
Who never did a thousand things,
  That grieve us sore to tell,
And I'll show you a little boy
  Who must be far from well.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

I am longing to be in that wonderful country, out where the pine, the spruce, the hemlock and the balsam trees are reaching their branches to God's skies of blue; away from the noisy town—out where the wind-flower swings; where the rhododendron smiles upon one benignly; where the mountain thrush sings his matin woodland roundelay; where tumbling brooks come down in liquid laughter, and follow the trails that lead into cool green valleys, where peace the woodland fills; the land that lies 'neath summer skies, in the heart of the happy hills; in the shadows cool, by foaming pool, where I may put on strength anew. I am longing to drink from the magic fountains where the wine of life distills in exhilarating scenery, in invigorating atmosphere and exceptional restfulness. The road to this wonderful country leads out from the gate of care—out into the beautiful of nature and close to nature's God. Never a care shall find me there, in beautiful valleys of restfulness, and the joyous hills that clap their hands in glee. Right now that's where I'm longing to be. And I'm going to be there pretty soon. I have in my make-up a tinge of the Mahommet philosophy, that when the mountains would not come to him he went to the mountains. I'm off for a vacation. The glorious mountains are too big for me to embrace; but they will embrace me for several weeks. In the language of the good old hymn:

"God be with you, 'Till we meet again."

There are so many foolish folks in the world it is worth while taking an inventory of yourself.

A woman with a natural peach and cream complexion never gets credit for it these days. Everyone is inclined to say: "Drug store!"

I am told that one of the tightwads of Durham fainted the other day. A Salvation Army lassie asked him for a contribution, and he wanted to know if she had change for a twenty-dollar bill. By gosh, she had it.

Jimson Johnson was a smoker rank,
He smoked one at the auto tank;
When he puffed the end was lighted—
And Jimson has not yet been sighted.

A fond mother wanted to know of her son if he thought it was socially correct for him to get bad grades at school. The young hopeful replied: "Yes, a fellow must get behind in his studies so that he can pursue them."

When a girl begins to urge a man to save his money, the time is approaching when he will need it.

A young man wants to know: "Is it true that an unmbrella would not be a proper present for a young woman with whom I am

going?'' I should say it is not true. It is a proper present for a young girl, or a wife. You can shut up an umbrella some times.

It is a notorious fact that men who wear wrinkled Palm Beach suits look just like other men who wear wrinkled Palm Beach suits; but single men have no one to call their attention to the fact. Married men are told about it—sometimes quite often.

There was introduced in the last congress a bill, the purpose of which is to provide a fund of $50,000 to be used for research work in connection with producing paper from corn stalks and cobs, oat hulls, cottonseed hulls, stalks of cotton and straw. What has been done about it I cannot say. At present it is estimated 5,000,000 cords of wood are being used annually for paper making, and by 1950 the industry will require from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 cords. It is obvious with our supply of wood being rapidly reduced, some means must be taken to find a substitute for making paper. It occurs to me that the rag weed would make a good paper; it doesn't seem to be good for anything else.

A fussy old lady, at the city auditorium, the other evening asked Mallory Hackney, the manager, if he could give her ''two seats in the coolest part of the house.'' And Mallory said: ''Sure, here are two seats on Z row.''

It is told that when one citizen asked another if he ''believed a rabbit's foot ever brought good luck to anyone,'' replied: ''You bet it does. My wife felt one in my pocket and thought it was a mouse.'' I used to carry a very lucky rabbit's foot, but it very mysteriously disappeared. I have my suspicions of what went with it.

The pleasant-faced Sunday School teacher was quizzing his pupils as to what they knew. He asked: ''What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?'' Little Andrew waved his hand frantically: ''Please sir, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiiles; the 'dead' are the ones that don't.''

There are a lot of folks that need a good tickling. They are really good scouts when they get outside of themselves. There are some people who are at times the very soul of good cheer; then again their presence puts a whole company in the ice box. The grouch dosen't make very rapid progress. If people will wear a smile when their hand itches to get hold of a hammer, knocking would become praise. Say something; do something to make a grouch forget. Its fine fun warming an icicle. It changes the icicle. No matter what happens, keep sweet and smile, and you will see how wonderfully the temperature changes. Smiles are the most contagious things imaginable, and they cost so little. Everybody likes 'em. Friends are made and friends are paid with smiles. Smiles keep your hand on the safety valves. Then your face does not get so tired; and you will

be better looking. I think I see you practicing a smile right now.

Some husbands are the limit. Said a wife: "I think you might talk to me while I sew." And he replied: "Why don't you sew to me while I read?" I judge by this that they are getting on "so-so" in that family.

A young fellow rambled into my sanctum singing:

"My love she wears a capri gown,
All trimmed in beige and candy pink,
Her stockings are of mermaid green,
A fetching color; don't you think?

"Her swagger shoes are crimson,
Her modish coat is break-of-day;
Her hat, you know, is terrapin,
Her gloves? They're raspberry glace."

To find out what he was singing about I turned to a department store advertisement, and this is what I found: "Our crepe de chines are shown in the following popular shades, Sunni, coral sands, mermaid green, monkey-skin, capri beige, raspberry glace, moonbeam, crystal, gooseberry, cinnamon, break-of-day, ocean navy, Venetian fushia, Castillon red, wood violet, corn flower, ivory, palmetto coral, champagne, conch shell, absinthe, sweet pea, candy pink, maroon, terrapin and Chinese blue." I wondered. What a time the gentler, but stronger coming sex, must have in making a selection from this rainbow of colors. But they do; and do it becomingly and handsomely.

The world is full of nickel men. He wore a rose on his coat, but when the plate was passed gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and sundry silver change, but hunted around and found this poor nickel and placed it in the plate to aid the church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh and the devil. His silk hat was on the seat; his gloves and cane beside, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel. He smoked a 10 cent cigar, but gave the Lord only a nickel. Who is this Lord worthy of a whole nickel? This man worshipped Him as the creator of the universe; the one who put the stars in order; the one by whose immutable decree the heavens stand—and he dropped a nickel on the plate to support his church—the church militant—which represents on earth the church triumphant. The Lord being gracious and slow to anger, and remembering his "frame" did not slay this man for his meanness. But the nickel was ashamed, if the man was not—for it slunk beneath the quarter which was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

STARTLING FACTS CONCERNING CRIME AMONG YOUTH.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

An appalling black storm-cloud of crime is sweeping across our fair land, leaving in its wake a moral devastation vastly more terrible than any tornado or flood, snatching out of our homes, under the pretense of a good time, some of the most promising boys and girls, and dashing them down the broad way to destruction.

A judge of the Supreme Court of New York says that most of the criminals in the city are boys and young men. Over 80 per cent of them are less than 25 years of age. It is probable that this is the approximate ratio for the entire country.

The Protective Committee of the American Bankers' Association reports that the cost of crime to the United States now is at the highest point in history, amounting to as much as the annual budget of the nation, which is over $3,700,000,000. Hold-ups, according to the report, have nearly doubled. The committee estimates that in the United States, with a population of only 15 per cent of the world total, there is again as much crime as in all the other countries combined.

Laxity of city and county law-enforcement officials and poor parental control are responsible for the fact that 200,000 men and women in Chicago, less than 25 years old, were either truants, delinquents, or criminals during this year (1926), declared Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, at a luncheon of the Women's City Club. There are now 1,339 boys and young men in the Illinios State Reformatory. There are more boys convicted of crimes in the institution than at any time in its history. A later report states that the reformatory is so crowded with prisoners that the superintendent of the institution has written a letter to sheriffs throughout the state advising them that in the future he cannot receive any more inmates until more accommodations are provided. "Steel cages have been purchased to take care of the overflow," says the letter.

The Bible Institute Colportage Association of Chicago, founded by Dr. D. L. Moody in 1894, firmly believes that the glorious Gospel of Christ is the only power that can transform these young lives permanently stop the downward rush of this vast army of criminals. As yet, the majority of these wayward youths are not hardened in crime, but are impressionable. Confined in cramped prison cells, away from home and loved ones and all that life holds dear, most young folks begin to think soberly. At this opportune time the Association endeavers to place in the hands of these boys and girls, young men and women, attractive books from its Colportage Library, or suitable portions of Gods living Word, together with some of the familiar Gospel songs. The destiny of tens of thousands just starting on the downward way hinges on their being reached with the Gospel message at such a time and place.

For thirty-two years a steady stream of Gospel literature and Bible portions has been pouring into the jails, reformatories and penitentiaries of the United States and Canada, made possible by the gifts of Christian people to the Prison Book Fund of the Colportage Association. As a result, the Good News of God's saving grace has reached hundreds of thousands behind prison bars. During the past fiscal year $12,044.46 was received for the prison work, and the Association was thereby enabled to distribute 36,012 Colportage books, 36,193 Evangle booklets, 50, 896 Bible portions, and 6,162 Gospel tracts among the inmates of 1,034 penal institutions. Just recently the Association arranged for the distribution of 1, 700 copies of its publication among the 2,882 prisoners in the state penitentiary at Joliet, Illinois. Hundreds of calls are coming for this Christian literature. Hundreds of prisons are still needing supplies. What will our readers do to make possible the larger distribution of the Gospel in print and deliver those who are in double bondage and distress.

That God is using these printed messages of His redeeming love is evidence by the many testimonies received from time to time from chaplains and Christian workers, and even from the prisoners themselves. Many have thanked God that they were put in jail where they could read the good news of salvation and later start life anew as servants of Jesus Christ. One man in a South Carolina prison writes:

"I want to write these few lines to tell you it was for your prayers and those beautiful books by D. L. Moody that you brought to us poor broken-hearted men that has helped me to find peace for my soul, for I have always been a 'rounder' all my life, and have never been thrown in a place like there where I could ever stop long enough to think of my lost condition. I can say now that I am a changed man, and shall always try to live right and walk straight the rest of my life. I do thank God for ever letting me stop here so as this great change could take place in my life."

Another prisoner writes from California as follows:

"I am reading 'Select Sermons,' by D. L. Moody. The reason I got this one is that I have read several of Moody's books, and I like them so well. I always feel closer to God after I read some of those sermons. I was converted the 11th of April, 1920, since I came here. Since then I have been striving to do something for my blessed Master who did so much for me; as Moody says in one of his sermons, 'An out-and-out Christian.' While in this place it is quite difficult, But God has promised to make it no more than we can bear."

A christian worker in Arkansas says:

"Your last list of books distributed at the county jail has had a very satisfactory result. One man 50 years old shows great appreciation, saying they helped him so much; besides they have had a great general effect. As soon as I enter, the prisoners begin to ask for certain books. The girls like 'Down by the Old Mill,' and 'Lois Dudley Finds Peace.' 'Jack Winstead's Chioce' is read eagerly. 'Rosa's Quest' is fine."

A chaplain in New York expres-

ses his appreciation of the publication sent him in this language:

"Wish I could tell you how glad the boys are to receive the Moody books, how they are read by various ones until absolutely nothing of them remains. Then, too, the influence is so great. Boys are inspired with better thoughts, get new ideas of life, and many strive to become such characters as the books portray. Frequently after the boys have been paroled and gone home they will write and ask if I will send them books such as I used to give them while at school, and happy am I to report that every request is granted, for I can readily understand what the books mean to them. At the present time I could use about 200 books and Pocket Treasure."

Still another worke writes from Mississippi:

"The number of prisoners in our jail is increasing. Many are anxious for the little Gospels and are helped by reading the books. A man was enabled to see the simple plan of salvation by reading 'Gods Reaching Down,' by Spurgeon. A girl was helped by reading 'Lois Dudley Finds Peace;' 'Cavalry'sCross' as well as other books, has been eagerly read with good results. The young boys love to read 'Christies Old Organ,' and other children's books."

Among the titles of the colportage books and Evangel booklets which are generally used for this work are: "The Way of Life," Calvary's Cross," "The Story of the Prodigal," "Nobody Loves Me," "Sowing and Reaping," "Rosa's Quest," "God is Love," "God Reaching Down," "Ruined, Redeemed and Regenerated," "The Penitent Thief," "Four Old Pals," and "The Double Cure." Every one who realizes to any extent the great need of these men and women back of prison bars can have a vital part in their deliverance and restoration to Christian citizenship by their gifts, their prayers and their distribution of this helpful literature. Fuller information may be secured by writing the Bible Institute Colrportage Association, 843-845 N. West St., Chicago.

(Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, furnished the article.)

There has grown up in the South in recent years a school of self-styled "intellectuals" who have made it the fashion among themselves to ridicule the South of the past and to belittle the South of the present. As cynical as Mencken but lacking his cleverness, they operate on the theory. That they can achieve reputation by ridiculing their ancestors and libeling their homelands.—Jas. Hay, Jr.

OLD LIE ABOUT CAPTURE OF DAVIS LIVES.

By David Rankin Barbee

A daily newspaper published in Western North Carolina, in its issue of June 18 publishes on its front page the cut of Henry W. Miller of Greensburg, Ind., and underneath it these lines: "He is the last survivor of the band of 50 scouts who captured Jefferson Davis near Ocilla, Ga., after the fall of the Confederacy. **Davis was attired as a woman when the capture was made.**

This hoary lie, now more than 60 years of age, persists in the "histories" and in other so-called historical matter prepared at the North by Northern men; and it is proof simple as Holy Writ that a lie can never be overtaken. This cut and the caption under it were prepared in the offices of the Newspaper Enterprise Association at Cleveland, O., and as this is part of the Scripps-Howard Association, which owns many newspapers in the South and supplies many more with its wire services and features, it is astounding that it should be so ignorantly edited; and more astounding that our Southern newspapers are so ignorant ly edited that they would let such an infamous charge against such a pure man as Jefferson Davis get in their columns and on the front page at that. Are the Southern people to be insulted over and over again by such malicious lies and no protest made?

It will be recalled by those who read the interesting correspondence between the late Senator Beveridge of Indiana and the Managing Editor of The Citizen, that Beveridge for the first time in his life learned the truth about the capture of Mr. Davis from a book, Horton's History of the Civil War, which I loaned him. He expressed amazement that Horton should, in 1867, (the year his book was published) have denounced this accusation against Mr. Davis as a lie. In the postscript to his letter of April 7, he wrote me:

> 'I am more interested than in anything else that I have discovered, by the statements (p. 382) in Horton's History, that the story of Mr. Davis's attempted escape in woman's clothes is a falsehood. Here in the North, all of us have been told that story from infancy, and all of us have believed it. Certainly I did until now.
>
> "**But it has given me a great deal of trouble because it did not fit the character of Mr. Davis as revealed in everything he ever said and did throughout his whole life. So the fact that it was a falsehood is of first importance.**
>
> "But, unfortunately, Horton does not give the source for his statement, but contends himself with saying merely that it was a lie. You realize that is not enough. So can you give me any original source material

on this most important matter? I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can furnish that data."

Of First Importance.

In his last letter to me Senator Beveridge returned to this lie about Mr. Davis. He wrote me, April 13: "I repeat that the refutation of what Horton says is the 'falsehood' about Davis's having escaped in woman's clothes, is of first importance. Since that story has become so imbedded in the Northern mind and in 'history,' you will see that the denial must be first hand and absolutely overwhelming testimony."

Beveridge says, in the postscript quoted above, last paragraph: "Unfortunately, Horton does not give the source for his statement." Which shows what a careless reader so accurate and painstaking a writer as Beveridge was; for Horton plainly states on the very page Beveridge cites, that "the report of the Federal officer making the capture," is the authority on which he bases his denunciation of the lie being circulated by the "Abolitionists" of the North. It seemed strange to me that Beveridge had not consulted the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies" to find out what the officer making the arrest had reported to his government at Washington.

At his request I consulted all the available authorities here and wrote to State Archivists at Raleigh, Montgomery, Jackson, Miss., and Nashville for further information. I gathered a wealth of original "source material," which I copied and sent to Beveridge. Among these was the report of Col. B. D. Pritchard, the Union officer, who with a regiment of Michigan soldiers and not "fifty scouts," effected the captured in a most brutal manner; the personal account of Mr. Davis, which will be found in the biography written by his wife; the account written by Gen. John H. Reagan of Texas, Postmaster General of the Confederacy; that written by Col. William Preston Johnston, son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and after the war President of Tulane University; that written by Burton N. Harrison, Mr. Davis's private secretary; and that written by James H. Jones, colored, of Raleigh, Mr. Davis's valet; all of whom were present at the capture. These several accounts do not vary one iota. From all of these accounts it doth appear that Mr. Davis bore himself like the brave, chivalrous, honorable gentleman he always was.

Reward of $100,000

A reward of $100,000 for the capture of Jefferson Davis, dead or alive, had been offered by the Washington administration, charging him with inciting the murder of Lincoln, and two commands of Federal cavalry were hot on his scent. Mr. Davis had left Charlotte, after a conference with Gov. Zeb Vance, and was making his way to Mexico where he expected to carry on until he could extort better terms of surrender from Washington than at the moment seemed possible. He was accompanied by a few faithful friends and not by a cavalry troop of 5,000 men as was untruthfully stated by the Northern press. These men were with him to the end, and they all bore testimony to his courage and honor and chival-

ry in the most trying moment of his life.

. Learning that his wife and children and their servants, whom he had sent forward from Richmond under small guard, were in danger from marauding bonds of Union and Confederate soldiers, Mr. Davis deviated from his well defined plan of goin to Mexico and set out after them Finding them he travelled a day or two with them. On the night of the capture, camp was made and all were asleep with only a sentry or two on duty to guard them. Early in the morning, an hour or two before daybreak, the rain falling steadily, the camp was aroused by gunfire in their immediate vicinity. Mr. Davis had to be wakened, he slept so soundly. He was in his own clothes, and being hurriedly aroused, he snatched up a rain coat which he thought was his own. This he threw around his shoulders. It proved to be Mrs. Davis's, which he had mistaken in the darkness for his own.

The firing was caused by a pitched battle between the two commands of Union soldiers, who each thought the other was the escort of Mr. Davis. This incident was the occasion of a courtmartial and much bitterness in the Northern Army, two men being killed and an officer wounded. These facts are taken from the official report of Col. Pritchard and the courtmartial.

Here is the inventory of men women, children, etc., captured by the Union regiment of calvary under Col. Pritchard: "Jeff. Davis and family (a wife and four children); John H. Reagan, his postmaster general; Colonels Harrison (Johnston) and Lubbook, aides-de-camp to Davis; Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary; Major Maurin, Captain Moody, Lieutenant Hathaway, Jeff. D. Howell, midshipman in the rebel navy and 12 private soldiers; Miss Maggie Howell, sister of Mrs. Davis; 2 waiting maids, 1 white and 1 colored; and several servants. We also captured 5 wagons, 3 ambulances, about 15 horses, and from 25 to 30 mules." pp. 536-7.

Quoting further from Col. Pritchard's report, (p. 537): "Upon returning to camp, (the Davis camp) I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command; and upon my answering him that I was and asking whom I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whom I pleased; when I replied to him that I would call him Davis, and after a moment's hesitation he said that was his name; when he suddenly drew himself up in true royal dignity and exclaimed: 'I suppose that you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children, but it is theft—it is vandalism."

Finding The Disguise

There is not one word in this report about Mr. Davis trying to escape in woman's clothes. That lie was an aftermath. The capture was made at Irwinville, Ga., on May 10, 1865. Thirteen days later, after Mr. Davis had been incarcerated in Fortress Monroe and subjected to all the foul indignities placed upon basest felons, irons being forged on his ankles, the War Department ordered Col. Pritchard to search Mrs. Davis's personal effects for the alleged dis-

guise. That lie which branded Mr. Davis as a cowardly poltroon had been set in motion and had to be substantiated with the "proof." On page 537 of the Official Records from which Col. Pritchard's report has been extracted, will be found this further report from Col. Pritchard:

"On the afternoon on the 23rd (May, 1865) I received orders from the War Department, through Gen. Miles, directing me to procure the disguise worn by Davis at the time of his capture, and proceed to Washington and report to the Secretary of War. Accordingly I went to the steamer Clyde and received from Mr. Davis a lady's waterproof cloak or robe, and which Mrs. Davis said was worn by Davis as a disguise at the time of his capture and which was identified by the men who saw it on him at the time. On the morning following the balance of the disguise was procured, which consisted of a shawl, which was identified and admitted to be the one by Mrs. Davis. These articles I brought to Washington and turned them over to the Secretary of War."

Mrs. Davis indignantly denied the statement attributed to her by Colonel Pritchard that Mr. Davis was using the raglan and shawl "as a disguise."

Mr. Davis's Account

Mr. Davis wrote a very graphic account of his capture, and it will not be out of place to quote it in full, as found on p. 635-640 of the Life of Jefferson Davis by his wife:

"When I left Washington, Ga., my object was to go to the South far enough to pass points occupied by Federal troops, and then turn to the West, cross the Chattahoochie, and meet the forces still supposed to be in the field in Alabama. If there should be no prospect of a successful resistance east of the Mississippi, I intended to cross to the trans-Mississippi Department, where I believed Generals E. K. Smith and Magruder would continue to uphold our cause.

"After leaving Washington I overtook a commissary and quartermaster's train, having public papers of value in charge, and finding that they had no experienced woodmen with it, I gave them four of the men of my party, and went with the rest. On the second or third day after leaving Washington I heard that a band of marauders, supposed to be stragglers and deserters, from both armies, were in pursuit of my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but who, I heard in Washington, had gone with my private secretary and seven paroled men, who generously offered their services as an escort, to the Florida coast. I immediately changed direction and rode rapidly east across the country to overtake them.

"About nightfall the horses of my escort gave out, but I pressed on with Secretary Reagan and my personal staff. It was a bright moonlight night; and just before day, as the moon was sinking below the tree tops, I met a party of men in the road, who answered my questions by saying they belonged to an Alabama regiment; that they were coming from a village not far off, on their way homeward. Upon inquiry being made

they told me they had passed an encampment of wagons, with women and children, and asked me if we belonged to that party. Upon being answered in the affirmative, they took their leave.

Reaches His Family

"After a short time, I was hailed by a voice which I recognized as that of my private secretary, Burton N. Harrson, who informed me that the marauders had been hanging around the camp, and that he and others were on post around it, and were expecting an assault as soon as the moon went down. A silly story had got abroad that it was a treasure train, and the auri sacra fames had probably instigated these marauders, as it subsequently stimulated General J. H. Wilson to send out a large cavalry force to capture the same train. I travelled with my family two or three days, when, believing that they were out of the region of marauders, I determined to leave their encampment at nightfall to execute my original purpose. My horse and those of my paarty were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into the neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a maraudering party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down fully dressed to rest. Nothing occurred to arouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free colored man who clung to our fortunes, came and told me there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horseman, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity.

Cut Off From Escape

"My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the calvary approached; it was therefore impracticable for me to reach them. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my 'raglan', a waterproof, light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and, dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders, advanced toward him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle, and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended upon instantaneous action, and recognizing that the op-

portunity had been lost, I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed to a fire beyond the tent.

"Our pursuers had taken different roads, and approached our camp from opposite directions; they encountered each other and commenced firing, both supposing that they met our armed escort, and some casualities resulted from their conflict with an imaginary body of Confederate troops. During the confusion, while attention was concentrated upon myself, except by those who were engaged in pillage, one of my aides, Colonel J. Taylor Wood, with Lieutenant Barnwell, walked off unobserved. His daring on the sea made him an object of special hospitality to the Federal government and he properly availed himself to the possible means of escape. Colonel Pritchard went over to their battlefield, and I did not see him for a long time, surely more than an hour after my capture. He subsequently claimed credit, in a conversation with me, for the forbearance shown by his men in not shooting me when I refused to surrended.

"Many falsehoods have been uttered in regard to my capture which have been exposed in publication by persons present—by secretary Reagan, by the members of my personal staff, and by the colored coachman, Jim Jones, which must have been convincing to all who desired to know the truth. We were, when prisoners subjected to petty pillage, as described in the publications referred to, and in others; and to annoyances such as military gentleman (Mr. Davis underscores this word) never commit or permit."

Mrs. Davis continues the narrative from this point and tells of her personal baggege being robbed by a federal soldier, who shot his hand off while engaged in that work; and out of that trunk was dragged a brand new hoopskirt never worn, "but which they purported to have removed from Mr. Davis's person." This was the basis for the ancient lie that Jefferson Davis was captured in his wife's clothes.

The sheet-anchor of the Ship of State is the common school. Teach, first and last, Americanism. Let no youth leave the school without being thoroughly grounded in the history, the principles, and the incalculable blessings of American liberty. Let the boys be the trained soldiers of constitutional freedom, the girls the intelligent lovers of freemen.—Chauncey M. Depew.

THE UNCONQUERABLE.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Andre Maurios is the author of a book that has taken France by storm. It is read in every drawing room and praised by every newspaper in Paris. It has gone through thirty-one editions. It is as charming as "Ariel," by the same author, and gives a better picture even of its hero.

That hero is a Jew—Disraeli.

Dr. Lawrence F. Abbott, in a brief sketch of Maurois' "The Life of Disraeli," in **The Independent**, points out that the English gave the Jewish Beaconfield "the highest political office and granted him the greatest administrative power with which any British civilian can be endowed."

The gripping drama of this great Jew's career is revealed by Dr. Abbott's quoting Frederick Greenwood, "At but one remove by birth from Southern Europe and the East, he was an Englishman in nothing but his devotion to England and his solicitude for her honor and prosperity," and by Abbott's own statement, as follows:

"As a British statesman Disraeli will be long remembered in political history for at least four outstanding achievements—his success as a parliamentary leader after the most mortifying and contemptuous defeats; his verbal deuls with Gladstone, whose equanimity he exasperated to the breaking point; his acquisition of the Suez Canal; and his solidification—if it may not be called his creation—of the British Empire as we now know it."

That was tremendous drama, not only because of the immensity of the man's achievement, but also because he jeered the people he exalted and they ridiculed and affected to despise him before they surrendered themselves and their destiny to his guidance.

What, inquires Maurois in his book enabled the man to turn defeat into victory and to raise himself to the topmost place the world of his dav had to offer? Then he answers his question: "Perhaps it was because he exemplified the Spirit of Spring, always be overwhelmed and yet always bursting into life again, because he was a symbol of what can be done in a hostile and chilly world by a heart in which the indomitable spirit of youth is never quenched."

He exemplified the spirit of Spring because he exemplified the spirit of the Jewish race, the unconquerable. From the dawn of history to the present day, whether it entered the Promised Land as the Chosen People, or languished in prison, or suffered under tyranny, or was decimated by massacre, or grew rich under conditions that would have starved others, its genius has been a steady flame and its spirit unbeatable.

The thing that made Disraeli one of the wisest and most powerful statesman in English history has made other Jews devoted and invaluable servants of the United States of America—the Spirit of Spring, the spirit of the self-renewer, the conqueror.

The partiotism that urged Disraeli, "an Englishman in nothing but his

devotion to England," to serve Britan so brilliantly, was the motive that inspired many a Jew to aid America in establishing her independence, to rally to the South in the Civil War and to fight and die in battle for the Colonists and the Confederacy.

It was, for instance, Francis Salvador, the South Carolina Jew, who served in the first and second provincial congresses, and with Colonel Picknev formed a special committee to verify the engrossed copy of the new Constitution laid before the congress of March 26, 1776, and a year or two later was killed when leading his troops against Indian allies of the British.

It was the Philadelphia Jew, Haym Slaomon, who, according to James Madison, handed out the money "to answer the current expenses of the members of Congress" when "their pecuniary resources, both public and private, were cut off."

It was the Louisiana Jew, Judah P. Benjamin, who, after having been a United States Senator, sided with the Confederacy, was successively its attorney-general, secretary of war and secretary of state, and because of his ability and sagacity, one of Jefferson Davis's most intimate friends and trusted advisers.

These men and a long and noble list of others of their race in America have fought valiantly in battle, wrought wisely in statesmanship, achieved brilliantly in the arts and excelled in commerce and industry. They have done these things because, like Disraeli in England, they were symbols of what can be done against terrific odds.

In many instances, particularly in the South, and again as in the case of Disraeli in England, the people whom they served and recued and lifted up, ridiculed and affected to look down upon them.

As a rule when the Gentile pretends to look down upon the Jew, it is not because the Gentile really believes himself the superior of the two, but because he subconsciously fears the Jew who, through so many centuries, has been coming into new countries and, by his genius for business, making himself rich and powerful in his adopted home.

It is an ancient trick, this thing of a man's trying to cover up his fear and discomfiture by laughing at the one who excels him. The psychologists are familiar with it. They refer a laughter as the cloak that covers a multitude of laughter's inferorities.

"Since I bought a car, I don't have to walk to the bank to make my deposits."

"Oh, you ride there?"

"No, I don't make any."

SEEING AND LEARNING.

(Shelby Star.)

The Star's wonder as to why North Carolina newspapers do not offer sight-seeing trips in their own state for circulation leaders instead of tours to other states brings a note of objection from The News & Obesrver, which says:

The Cleveland Star wonders why The News & Observer and other newspapers offer trips to Western states, to New England and to Canada when there is just as attractive scenery to be found in the Old North State. It suggests as a good solgan, "See North Carolina first." The Star is right as to the scenery in North Carolina, but that doesn't mean North Carolinians ought not to see other states as well.

There's a good deal more to visiting Western states than scenery. There are Western folks and Western ways, and the exchange of ideas contributes as much to the educational features of trips away from home as the natural wonders. Then, too, there is the thrill that comes from traveling long distances.

North Carolina has the wonderful combination of ocean and mountains, of beach and hills, of city and country, and one does not have to leave the State in order to find most any kind of scenery he wishes, but that doesn't mean that people ought not to visit other states, if they desire. It is well to keep in mind that the horizon extends beyond the borders of the state.

By mentioning that many North Carolinians should see their home state first The Star does not necessarily mean that they should not see other states, there to learn other customs and ways. Tours of that nature are broadening and very beneficial to all who make them. The Star doesn't intend to discourage travel in other states and abroad, but there is considerable to see at home that many North Carolinians have never seen. See that first or see part of it in between tours to other states.

Our idea is illustrated in an incident in the tour of a recent North Carolina party of prominence to the mountain section of a distant state. While discussing mountain arts with members of another party one of the North Carolinians was baffled when a member of the other party—from West Virginia to be exact—remarked: "But this doesn't compare with the pottery workers at Jugtown in North Carolina. Have you been there?"

The North Carolinian had to admit that he had never visited Jugtown, less than 75 miles from his front door. Nevertheless he tried to be sophisticated and well-travelled" in his general conversation with the people from West Virginia. He had been to Atlantic City, in the Catskills, on the Hudson, around Washington's historic spots, up to the tip of Woolworth's pile of stone, to the Magnolia Gardens, and elsewhere. At home he hadn't been anywhere.

On similar occasions North Carolinians are embarrassed by being asked about the glow of the sun on the clouds hanging about Blowing Rock, the slowly receding bathing beach of

the North Carolina coasts, the mountain scenery in the Chimney Rock section, the rhododendron of the beautiful Carolina wilderness, the awe inspiring view from the peak of Eastern America's loftiest mount—all at home in North Carolina.

That's our objection to the Western tours, if you get us. Nothing wrong with the Western, or other scenic tours, but likewise there are a few things at home worthy of being visited and admired.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Lovitt and Mr. Hatch, from Randolph County, paid the School a short visit Tuesday morning.

Last Saturday the boys were given Sunday shoes. They are to be worn with the uniforms. A pair of socks were also given each boy.

Last Saturday Superintendent Boger and his wife motored to Lake Lure. From Lake Lure they went to Little Switzerland where they attended the celebration and unveiling of the monument to the soldiers of the wars. We hope they are having a pleasant trip.

The regular game was played last Saturday afternoon. The visiting team was The Charlotte Observer. The School held them out until the third inning, when they scored one run. The game continued so until the fifth, when they made another. Everybody played good. The score was two and nothing, in favor of the visiting team.

Lately we have been enjoying fresh vegetables of all kinds. The boys have been receiving plenty of fresh tomatoes, corn, squash and cucumbers. The boys of two school rooms have been picking beans. Last Tuesday they picked about 3,000 pounds, some of which will be given the boys fresh and the rest will be canned for winter use.

Last Tuesday afternoon a truck (or traveling zoo, as some of the boys called it) paid the School a visit. It was representing Mack's Place, a garage at Monroe. It contained various curious animals. It had monkeys, raccoons, Australian Armadilos, one owl, coyotes and various other animals. All the boys had a chance to look them over and examine them. We all enjoyed it very much and wish to thank the management for such an opportunity.

We have with us a little, bright youngster of about 11 years of age, from Parsonsville, N. C. When he was small he had his left hand blown off at the wrist with a dynamite cap. But just the same he can get around. Only last Tuesday morning, while picking beans, he picked 42 cans full, or more than any other boy there. but boy! just wait until you see him pick cotton. He is just as good at that as beans. He is Tam Parson,

a member of the eleventh cottage.

Last Monday (July 4th) was celebrated by the boys with a holiday. In the morning we saw a picture, loaned by the management of the Concord Theater. It was fine and enjoyed by all the boys, as well as the officers.

For dinner the boys were served fried chicken, chocolate cake, and pineapple. After dinner we were served ice-cold lemonade on the campus.

We then went to the ball ground and witnessed a baseball game between the School and the Charlotte Observer Staff. Both sides did some fine playing. There were but a few errors on either side. In the second inning they scored two runs. Pleasant made the one only score for the School in the third inning. In the eighth they scored another run, making the score 3-1, in their favor.

Last Sunday we entered into a new quarter in Sunday School. The first lesson was: "Saul Chosen King." Samuel had been head chief among the people but they wanted someone they could call king. Saul, the son of Kish was chosen. Whn he heard this he hid himself in the stuff (the baggage). The Lord told them where he had hidden and they brought him forth. Saul was different from anyone else, he being higher than the rest from the shoulders up. The people shouted: "God save the king." They then went to Gilgal, praised God and made scarifices. The golden text for this lesson was: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—Micah 6:8.

HONOR ROLL

Room No One

"A"

Roy Adams, T. L. Jackson, Jr., George Stanly, Herbert Williams, David Williams, and Clarence Maynard

"B"

Russell Capps, David Fountain, Robert Gupton, Charles Loggins, Horace McCall, Paul Parton and Ernest Rohr.

Room No Two

"A"

Colen Sells, and Elmore Robertson.

"B"

John Creech, Woodrow Kivett, and Bert Murray.

Highest average for the month was made by Colen Sells.

Room No. Three

"A"

Russell Bradshaw, Dwight Ewing, Gibson Lanier, Kernie Smith, Hubert Crayton, Geo. Hayes, Joe Johnson, James Long, Elmer Mooney, Vaughn Rice, and Frank Watson.

"B"

Stanley Tripp, Foy Allen, Lester Campbell, Claude Cooke, Burton Emory, John Hill, Robt. McNiely, Walter Smith, James Stinson, Roane Turner and Ben Winders.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Emmitt Levy, Charles McMillan,

Ernest Walters, Walter Quick, Henry Oldham, Claude Whitacker, Wylie Moore, Johnnie Daughtry, Munford iels, William Doby, Wallace Harding, Glasgow, Arthur Daniels, William, Carl Shoaf, Edmond Hodge, Thomas Vance, Cordell Smith, Willard Squires Hubert Hines, Dorsey Wilson, Lee Smith, Earl Griffin, Edd Quilliam, Lonnie Wright, June Marsh, Robert Munday, Norman Bradford, Leborn Vause, Earl Mayfield, Tom Parsons, Marion Barns, Stanton Hale, Hubert Grimes, George Smith, Obe Sims, Wheeler Vandyke, Aaron Davis, Woodrow Hines, Roland Tolson, Ben Chatten, Ernest Pleasant, Thomas Hicks, May Ruth, Allen Wrenn, Clyde Kivitt, Marion Cook, Glen Page, Herschel Crews, Leonard Powers, Victor Eavens and Milton Manning.

"B"

Rudolph Snipes, Clarence Whitten, Herbert Munn, Dealdon Campbell, Bill Elliott, Edward Purifoy, Loy Odell, W. W. Whitfield, Ozell Willis, Ernest Farr, Carl Griffin, Gerald nixon, Sam Perry, Arthur Fowler, Charles Beaver, Ted Stewart, Allen Johnson, Percy Long, Perry Quinn Johnie Plice, and John Nixon.

INFLUENCE OF THINK.

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;
Think doubt, and hope will flee.
Think love and love will grow;
Think hate and hate you'll know.
Think good, and good is here;
Think vice—it's jaws appear!
Think joy and joy ne'er ends;
Think gloom, and dusk descends.
Think faith, and faith's at hand;
Think ill—it stalks the land.
Think peace sublime and sweet;
And you that peace will meet.
Think fear, with brooding mind;
And failures close behind.
Think this: "I'm going to win!"
Think of not what has been.
Think "victory," think "I can!"
Then you're a winning man!

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, JULY 16, 1927. No. 26

Carolina Collection
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AN EXPLANATION.

Luck, which we hear so many people talk of, means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day, if you are making two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's.

Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep; trains you have never failed to catch.

Luck means trusting in God and in your own resources.—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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CAN'T FURNISH BRAINS.

Education and ability to do things are not interchangeable terms. You cannot educate brains into a man's head but you can enable him to make the most of the brains he has. A man who cannot think is not an educated man no matter how many college degrees he may have acquired. One who can think things out can usually do them. Education along the right lines stimulates the mind and brings out its best qualities. But as crops cannot spring from barren soil so thoughts that are worth while will not come from a dull brain. Education is not to blame if it cannot do for a man what he cannot do for himself. It has its limitations.—Henry Ford.

AN OBJECT OF CHARM IN THE RELIGIOUS REALM.

The whole community joins with the down-town Presbyterians, of Concord, in the completion of their new house of worship. The public understands that it is the creation of architect Upjohn—maybe so.

The first meeting with Dr. J. C. Rowan, the pastor, when he came among these people, we gathered from a remark he made that he was obsessed with the idea of churchly churches; so much so, that he regretted that church builders did not in these days stress this phase of Christian endeavor.

This new church—probably the handsomest church plant in the state, if not unsurpassed in the whole South—is after all, we feel sure, the completion of a fine picture that Dr. Rowan has been carrying about in his soul.

Tasty, handsome, beautiful—the building is a charm; its furnishings

and equipment in keeping therewith are creations of an artist. These combine to make glad the hearts of all who are grateful to the God of creation, Preserver of all and the God of infinite Love—to Him alone belong all glory and praise.

Dr. Rowan, a master in leadership and devoted to his high calling, along with his loyal congregation, deserve and enjoy the felicitations of the general public on this wonderful achievement.

The doors of this magnificent structure were thrown open on last Sunday at 9:30, beginning its service to Almighty God; and since then Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the great Bible lecturer, who has carried a comforting message to thousands throughout the civilized world, has been addressing large audiences twice a day.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

GOV. SMITH IS NOT WITHOUT FRIENDS IN THE STATE.

A short editorial paragraph, taken from the Mooresville Enterprise, tells of a situation that prevails all over the state. Some leaders, who are given to sounding alarms and putting thoughts into folks' heads agreeable to their own views, will doubtless find later Editor Deaton's information correct. The Enterprise says:

> "In conversation with a strong Presbyterian, grounded in the faith, we learn that several of the professors at Davidson College are great admirers of Al Smith and if it comes to a showdown, they prefer voting for Smith than some others who have been mentioned for the presidential race. They do not hold his religion against the New York governor and speak in high praise of his achievements in New York. The gentleman talking with the Enterprise is broad-gauged and says the Democratic party should be big enough to grant a man his religious belief, be what it may, for the constitution of the United States was founded on that very thing.

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SPOILT OUR CLAIM.

Be sure that you are right, and then go ahead. We failed to heed this advice. We tried ourselves in the preparation of an appreciation of the departed Geogre Bailey, the Texan outstanding editor who recently passed across the river.

This was occasioned by a sense of great state pride. It appeared to us as no small thing to be the birthplace of the greatest editor of whom Texas boasted—to furnish the first editor in rank to a state as big as an

empire is no small achievement. And boiling it down to a smaller quantity, we figured how proud Iredell county, North Carolina, should feel and justly so, in being the mother of such a man as Bailey, Texas' great editor.

That editorial had to be intercepted and committed to the waste basket, which runs over at times with our efforts, because of errors and being confused on facts. It came about this way: Mr. R. R. Clark, the soul of truth and honor, "spilt the beans." Mr. Clark, in one of his contributions to the editorial page of the Greensboro News, gave the whole thing away, and ruined a fine picture.

George Baily was born in the Pine Tree state; got to Iredell county, N. C., without his wishes being considered; and when he could assert himself, he betook himself to Texas. But he always loved Iredell county, and took many pleasant and snappy privileges at the expense of the whole state. All editors, therefore, as the lesson we gather from all of this, must sometime die—even Texas will not delay the event.

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TOO MUCH FOR THE PURE-MINDED JUDGE.

Judge James L. Webb is a seasoned judge of the Superior court bench. He enjoys the highest of esteem in the state. He is pure-minded and of course in the courts he is compelled to hear the worst of smut and slime. In Charlotte this week a dirty case was headed for hearing. The judge is quoted as saying, in continuing the case:

"I tried one of those corrupt cases the last term here and the filth isn't out of my system yet. Postpone it a couple of terms, at least."

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THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

He's an institution that has all but become extinct; but he is returning. His was a life of sacrifice, of charity, of blessing. Who of us, who ever knew old Dr. Barrier, Dr. Lilly, Dr. Haynes, Dr. Combes, Dr. Whitehead and scores of other family doctors, can think of their great service without bowing in loving memory of what they did in life. THEY ANSWERED CALLS, night, day and in storm.

People figured them as men of wealth until death overtook them. Death has a way of revealing the whole truth and the grave in leveling all of us. These men were wealthy, not in this world's goods but in rewards in the hereafter.

The modern way is to specialize; and to center in the towns. From an

observation printed elsewhere in this number we are led to believe that old time family doctor idea is returning. By the way, it is a risky road to travel towards wealth via the practice of medicine alone. A glorious calling—dignified and touching the realm of the very highest human service to our fellows. But who ever heard of a doctor amassing a fortune by practicing alone? He may make a living, good, bad or indifferent by the practice of his profession alone, but all those who piled up wealth did it through other channels, through other agencies, through commercial or manufacturing agencies—but not out of medicine.

But it is a glorious profession, this being a doctor. May fortune, as they would have it, smile upon them. Begone the quacks and the faith healers!

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LIGHT BREAKING—BUT HOPE SUSTAINS US.

The Tribune quotes County Supt. Hawfield, who is studying the situation that confronts him in the direction of the rural public schools of Cabarrus, that from "State School Facts and other reliable sources" it is ascertained that there were 283 Cabarrus students in high schools during the term of 1925-26.

The enrollment in the adjoining counties during that period was for Mecklenburg, 1,280; Union, 1,058; Iredell, 794; Stanley, 705; and Rowan, 626.

All this clearly indicates that the county is not alive on the subject of public education, and there is much work to be done to put the county in the attitude that it may stand along with other counties, or do what a great people deserve. There are a number of reasons for this educational lukewarmness. Among them is chiefly the lack of leadership and the spirit of growing; the lack of consolidation of districts; and teachers, who have a qualification other than the mechanical and automatic thing come to be known as "certification."

The manner in which Mr. Hawfield has taken hold of his work, finely supported by a Board that is looking to the future and pulling for progress, encourages the friends of public education, especially the giving to the rural Cabarrus child an equal chance, a sustaining hope.

Strength and wisdom to them.

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SEEMS MORE THAN TWO.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the great Bible scholar, in one of his lectures in Concord, in discussing the eternal vitality of the Bible said:

"At the present that are two committees arranging new Bibles. I

would have a word with these committees and give them this advice: 'Write your own Bible but do not touch a word in our Bible. Let it be, do not take from it anything you like to fill in your Bible'."

From some of the biology texts used in some of the public schools; the vaporing of some modernists now in the schools and others dethroned; sociolgy investigators, sober and drunk and arrested; and even the Club of Free Thinkers, would indicate that there are other committees having the ambition to write a bible to take the place of the one Great Book that is the promoter of all perfect civilization and a pattern to right living and the only genuine assurance of an hereafter according to our deeds and trust—immortality.

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Mrs. General Johnston, of Alabama, who played a part in the lobbying through the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1907 the bill that provided for the erection of the Jackson Training School, and in which we were a witness intensely interested, honored the institution by her presence on Sunday. A very capable and enthusiastic welfare worker is this fine lady, who, in reality, belongs to North Carolina.

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Probably in no recent years have there occurred so many changes in the positions of County Superintendents and County Welfare Workers, of schools, county and city, as have happened during this year. Uneasy lies the head of a public servant that regards himself a fixture and indispensable, or fails to rise to the real purpose of his office.

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A news item in the Charlotte Observer is headed: "Best farmer in Cabarrus found to wear skirts." And such skirts that do not curtail the use of cotton cloth or depress the price of the raw material. And, she is worthy to be recognized a Queen.

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Life that has no rest periods of meditation is sadly barren. The saddest thing in all this modern life is the fact that men are living and dying without ever knowing the world they live in or God whose love has explained it.

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Gov. McLean has gone on another wood-chopping trip, out in the Wisconsin woods, preparing for the coming winter.

CHOOSE THE BRIGHT SIDE.

By James M. Woodman

There's a lot uv human kindness a-floatin'
'round this earth;
Mixed in with all th' sadness there's a
mighty lot uv mirth
An' I have found some fellers who, though
purty rough outside
Are possessed uv hearts as tender as babes
—beneath their hide.
An, it 'pears to' me it's easy fer t' git along
all right.
Ef lookin' 'pon both sides uv life, we choose
th' one that's bright.

There's sure t' be some bitter mixed in
ev'ry cup uv sweet;
You can't expect t' git a smile from ev'ry one
you meet;
But, you kin scatter sunshine along th' road,
my friend
An' do a pile uv good before you come t'
reach th' end.
Jest keep your soul a-singin' an' keep your
spirits light;
Look o'er both sides uv life, an' then, select
th' one that's bright.

'Twant possible t' make a world t' suit all
men the same,
An, some folks never don't learn how t' play
life's mystic game.
But, I have found in knockin' 'bout it's
purty sure to be
A pleasant task t' travel 'long ef one kin
only see
Th' goodness which God parcels out, an'
allus keep in sight
In looking o'er both sides uv life, th' one
that shows up bright.

"HOW CABARRUS RANKS EDUCATIONALLY."

(Concord Tribune.)

The above is the title of an editorial which the Concord Tribune employs to head some showing educationally in several counties. The Tribune gives credit to Mr. S. Glenn Hawfield, who on July 1st became County Superintendent of schools of Cabarrus. It required just five days for Mr. Hawfield to ascertain just what this journal more than three years ago contended as a painful fact, and which a little later was accepted by the leading thoughtful citizens as a certain fact.

In accordance with this disturbing fact, the people began to remedy, in so far as rested in their power, a situation that was at least humiliating. They began a shifting, which ultimately it is hoped will put Cabarrus county, one of the ten counties of the state which does not participate in the "equilization millions," in a position to become, as the Tribune says, "the public schools of Cabarrus county should be as good as those in any other county of the state," which today they are not and have not been for a number of years.

How does Cabarrus county rank educationally with adjacent counties, in rating of teachers, rating of high school teachers, salaries, number of high schools, number of teachers and enrollment?

S. Glenn Hawfield, recently appointed superintendent of the public schools, has just completed the compilations of statistics covering this subject. The figures show that Cabarrus ranks lower in these important matters than any of the adjacent counties for the school year 1925-26.

It is explained that the ratings of teachers is based on the following:

800 indicates 4 years college work.
700 indicates 3 years college work.
600 indicates 2 years college work.
500 indicates 1 year college work.
400 indicates high school graduation.
300 indicates 3 years high school work.
200 indicates 2 years high school work.
100 indicates 1 year high school work.

Under this table the teachers in all of the county schools rate as follows:

Mecklenburg	635.9
Stanley	541.9
Iredell	524.4
Rowan	505.5
Union	500.0
Cabarrus	494.1

Total Enrollments:

Mecklenburg	12,037
Union	11,278
Rowan	8,537
Iredell	7,971
Stanley	7,815
Cabarrus	6,862

Rating of High School Teachers only:

Stanley	769.2
Rowan	758.6
Iredell	753.1
Mecklenburg	751.6
Union	744.1
Cabarrus	733.8

Average Salary of High School Teachers:

Mecklenburg	$163.10
Stanley	152.06
Iredell	146.73
Rowan	144.60
Union	135.90
Cabarrus	126.85

Number of High Schools (running eight months and with three or more teachers):

Mecklenburg	18
Union	10
Stanley	7
Rowan	7
Iredell	6
Cabarrus	2

Number of High Schools Teachers, and Principals (same as above):

Mecklenburg	60
Union	34
Iredell	32
Rowan	29
Stanley	26
Cabarrus	9

Current Expenses for All Schools:

Mecklenburg	$334,062
Union	217,273
Rowan	212,370
Iredell	185,551
Stanley	161,690
Cabarrus	120,646

Per Capita Current Expense:

Mecklenburg	$27.75
Rowan	24.88
Iredell	23.28
Stanley	20.69
Union	19.27
Cabarrus	17.57

Public schools of Cabarrus County should be as good as those in any other county in the state. Cabarrus county children are entitled to equipment as good as that used by any other students. They are entitled to teachers as good as can be found in any other county.

These are important questions. We should give due consideration and devise plans whereby educationally Cabarrus can take equal rank with other counties in North Carolina.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner can not find an excuse for one whe voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow creature. Even for their own sakes, people should show kindness and regard for their dependents. They are often better served in trifles, in proportion as they are rather feared than loved; but how small is this gain comapred with the loss sustained in all the weightier affairs of life! Then the faithful servant shows himself at once a friend, while the one who serves from fear shows himself an enemy.

—Frederica Bremer.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

(Asheville Citizen.)

While a lot of people are predicting the disappearance of the old-time general practitioner of medicine in surrender to the craze for specialization in the art of healing, Dr. Charles H. Mayo, one of the nation's greatest surgeons, declares that it can never happen. At intervals of every two hundred years or so, he said in an interview in Chicago, specialization comes to the fore in medcine, and general practice and the general practioner go into the background, but always the "old family doctor" comes back into prominence.

There is now, he admitted, a danger that we will have too many specialists, but when that happens, "there will be a reversal of the cycle, the general practitioner will come into his own again and the specialist will become the technician. The general practioner will care for the sick, will make the diagnosis and call in the specialist, either for operation or for work in a special field."

Dr. Mayo did not mention another big reason why the old family doctor will never disappear. This is the refusal of the masses to let him die out. They want somebody to whom they can tell their troubles, the things that touch the spirit as well as the body, the problems of the emotions and the problems of the physique—somebody who knows the family—somebody who has buried the old folks and brought the children into the world—somebody who, with an unfailing insight and an inexhaustible sympathy, will sit beside the bed for a "chat" or take the role of father confessor.

The specialist is indispensable. The people know that he can work wonders against an ailment which the family doctor has found to be beyond his skill. They go to him, feeling that, unless he can save them, they are irretrievably lost. But the specialist's office is crowded and business-like. The specialist has not had an opportunity to know them and their families. The atmosphere and the conditions are not conducive to chats and confidings.

So it is that the old family doctor is the only doctor who meets the demands of the people for a physician, a friend, a confessor, a counsellor and an entertainer, all rolled up in one. The medicine tastes better when it is prescribed by a man who calls all the members of the family by their first names. His advice registers when he has driven miles through snowstorm or got out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to give it. He belongs to them. He is one of them. He is enshrined in their hearts. They believe in him. He is not only a physician, but a habit and a necessity. Nobody can take his place.

It may make a difference to all eternity whether we do right or wrong today.—James Freeman Clarke.

A YANKEE WOMAN MEETS A BUSY SOUTHERN WOMAN.

Miss Elizabeth Smith, if our friend Tom Bost of the Greensboro News Raleigh Bureau got the correct angle of the report, is a powerfully busy woman. She is the Welfare Officer of Cherokee county, N. C. The inspector or survey artist from up North must have been impressed with the activity of Miss Smith.

Mrs. Bell, the representative of the Laura Spelman-Rockfeller memorial, must be impressed with the ability and energy of the average North Carolina woman. We wonder how this report will compare with the one that is handed in at the home office. Miss Smith's record of accomplishments is, however, an object lesson to other Welfare Officers in the state. Hear this report of the Cherokee investigation as reported by Mr. Bost.

"Cherokee county is doing a splendid piece of work in the various fields of public welfare, because the people there have a young woman as county superintendent of public welfare who is so resourceful and versatile that she doesn't stop at plowing a field, playing marbles with the boys, riding anything from a hand-car to a mule, killing rattlesnakes, having a gun poked in her face because she has been suspected of being a revenue officer, and helping organize anything from a community sing to a mid-wife school,' said Mrs. Marjorie Bell, field worker for the National Probation association, who has just returned from a week's trip to Cherokee, where she reviewed the case —work done by Miss Elizabeth Smith the county superintendent of public welfare.

Cherokee county is one of the four counties which receive help from the demonstration conducted under the state board of charities and public wefare of the University of North Carolina jointly, from funds given by the Laura Spelman-Rockfeller memorial.

"Miss Smith has the whole county right behing her," said Mrs. Bell. "largely because she is so entirely democratic, versatile, adaptable, and capable, that she inspires the confidence of all who come in contact with her. The churches, the women's clubs and the leaders of both political parties have backed her in the work."

She has traveled in a Ford, on horse-back, on mule-back, and once she had to take a hand-car to get to an isolated spot, and on the way she took a keg of nails to a group of workmen. A good part of her work entails walking—two of her cases requiring a walk of six miles to reach the homes, where a mothers' aid family lives, in the one case, and a crippled boy in the other. During one month she rode 420 miles by car and was struck 52 times.

Her experiences in the work could hardly be called dull or uninteresting. Once she killed an eight-rattler

rattle-snake, which had been dazed by the light of her car. Another time, while she was working late in her office, which is on the same floor with the jail, the prisoners tried to escape by breaking out the windows They were allowed to walk through the corridors near her office, at certain hours for exercise. The next morning, realizing that she had had the key to the door of the building all the time the prisoners were trying to get away, she asked them why they had not tried to get it away from her. The answer was that they thought it quite all right and honorable to break out if they could, but that she was so small that it would not have been right to try to fight her, even if they could have gotten the key.

Finding that there were several disabled veterans, whose claims for compensation should be pushed, she stirred up interest among local service men, who are now handling much of the work in connection with such cases.

In one section of the county she discovered about 20 homes, which were nearly six miles from their mail boxes, the people apparently thinking that they had always walked six miles for their mail and there was no easier way. She circulated a petition, submitted it to the post-office department, and now there is a new rural free delivery route, and those 20 families look up to her with awe as well as gratefulness.

In several families she has done outstanding work in a constructive way. A young man whose leg was shot off by his brother-in-law, who had first killed the father and wounded the mother, was left as the sole support of the old mother, his sister, and her two small children. By working through the rehabilitation department, a false leg was secured for him, part of which he paid for with his savings, which was in coins, none of which were greater than a half dollar. Plans were being made by which he was to be given special training for shoe repairing. But he insisted that he wanted to farm, so with Miss Smith's encouragement and direction he worked his little farm, and last year cleared over $300.

During the last year 680 children were added to the total average daily attendence for the rural schools, constituting an increase of nearly 42 per cent.

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.—Thomas Paine.

PROFESSORS AND MONEY.

(Greensboro News.)

It is Dr. Pritchett who writes, in the annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, that "if today college professors could be paid salaries of $25,000 to $50,000 a year instead of $5,000 to $10,000 it would not result in filling the colleges with supermen in teaching and research."

Teaching is not an employment leading to wealth, except indirectly. There are many college professors, many superintendents, principals, teachers, in the public schools, for that matter, who could become wealthy by changing their work. There are many others who could not do as well, in a financial way, at any other work. There are some college professors, and it is altogether possible there are many of them, who do not wish for wealth because they rate it a relatively undesirable thing. The leaders of higher education are presumed to be wiser than any other class of people; they ought to be. They are at the top of the intellectual ladder, and they ought not to be there by accident.

There is one immense country on the globe that is governed by a minority pledge to lives of comparative poverty as the priesthood of the Roman church are to celibacy. They are presumed to have elected never to seek wealth because they have discovered the limitations of money. Their ideal no doubt is that of a populace of high average wealth, compared to the average of people the world over today; but the average is not and never can be riches, and riches are understood and well-nigh universally striven for today. If every family had a home, of its own, with devices for labor-saving and comfort, plenty to eat, and of as good quality as desired; an abundance of clothing, and of the best quality; a handsome automobile, sufficient means and leisure to spend some time in travel, to attend entertainments, ability to pay for the best of medical and surgical care, that would not be wealth. Wealth, money wealth, consists in having more than other people have; great riches means great contrast in means.

There are not so many people in the world who are honestly of the opinion that an excess of money and goods, beyond all possible actual needs for comfort and leisure, is undesirable. But amongst the relatively few you will, no doubt, find a good per centage of college professors.

I think that to have known one good, old man—one man, who through the chances and mischances of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm-branch, waving all discords into peace—helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other more than many sermons. —G. W. Curtis.

BACON'S CASTLE.

By Lucy Meacham Thurston.

The Fourth of July! How much we are all thinking of it, this great nation of the United States, with its millions of people scattered from Maine across to what was unchartered territory in 1776, when Jefferson sat down before a table and in ten minutes wrote the terse paragraphs of the Declaration of Independence! At least that is what tradition says.

But it must be remembered that the beliefs back of the Declaration had been strengthening in Jefferson's mind since the days of his boyhood and that they had been growing in the minds of other men also. Few people recall the fact that they had come to a focus in the mind of another colonist, a settler in Virginia, a hundred years earlier than the time when Jefferson put them on paper and wrote down the immortal tenets of the new land's freedom.

July 4, 1776, saw at least thirteen colonies and it saw, also, a population along the Atlantic coast, even if Oregon were unknown, California a magic coast and Florida a land of dreams, belonging to the Spainards. But July 4, 1676, saw a land of small settlements, clinging to the seacoast, afraid of what the forest might hold, and in many of those settlements a continuous warfare with the Indians.

This was certainly the case with the Virginia colony. In Virginia warfare with the red man was particularly fierce after the period when the friendship of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas had passed into history and could no longer keep peace between the newcomers and those who had once roamed the lands and called them theirs. Outlying settlers were in constant danger. The governor was not doing his part in protecting them. The colonists demanded safety and regard for their protection and, especially, for their rights. They found a leader, a young man, who had proved himself most welcome at Jamestown and in the country along the James, the earliest settlements of the Englishman. This leader was Nathaniel Bacon, age thirty-three, well born, well bred, good looking and enthusiastic.

At the people's request he presented to the governor and the House of Burgesses a paper setting forth their claims, and that paper was read before them on the fourth of July, 1676.

The plea of the people was so strong and so reasonable that the governor agreed to it—and then went back on his promise, for the people had asked not only protection from the Indians, but protections from many of those rights for which they had crossed the sea and which were, a century later, embodied in the Declaration of Independence. When the colonists found the governor's word could not be depended upon, they vowed that the very next time the Indians raided the settlements they themselves would unite and march against them. Hence what is known in the records of the early settlements as Bacon's Rebellion.

The rebellion in itself is a well-known story. Bacon and the men

with him drove back the Indians. They were making the country along the James River and along the York safe for the white man, when Bacon was taken with fever and illness, from which he died.

Then the governor and the few soldiers with him came back from their safety zone on the eastern shore, "across the bay and far away," and spent the winter of that year hunting down the men who had been with Bacon. Some of them took refuge in a stout house near where West Point, Virginia, now stands. Some of them found safety, for the time being at least, in a strong and beautiful house which had been built twelve years earlier on the south side of the James River, and about four miles inland, by one Thomas Lawne, who surely must hav been a lover of beauty, judging from the way in which he planned and built in the wilderness.

In this stout brick house the last of Bacon's followers defended themselves, and the name of the house has been from that day to this Bacon's Castle. Bacon's Castle is one of the most beautifully designed houses in the United States. The grounds are also artistically laid out—flat, level, set with crepe myrtle and rose and magnolia and with paths of box. A brick wall, such as encloses the old English gardens, was started around three sides of it, where it still stands, but was never finished. The fluted chimneys top the roof picturesquely. From one of these chimneys the ghost light, which the neighbors vow can still be seen, rolls away over the country and loses itself in nearby woods.

In the thick oak floor of the hall downstairs is the dark footprint of a maid wounded in one of the early sieges of the house by Indians. The rooms are wide and stately, with dark oaken rafters overhead. Turning again to the upstairs floors, one of the heavy window panes is scratched with verses and love notes written on the glass with the diamond ring of an ardent lover of a maiden of the Lawne family when the house was new.

An addition as large as the original building was added to it more than a hundred years ago, but the place as occupied and defended by Bacon's solders is one of the most perfect in the country and is probably the least known. Yet as America turns more and more to the memory of its heroes, and as one after another the homes associated with them become famous, Bacon's Castle will come into its own. The homes of our poets are being well preserved, like the homes of Whittier and Longfellow; the homes of our statesmen and leaders have become national shrines, as Mount Vernon. As we become closer students and dearer lovers of our early history, the name of Bacon will shine brighter as one of our earliest patriots. The house in which his soldiers made their last stand will take its place among our historic houses, and it will be loved for its beauty as well as for its associations.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.—Cavour.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

By Lee Ralph Phipps.

Games have been one of the most important means to popular amusement or recreation in nearly all ages. The Olympian Games of Greece attracted people from all countries at that time. In Rome the amphitheater, where the contests were held, accommodated over 75,000 people. In America immense stadiums have been reared in many of our larger cities and university twons. We are not here endorsing the athletic program of our country as now administered, but simply recognizing it as a fact.

Life is often compared with the game because it is often a rivalry with opponents, or a contest with enemies. Let us stand together on the side lines for a few moments that we may get some lessons from the game, which may serve us well in playing the greater game of life.

If the players have been faithful in preparation and patient in practice for a long period of time, they are ready for the game—this means education. If the players have been temperate in their habits, careful as to diet and rest, then the nerve is steady and the eye is clear, and every movement is swift and sure. Some time ago "Babe" Ruth was examined by specialists who found him to be physically perfect. This is why he has flashed out in the athletic sky as one of its brightest stars. Victory comes to those who are clean in life.

Each man plays the part assigned him and when the opportunity comes helps the fellow next to him to play his part. He stays in the section of the field assigned to him except when he leaves it in order to back the other fellow up so no play will be lost in case he should make an error and miss the ball. This means sacrificial plays. He may have to make a sacrificial hit or perhaps go out in order to bring the other fellow in. His aim is not spectacular individual plays, but victory for the team. So the man who succeeds in life must pull together with his fellowmen, must play for the interests of the team. This often means subordination of self and personal sacrifices.

He dare not take unreasonable chances. Recently while watching a game we saw a man make a fine hit, which took him to second base easily, but he tried to make third and lost out.

In the game of life we have seen many who have made a good play; but have gone out at second or third because they took foolish chances in order to make a spectacular play; they gambled with the substance and opportunities of life and lost out. If they had been conservative, cautious, content with a reasonable profit or a good position, they would have brought honor to themselves and success to their team.

He must be alert and on his toes or he soon loses his place on the team. In the game of life this means intense work. A relative of the writer, who lives in the same city, and is a friend of the wife of one of the

greatest inventors of our time, told us that this man has a cot in his laboratory and sometimes does not return home for two or three days and nights at a time. She does not know when to look for him home.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

If he does not play the game on the square it is soon detected and his opponents or the spectators see that he is put out of the game. A childhood friend and college classmate of the writer is at present the president of a large company, receiving a salary of approximately $25,000 a year, not so much because of his education or special ability as because of his personal character, his sense of honor and honesty. The business and professional worlds are today looking for the men who play the game of life honestly and squarely. Even though you lose the game by playing fairly you keep your honor and this is worth more than the game.

Some men play well at first, but weaken befor the end of the game. This is also true of some teams; they always lose out in the last half. Recently we were driving a country road with a friend just outside of town. We passed a man not yet past the middle of life staggering along the road. When our car had passed, my friend said to me, "Do you remember who that man is?" I replied I did not. Then he said, "That was ———— who some time ago was an outstanding member of the Ameircan League." Two years ago we were waiting for a game to begin at the college with which we were conected at that time. We noticed an unusual looking man tossing a ball with some children on the side line. We asked a friend beside us who this man was. He replied that he was a former star in the National League but now out of the game. Both men had yielded to temptation, lost their heads, and some down and out through dissipation.

One of the most famous rulers which Rome ever had, whose reign was a Golden Age of the Empire, and which extended over twenty years, was near the end of life. He looked at his family and a few friends who were about his dying bed, and with a tone of anguish in his voice asked of them, "Have I played my part well in the farce of life?" Although environed on every hand by wealth, and power, and pomp, life to him had been a farce.

Another man in the same city of Rome was in prison waiting a few days to be taken out for execution as a criminal. This man had given his whole life to the service of others; his life had been one long sacrificial play. But just before the end, he took up his pen and wrote: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." My young friends, would you rather leave the field at the end of the game as did Paul, or in the manner in which Agustus left it.

Laws are not made for the good.—Socrates.

EDUCATION HAS ITS LIMITS.

(Dearborn Independent)

There never was and probably never will be a system devised that will put brains into men's heads, and until such a system appears we must expect to find in men the same differences that have always marked them, whether with books or without them, in or out of college.

Take a group of wholly illiterate men, men who cannot read a date on the calendar, who cannot write their own names, and you will find a difference in the brain power among them. One man will exhibit more native intelligence than another; he has brains even if he has little book knowledge; he has foresight, insight, initiative; he knows what he knows, and, therefore, possesses confidence and a sense of mastery.

Passing a group like this through college would probably not change the comparative brain values; one would still be more intelligent than the others. The average of ability might be raised, but there would be no enlargement of native brain power.

Just as there are some stones that will not take a polish, so there are minds that cannot be standardized so far as knowledge and the ability to use it are concerned.

An able man is a man who can do things, and his ability to do things is dependent on what he has in him, and what he has in him depends on what he started with and what he has done to increase it.

A man who cannot think is not an educated man, however many college degrees he may have acquired. Thinking is the hardest work anyone can do, which is probably the reason we have so few thinkers.

There are two extremes to be avoided: one is the attitude of contempt toward education, the other is the tragic snobbery of assuming that marching through an educational system is a sure cure for ingorance and mediocrity.

One benefit that education can confer on a man is to give him an equal start with his fellows. Sometimes even that is not an advantage, but in the main and for the general run of human beings, perhaps it is. You cannot learn in any school what the world is going to do next year, but you can learn some of the things which the world has tried to do in former years, where it failed and why it succeeded.

There are men at work today on theories fundamentally wrong but they do not know that other men have followed that road and have had to come back. An education which consists of signposts indicating the failures and the fallacies of the past, doubtless would be very useful. If education had as its object the putting of the student in possession of the world up-to-date, so that leaving school he could meet the step of humanity it would be a great service. But whether this is the objective, it may be better to let educators themselves decide.

The best that education can do for a man is to put him in possession of his powers, give him the control of

the tools with which destiny has endowed him, and teach him how to think. The college renders its best service as an intellectual gymnasium, in which mental muscle is developed and the student strengthened to do what he can.

To say, however, that mental gymnastics can only be had in college is not true, as every educator knows. A man's real education begins after he has left school, as any university graduate will tell you. True education is gained through the discipline of life.

The trouble is not with the school altogether, but with the public illusion that schools can do for a young man what he will have to do for himself.

If young men come out of college uneducated it is their own fault, and the same would be true if it were a canning factory they came out of, or a boiler shop, or any place else. Any place, any work, offers an opportunity for education, but it is something the recipient takes, it is not something that can be handed to him.

Schools are useful only as they put men in possession of their own powers; and they cannot do this without the earnest desire of their students to be so helped. Any man can learn anything he will, but no man can teach except to those who want to learn. Education is preeminently a matter of quality, not quantity.

The test of education is what one can do to help and heal the world. If a man can hold up his own end he does well, but if he can also help others to do likewise he does far better. He may be quite rusty on many things that appear in print, but he is a man of learning just the same. When a man is master of his own sphere, whatever it may be, he has won his degree—he has entered the realm of wisdom.

That man who learns to do a useful thing and has learned to do that thing perfectly has attained the summit of real education.

Inventors by the way, are not made by education but if they have enough education to save them from the mistakes of the past, it saves much time.

THOSE WHO DIDN'T COME BACK.

Ten years ago this time the young men of this country responded to the call to arms. Their spirit in answering this call was the same indomitable spirit which has characterized the Americans since this country began. No spirit of patriotism needed to be instilled in them. Their's was the inherent loyalty of their forefathers who at all times placed the country's honor above everything else. Youths by the hundreds of thousands gave up their homes, their vacations; putting aside all thoughts of personal gain, with one thought in mind—their country.

They went across the sea—they fought as men should fight; they died as men should die. Through long months of bitter combat which will

go down through history as the most collossal struggle the world has ever know. They preserved—and in the end they conquered.

The war clouds rolled by and the men came back—many remained to sleep on foreign soil, to which they gave their lives so nobly defending.

It is for these men who made the supreme sacrifice, that we, who were forunate enough to have come through, it is for us who saw the flower of America's manhood march away and shed their blood on the altar of humanity; it is our duty to see that their sacrifices have not been in vain.

Just to remember—is that asking to much—in view of what they gave? Can any of us who have gone through it ever conceive ourselves forgetting? Shall we allow others to forget? Is it not our duty to our fellow comrades to see that at least their memory be revered?

Will you ever forget the thrills of the immoral song hits: such as "Smiles," "Over There," "Madelon" and countless others which instilled you with fervor of patriotism? Does not their very names recall to you, the flame of colors—the flash of bayonets—the rhythym of thousands of marching feet?

This fire of loyalty has not died, but slumbers—it only wants something to fan it into flame again. If the call to arms were sounded tomorrow those of us who have eaten "hell fire"—who have had the horrors of war seared across our brains would be among the first to answer —yes, even to die—it would be a signal honor, for no greater glory can come to man, than to fall defending his country, but until then we must not forget the past and our pals who did not come back.

To thine own self be true; and it follows as surely as night follows day, that thou canst not then be false to any man.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE CEDAR LOGS.

By Willis P. Knight, in Young Folks.

"Let them stay there for a while longer," said Uncle Jim. "They have been lying around for a good many years and I guess they won't run away."

Fred Wills and Harry Monson were helping clear up the big shed and barn. They often worked for Uncle Jim, as the latter was known to all of the people for miles around, and when they saw the old cedar logs they asked him what to do with them.

"I suppose those were cut off years ago," remarked Fred. "I know that there are no good growths of cedar anywhere around now."

"No," replied Uncle Jim, "cedar has long ago been cut off. There was a time that there was a craze for

cedar chests and such and we had a fine grove of them. Those are the last and were cut a dozen or more years ago. I suppose they are not very valuable now because they are so old, but somehow I do not like to cut them up for firewood. Besides, cedar is pretty tough stuff, when it gets old, to cut up into firewood."

At last the work was finished and the boys set out for the ball field where they played every afternoon when they could get off from work. As they went down, Harry said, "I wish I knew of a good pencil concern that would buy those logs. They would be worth something, I think, for I have read lately where those firms even send representatives into all the southern states to get cedar. They even buy old fences and ship them to the factories. Twenty logs such as those up under the shed would bring a pretty good price and I guess Uncle Jim could use the money to advantage.

Yes, there were twenty good logs in that lot under the shed. They had been cut when the grove was cleared so as to put up the new milk house for the farm. Now they were simply stored away and Uncle Jim, as he said, did not think they could be worth much, as they were so old.

Down on the field, the boys forgot all about the cedar logs in the game that was being played. The excitement was keen, for each of the boys wished to make the team that was to represent that section of the town.

Harry had played more than Fred and he was two years older and he had a better chance of becoming a regular. The team was to be selected that week so that the boys could play together, learn signals and get accustomed to each other's playing.

When the practice was over, Captain Earl Smith took Harry aside and said, "Monson, I have decided to give you left field as a regular. You can run and you can bat and you are pretty sure of any fly balls that come your way. This year each boy is going to pay for his own uniform, which will only cost seven dollars. We are going to order those uniforms next Wednesday. Be up to my house at four oclock that day to get measured."

Harry was pleased that he had been chosen, but that he would have to pay for his uniform had not occurred to him. He supposed the team payed for it. Here was the rub; where could he get the money for that when he was saving every cent he could earn to pay for his coming year at the Academy?"

"I can lend you two dollars," said Fred, when Harry told him about it on the way home. "Perhaps we can borrow the rest and then you can pay it back later."

Harry shook his head, as he replied, "I don't know, Fred. I thank you for offering to loan me two dollars, but you will need that money later and I don't see how I can pay for baseball and school when work is so scarce as it is now. But I have until Wednesday to think it over and perhaps something may turn up."

Fred was disappointed that he, too, had not made the team, but he was glad for Harry and the matter of the

uniform disturbed him almost as much as it did Harry. That night, as he lay in bed, the thought came to him, "What about those old cedar logs?"

The next day he went to see Mr. Shirley, the lumberman of the town.

"Are old cedar logs worth anything?" he asked.

Mr Shirley looked at him and then said with a smile, "Are you thinking of going into the lumber business, Fred? If you are, I would advise you not to start with cedar. You could not find enough of it in this state to pay your car fare to the various places you might buy the logs. Why? Do you really know of any groves that are yet uncut?"

"No, sir," replied Fred, "but I do know where there are a few old logs that were cut years ago and I did not know but what, if they were worth anything, the man who owns them might give me a commision for selling them."

Then he told Mr. Shirley about clearing up Uncle's Jims shed and barn and seeing the old logs there.

"Well that's different," said Mr. Shirley. "Those logs, if handled right, ought to bring him a pretty fair price. Suppose you let me handle this for you, will you? Perhaps I can buy them outright and hold them until I get a fair price in return."

As Mr. Shirley was one of the most popular men in town with the boys, Fred knew that his interest would be well cared for and so Mr. Shirley, taking the opportunity thus given him, went to Uncle Jim and made his an offer of a dollar and a half each for the logs, making thirty dollars in all that he paid out.

"I suppose you know where you can get rich on them," Uncle Jim said with a little laugh, "but I don't and if you can sell them and make a snug profit all right; I'm satisfied with what you have given me."

For three days nothing was heard from Mr. Shirley and Wednesday came around. Fred told him about the need for a baseball uniform and Mr Shirley gladly advanced the money for it to Harry, remarking, as he did so, "I am sure that I can make a profit of seven dollars on those logs, and if there is more than that you two boys and I will share equally. Is that fair, do you think?"

The boys were satisfied and were happy. Fred had been finally chosen on the second team that played with the regulars to give them practice and his time was as fairly occupied as that of Harry on the field. The logs, while not forgotten, were laid aside, so to speak.

The summer wore on. Games were played and won and much practice was necessary because the boys were to play a series with their most formidable rivals in August. This extra practice took so much time that Harry said, "I don't know about it. I have regular work to do and this interferes somewhat, so that I have not been earning what I should like to in the past two weeks. I am afraid I am going to be a little short on my expenses for the Academy."

"Perhaps the logs will make up for it," replied Fred with a laugh. "We may get enough out of them to make up the difference and more, too."

That was said more as a joke than

anything else and no more was thought of it. Then one day, a lady, for whom Harry was working, suddenly closed her summer home and went back to the city, taking away the most important regular work that Harry was doing. This was discouraging and Harry was about to give up his playing and get a position in the store for the remainder of his vacation.

"Let's see how Mr. Shirley is getting along first," suggested Fred, and the two boys went down to see the lumber dealer. They told him how things were going on and Mr. Shirley asked, "So you think it is you duty to stop play and work? Well, that is good common sense, but you hang on for two or three days more. I have been dickering with a firm in New York an I expect a representative here very soon to look at those logs and make me an offer."

The representative came the second day after that. He was skeptical because, as he told them later, he had been on a great many wild goose chases after good pencil cedar and every one of them had been a waste of his time. But when he saw those big, straight-grained logs, now stored in one of Mr Shirley's lumber sheds, he whistled in surprise.

"Those were never cut around here!" he exclaimed. "There isn't a grove of cedars with trees as large as that within five hundred miles of here. Where did you get them?"

"Are they worth much?" asked Mr. Shirley, quietly. "That is are they worth talking about? I have two other firms that I am sure would be glad to see them."

"Well, if they are willing to pay more than my concern," replied the representative, "so much better for you. If you'll take four dollars apiece for them, I'll sign a voucher right now."

Mr Shirley tapped the edge of his desk with a pencil as if hesitant about accepting such an offer. Harry, watching him, became fidgety and without realizing he was talking out loud, said, "Make it four-fifty and we'll accept."

"Done!" said the representative and then he turned to Mr Shirley and asked, "Are these boys in on the deal?"

"Yes," and Mr Shirley laughed. "They discovered them hiddened under a shed. Their owner was going to cut them up some day for firewood but they came to me."

"Pretty expensive firewood that would have been," was the dry remark. "I suppose if we could find them all we could get a lot of old cedar in just this way. Now to whom shall I make out this voucher?"

After the voucher was made out and the representative departed, happy to have bought such an exceptional lot of cedar logs, Harry appologized for wht he called interrupting that business talk.

"You needn't apologize, Harry," answered Mr. Shirley as he laughed heartily, "I was on the point of asking him four and a quarter. Your interruption netted you just five dollars extra, for I consider it yours inasmuch as that is just the extra amount that your little speech netted us."

"But I do not feel quite right

about Uncle Jim," remarked Fred a few moments later. "Only paying him a dollar and a half for his share when he has been such a good friend to us is not just the thing, it seems to me."

"Oh yes it is," came a voice from the door, and the boys turned to see Uncle Jim standing right there, having heard their conversation. "If you had lost on the deal you wouldn't expect me to pay you back anything would you?"

"No, sir," replied Fred promptly, "but—"

"There are no buts in this at all," continued Uncle Jim. "I am glad you boys were shrewd enough to have Mr. Shirley buy those logs before I cut them up. No, I am satisfied, so go ahead and divide up your profits. How much is it apiece, if that is not too much to ask?"

"Well," replied Mr. Shirley, "we paid you thirty dollars and this voucher calls for ninety. That is sixty dollars profit, isn't it? And we divide it equally between us three, so it gives us just twenty dollars apiece."

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Jim. "Huh! I wish I had the old cedar fence now that used to be around part of our pasture when I was a lad. I'd be worth close to a million dollars, more or less!"

MY CREED.

Edgar A. Guest.

To live each day as though I may never see tomorrow come; to be strict with myself, but patient and lenient with others; to give the advantage, but never to ask for it, to be kindly to all, but kindlier to the less fortunate, to respect all honest employment, to remember always that my life is made easier and better by my service to others, and to be grateful.

To be tolerant and never arrogant; to treat all men with equal courtesy; to be true to my own in all things, to make as much as I can of my strength and the day's opportunity, and to meet disappointment without resentment.

To be friendly and helpful wherever possible; to do, without display of temper or of bitterness, all that fair conduct demands to keep my money free from cunning or the shame of hard bargains; to govern my actions so that I may fear neither reproach nor misunderstanding nor words of malice or envy, and to maintain at whatever temporary cost, my own self-respect.

To keep faith with God, my fellow men and my country.

This is my creed and my philosophy. I have failed it often, and shall fail it many times again, but by these teachings of my mother and my father I have lived to the best of my ability, laughed often, loved, suffered, grieved, found consolation, and have prospered. By friendships I have been enriched, and the home I have builded has been happy.

THE MINK, A CRAFTY LITTLE SAVAGE.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

The crafty, shrewd little mink that now and then makes destructive raids upon our poultry yards wears a soft coat of short, dark and satin-like fur which, when properly dressed, almost equals seal skin in smoothness and richness of color. He is just about the tidiest, trimmest and prettiest little creature that slips about on four nimble feet, but among the various tribes of small fur-bearing animals of the land no other wild creature appears to possess a more savage and vandal-like nature than does this same denizen of the river banks. The fur-clad, carnivorous little mammal seems sometimes actually to delight in killing for mere pastime.

Many chicken-raisers and poultry dealers throughout the country might be able to divulge certain unfavorable information concerning this four-footed despoiler that would not in the least tend toward ennobling his character; but on the other hand, would doubtless cause the little villian's already sullied reputation to dwindle considerably. Some fowl fanciers could perhaps tell you that one of these blood-thirsy little knaves has been known to enter a chicken house on a dark night and wantonly to slay a dozen fine hens, leaving each fat fowl apparently untouched, but all stark dead, with little evidence of his guilt, the only visible sign of injury being a splash of blood about the heads or necks of the slain victims, where the razor-like teeth of the mink had sunk into the flesh. One of these daring little assassins managed to steal into a large pond in the New York Zoo one winter evening and kill half a dozen wild geese within the course of an hour, while during the same night his murderous little companion slaughtered nearly a dozen big herring gulls that had been inmates of the same enclosure.

The North American mink is valued solely for its fur. And while the sale of mink pelts amounts to a great deal of money every year, the animal catch of skins in this country exceeding 70,000, with the prices often ranging between $10 and $20 each, it is doubtful if they can be called a paying product of the land —surely not, if the minks be given free range.

The mink's long and lanky form gives him a natural advantage in his atrocious depredations. The head and body of a full-grown specimen is only about as thick as a man's wrist, and with his thirty-four keen-edged teeth and each of his five-toed feet armed with exceedingly sharp claws, he is well equipped for any emergency that may arise and is quite a formidable foe for any creature that is near his size.

His destructive work is not confined to any special district or locality; neither is it limited to any particular season, or even the time of day, for the semi-aquatic creature operates his devastating pillages on land and in water alike, in win- and in summer, by day and by night,

and when hotly pursued can even climb a tree. And thus, if his intended victim should choose to swim or to dive in a stream or lake, the mink is readily able to accomplish the feat with much more agility. If the prey runs on the ground, he can overtake it in a fair race, and when the chased animal or rodent enters a hole or a tunnel, the mink gallops right in after it. For when he can possibly manage to squeeze his sleek head through a hole or small opening, a crack or a crevice, he finds no further trouble in dragging his eel-like body in as well.

The ordinary minks of this country and Canada are short-legged, long-bodied, bushy-tailed, amphibious animals, spend much of their time in the water, yet they manage to run at a great speed on the land in a peculiar measuring-worm gait that takes them rapidly over broad fields and through deep woods. All minks are notable robbers, and at all seasons catch and devour many kinds of birds, rodents, and other small animals, as well as crayfish and frogs, and most anything else of the kind they may find, but they appear to be the rabbit's most bitter foe. They are able sometimes to run down a rabbit in an open race, either above or below the ground. The poor, frightened hare seems to realize that no hole or burrow can be a safe place from such a vigilant pursuer and will often become a regular rattle-brain in the chase, and give up completely, allowing itself to be captured and slain with little resistance other than a weak squeak.

The mink is more noted as an interloper than as a builder. He appears to operate with the idea that it is much easier and decidedly more convenient to appropriate a burrow that has already been nicely dug by some other animal than to go to work aand scoop out a brand new one of his own. He passes much of his time in water, where he is an expert swimmer and graceful diver, being able to plunge headlong into a deep waterhole without making even the faint-set splash. One may sometimes be seen passing beneath sunken logs and driftwood in the river, coming up now and then at some clean spot for a fresh breath. He usually swims with his body completely submerged, leaving only his perky nose out to breathe, but he is also able to remain for quite a while far beneath the water's surface when conditions require.

The head and body of an average grown male mink measures about eighteen inches in length, the round hairy tail being eight inches additional. His dense under coat of fur is soft and matted, the outer coat being of longer, coarser and more shining hair. His general color is black, or very dark brown above, the chin and breast being of a much lighter hue; his limbs are short and stout, and all of his five-toed feet are partially webbed and make very convenient oars for swimming. He always carries with him a very disagreeable odor, and evidently an equally unpleasant disposition, for his little mate is compelled to conceal their offsprings from his sight for weeks, well knowing that her grouchy companion would be very apt to destroy them on sight. He sleeps and rests where he feels inclined, observing no regular hours

for retiring or arising, and starts out on a hunting expedition without regard to the time of day or night or season of the year, and returns only when fagged out and ready to take another nap. The female mink is much smaller than her overbearing consort, though of the same color, and hsa a much milder and more unselfish disposition. During April she arranges in a hollow log or stump, or in some hole among the rocks, or sometimes in a secluded section of the accustomed family burrow, a soft and cozy nursery and prepares for a long round of household duties.

The six little tan-colored baby minks are hairless, helpless, tiny little imps, about the size and shape of a man's little finger. They are stone blind, being utterly unable to open their beady eyes until at least a month old. Hidden away in the dark den, secure from all intruders, including the gruff father, the minklets remain under the watchful care of the patient mother until half grown before she ever lets it be known that she has a family. By that time the young males are as large as the maternal parent, the females being a shade smaller, and all are considered able to contend with the stern realities that are sure to confront them in the battle of life.

When taken early young minks may be easily tamed, and in some localities pet minks may have been used in hunting rats and rabbits like the common ferrets. But even when domesticated they often prove to be very troublesome, for their wild nature still clings to them in a degree, and their intense love for blood and flesh will often cause the little scoundrels to commit deeds that are truly shocking to the owner of such a pet.

Minks take readily almost any kind of bait, and thousands are trapped every year for their excellent and valuable fur. The dark and glossy fur of these little creatures—sometimes called "American sable"—is much used in making muffs, tippets, and other fur garments. The mink skins from the coldest regions are decidedly the most valuable, and the deeper and more glossy the black the more highly prized is the fur.

THE WHISTLING BOY'S INFLUENCE.

One of the busiest and must productive literary workers of the day has lately confessed what chiefly helps him to get up at five o'clock in the morning—a boy's whistling! The boy carries papers, and has to be on the road at that hour, and he goes about it cheerfully. "It seems to me," says the writer, "that if a boy of fifteen can jump up and hurry off to his work at that hour in the morning, I ought to be up and at my work, too." Talk of unconscious influence! That paper boy thinks all he is doing in life is running a paper route!—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, of Charlotte, and Mrs Johnson, "mother" of the Training School at East Lake, Ala., looked over our institution last Sunday.

Mr Wood and daughter, of Winston-Salem, visited the school last Wednesday. Mr. Wood is superintendent of the Methodist Orphanage, in that city. They were accompanied by J. H. Brown, Supt. of Public Welfare, in Cabarrus County.

Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, recently donated $100.00, to be used for the boys' entertainment during the summer. The character of the entertainment will be decided by the boys. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Reynolds for the many gifts to us.

Last Saturday afternoon Mt. Pleasant was the school's opponent. Austin, pitching for Mt. Pleasant, struck out twenty-two men. Russell, pitching for the school, struck out nine. The Training School boys held them out until the second inning, when they scored two runs. The School didn't get a hit until the seventh. The boys did fine, but Mt. Pleasant won, 5-1.

Last Sunday the electricity went off. Down at the dairy they have a large motor to run the refrigerating plant to keep the milk cold. The power came on too quick or in some way the motor was burnt out. They had to figure some way to keep the milk cool until the motor could be re-wound. But they did not give it up. They took several blocks of ice and packed it around the milk, so that we still get ice-cold milk, even though the cooling system is out of running order. They hope to get it fixed in a few days.

"Samuel's Farewell" was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. After Saul was chosen king Samuel decided to depart and let them live like the other nations round about. But they did not throw him down. They asked him to pray for them and advise them in their doings. Samuel told them if he had done any wrong, he would do twice as much good. If he had taken an ox or an ass, he would return two in its place. But they could find nothing against him. The theme was: "Making Way For Others." Samuel, after Saul had been chosen king, was letting him "run" things. The golden text for this lesson was: "Thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.—Psalm 26:3.

Rev. C. H. Trueblood, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon. He took for his text the fifty-seventh verse of the ninth chapter of Luke. "Lord, I will follow thee, withersoever thou goest." He asked two questions, answering them in his sermon. The first was: "Why do you follow Jesus?" We follow Him because we have faith. We be-

lieve in Him. When we are sick, we take the medicine the doctor gives us, because we believe he will cure us. Another reason is because we love Him. If we have faith, and love Him, we will obey Him. Obedience. The last reason why we follow Him. Where He tells us to go or what to do, we should do it willingly. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all.

Last Sunday afternoon, after the sermon, Supt. Boger introduced Mrs. Johnson, "mother" of the East Lake Training School, in Alamaba. She talked to the boys a while, tellings us about "her boys." Her school is nine years older than ours, but has only ten more boys than we have She told of a little fellow being a preacher down there. He holds the prayer meetings and preaches for the boys. She said that she would walk down the street and and there a young man would tip his hat and say: "I'm one of your boys." The man at the head of the largest electrical school in the United States is one of "her boys." She told several stories in illustrating her talk. Guy Tucker and Everett Carter sang a song. We all enjoyed Mrs. Johnson's talk and hope she will pay us another visit soon.

Any one gifted with linguistic fluency can make a Fourth of July oration or dispense high-sounding sentiments. These are to be had at a cheap price. However, to act up to Fourth of July oratory and lofty phrases is beyond of the majority of us ordinary mortals. Virtue and noble conduct are earned by constantly piling small duty done on small duty. It sounds sorter like preaching to say that it is more worthy to try to do the best every time though it be but a small best than it is to let little things ride and wait for a chance to do a grand-stand heroic. Grand-stand heroics are far more numerous in fiction than in fact.—Oxford Friend.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV ...CORD, N. C., JULY 23, 1927. No. 27

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,
  To the things that shall abide,
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul,
  Like the stars at eventide.
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom,
  In the realms of song and art,
Are yours, if you'll only give them room;
  Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everett Hale.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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COLLEGES' NEED OF SOULS.

Dr. John Fletcher, professor of Psychology at Vanderbilt University, who is teaching at the Asheville Summer School, made the statement the other day that the "American College has lost its soul" but in a talk with the writer a few days later he qualified the statement by adding "that it isn't the college's fault altogether."

The American college is of a piece with the texture of our society, he believes, and instead of the college being at fault everytime something goes wrong in society the college as a matter of truth only tags along after the general tendency of things.

One specific trouble with the American college Dr. Fletcher discussed at length. It might be summed up in the brief statement that "the college has ceased to be an institution and has become an aggregation, with almost no co-ordinated attempt to give the student a philisophy of life, or to orient him in the maze of diverses and contradictory values into which he has been plunged."—Asheville Citizen.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

COLONEL ALSTON DAVIDSON WATTS.

Col. Watts is dead. For a long time the hand-writing was on the wall, and none knew better than he did the seriousness of the malady that attacked him. After a short extreme illness in a Statesville hospital the end came last Friday, and his body was buried in the country near where the statesman was born.

This death brings to innumerable friends and acquaintances in and out of the state a sting of great sorrow. Abused as all successful public men and politicians are at times, yet he kept right on in his accustomed activities. He

had to a greater degree than any living public man in the state the capacity of little talking. When he talked, it was the truth as he saw it. In all of his political activities, he never consciously told a lie or attempted to deceive. He was four square to friend and foe alike. That's an accomplishment not attained by all.

In intellect he was a marvel; in a memory of the things that had gone before, none could equal him in telling the story. He was loyal to a fault to a friend, accepting abuse at times to save a friend.

His support of many a candidate warranted the certainty of success. His devotion to Senator Simmons was a charming picture; and undoubtedly North Carolina had one very conspicuous and able governor that might not have been except for the loyal service of the man, a friend, whom we mourn along with his thousands of admirers, who knew his ability and devotion.

Peace to his ashes.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

LOST TEMPORARILY A CALIFORNIA SUBSCRIBER.

It is very rare that The Uplift loses a subscriber; but when this occurs there is assigned always a good reason. An order came from Long Beach, California, to stop a subscription. So well versed in the equity of life, the subscriber did not write: "Stop The Uplift," a feat that he well knew couldn't be accomplished. He just wanted his copy of The Uplift stopped for a season.

There is a reason for all things if one may find out what it is—oftentimes it is concealed, but truth will out.

Col. Al Fairbrother, late of North Carolina, but now of California, has been attacked with a longing—a longing to see again old North Carolina, pin on his roses, walk up and down Elm street in Greensboro, shake hands with his innumberable friends in that city and those from other quarters of the state, who have to go through Greensboro to reach the largest city in the state and to traverse God's blessed section—Piedmont, North Carolina.

Col. Al tells us that he has a new, high powered car, a "shofer" and has already started on a 9,000 miles inspection tour of this country. He wants to know his own country before going abroad and touching with kings that can't ride a horse and folks that can't make themselves understood in our language.

Most any day now, soon, we expect to shake the hand of a loyal lover of the

state, a genuine friend, unique and lovable character—Al Fairbrother.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE THING PROPERLY DESIGNED BUT WRONGLY NAMED.

Mr. C. W. Hunt is in this issue. He gives the proper direction for the making of a fine food. Hunt calls it "Chicken Pie." That great dish has come down from ages when men first learned about something good to eat under the name of "Chicken Pot Pie." Some of the biggest and best men in this section were reared on Chicken pot pie—but not a one has ever been weaned on that dish.

Over half of the people of the world, we are safe in saying, have never been introduced to this fine living. In some sections mothers start off their babies on Coca Cola.

Let the good housewives construct a model kitchen, like Mrs. Erwin describes in this issue, then use Hunt's "Chicken Pie" prescription and note how docile the husband becomes. It's simply a wonder, the transformation.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

BUSY WITH OTHER PEOPLES' BUSINESS.

Many opportunities to indulge in fine thoughts are offered to mankind and womankind. We start in the world in making an unintelligible noise, which finally develops into a kind of language. With some this ability develops most rapidly and incessantly; with others it is spasmodic; and still others very cautious. With the latter class the common gossiper has no abiding place.

There is more time wasted in talking about the affairs of others and about what other people do without any possible relation to the talker than in any other particular. There is a class that talks about one subject that has its home entirely in the realm of gossip until it becomes not only tiresome but nauseating.

There are minor subjects for gossip, and there are major subjects. Here's one that falls into the major class, if the persistency is any criterion. A millionaire widower of 73 summers became enamored with an attractive young woman of 23. There was just fifty years difference in their ages—what difference did that make if love was genuine and mutual. But was it? He showered the lady with rings and other jewelry; he gave her choice attention. They married. Now the gossipers began their work. "He's a fool;" "She married him for his money." From this the sport-

ing blood of the gossipers warmed up. Their ravings have no place here.

The wealthy man died, of course. The gossipers discussed from every angle of justice and unrighteousness the disposition of his immense wealth. And before the gossipers settled in their own minds what to do about it, the announcement was made that the young widow had married again, within six weeks of the funeral of her first great love. The fact that she was married two weeks before the marriage announcement was issued torments the gossipers and they resent such treatment. It was hard on them.

The sanest one of these myriads of gossipers that have had this case under review is quoted as saying: "Why, she is delighted with married life, and isn't her first husband just as dead as he will ever be?" That kind of philosophy aggravates the gossipers.

This great event touches the life of two great states.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LEAVES A SCAR.

It takes years and years for even a trivial matter to fade from one's mind. There are other events, refusing to be forgotten, may lie dormant for years and then suddenly bob up.

Montgomery county Superior Court last week was engaged in hearing a case in which the principal of a high school was being tried for his life. The result of that trial was a prompt and complete exoneration of the victim of that prosecution. On every hand, especially in his native home and where he labored, the verdict of the jury is commended and gives great joy. The joy was so great in his home town that, by previous arrangements, the church bell rang out, which was the means of notifying the people among whom he was reared that an acquittal of the serious charge was a fact.

So far, so good. But for years and years afterwards the sting of this unjust charge will ever be with him. That is not all—the cruelty of the thing. A small baby of the prisoner was with him during the trial. Way down in the years to come when some one, through perverseness and downright meanness, will blab out: "Oh, yes, your daddy was tried for his life." The innocence being established beyond question, and so recorded, does not save the innocent ones from a revival of the unhappy and terrible event in the father's life.

The fact that a suit for damages is threatened by the losers smacks of commercialism. It would be more orderly if the baby, through a legal representative, could bring a damage suit for the insult that is sure to be offered it when

maturity is reached. Human cruelty makes it a certainty.

There is no way to prevent these ugly things getting into court, when there seems no real reasons for such a course, but the contemplation of the fact that no one is safe from false accusation prompts all to exercise abundant care.

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THE TRAGEDIES.

The habitual and daily reader of newspapers dreads these days to pick up the average daily. He is sure to be confronted with most terrible accidents, in which human lives figure to a sickening number.

Whose fault is it? There is fault in the accident. But notwithstanding this terrible record of lives being snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye, it has but a little effect in promoting caution on the part of the average driver.

The young man and the young trained nurse, who suffered a terrible experience last Sunday, which cost the life of the lady and the painful injury, if not serious, of the young man, furnishes one of the most heart-rending accidents in recent days.

Car turned over in a shallow stream, imprisoning the occupants. No rescue was near at hand. Fate turned up. A heavy rain about that time up the small creek swelled the stream and gradually it enveloped the young lady and drowning followed. This occurred in Iredell county.

About this time a man, parking his car in West Concord, backed off a fill. Result: a crushed skull and a newly-made grave is today in Rowan county. Surely these days "in life we are in death."

HOW TO MAKE A KITCHEN.

They had a "model home" exhibit in Cabarrus county recently. It was intensely interesting if one may judge from the county-wide enthusiasm over the proposition. There were speeches, displays and essays on the subject.

Prizes were offered for the best essay on the subject of a model kitchen. This was opened to ladies who had passed the twenty-year mark. Quite a number of the good sensible women of the county did not hesitate to publicly acknowledge that their lives had covered a span of twenty years or more by entering this essay contest.

Mrs. Ed Erwin, whose faithfulness as a pupil we make bold to highly commend, and whose success as a teacher in our public schools before the flapper days thrust upon the system mechanically made teachers via the "certification" humbug, was pronounced and worth every dollar the county paid her, offered her views in the contest. She was awarded the second prize because the committee did not know how to make two first prizes.

Mrs. Erwin thinks with real thoughts; she is a practical woman; she not only knows how a kitchen should be arranged, but, were it necessary, she could "catch the chicken," put it in order and with accessories, as the practical woman as she is, show the folks how such a "modern kitchen" could be brought into action in such a manner as to put an appetite into the worst old dispeptic in the land.

Mrs. Erwin's essay is as follows:

"I am the kitchen in the Better Home at Jackson Park, Cabarrus County. They have given me the name of Model, because I am to be the pattern for all the farm kitchens, not only in Cabarrus, but in all the Counties in this district. We are expecting a great many club women of other counties to visit this home during the Demonstration Week.

"Long time ago, the things that were not good enough for the other rooms in the house were all right for the kitchen, but not so these times. My furnishings were selected with as much thought and taste as those of my sisters, the dining room and living room. In fact, I am proud to be the kitchen. I am really the most important room in the house. In my hands I hold the key to the health and well being of the family.

"The problems of diet, nutrition, food value, food combinations, the preparation and serving of well balanced meals, are well worked out within my walls.

"I want to speak of three things that are essential in a well planned kitchen. They are location, equipment and arrangement.

"1. Location: I occupy the Northeast corner of the house, and have windows in both outside walls. It is real nice to have windows in two outside walls as that gives cross ventilation. I have two doors; one opens into the dining room, the other into the back porch.

"2. Equipment: Electric lights,

running water, sink with drain board, built-in cabinet and shelves, also stool, oil stove, instantaneous water heater to furnish hot water for the bathroom and the kitchen, and a fireless cooker to save a lot of time in cooking meats, cereals, etc.

"Arrangement: I am small, have about 108 square feet of floor space so this is an important feature. Until recently little attention has been given to the arrangement of the kitchen. For the woman who does her own housework, the location of the sink, icebox and stove with reference to natural and artificial light, and to each other, is most essential. The sink is 36 inches high and is placed under the two windows, with a drain board on the left side. The table is to the right of the sink: the flour and meal bins are built in under the table. Shelves for cans of spices, soda, salt and sugar, and the small kitchen utensils are above the work table. The oil stove is placed against the wall on the left side of the diningroom door, and opposite to the sink; the water heater is in the corner to the right of the dining-room door. The ironing board is attached to the wall between the heater and the back door. The board can be taken down when not in use. The refrigerator is on the back porch. With cream window shades and curtains trimmed in gingham, a congoleum rug on my floor, I am up-to-date, neat and goodlooking. As I look into the shining faces of my pots and pans, I can hardly wait for my lady to come in to get dinner.

"I have tried to give you a description of a kitchen equipped at the small cost of——and arranged with the idea of saving steps, which is an important consideration. I close by saying I am happy and contented as the Model Kitchen in a modest and beautiful Bettter Home."

"Most things have their price. There are few bargains. The education that costs little is worth little."

BUCK PASSERS.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Passing the buck is now one of our great prevalent and contagious national diseases. It is alarmingly easy to encounter a man who frequently indulges in buck-passing when confronted with the job of regulating his own conduct.

Such a person's temptation is to do as he pleases as long as he can get by with it. His argument is that whatever he does is all right as long as he is not arrested for it. Instead of his conscience, the vision of going to jail is the thing that determines what he will or will not do.

And this remarkable condition has come into being, thus:

A few years ago a lot of cranks and flibertygibbets ran up and down the smiling countryside yelling "Pass

a law against it!" every time they saw, heard or suspected a farmer's losing money, an increase in a community's death rate, or a failure to obey the fifth, tenth or any other commandment.

These shouters and snouters were the original buck passers and side-steppers. Although their constant cry was that they were out to improve and uplift others, their real motive was to protect themselves. It developed in most cases that the thing which they wanted prohibited by law was the temptation to which, in their hearts, they knew they, themselves, were most liable to yield.

For example, nobody clamored more vociferously for prohibition than the reformed drunkard. He desired a law against the sale of liquor for the simple reason that, as long as it could be easily obtained, he would be tempted to relapse into the intemperance he had thrown off for the time being.

All such reformers—and there are many classes of them—depended on the law and the policeman to keep them in the straight and narrow. They side-stepped the duty of controlling themselves. Faced with the responsibility of saving themelves, they passed the buck to the state.

So, ministering to their own weakness, they invited others to do likewise. Soon there were people everywhere who thought or said a law could do anything in the business of insuring good behavior. And since a law could do anything, why should they do anything?

From asking the policeman to control the neighbors, the weak brothers and sisters fell to the depth of expecting the policeman to control themselves. Then it was that buck passing got to be a national disease.

There sprang up multitudes of men and women who argued in all seriousness: "Since it's the cop's business to arrest me when I do wrong, my conduct is all right as long as I'm not arrested." Then came the final and fatal claim: "Anything that I do is right as long as I'm not caught doing it."

Many, of course, did not sit down, put on their thinking caps and consciously elaborate such a line of reasoning. But this sort of thinking had charged the air. The feeling grew and spread with enormous rapidity because it was as easy and pleasant to deal with, or to refuse to deal with, annoying problems.

The government was making people behave. Let the government do the job!

That broke and destroyed the little remaining spine they had. They ceased to cultivate the quality of resistance to temptation. What they thought about most was how to have a good time, not how to refrain from the evil and the destructive.

The old Puritans in New England and Britain, it is true, undertook to see that their neighbors behaved well, but they did not stop there. They made a thorough and picturesque job of sticking to righteousness themselves. They expected each man to have high ideals, as high ideals were interpreted in those days, and they felt and expressed a blazing contempt for the backslider. They clung nobly to the doctrine of individual

responsibility.

But our present-day minorities who preach the theory that the State can and must regulate all conduct have created a multitude whose chief and governing motive is to escape and deny all individual responsibility.

A brilliant Christopher Columus of modern depravity is out with the announcement that "the public is partly to blame for the low literature and debasing plays of the present day." The mistake he makes is in not explaining that the public which patronizes such evils is altogether, always emphatically to blame for them.

These people, in side-stepping the task of controlling their forbidden emotions and tastes, give such feelings and desires greater sway. Since they care nothing about building up their better selves their energy goes into the gratification of their worse selves, which is the real reason why they read the "low literature" and attend the "debasing plays."

It is time to call a halt. When all of us realize that the clamor for "passing a law" is often a symptom of the disease of "passing the buck," we will have not so much foolish legislation and more individual responsibility.

"It does not pay to plant a bushel of seed for a peck harvest; it is not worth while to throw away ten dollars in order to get one."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CHICKEN PIE?

By C. W. Hunt.

This season of the year reminds me of the times when a boy on the farm, for it was the time of the year that we had chicken pie, great dishes of it, and it had a taste that nothing else has. Some times there was a barbecued lamb or pig, but such meant a special occasion, and the chicken pie came on special occasions, such as wheat threshings, but they came more often in the common run of things; when the fryers were good sized, and about three were dressed and fixed for a single pie. Lest some of the younger and town raised generation think I am writing about a dessert pie, let me say it is not a dessert, but a whole meal, if you have enough, one that needs no garnished dishes. I am afraid none of the readers of this know enough about chicken pie to appreciate this; in fact I know if they have never eaten chicken baked into some kind of pie this will be "Dutch" to such.

It has been about fifty years since I sat by one of these country chicken pies, but I can taste it still; and if this accomplishes no more than to make some one who can cook try

one of these pies, the making of which is described below, I will be well repaid; for I know if one ever gets a taste of one half way made, it will call for more. I am tempted to announce that if I ever celebrate another birthday with a barbecue, a part of that dinner will chicken pie, if I have to import some one from Eastern North Carolina to make it; though I believe I can make it myself; at least I could cook it out of doors, by the same fire that cooked the pig and lamb.

I ate chicken pie before the age of the cook stove, else I might never have known how good they were and are. I have eaten them off the cook stove, and have eaten them made differently and they are all good; some are better; but none of them taste like those I first ate and the good wife will tell you I still have an appetite; in fact about as good as it ever was, but the old black mammy Cloe Green and my maiden aunt and step mother and black mammy cooks at other homes could make. But to the task.

The first chicken pie I ever ate and those I ate early in life were made as follows: a good sized young chicken or chickens were dressed and salted and cut in pieces; a rich pastry of flour was worked up and rolled out into a round shape to fit the bottom of the oven or spider, as some called them, and several other pieces were rolled into about the thickness and size of a man's hand. The bottom pastry equally as thick was placed in the oven which had already been placed on hot coals from an open fire, and the hand sized pieces set up on the sides, making a lining all around; then came the chicken and more pastry sliced up in medium sized pieces, which were mixed in with the raw chicken and plenty of butter and a dash of black pepper as the filling went in. When all was in and a little water or sweet milk then another thick pastry was spread over the top and the lid placed on and red hot coals from the fire piled on the lid of the oven and underneath it, which were renewed as they cooked and the baking went on. The flavor of the chicken was all in there and the butter penetrated into the pastry, at least an inch thick when taken out, and right brown on the outside and at the bottom. This was taken out and piled on to a turkey dish, when work was complete except the eating. Good? I should say it was. So good you needed no other dishes on the table for this was bread and meat too. With such a pie as this, and with the appetite of a hungry, growing farm boy, there was little telling how much I could eat. Many a time I was wholly unfit for work until mid afternoon.

I had a chicken pie two weeks ago, but it had a crust as rich as a dessert pie crust; and the chicken was par boiled first an the crusts were thin; in fact there was more chicken than crusts; besides I had to eat a plate of common old cabbage, with a chicken pie before me. I tell you that was bordering on cruelty to animals. Now is the time of year to make this dish, while chickens are plentiful. You may not have the chickens, but lots of others have, and the pie will cook on or in the cookstove in a large or small pan.

STATUE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By Mrs. J. A. Fore, in Charlotte Observer.

Noting in a recent publication, that the state of Mississippi had decided to place the statue of President Jefferson Davis in the "Hall of Fame" in the capitol of the United States, the writer communicated with Governor Murphree, of Mississippi, to ask if the report was true. He wrote that Mississippi had apporpriated the money for the statue of both President Davis and Senator George as the state's most distinguished sons, to be placed in the National Statuary hall. Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor of Stone Mountain, has been awarded the contract of carving the statues.

The whole south will rejoice that this great man is at last assuming his rightful place in history, and at this evidence of the reuniting of the sections. Mr. Davis was a brilliant officer in the Mexican war, a most able secretary of war in president Pierce's cabinet and an astute senator in the United States Congress, be sides being the President of the Confederate states. In this United States Congress he was called the "great constitutionalist" and advocated a strict construction of the constitution, maintaining the doctrine of state's rights and popular government.

The idea of the sovereignity of the states, including the right to secede, was of general acceptance until 1860. Daniel Webster believed in secession and Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, declared on the floor of the senate in 1812 that it was the "duty of the New England states to prepare for separation amicably if we can, violently if we must."

The Southern states had no thought of war when they seceded and set up the Confederacy. They never declared war. The United States declared war when President Lincoln called for 75,000 troops to invade the seceded states and bring them back into the union. Mr. Davis was kept in prison three years, hoping to find evidence to convict him, but when his case was finally called, Chief Justice Chase told the court, that he could not be proven guilty of treason. The case was referred to the supreme court, where it rests today, a complete vindication of the man and the cause.

Placing the statue of Mr. Davis in the hall of fame will do much to heal the wounds of war and the humiliation of reconstruction.

A writer in The Atlanta Journal says: "There are great moments in history, and the erection of the statue of Davis, above the Mason and Dixon line, will be one of them. In giving this national commemoration to this particular son of the south, one of the most significant events in American annals will be presented to the world. The statue in the capitol of the republic will be a signal to all the countries of the globe that this nation is truly united."

Glorious to think that the way to complete unity has been found and that the white and red roses will bloom on the same stem."

TAFT'S UNIQUE PLACE.

(Charlotte Observer.)

Since Chief Justice William Howard Taft some time ago frankly expressed his preference for the bench as compared with the White House, the press of the country has indulged in general comment upon the unique place in American history occupied by the man who has been both President and head of the Supreme Court of the Nation, and it is generally agreed that his words are in harmony with his character. Having occupied the position of United States Circuit Judge, Civil Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, President of the United States and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he has had a career not paralleled by that of any other American.

"Happily for the country," says The Washington Star, "the Chief Justice combines the qualities and abilities of both the executive and the Judge." Of the satisfaction Mr. Taft has found on the Supreme bench, The Star adds: The life of a President doubtless is the more exciting. The plaudits of the throng may be sweet in the ear, the honor of serving as Chief Executive may tickle the sensibilities, but the solid satisfaction and comfort of the judicial position more than compensate for the lack of excitement found on the bench."

"No other man now living," records The Detroit News, "has the secure grip upon a place in the history of the United States that Chief Justice Taft possesses. Only he in the Nation's whole story may from experience compare life in the presidency with life in the chief justiceship. Is there gall, a bitter taste, in the reflection that he is (and was during the years of his presidency, for that interpretation cannot be escaped) not fitted for the hustling and the controversy? If so, he has the enviable grace to drown bitterness in a laugh and thereby enhance the esteem of his countrymen."

The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times, noting that "he will be 70 years of age in September and in 1931 will be eligible to retirement with full pay," observes: "But his health and mental powers being unimpared, why should he think of retiring? . . . Long judicial experience and the accumlation of essential knowledge that is to be gained only by such service constitute assets which the public should be loath to give up."

"He never could understand politics, but he does understand how to fill the highest judicial office in the land with brillance and grace," declares The San Francisco Bulletin.

This tribute is paid by The Utica Observer-Dispatch: "Clean, honor, able, high-minded, always fair so far as he can see, an ardent American and firmly believing in all that the American Constitution has provided for us, Taft was not a politician. . . At the present time, there is no reafor the Chief Justice to feel ashamed of his presidential term."

The Minneapolis Tribune remarks: "One can readily understand why Mr. Taft is not shedding any tears be-

cause he is no longer President. When we reflect upon the potential grief which lies in the job, it becomes somewhat astonishing that so many men crave it.''

The Columbia Record emphasizes the fact that ''the President must go it alone and pass on important questions, at times, on the spur of the moment.''

''Taft is the only President who was forced into the job,'' says The Topeka Capital. ''But for the insistence of Roosevelt, Governor Hughes, of New York would have been the party choice in 1908, would have been elected, and American history would have been a different story from that point.''

The New York Evening Post calls him ''a man of wisdom, a man clear-sighted enough to see his own limitations, yet a man brave enough to 'carry on' despite his inclinations. A lovable and useful officer of the Republic.''

And The Boston Transcript suggests: ''If Mr. Taft ever had any illusions regarding the presidency, which we doubt, they disappeared under the campaign of criticism, if not misrepresentation, which was visited upon him. In his present position he enjoys at once a comfort and a prestige to which he is fairly entitled.''

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief, than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.

—Marcus Antonius.

THE BOOK CHEST OF HUGO GROTIUS.

By A. M. Barnes, in Young Folks.

This is the true story of a man who loved books, good books; and most of all the Book of All Books. It was through this love of books that a very wonderful thing happened to him. You will find out what it was when you have read the story. The man was Hugo Grotius, who lived more than three hundred years ago in Holland, or The Netherlands, as it is geographically known.

Hugo Grotius was born in Delft, on April 10, 1583. He was a studious lad, from early boyhood devoted to books. He would sit for hours poring over the great, cumbersome volumes of that day when his fellows were at play. At that time printing was but a crude art, done in heavy black lettering with wooden type that covered so much space it made of what would be with our slender metal type of today but an ordinary-sized volume, one exceedingly bulky and heavy, weighing many pounds. I have told you this so that you may understand more clearly about the huge book chest of Hugo Grotius.

Hugo was but a few months past his twelfth birthday when he enter-

ed the University of Leyden, then one of the foremost institutes of learning in the world. The examination of applicants for entrance was rigid, made by learned doctors who took no account of youth. Hugo passed with "conspicuous credit" to the amazement of his examiners. At seventeen he had finished his university course.

At first he decided he would enter the ministry, and it was while he was a divinity student that he wrote many beautiful things of what he had learned while studying the Scriptures. Then, for some reason, he changed to the law. He became Holland's foremost jurist and statesman, and his name is today known throughout the world as "the founder of the science of international law" and as the author of the volume, "The Law of War and Peace," which is an accepted textbook among the nations.

Now, Hugo Grotius was an outspoken man. He would freely proclaim his convictions, no matter what the consequence, which is by no means wise, especially at a time when a country is being rocked to its very foundations by the violence of political and religious dissension. For speaking out unrestrainedly what he thought of the policies of Prince Maurice, the ruler of the Province, and others connected with State and Church, Hugo Grotius was arrested and imprisoned. Others apprehended at the same time and for the same offense were put to death; but he was sent for life to the gloomy fortress of Loevestein. " 'Tis the same as if he were dead," said his friends, "for he will never come alive out of that tomb. 'Twill be only as a dead man that he will pass through those eleven doors." For to reach the room in the tower of the fortress where Grotius was confined there were eleven doors to go through, each heavily barred and locked, and carefully guarded.

At first no one from outside was allowed to see him, and all reading matter and writing materials were denied him. But there were powerful friends at work in his behalf, and finally he was not only allowed to have what books he desired but his wife and little daughter were permitted to visit him once each day.

To convey back and forth the huge volumes Grotius desired, not only from his own library but from those of his friends, a great chest was built. It was four feet long, two feet wide and two and a half feet deep; and when it was filled with the bulky volumes of that day it required four of the soldiers of the fortress to handle it. More and more they grumbled about it.

It was Madam Grotius who had seen to the making of the book-chest, and who can say what thoughts were at work in her brain at the time? A significant thing was that she had insisted on having a number of air-holes in the chest.

"The chest should be ventilated," she told the carpenters, "otherwise mold will collect within, and thus hurt the books."

When Grotius was through with the books, they went out in the great chest, and when more were to be brought they came in the same way.

It was early afternoon of a day toward the end of April, Hugo Grotius was sitting beside the one barred

window of his tower room, gazing wistfully upon the scene below, a glimpse of the free outside world. It was a portion of the canal that flowed alongside the prison. Boats being towed back and forth; some laden with freight; others having a happy family aboard. He caught, too, the view of a wind-mill, its great flail-like arms turning merrily, a group of children at play on the strip of sward. It was life, happiness, freedom. He turned away with a sigh. As his wife, who was sitting beside him, caught the spasm of pain that passed over his face, her hand clasped his knee, and she cried out:

"Oh, Hugo why not? It is surely worth trying. And I believe it can be done."

He shook his head slowly, sorrowfully.

"Never, dear, while Lieutenant Deventer, one of my bitterest enemies is commandant of this fortress. He is too vigilant, too determined to accomplish my end. Even now I believe he is trying to have Prince Maurice and the Assembly order my execution. No telling what false testimony he is giving them in order to accomplish it."

"Oh, Hugo!" came in a sharp outcry from Madam Grotius as her hand went to her heart. "Surely not so bad as that!" And at that moment the door was flung open and the soldiers came in, bearing the great chest, and grumbling and complaining as they lugged it in. They cast scowling glances at both Hugo Grotius and his wife as they set the great chest down. "Might be a man in there, it's so heavy!" one of them growled as he stalked out of the room.

Grotius flashed a significant glance at his wife. It said plainly, "Hear that now! What chance would I have?"

He went over and opened the chest, taking out one after another of the precious volumes and gloating over them. When the chest was empty his wife came and stood beside him, gazing down into it thoughtfully for some seconds. Then she glanced up. Again there was pleading in eyes and voice, "It is a desperate venture, I know, Hugo. But won't you try it? for my sake?"

He looked at her, love and compassion in his face.

"I would venture anything that was possible for your sake, dear wife, but this is impossible. It is, in short, madness."

"I do not believe it," she replied.

"But look at the size of the chest, and I am a tall man, full six feet." He drew himself up.

"But the chest is full two feet wide, and more than two feet deep. A half reclining, half-sitting posture is what I have in mind," she presisted. "Try it, will you not?

Unable longer to resist her, he entered the chest, and found that there was room for him, though the position he was compelled to take was one that could not long be maintained without a great deal of discomfort.

"Now let me close the lid," she said, "and you bear it just as long as you can. When you feel that you cannot endure it another moment, rap and I will raise the lid."

So, through the next few days,

importuned and encouraged by his wife, Grotius allowed himself to be confined in the chest, a little longer each time, till after several trials it grew less and less hard to endure.

Yet, accustoming himself to remain in the chest was not all, as Hugo Grotius well knew. There was one danger greatest of all. The chest was always unlocked and examined when leaving the prison! But even the knowledge of this did not daunt Madam Grotius in her determination that the trial should be made.

"It is death if you stay here," she reminded him, "for your enemies will surely accomplish it!" He knew that to be true. "While the other way there is one chance in a hundred that you may escape. The guards are sometimes careless. They do not always examine the chest, I am sure."

"Say one chance in a million," he amended. But even as he spoke he had decided that she should have her desire. He would make the attempt.

He had no more than reached his decision when the door was thrown open and Lieutenant Deventer came into the room. He glared at them, his manner was most threatening. He had heard of the grumblings of the soldiers with reference to the heaviness of the book-chest, and also of the remark that it was as heavy as if a man were in it. It had put him to thinking and aroused his suspicions. Such an attempt, it flashed to his brain, might be made, and he resolved to let it be known to husband and wife what madness it would be.

So he entered the room, demanding to see the chest. It stood against the wall empty. He advanced and peered into it. Then he turned and said sourly, glowering at Grotius:

"Rather cramped quarters for a man your size; yet on a pinch it might be done. But I warn you that any such attempt on your part will not only end in failure, but will make the situation many times worse for you."

Then he went away, leaving husband and wife with despair in their hearts. But Madam Grotius soon rallied. She would not give up. For her husband to remain in the prison was death. She was sure of it. The other way there was a chance, yes, a chance. She clung to that hope.

"We must give it up, dear wife," said Grotius. "He has shown us what madness it will be."

"Never!" replied the brave woman, and her lips shut firmly.

A day or so later they heard that Lieutenant Deventer had gone away for a week on a military mission, leaving the affairs of the prison in charge of his wife.

"Now or never!" declared Madam Grotius with another firm setting of the lips. "Having only a woman to obey, the soldiers are likely to become careless in their duties. It is a risk I know, my Hugo, a desperate one, no doubt. But we will take it, beseeching God to help us."

One of the friends, from whose library Grotius had received books, was let into the secret. He agreed to take charge of the chest out of the prison, to have it conveyed to his home, and from thence to aid Grotius in escaping from Holland.

The day came. With such thoughts and feelings as words cannot describe, husband and wife had bidden each other farewell, and Grotius had been locked in the chest. The friend had arrived to take charge of it, and in an agony of suspense Madam Grotius saw the soldiers enter and bear it from the room.

The route from the prison was by water, and Madam Grotius could plainly see the canal from the window of the apartment. It had been agreed between her and the friend who had taken charge of the chest that if all had gone well, he would remove his hat on entering the boat; otherwise his head would remain covered. Moment after moment, the faithful wife stood beside the window, her gaze strained for the first glimpse of the precious chest and its guardian; but time went on till many minutes had passed, and still there was no sign of either. What could have happened? What was delaying them?

It was just as the suspense had become unbearable, and she had turned from the window in an agony of fear, that her maid hastily entered. One glance at the woman's face, and Madam Grotius cried out. "Oh, what has happened?"

"Nothing as yet, Madam." Then her voice breaking, she added, "But they have halted the chest in the yard and are waiting for the commandant's wife herself to come and inspect it; for she has given orders."

"Mercy of heaven!" exclaimed Madam Grotius, "then all is lost!" And so it seemed.

But even while the chest stood in the prison yard, awaiting the coming of the commandant's wife, and the friend, with rapidly beating heart, tried to prepare himself for the issue, there came a heavy shower of rain. In the midst of it the commandant's wife sent word to go on; that she was not coming out in the rain to bother with the chest.

When at last, after the terrible period of suspense, Madam Grotius saw the chest carried aboard, and her friend lifted his hat, she collapsed. The joy of having this assurance of her husband's safety was too much. But the long wait, the rough passage, the cramped position, and the lack of air all combined to play havoc with Hugo Grotius. He was barely alive when lifted from the chest; but was soon brought around all right and managed to reach Antwerp in safety.

Madam Grotius received rough treatment at the hands of Deventer, because of the part she had taken the escape of her husband; but before a great while was released from prison on the order of Prince Maurice, who, it seems, had somewhat of kindness in his heart after all. In the meantime, Grotius had made his way to Sweden, and there his wife and young daughter joined him.

In the new home the most priceless piece of furniture was the famous book-chest, restored to Grotius by his friends in Holland.

In Sweden Grotius rose from one post of honor to another, and was finally made ambassador to the court of France.

Today in Holland one of the best-loved stories of all that country's great men is this one of Hugo Grotius and his famous book-chest.

A PIECE OF GREEN PAPER.

By Elsa Gorham Baker

Francis, who lived in the city, was spending a July day in the country with his cousin Peter. How he did enjoy such visits! The small tasks that Peter did every day were great fun for Francis. To carry in armfuls of wood from the huge pile in the shed until the big wood-box in the kitchen was heaped high, and then to fill a basket with chips for kindling, seemed very interesting, for at home Francis' mother cooked with gas.

Helping to feed the ducks and chickens was always fun, and this time there was a calf that was just learning to drink milk from a pail. How Francis laughed when, in spite of his and Peter's efforts to hold the pail firmly on the ground, the calf butted it over, spattering milk on all three of them.

When it came to picking peas and beans for dinner about all Francis could do was hold the basket while Peter stripped them off the vines as fast as his fingers could fly. Somehow when the city boy tried he could never be sure which ones were ready to pick and which were not yet big enough. They all looked very much alike to him.

After the work was done the boys played hide-and-seek in the big barns, climbed trees in the orchard and waded and sailed boats in the little brook that ran through the farm. This last was a very pleasant thing to do on a hot July day and it was late in the afternoon when they tired of it.

"What do you want to do now, Francis?" asked Peter.

"I'd like to go down to the hay field and watch Uncle Peter and the men getting in the hay," said Francis.

This did not seem to Peter like a very interesting thing to do, for he had seen having every year since he could remember, but he knew that it was different with Francis; so, though he would much rather have done something else, he said, "All right," for Peter had been taught to be polite.

They found a shady spot under a tree at the edge of the big hayfield, and while Peter lay on his back almost asleep, Francis watched his uncle and the two men who were helping him rake up the hay and load it into the big wagon.

As the last load of hay was leaving the field Francis' uncle, who was driving it, stopped a minute to wipe off his hot face. Then he drove on, not noticing that, as he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, something that looked like a piece of green paper came out with it and fluttered off on the breeze.

"Did you see that, Peter?" asked Francis.

"No. What?" said Peter, who was half asleep.

"Francis told him. "It was green," he said, "and looked like a dollar bill. The wind carried it off behind those bushes. Let's go look for it."

"It couldn't be a bill," said Peter, Without stirring. "Father never

carries money when he's working out in the fields."

"But it looked just like one," urged Francis. "Do let's look."

Peter remembered to be polite, "All right," he agreed.

The two boys look all around near the clump of bushes behind which Francis had seen the piece of green paper disappear, but found nothing.

"Give it up and come on to the house," said Peter, after a few minutes. "It's 'most supper time. I don't believe it was money anyway. Let's go."

"Guess we might as well," agreed Francis. He gave one last look around before following his cousin. Then he gave a shout that brought Peter back on a run.

"There it is!" he cried. "Look! Just over my head. We were looking too low all the time."

There was the peice of green paper —caught in a forking branch—just where the wind had left it. It was out of arms' reach, but Peter poked it loose with a stick. Francis caught it as it fluttered down. He caught his breath, too, as he looked at it. It was a bill, but not a dollar bill—there was the figure twenty in the corner.

"Twenty dollars!" cried Peter. His eyes were wide as he peered ever his cousin's shoulder. "I don't understand how Father came to have it in his pocket, but he's certainly going to be glad to find he hasn't lost it. Twenty dollars is a lot to lose," he added soberly. "I'm glad you found it."

The boys crossed the wide hayfield and went up the long lane to the barn. Through the barnyard, along the edge of the garden and under the grapevine arbor that led to the back of the house they hurried. Peter's father was on the porch while Peter's mother stood in the kitchen doorway. As the boys came within hearing, Peter's father was speaking, "You can get that new rug for the sitting-room now," he was saying. "Mr. Lane came by the hayfield and paid me the twenty dollars he owed me for the chickens. Here it is—Peter's father reached in his pocket—then he reached in another pocket—then he felt in two pockets at once. A worried look came over his face, but just then Francis held out the bill. "Here Uncle," he said.

Then—what surprise and pleasure! And what interest as Francis explained how they found the money!

"Don't say **we** found it," put in Peter. "You were the one that saw it blow away and wanted to hunt for it. All I did was try and make you stop looking."

"I'm glad you didn't stop, Francis," said his uncle. He paused a minute, then added with a smile, "I'm going to take Peter on a two-weeks' canoeing trip this fall and I think I can find room for another boy in the canoe—one about your size. How about it—would you like to go?"

And what do the readers of this story think Francis' answer was?

The greater the obstacle the more glory in overcoming it.—Moliere.

CROSSED WIRES.

By Rose D. Nealley.

Mina Woodsum, night operator in the telephone office at Seabright, had just come on duty. It was a rough night, with a storm brewing, and she had been buffeted by the wind as she had walked down the street to the office. She laid aside her coat and hat and stood before the mirror, patting her hair in place.

But she was not thinking of her looks. She was thinking of her older brother, Leland. He had told her that night, in confidence, that he was going to be "laid off." He didn't want his mother to know about it, because there was none too much money for the three of them when Leland and Mina were both working. Their father was dead, and Mrs. Woodsum had such poor health that she was in constant need of medical attention. A curtailment of income would be distressing for her sake. In fact, it might be necessary for the family to have to give up their home. Mina shuddered at the thought.

"Why should they lay you off?" Mina had questioned bitterly when Leland had told her about it.

"Because business is slack and I was one of the last to be hired, therefore one of the first to go. Besides, they are favoring the married men because of their families."

"Aren't mothers as important as wives?"

"Of course, only they don't know about our situation. But don't worry, sis. I'll find something right away. We won't tell mother—yet."

Mina was not so sure Leland could find something right away. Knowing the amount of unemployment and distress in the town, she very much doubted it. She was thinking hard as she stood before the mirror. She remembered, dimly, that she had heard the manager say a few days before that they were in need of an extra man to install telephones. She had not thought anything about it at the time, as she supposed Leland would have steady employment with the firm for which he was working. Leland was a trained electrician. She wondered if she dared speak to the manager about him. She had been in the office only three months and she didn't believe she had any influence. Probably the place was already filled anyway. Nevertheless, she determined to speak to the manager in the morning.

There came two or three calls, and Mina attended to them, then she sat waiting. The office was a small one. Mr. Rhines, the manager, had installed a radio in one corner of the room. Several times he had gone out and carelessly left the instrument set at some station he had been trying to get. A succession of shrieks and groans from the corner proved this to be the case on this night. Mina crossed the room to shut the instrument off when she became aware that a familiar voice was talking. She caught her own name and stood spellbound.

"Yes," the voice was saying, "Mina Woodsum's going to lose her

job. Mr. Rhine's niece, from Argyle, is coming next month. She's had considerable experience, so he's going to put her in Mina's place."

"But," came the answer, spoken in a worried tone, "Mina's a real good girl. Isn't she giving satisfaction?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but Mr. Rhines says she is rather timid. He doesn't know what she'd do in an emergency. He's afraid she'd lose her head. The niece has a lot of sand, they say. She's de—"

Mina had pushed the button. The voice has stopped in the middle of a word. The girl stood white and trembling. What had happened? How could a telephone conversation be heard over the radio? The wires must be crossed in some way. Such a thing had never happened before. She would not have believed it possible. Could it be true what she had heard? Could Mr. Rhines be so cruel as to give her place to a relative? Timid? Perhaps she was, but she had never failed to do her duty. Did not true courage mean that one would do one's duty no matter how frightened one might be? Oh, what would happen with Leland and herself both out of work? Mechanically she plugged a switch in answer to a call.

The night wore on. All was quiet but the intermittent howling of the wind, like some animal in distress. She felt as though she could howl with it to give vent to her feelings. Eleven — twelve — one — two o'clock. The wind was increasing. It was a wild night. She sniffed and sniffed again. What was that peculiar smell? Surely it was smoke. Where could it come from?

She threw open the door. The hall was full of it, creeping, curling, crawling like a snake. She remembered with a sudden sinking of the heart that the basement was used as a store-room for a paint shop. The paints and oils must be terribly inflammable. In another moment she detected the roar and crackling of flames. She ran back into the offiec and called the fire departmen, a small enough force she knew it to be, quite unable to cope with a big fire like this that was threatened.

The Seabright telephone exchange was on the second floor of a large wooden building. Above and below were offices of various kinds. The whole street was composed of a row of similar buildings, nearly all of them wooden structures. Once thoroughly under way, with a strong wind blowing as present, the whole town was in danger of being wiped out by the flames. Seabright was a compact community, the houses as well as the business blocks, being near together.

Mina knew herself to be alone in the building. It depended on her to save the situation if it could be saved. The main office of the telephone company was in Argyle. Mina put through a call to that place and informed them of the fire, begging them to ask the fire department to come to the aid of Seabright. Another and another call was made to nearby towns, also asking for aid in fighting the fire.

The flames were making tremendous progress, while Mina stood at the switchboard summoning aid. The smoke filled her throat, her lungs,

her eyes. Already one corner of the room was ablaze. In another moment she would have dropped to the floor, overcome by suffocation, but help had arrived on the instant. She was seized and dragged through the hall, down the blazing, shaking stairway, out into the open air. She was carried then, quite unconscious, to the house of a friend. It was feared the sight of the unconscious girl might have a bad effect on her frail mother.

Mina's burns were not severe, but the shock of the awful experience was more difficult to get over. She was taken home the following day, but felt weak and languid for many days thereafter. Because of the prompt arrival of the neighboring fire companies the fire was confined to the building in which it had started, and the adjoining buildings were unscathed. The telephone exchange was, of course, put out of commission, but was reinstated in another building as soon as possible.

"I'm out of a job, too," Mina said faintly to Leland as soon as she could talk about it.

"Out of a job, nothing," returned Leland. "Do you think the telephone management would turn you down after you saved the situation as you did that night?"

"But I didn't save the exchange building, so it dosen't mean so much to them."

"We'll let the manager tell you about that. He's asked for an interview with you as soon as you feel like seeing him."

"Oh, Leland! I know it's to tell me I can't come back," and Mina told of the conversation she had heard over the radio.

Leland whistled in surprise. "Timid they called you, did they? Anyone who has the nerve to call you timid has to reckon with me."

"But that was before the fire, and I only did my duty, Leland. I'll see Mr. Rhines tomorrow if he wants to talk with me and get it over."

Mr. Rhines came promptly at the hour appointed. He seemed so solicitous of Mina's health that her hopes rose until he said at last, hesitatingly, "We've decided to make a change in the office. My niece, from Argyle, to do night duty in your place. You are not to come back—" Mr. Rhines stopped to clear his throat and Mina turned white. He went on "—until you have had a good vacation, with pay, of course, then we shall have an opening for you with a raise in salary. We want you to know that we appreciate your courageous work on the night of the fire."

"But you were intending to dismiss me before that?" Mina questioned.

"No indeed! We considered you one of our most faithful workers. We did, however, plan to put you on day duty."

"I'm so glad, so glad!" cried Mina. "I overheard a conversation —the wires got crossed with the radio in some way I can't understand —and I thought I was to be dismissed."

"Not only not to be dismissed, but to be rewarded, my dear young lady," answered Mr. Rhines. "I have the pleasure of being the bearer of a gift to you from the grateful business men of Seabright. If you had not stood at your post so bravely

on that night we all realize that Seabright would, no doubt, be nearly wiped off the map. As a token of appreciation of your splendid heroism, you are asked to accept this gift."

Mina held out a trembling hand for the envelope which Mr. Rhines offered her. Inside she found a check for $200.

"Oh, this is too much!" she exclaimed, tears springing to her eyes. "I don't deserve half of it."

"On the contrary, you deserve far more," returned Mr. Rhines. "If there is any service I can do for you at any time, do not hesitate to ask me."

Mina hesitated for a moment. "I have a favor—" she hesitated. "It's not for myself. It's for my brother. He's out of work, or soon will be. I heard you were in need of a man. Is the place filled? Leland is at least as faithful as I am," she laughed. "He's the bright one of the family."

"I didn't know Leland was needing a position. I know your brother. He's a fine fellow. Tell him to come around and see me tomorrow night."

"Now that we're both earning good wages," Leland suggested to Mina one day a few days later, "there's no reason why we can't send mother to that sanitarium Dr. White recommended to us. He told me yesterday that three months there would make a new woman out of her."

"Then let's do it," replied Mina. "There's my $200 to start with. I couldn't think of a better use for it."

"Nor I. But I'll pay you back for it just as soon as I can."

"Not much. It's my treat."

"Let's make it a fifty-fifty proposition," Leland compromised, to which suggestion Mina agreed.

Cheapness is a deceiving fad. The man is a fool who expects to get a $1,000 car for $100, or a lifelong friend for a box of chocolates.

—Selected.

THE MAN ON THE DIKE.

(Dearborn Independent)

This is by way of tribute to a Louisiana state penitentiary inmate —name unknown—who, despite his present circumstances and surroundings, must have somewhere deep down in his make-up the instincts of humanity.

It was during the battle to save the levees in the treacherous flood region of the Atchafalaya and the Mississippi. Six hundred prisoners from the great institution were taken out of thir cells and placed at work upon the ramparts, among them our unnamed hero. There was no time for patrols and sentinels—so the

convicts arranged an honor system of their own. To their credit it should be noted that they toiled willingly, even while their lives were constantly endangered by the crumbling dikes.

The temptation to escape was there, of course; and 599 prisoners ignored it. They swung pick and shovel by day, and by night slept in damp, unpleasant quarters, all part of the battle to save the state. The six hundredth prisoner was tempted and fell —he escaped.

Free from the necessity of labor; free from bars and chains; free from striped suits and guards, he swiftly sped away from there. The air never seemed so sweet. He reveled in his liberty. Then his footsteps began to lag, as he suddenly felt a wave of shame rush over him. Something halted him. He could not go on, while his fellow convicts fought on the levee against the growing waters.

Shamefacedly, he retraced his steps, returned to the levee, regained his shovel and pick, and went back to work. Voluntarily and apologetically, he asked for a place in the line. He sinned—if it be a sin to escape guards—but he repented and came back. And if the Gospels be true, there was joy somewhere when this poor fellow, name unknown, scrambled back on the levee, and took one step upward toward manhood.

Be more swift to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.—Chilo.

THE CAPTURE OF RICARDO.

(By Edwin Tarrissee in Boys' Life)

Some years ago Walter Collins, a young ranchman from the middle west, took up a desert claim neaar one of the large national forest reserves in Colorado, and obtained permission from the government to run a small bunch of cattle in the forest.

Collins built himself a small cabin, fenced some of his land, and started a cattle-shed, when misfortune began to mock him. To begin with, the best horse of his team was lost. Collins never found the slightest trace of it. Then, one day late in October, he missed four animals from his herd. At first he suspected wild animals, but finding no trace of them, made up his mind that he was the victim of "rustlers." A week or so later three more animals were missing. A light snow had fallen and Collins was able to trace the path of the strays for over a mile, when it entered a dense thicket and was lost. He also discovered the tracks of an unshod horse circling the spot where the cattle had rested the night before, and the hoofprints followed the trail into the thicket.

Collins returned to his cabin disheartened. The loss of seven head of cattle within two weeks was hard to bear. But Collins had no liking

for shooting affairs, and no training in the art of tracking. He could ride but he lacked endurance in the saddle.

The next week he lost eight cows and severaal calves, and in desperation he went to the forest ranger and told him his story. The ranger volunteered to help him clear up the mystery, and the two men returned to the ranch. The next morning they set out. When they reached the feeding-grounds, all the herd except three cows and a yearling steer had vanished.

The ranger began a minute search of the immediate vicinity. He found tracks in the snow leading in the same direction that Collins had followed before. There were horse tracks, too, and both men were convinced that they were dealing with a cattle-thief. But after following the trail for a mile or more, the ranger said that he could not understand why the tracks wandered so aimlessly through drifts and snow piles. No cattleman would drive a bunch of cattle in that way.

Soon after, the trail entered another grove and was lost, but the ranger finally foun it, leading north. He declared that it would surely lead to Roundhole, a small, enclosed alpine valley of which Collins was ignorant. After riding steadily for about an hour, the ranger pointed out to his companion a narrow cleft in a towering cliff. It was the entrance to Roundhole, a gap twelve feet in width, that ran through the rock rampart for about thirty-five rods. The trail led on through it.

The ranger warned Collins to be ready to shoot, but not to do so until he gave the wordr. Then he rode on ahead. In a few moments he beckoned to Collins to join him. There, grazing peacefully within the sheltered valley, were all the missing cattle.

The two men cautiously advanced into the valley, but they saw no signs of the presence of human beings. They did see a spirited little sorrel horse, however standing guard over the cattle. A great light at last broke upon the ranger. The horse was the cattle-thief.

Collins rode back to guard the entrance while the ranger tried to rope the little sorrel. It was a long hard chase, but the ranger's skill proved too much for the little sorrel's endurance.

Collins still owns the pony, although he owns an automobile now also, and a big prosperous cattle ranch not far from his original location. The ranger says that Ricardo must have been trained as a cow pony by some rancher, and having broken away from his master, sought security and occupation within the boundaries of Pike National Forest.

A friend may smile and bid you hail
Yet wish you with the devil;
But when a good dog wags his tail
You know he's on the level.

HOW RICHARD RUSH HAD HIS CHANCE.

There was a boy born in Philadelphia in 1780 who was named Richard Rush. When he was a little boy he was brought up to believe that if you had courage you could do more by kindness than by force. As a young man he went to Washington to work for the government. He was in the State Department when America and England fought the War of 1812, and he wished very much that he could do something to bring peace. When the war ended he had his chance.

For many years all along the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, which formed the boundary between the United States and Canada, there had been big forces threatening each other, and both countries had battleships sailing up and down the lakes ready to fight. After the War of 1812 American officers on the Great Lakes sent word to Washington that we must hurry up and build more forts and bigger battleships. This message came to Richard Rush, who, although he was only thirty-two years old, happened then to be in charge of one of the offices at Washington, because the man usually in charge was away. When he read this message he saw that his chance to help stop war had been given him. He went at once to the British ambassador, for Canada is a part of Great Britian, and said that it seemed to him what the two countries ought to do was not for each one to build more forts along the lakes, but for both to do away with all their forts and ships. The British ambassador, whose name was Bagot, liked Richard Rush and believed what he said was true. They became friends and carried out the plan together.

Soon Richard Rush was made attorney general for the United States, and he and Bagot signed an agreement, each one for his own country, that there should be no forts or battleships between Canada and the United States. This agreement was called by the names of the two men, the Rush-Bagot Agreement.

So the first unarmed boundary in the world was arranged. Canada and the United States have since lived at peace They have not always agreed about everything and sometimes what seemed to be good for one did not seem to be good for the other, but instead of going to war over these things, they have talked about them and have settled them in that way themselves, or have let someone else decide how they ought to be settled.

When the two countries had been at peace for 100 years there were great celebrations all along the border, and at Blaine, Wash., the people built a gateway, half of which stands on Canadian ground and half on American, and there are two flagpoles at its top, on one of which is the flag of the United States and on the other the flag of Great Britian. On the inside of the arch are these words: "Open for one hundred years; may these doors never be closed.

So Richard Rush, the little boy of Philadelphia, carried out his wish to be among the men and women who have helped to save the world from war.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan

Mr. Hood and Mr. Clark have been teaching school during the absence of Mr. Crooks and Mrs. Duckett.

The Fourteenth cottage was opened last week, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris in charge.

The boys on the the work force have been hoeing corn lately. From the looks of the crop now, we will have some fine corn this year.

The storm last Monday afternoon washed away our most beautiful flower beds. It also washed out a number of our roads. The boys soon had the roads in shape, but it will take quite a while to get the flowers started again.

Our junior baseball team played the Franklin Mill juniors last Saturday and won by the score of 14-10. The youngsters have made a good showing this season, having won four games and lost two.

A new drier, to be placed in the laundry, arrived here recently. On trying to install it, it was found out that it would not go through the door. A mechanic has been engaged to "tear" it down and reassemble it after it is inside. They hope to soon have it in and working.

Last Saturday's game with Harrisburg resulted in an easy victory for the School, by the score of 11-2. The local boys pounded two visiting pitchers for ten hits, several of them for extra bases. Blackwelder led the attack with a home run, a triple and two singles, and "Chick" Williams collected a double and two singles. The School team also showed considerable speed on the bases, stealing ten, with Williams' clean steal of home featuring.

Russell pitched with all his old time skill, the visitors getting but five scattered hits. But for the ball taking a bad hop as Blackwelder attempted to catch a man at the plate, the visitors would have been shut out. Russell received excellent support from his infield, Kiser and Alexander making difficult catches and also figuring in a fast double play.

"Samuel Anoints David" was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Samuel went to Bethlehem to anoint a certain man whom God had chosen. Samuel went to the home of Jesse, the father of eight sons. Jesse marched the seven oldest in order by Samuel. But he said: "The Lord hath not chosen these." Then he said: "Are here all thy children?" And Jesse replied: "There remainth yet the youngest, and he keepth the sheep." Samuel told him to send for him, which Jesse did immediately. When David (for it was he) came in, the Lord said to Samuel: "Arise, anoint him; for this is he." Then Samuel arose and anointed him in the midst of his brethren. The golden text for this lesson was: "Let no man des-

pise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.''—1 Tim. 4:12.

Last Saturday morning in the auditorium Rev. Wm. B. Hood, brother of Mr. P. L. Hood, officer of tenth cottage, talked to the boys. Mr. Hood is a missionary to West Africa. He described a ''hippo'' hunt. He told of how they poisoned arrows, with which they kill the wild beasts. He had one of these arrows with him. He also had a hippo's tooth and a piece of his skin, which he used to illustrate his talk. When they go hippo hunting, they make considerable noise to make them come to the surface of the water. They then shoot the poisoned arrows in them. When he sinks and bubbles rise, they retire to their homes. Next day they return to find him floating on the surface. They then have their feast. He told of a snake he met, instead of biting, it spits, and if it should get into the eyes, you will go blind. He sometimes goes for six months at a time without seeing another white man or hearing a word of English. Down in the southern part of West Africa when a man wishes to get married, he has to show her father a set of human teeth. In order to do this, they are constantly killing one another to secure their teeth. Out in the back yard a warrior has two bushes, and he takes a few leaves from each and boils them. He then dips his arrow into this solution and hangs it up to dry. It is poisoned. All the boys enjoyed his talk very and we all wish him good luck.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow falls in the river;
A moment white; then melts forever.
Or, like the borealis race,
That flit e'er you can point their place.''—Selected.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JULY 30, 1927. No. 28

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LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work and to live and to be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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The Uplift

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COURTESY.

Much advance has been made in the way of business courtesies. Men and women are desirous of being obliging. They have learned that they are not the losers by going out of their way to accommodate customers. They are ready to listen to complaints. It is easy to believe our generation sees that courtesy and manhood never disagree. The person we are timid to approach in a business way may prove to us that the kindness of a stranger may even equal that of a friend. The kind word, the appreciative look, the gracious remark will not cost much, but they do good like a medicine. Be assured that if we are glad to receive them from others they are just as glad to receive them from us. This is a mutal process and the charm is broken when one of us drops out. Courtesy has its own reward.—Young Folks.

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A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS.

The Uplift was deprived from an attendance upon the annual meeting of the North Carolina Press Association, held last week at Morehead Bluffs. The papers carried enough reports to indicate that it was a delightful meeting, with enough real serious stuff to make the boys better newspapermen hereafter than ever before.

The Uplift carries in this number a brief account of the annaul address of President Huneycutt. Without the sense of flattery entering into our observation we are inclined to believe that Mr. Huneycutt tries as hard to live up to his newspaper ideas as voiced in his message in practice as well as in theory as any conscientious editor in the state.

Much notice was given to the feature address of Mr. Harris, of the Colum-

bus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun. He held up the very highest conception of an honest and courageous editor. It was the ideal, hard to reach where so many discordant notes engage humanity. Some years ago we had occasional perusal of the Enquirer-Sun. If that Georgia paper lives up to the ideal principles that should govern an editor, we are led to believe that paper has done some fast traveling in high gear since that period.

Outside of Mr. Daniel's tribute to the atmosphere of the Press' gathering, there has been a painful absence in the average paper's estimate of the setting of the association of the past week. It's a far cry, however, from the meeting in Wilkesboro, years and years ago, to Morehead Bluffs; but then all the boys came back and wrote colums about the scenery, the hospitality, the good eats and the unlimited courtesies.

But the newspapers are running today on the cash basis.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND.

Some of them that found it distasteful to criticize in the white face of the dead at the recent departure from this world of a conspicuous character, found it convenient to carry just a short telegraphic notice of the departure of one who played an enormous part in the political life of North Carolina during the past twenty years or more.

There was perhaps a reason for this oversight; and maybe not. We are reminded by an observer of events, political and otherwise, that this absence of a personal tribute by one who has access unlimited to the public press was and is painfully noticeable. For years a standing, and in most instances a successful, candidate for public honors, to which the departed gave his courageous and loyal support, in season and out of season—but never a word, expressive of his loss or that of his state and party, has appeared in the public prints from his pen.

Out of sight, out of mind. There are men of that kind.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"HOSPITAL NEWS."

Monroe, the county seat of Union county, is not a large town, and, without statistics to the contrary, the county is not by any means an unhealthful one.

A late number of the Enquirer on its front page and in the first column, carries a report under the head of "Hospital News." In this article the

names of an even thirty patients are given.

The inference is that either Union county is in bad health, or its citizens when needing hospital treatment, patronize their own hospital and do not go elsewhere, or that they feel they can get just as good service at home. At any rate, Monroe is blessed with a hospital that enjoys the confidence and esteem of her town and county people.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

EDITOR JOSEPHUS DANIELS CONFOUNDS.

The North Carolina editors have just concluded their annual outing and convention at Morehead City, or more accurately Morehead Bluffs. Formerly when the brethren returned home they threw bouquets at their hosts—there is a marked silence on this score this year.

In a most engaging article, however, written for the News & Observer by editor Josephus Daniels, this appeared among other pleasing observations:

> *"This is the first time I have been to Morehead in fifteen years," said an editor from Western North Carolina last night as we looked out on the waters made doubly beautiful in the moonlight, when the moon was "serenely mellow" and we wondered if it was "some other fellow" or the real beau in the offing.*

Just at this time, the average countryman considered "dark nights." The moon rose way after midnight, in fact in the small hours before day-break; and the poor old overworked body looked very feeble and haggard. Either another moon was ordered by the great promoting organization or—something else, to make such editors that desired a prolonged entertainment "look out on the waters made doubly beautiful in the moonlight."

We all know that Longfellow "stood on the bridge at midnight, etc." and have wondered why he did so; and we wonder what Josephus Daniels was doing out so late at night.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

IN THROES

County government is going through an experience—trying to cut a patch that will cover the rent for a whole year. In some counties this may appear an apparently easy job; but in others it is fraught with great obstacles.

Robeson county is having an experience with a situation that is very troublesome and even distressing. At the other end of the state, Wilkes county has a problem. Bank busted; county funds tied up; and at the last account a few $25,000 notes are outstanding, for which there is no record and where the

proceeds went to is engaging the public mind.

The war, war prices and harum scarum have gotten into the average man, county, state and nation, until these shocks are bound to turn up to show us which way we are drifting.

The world has become afflicted with Goitis.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HARDING GUARD STILL ON THE JOB.

A United States Senator has asked why a guard of twenty-six soldiers is still kept at the tomb of the late President Harding at Marion, Ohio. This guard has maintained for four years. And there is but one precedent for it. A guard was kept at the grave of McKinley for nine years, or from the time he was first buried until his body was placed in the permanent mausoleum at Canton, when the government turned the job over to a memorial association. It seems to be the War Department's policy to follow the McKinley precedent in the case of Harding.—Reidsville Review.

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OVERLOOKED TWO NEW FILLING STATIONS.

The Charlotte Observer, quoting Mr. Loftis, gives the following encouraging forecast of the future building in the state:

An increase of $25,000,000 in the building record of the state for this year over last year was predicted yesterday by V. P. Loftis, of Charlotte, secetary of the North Carolina branch of the General Associated Contractors of America.

Mr. Loftis should revise his figures; two new filling stations have been started since he made the addition. This announcement will carry joy to many anxious motorists.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The Monroe Enquirer, stepping aside momentarily from home doings, delves into astronomy as follows:

Henry Price asked me, "When is dog-days?" My reply was that I always counted dog-days when I began to get lazy in the summer time, and by that reckoning Mr. Price is of the opinion that period lasted from early in May until 'way long about Christmas.

However, referring to my handy encyclopedia, I find that "dog-days" the name applied by ancients to a period of about forty days, the hottest season of the year, at the time of the heliacal rising of Sirius, the dog-

star. The time of the rising is now, owing to the procession of the equinoxes, different from what it was to the ancient (July 1) and the dog-days are now counted from July 3 to August 11, that is, twenty days before and twenty days after the heliacal rising.''

The foregoing is very clear and satisfying, Henry Price has learned something.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

There is no record of Mr. Henry Ford making an apology during the past few days. When they made plans to deplete Ford's billions, it sobered him mightily.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The successful Greek shoe-shine, of Raleigh, is contemplating building his mansion in the heart of Hayes-Barton, an alleged exclusive residential section of our capital city. A great protest has been started. But every town has its snobbery..

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Much to do over nothing; a trip from Wilmington to Asheville and back in one day. So was the day's negotiating of No. 10 from Morehead to the edge of Georgia beyoud Murphy.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Mr. Dempsey, the pugilistic artist, occupied much of the front page and all of the air, last week, for a season. Great accomplishment!

SERVICE, PRIME DUTY.

The press is decidedly the most powerful agency at work in North Carolina today, and the editor and publisher has a solemn duty and obligation to the state to aspire to the highest plane of service to the welfare of the commonwealth, A. C. Huneycutt, president of the North Carolina Press association, told newspaper representatives gathered here in annual convention in Morehead City, Thursday.

A plea for the advocacy of law enforcement, public education and a promotion of the "art of citizenship" was contained in Mr. Huneycutt's message.

Urges Service.

"Serve—that is one of the greatest words in the English language," the speaker declared, "and I wish I could burn its importance into the very soul of every one present and that you might return to your homes fired with a new zeal for service to your home communities, your state and your fellows and with a never-dying determination to inspire the souls of your readers with a new vision of service.

"That word cannot be over-used during this age when the natural tendency is to selfishness and to make believe that the world owes us a living.

Powerful Agency

"The press is decidedly the most powerful agency at work in North Carolina today and realizing that fact, how solemn is the duty of the editor and publisher."

"If we fail to do our best, just in that proportion will the state be the loser. The editor is at this time apparently more influential than the preacher, the judge or the legislator. He is mightier than all these united. Study the newspaper; if possible study it with cyclopedia, with atlas, with gazetteer; but study it.

"Waste no time on the scandals, the bitter political controveries, the ecclesiastical broadsword exercises and the idle paragraph gossip.

New Continent

But how God is evoking a new continent out of Africa by the labor of a Livingston and a Stanley; how He is laying the foundation of a new free commonwealth in Bulgaria, how He is redeeming France from the curse she brought upon herself by the cruelties, first of a religion without humanity, and then a humanitarianism without religion; these are the themes worthy of study, and the newspaper is the library in which to study them.

Local Press

"The local newspaper, if it will, can do more for or against the welfare of the community in which it circulates than the pulpit or the classroom. Fortunate, therefore, is the community which has a newspaper whose editor is on fire with a zeal for service to that community. Let us, therefore, strive in the future to hold up high ideals to our people.

"Let us encourage community pride inspire a love for beautiful homes and grounds and parks and farms, and impress on our people the fact that the flowers and lovely things of

nature are God's heiroglyphics by which he has recorded the story of creation and heralded His message to mankind.

Art of Citizenship

"In all this wonderful mix-up of living are we not forgetting the art of citizenship? Too many of our voters are refusing to go to the polls and vote, and any professional politician knows the only way to get the people out is to first make them mad; hence exaggerated and mismad; hence exaggerated and misleading statements are spoken and are printed and circulated just before our elections, merely to stir the voters to turn out and vote.

"Can we, as newspaper men and women, not, therefore, serve our state in educating the voters to do their duty as citizens by informing themselves and then voting for what they think best? Is there not a field white unto the harvest for us right along the line of moulding a more wholesome sentiment among the voters?

Enforce Law

"Then again we can serve our state in taking a stand for law enforcement. The crime wave continues to grow, especially among our young men. I am afraid that the time has come when too many young men no longer regard their honor as the most sacred thing they possess. I fear also that there are too many of our young women who no longer consider their virtue as the most priceless possession of a woman.

"There was a time when almost any man would resent as the worst insult and reflection on his honor. He would die in its defence. There was a time when a young woman would maintain her virtue at whatever cost.

"And there are many of these left yet. I am not one who believes young people have all gone to the devil, but do say there is apparently a falling away from the former standards of virtue and honor. And the time has come when the press must take a stand, and a firm stand, against lawlessness.

Education

"Another thing which should not be let up on is public education. We have done much during the past quarter century in the way of advancing public education, and esespecially during the days since the World War. But is there not danger that we may stop, look back upon our accomplishments, rest on our oars and in our self-satisfaction allow the good work to drag? We have done much towards placing the means of good education within reach of every boy and girl in North Carolina, but let us realize that what we have done thus far is merely a start. This matter of public education is a serious matter. North Carolina can not expect to attain unto her full measure of greatness as long as it can be said of her that there is one single boy or girl, white or black, within her realm who was not given a fair chance at an education.

"We should open our eyes to the fact that the man who has neither silver nor gold, may possess something more valuable to his fellows than either silver or gold; the friendly touch, the brotherly assistance and sympathy. The ability to en-

courage and then use and fire with an ideal, with hope, with faith.

"The fellow who is down and out needs this much more than he needs money.

"Like Peter in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, let us give such as we have with the hope that it may mean more to those who reveive it than money, and that the down and outs, the cripples and the poor and the forgotten may shout and praise God.

"Let us thank God and take courage.

Manners—the final and perfect flowers of noble character.—William Winter.

THE FOUR A'S.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

We learn from a recent issue of a well-known magazine that no grass grows under the feet of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, whose members in their frenzied efforts to prove the non-existence of a God, have organized twenty chapters in colleges and preparatory schools and one chapter on board of a ship of the United States Navy. They boast that "the beauty" of their scheme is enhanced by the fact that there are already so many atheists on the faculties of our colleges and universities. It is conceded that these scientists must lie low or else be ejected from their chairs of learning. Nevertheless they are there. Also, according to the claim of this association, 75 per cent of the scientists of the country are agnostics, who are tireless in their efforts to "dig up proofs to assure the youth of the land that there is no God, no soul, no immortality. The organization feels that it has an easy field before it and has determined on a special drive in the South, "which still swallows the Church whole." The chapters already organized delight in such names as "God's Black Sheep, Damned Souls and Devil's Angels," etc.

Leaving out many considerations of the effect of such propaganda upon young people, we cannot refrain from two considerations:

The first is that the moral code of the past will be done away with if this organization succeeds. Young people can cheat in their classes, lie, and commit gross sins with impunity, for they have no soul to save, no immortality to dread, and no God to offend. They may give loose rein to passion and inclination as long as they are outwardly decent as the laws of the college require and succeed in making their grades and piling up their "credits." They are not worried with the memory of mother's prayers; no dreams of fireside and

nursery need harass them, for mother was a weak-minded and credulous woman according to their tenets. Likewise father was an imbecile and the teachers in Sunday School, misguided students of a set of absurd myths. The members of the Four A's are determined that the Bible shall not make fools of them! Just here the task of that "making" does not seem to us to be insuperable, to say the least.

While on this first consideration, let us refer for a moment to a modern novelist of excellent literary reputation who actually believes the Bible to be the World of God. In one of her novels, Caroline Atwater Mason, in noting the tendency to loose living, a tendency engendered by such beliefs as those of the Four A's, observes that many of these young people are the children of parents, confessedly Christian, who have swung far away from the creed of the fireside. She therefore wonders what will be the moral status of their decendants who will bring up from childhood no memory of lessons of a risen Christ or a God who, while loving the sinner, hates sin with a bitter hatred. What manner of citizenship will characterize the children of the members of the Four A's?

The second consideration arises along the path of the study of litratures in our colleges who have chapters of Four A's. The present writer tries to adjust the courses of study to the tastes of these disciples, who are of course cocksure and infallible.

When Tennyson addresses Christ as "Strong Son of God, immortal Love," they will perceive that his genius, a glory of the Victorian era, has not availed to save him from the consummate folly of belief. And when he probes the mystery of the atonement in his vision of Humility clothing the Son of God in her coarse garb for His descent to earth, while all her form blazed forth with sudden light, following Him down like a flying star and thus leading on the gray-haired wisdom of the east, will the Four A's think the poet an imbecile or a trifler using a myth for the purposes of his art?

Also Milton must be relegated to the trash-pile, for the "Devil's Sons" should not be confronted with the problems of sin and death which fired his imagination. Nor would they profit by the vision of the mighty Deity Himself on his fiery-wheeled thrones as He seeks lonely contemplation amid the chambers of space and the mysteries of eternity. John Milton must go!

And when a later poet puts into the mouth of Abt Volger:

"But here is the finger of God, a
flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws; that made
them and, lo, they are!"

Even the disciples of the Four A's might feel that these great thinkers are not dealing with trivialities, but are wrestling with mighty problems of time and eternity. They must be excluded as "dangerous."

Success lies, not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you ought to achieve, and pressing forward, sure of achievement here, or if not here, hereafter.—R. F. Horton.

CITRONELLA.

By Wade C. Smith, in Presbyterian Standard.

Citronella is perhaps the stinkingest preparation ever invented to drive away insects of all kinds, including mosquitoes and boring gossiping visitors. Its chief territory of use is in the mountains. That's the first place and the only section, as we recall, where its acquaintance was made.

The following article by a correspondent of the Presbyterian Standard brings to mind that the living things of the earth are finding new habitats all the while. The mosquito found its way to Asheville, and to make life tolerable at certain quarters in that delightful town is probably the occasion for the invention of Citronella. The mosquito has no business in Asheville, but he followed Pullman cars there from Jacksonville and other Florida points—he was never known in the mountains until gentlemen and ladies of leisure, prolonging their outing, struck a bee-line from Florida to Asheville. The pest followed, liking mightily its new-made acquaintances.

Once there was a little Bottle sitting on the shelf in the Drug Store. It was not a pretty Bottle, but just a plain, straight up Little Bottle. It had no pretty tinted gilt bordered label, but simply a square bit of paper, bearing in plain black letters the name, Citronella.

There were other Bottles on the Drug Store shelf—of many fancy shapes; some very beautiful, made of tinted glass, with bright colored labels and gorgeous stoppers of gold. Their labels bore such names as Mary Garden, Quelque Fleur, Djer Kis, Narcissus, Ben Hur and so forth. They were filled with perfumes of delicious odors, and the Swell Ladies came into the Drug Store and Raved about them. Some of the Ladies carried the odors on their handkerchiefs and sniffed them with evident Pleasure and Pride. So much so that the beautiful Bottles were very Proud and held their Stoppers up high accordingly. They looked with Scorn upon the modest, plain little Citronella Bottle, and shrugged their Shapely shoulders and rustled their Labels and spread their Perfume on the Air, while they Disdained little Citronella. They said to each other, it was a Pity that this plain insignificant little Bottle, with its ill smelling Contents, should have been placed upon the same shelf with Themselves.

As they chattered and gossiped, wondering which would be the first to be taken from the shelf that day, a very Beautiful and Stylishly Dressed Lady came into the Store and whispered something to the clerk. All the Fancy Bottles were instantly in a flutter of Excitement and Expectancy. Each one hoped that It might be the Chosen One, for they were all sure that the Beautiful Lady had come to purchase some rare and delicately Flavored Perfume. And were they not the rarest and the finest to be had? When the Lady spoke, they saw the clerk turn with Knitted Brow and scan the rows of Bottles on the shelves. All the Pretty Bottles were tempted to shout, "Here am I!"

"The Lady wants Me!" But of course that would not have been Permitted in a well regulated Drug Store. So they held their Scented Breaths and waited while the clerk peered in among them for the object of the Beautiful Lady's choice.

Next instant the excited Bottles re- the Shock of their Dainty lives, for the clerk's fingers rested upon plain, ill smelling little Citronella! They gasped as they saw him deliberately turn with it to the Beautiful Lady, and removing the plain little Cork Stopper, present it to her Perfectly Gibson Nose. All the Fancy Bottles thought the clerk had surely Gone Crazy, and they expected to see the Beautiful Lady throw up her hands and Scream and Faint. But she Did Not. Instead, she showed her Pearly Teeth through a Bewitching Smile and hastened from the Store with little Citronella hugged to her Bosom as though a Great Prize had been secured. All the Fancy Bottles remained Dazed and Speechless upon the shelf.

The Beautiful Lady hurried back to the Resort where she was staying. There she was met by a throng of other Stylishly Dressed Beautiful Ladies, but all of the showing Sign of Great Distress. As she approached, holding aloft the little plain Cork-Stoppered Citronella, they Screamed with delight and gathered around her, begging that each one might hold the Prize for a moment in her Hands. And so little Citronella was passed from Beautiful Lady to Beautiful Lady, and each drew forth the plain little Cork stopper and touched her Dainty Ankles, or Elbows, or Wrists, or Shapely Shoulders, or Swan-like Neck. This was done with a Spirit of Much Glee and Thanksgiving. Likewise quite a Group of Pleasant Gentlemen whose Faces ran High upon their Foreheads, and who had been Keeping Company with the Beautiful Ladies, could hardly await their turn to Recieve little Citronella and touch the plain little Cork Stopper to the Exposed Areas on the Tops of their Heads—which they did with something Akin to a Caress.

So it was that a very much Scorned and Despised little Bottle was Feted and Desired and Coddled and Prized because of its serviceable Contents, while the Dust of Disuse gathered upon the many Fancy and Delicately Perfumed and Gilt-Stoppered and Colored-Labeled Bottles upon the Drug Store shelf.

The Moral of this Story is that it is Better to be Useful than Stylish.

THE MEXICAN PACK MULE ASKS FOR KINDNESS.

The way I happened to write this story is because one day I carried the baggage of a man who was distributing Bibles for the American Bible Society. He was the first man ever to treat me with real kindness, and I felt there must be something in those books he had which made people think of doing things for others.

It would not be correct to say that my home is in Mexico, for a pack-mule has no home, but I live there. Where the Rocky Mountain Range comes down along the coast of the Pacific Ocean there are high ridges and deep gorges over which the rails have not been laid and where the autos cannot go. Over these mountains I carry burdens.

It's a hard life, but they say hard work never hurt anybody and I don't suppose it hurts me. What hurts me is beating and rough treatment when I'm not to blame. I am sure that the man who wrote about the "joy of service" was not a Mexican pack-mule. Perhaps you don't know how it feels to get a breakfast of a few grains of corn instead of bacon and eggs and some barley straw instead of toast and hot chocolate, and then have trunks and baggage piled up on your back while two men draw up the cinches. When one of them plants his foot against your side and begins to pull, it feels as if your lungs would never be filled with air again.

Then it seems to me that sometimes life consists of nothing but going up and up on a rough trail till you are all tired out. And then you have to go down, and that is worse yet. Sometimes there is a steep place in the dry bed of a stream where it is very hard and slippery; and then you have loose rolling stones and gravel and then deep sand. If your driver is a man who doesn't care, he scolds when you stop. He dosen't seem to realize how hard it is to keep your footing. It is not pleasant either when the load is wide and one side of your pack hits the rock wall and the other hangs out over the cliff.

I suppose some of the people like the view along the way. Appreciation of fine scenery is not quite in my line; you have to be educated for such things, and I guess my education has been neglected. Some of the men who go over the road for the first time seem to think the long rows of organ cactus used for fences are very interesting. But I never could see much in them or in the line of men and their big hats. I have noticed down in the valley the goats that stand right straight up on their hind legs on the point of a rock and eat the few leaves that grow on the thorny bushes. What little I have, I can eat in some comfort and I am glad I'm not a mountain goat.

Myself and my companions are still carrying miners and merchants, book agents and missionaries over the mountain trails of Mexico. We all know that the railroads and Mr. Ford have lifted the burdens from the backs of a great many pack-mules, but it has not made any difference to me. Nevertheless, I realize that labor-saving machinery is a fine thing for the world. But what interests me very much more is the plan that will make men treat me better. It is so much easier to work hard when you are well treated. And when men begin to treat me with kindness, I know they are kinder to each other.

That day I carried the baggage of the man who was distributing Bibles he went behind me with his camera. As I was being cinched up, even though I groaned a little, I said to myself, "Now in this picture which he is going to take of me with my heavy load, I shall have a chance

to leave these trails and tell my story to some people in another land." I think the picture turned out pretty well. When you look at it, see how the man plants his foot against my side when he tightens the cinches.

But I never went over the trail with such a feeling of satisfaction as I did that day. Along in the aftefnoon, when we were coming to one of the hardest places, the Bible man said, "Seems to me that pack-mule has a very heavy load for this trail." I know very little Spanish and less English, but I could tell by the tone of his voice that he had some feeling for me. There is nothing like a little real sympathy to make a load seem lighter.

Once I was told a story about a donkey who just up and told his rider "where to get off." I like that story and I know it must be true for I can tell what a man means by the very tone of his voice. And so, as I said before, labor-saving machinery is a fine thing. Even if it doesn't help me, I can bray a grand hurrah for railroads, gasoline, electricity and aeroplanes.

But it is well to remember that while these may be used to lift and carry and help they can also be used to kill and destroy. The more power men get, the more they need the Bible. The only safe and sure thing is to push world-wide Bible circulation. And that, the man said, is what the American Bible Society is trying to do. For over half the world still lives in Bibleless huts or homes.

LET'S KEEP OUR HEADS.

(Albemarle News Herald.)

This modern idea of freedom may run to seed, if left unchecked. "Freedom of thought" "freedom of expression," "freedom of teaching," preaching and living, this "broad-minded, liberal sentiment," this idea that everything old is wrong—where are we headed anyhow? We believe in progress as much as any one on earth does. We believe in testing new and improved ideas and methods and thought, but there is such a thing as running anything in the ground. The bootlegger is insisting on freedom to do as he please, the hold-up is insisting on freedom of conduct, too many young people believe their parents are "old fogies and out-of-date and crazy," and they are insisting on "freedom of thought," and "freedom of expression," and "freedom of conduct," and many of them are going wild.

We forget that truth is truth, that it was here before the mountains were brought forth and before the earth and the world were formed, that it is from everlasting to everlasting. So when we discover the truth, we should remember that it will not admit of further progress, because it is the truth, it is perfection, and truth and perfection are the end of progress.

So let us be progressive, but let us think and act and govern ourselves with discretion. If we can

progress along a better line, then let us be progressive, but let us not in our mad quest of new things, new "freedom of thought" and conduct, run all over those things which time and experience and common sense have proven to be perfection. Some old ideas are the best. Some old things are the essence of perfection, the embodiment of truth, so lets not try to smash everything before us in our quest of new things, and in our pursuit of "new thought."

Edward—"I hear that Edgar has made a million dollars in the past six months."
Edwin—"That so? How did he do it?"
Edward—"He established a chain of barber shops for men only."

LITTLE STORIES OF EVERY-DAY EXPRESSIONS.

By J. Edmund Brewton, in Young Folks.

There are many expressions you use every day,
From where they came you cannot say.
'Tis in these stories you'll find related,
How these phrases originated.

You Are A Brick.

You are a brick is a slang expression of today that we use to imply that one is a genuine, dependable fellow. Strange as it may seem, we find that this phrase is said to be a literal translation of an old Greek saying.

The story is told by Plutarch, who accounts for the expression as follows:

"On a certain occasion an ambassador from Esperus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame, and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town (of Sparta) but he found nothing of the sort. He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

" 'Sire,' he said, 'I have visited most of the principal towns of Greece, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?'

" 'Indeed, Sir Ambassador, thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me tomorrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta.'

"Accordingly on the following morning the king led his guest out upon the plain, where the army was darwn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the hosts, he said:

" 'There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!' "

THE DRIVER.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Press dispatches from New York last week told this remarkable story:

Augustine F. Massa, who has been blind for nineteen years, spent his first day as a practicing lawyer by acquiring four clients and putting over a real estate deal. He had just been admitted to the bar after graduating from Columbia University, where he was a varsity wrestler. He worked his way through college, starting with $175 and coming out with a bank balance of $900.

The greater part of his income came from playing checkers in a public park. He is a good swimmer and a graceful dancer.

This story profoundly moves all who read it not only because it relates the triumph of a man who laughed at odds heavy enough to break the back of an elephant, but also because it embodies the truth that applies to every man and woman.

It is the ancient fact that the more the individual's will power calls on the machinery of his mind and body to produce, the more energy the mechanism creates.

The human being in order to succeed has to be driven, and he has to drive himself. He has to be forced to work, to let himself out to the last notch. He has got to be ridden under whip and spur.

Nor is that all. He has to ride himself joyously. He must start every morning with the conviction that today's run is a decisive race and that the only way to keep in front is to run always as if he were in the home stretch with victory slipping from him the moment he lessens his pace.

He has got to thrill to the necessity of topping every obstacle in his path. He has got to have the reserve strength to pull himself up when he goes to his knees after taking a high jump. He has got to run his heart out and be glad of it, even when he drops, flat and all in, at the finish. And, finally, he has got to learn that, no matter how often or how completely he has run his heart out, he can always get to his feet and run it out a second time when the necessity arises.

If you regard this as an exaggerated statement, consider what happens to your undertakings when you lessen your mental concentration or apply fewer hours or give smaller interest to them before they are put over. Every man knows that the less of himself he puts into his work, the less he gets out of it.

Massa, the blind man, had to drive himself at top speed because he was compelled continuously to leap a barrier which has stopped a multitude of people. He carries today a burden he can never shake off. Let him slacken his pace or his endeavor and he is beaten.

But Massa is not the only handicapped man in the Big Race. Every runner in it is handicapped. And this is the thing that makes the Massa story so universally appealing.

Massa's disadvantage seems so

terrific because it is so obvious. He runs blind. But there are other weaknesses which, though only the runner himself may perceive them, are every bit as hard to beat.

No man starts the Big Race in perfect condition. The average man at the pop of the starting gun is cluttered up with stuff which, if he does not learn how to break it up and cast it off, will inevitably put him far back among the "also rans."

His handicap may be mental or emotional. He may be stupid. Sir Isaac Newton was when he started. So was Wellington. He may be emotionally unbalanced, lacking self-control. Oliver Goldsmith was. He may be timid without a trace of the self-confidence of the moment which enables one to assert oneself efficiently. Disraeli was.

He may be constitutionally lazy, all but literably unable to concentrate on work. He may be cursed with an apparently insatiable craving for alcholic stimulation. There is no limit to the thoughts or feelings, or the combinations of thoughts and feelings, which may burden the starter, because men's makeups are as individual and different as their faces.

One sure way to beat the racehorse Self is to turn his energy back into him by feeling sorry for him. Self-pity is poison to him. The man who has time to dwell on his handicaps and to feel sorry for himself is one who has dropped out at the far turn and quit running.

But so long as a man drives himself, so long as he calls on everything he's got in order to win, he automatically educates himself to forget, ignore and compensate for his special weakness. He cultivates talents to make up for one he lacks. He develops an enormous resourcefulness which deprives his handicap of all importance.

That is what Massa, the blind man, did. It is what everybody can do. It all depends on the driver. As long as the individual drives himself to the ultimate limit of his strength he can develop in himself the winning pace.

What a splendid thing it would be if people who lost their tempers were unable to find them again.—Reidsville Review.

COMMON LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Ford's Page in Dearborn Independent.

There is probably not so much nonsense to be got rid of by the person leaving school nowadays, as there formerly was. Years ago no school was believed to have done its duty which did not send out every pupil filled with the idea that some day he (and now it would be also she) might become President. As the United States has required only 30 Presidents in the 151 years of its national existence, there has been a

rather alarming waste of raw material.

The majority of the people are blessed by being destined to the very best kind of life there is, the life of plain persons upon whom all the liberties descend and who constitute the ruling class of the world. They will not be President, nor Congressman, nor town councilman, nor even secretary of their lodge; they will just be folks.

Nevertheless there are no such people as common people, in the sense that makes others uncommon. We are all common, or we are all uncommon, however you choose to look at it. A king is common, once you get to know him. The presidential office is not a common office, but the President is common. That is to say, people on the same plane of character are common possessors of much the same qualities; they are citizens of the same commonwealth.

To say that a king is common and that the President is common is, however, not quite the whole truth; for these statements are made sometimes to soothe those who are in rebellion against being themselves. The major half of the truth is that no man is common; individuality, personality, the moral dignity of a human being as a creation of the infinite mind, these are the most uncommon things we can think about. No man is common. But in the compass of that fact, all men are common. They have a common uncommonness by virtue of their being human beings.

Then again, the book that the majority reads is said to be the best book. The food that the majority eats is held to be the most natural and nourishing food. The mode of life which the majority pursues is held to be the most satisfactory mode. The life that the majority leads may be called the standard, the normal life. Very well; that standard, normal life is the same life that we call common, and that some poor pitiable people regard as a life of failure. Life itself is at once the common and the uncommon thing. The majority are going to live the standard normal human life. That life is common to all. It is the life that everybody must live in order to live at all; the life of labor and food, of day and night, of home and family, of body and soul—the same life which the President must live in his White House and the pioneer in his prairie home. It is the same life.

Life is divided into two main periods—the period when we take in and the period when we give out. Youth is the receptive period, and although that period does not end, there comes to keep company with it an expressive period when the individual makes his or her contribution to the general life. He does more than that, however; in his work he also makes a contribution to himself. The sum of earthly life is the making of character. It is inevitable.

We make character whether we want to or not. We make it whether we are conscious of it or not. We make it wherever we are and by whatever we do. There is no special location or no special occupation which is more favorable to character making than is another location or occupation. There is no station in life that is favorable to the produc-

tion of a finer type of character than is any other station.

The more and better the character that is made, the more the outer world is changed to conform to it. The money question, the industrial question, the social question—all these wait for the settlement of the character question.

The reason high office is so powerless to bring about reform, the reason titles and prerogatives are helpless in making a clean sweep of injustice, is just this—no office or authority gets any further than the character that creates and fills it. Character is the great authority. Given character, we can dispense with office. Presidents and kings and magnates of all degrees are but the servants of great characters. And great characters are independent of riches or power. They are rich and they have power, and are therefore invincible in whatever right things they undertake.

We have rather successful inventions, successful businesses, successful policies, but not enough successful men. The success of a man is to become a man in the character and power that make him a man. And this is all within his own control; no outer circumstance can control that, but he can use that to control outer circumstance.

HOW DO YOU COUNT?

(The Way.)

A discontented farm boy remarked at the close of the summer vacation that he did not care how soon school opened. "I've worked every day this summer, many days until nine in the evening," he lamented. "School is really a rest after vacation."

His cousin who had been working on the farm with him all summer was silent for some moments and finally took a pencil and piece of paper from his pocket. "Read that!" he said a few minutes later, after he had written some things on the bit of paper.

John read aloud: "Five church socials, three picnics, two corn roasts, five afternoons at the swimming hole, twenty-five trips to town, county fair, one day camp with club leaders, four parties, a dozen rainy days when we loafed." He got no further but threw the piece of paper away. "If you're going to count all those little insignificant things it would make summer look like a perpetual loafing time," he said in disgust.

As a matter of fact John had worked hard and in threshing time they rarely got washed up and ready to rest until nine in the evening, but they had enjoyed many good times along with the hard work. Even the threshing time was enjoyable as they creaked over the fields for grain or drove to the elevator in the cool of the day with the threshed grain. The country boy felt abused, and the town boy regarded the summer as a wonderful time to develop his muscles, eat three enjoyable meals, enjoy the social life and sleep like a log when he dropped into bed. Which one was counting things right? Which kind of count are you keeping

LEARNIN' AND CHEWIN'.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

Nobody can say any more that North Carolina is using up her energies in chewin' and spittin' instead of turning her attention to "book and larnin'." The National Education Association has proven the case in favor of the Tar Heel Sate. She is the only Southern sate that spends fifty per cent more for education than for tobacco, according to the figures assembled by the organization. Her 1924 tobacco bill was only slightly over nineteen million dollars, while her school expenditures were almost thirty-one million dollars. Only South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana showed a balance on the side of schools as compared with the tribute to Lady Nicotine. Our near neighbor spent about a million and half more for schools than for tobacco—but they didn't chew or smoke much down there. Louisiana leaned to education ever expectoration only by a margin of some four hundred thousand dollars. Mississippi was almost a tie but her education bill was less than a third of ours.

Most any body would bet their last thin dime that "cultured" Massachusetts would not let its consumption of the weed run away with its school expenditures. But they would lose, for that state spent ninety millions for tobacco and seventy millions for education. Rhode Island spent fifty per cent more for tobacco than for education. Virginia spent twenty millions for education and twenty-two millions for schools. New York state spent sixty millions more for tobacco than for education.

North Carolina raises more tobacco and manufactures more of it than any other state, but is after all not such a violent addict. She is more given to educating it seems, Dr. Knight to the contrary notwithstanding.

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them. —Washington Irving.

A CASE OF GENEROSITY.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

In the story of the trouble appearing in battalions in Wilkes county it is set out that former Sheriff Woodruff who has been out of office for several years, gave a check, March, 1926, in settlement of more than $20,000 due the county—money belonging to all the citizens of the county—and the check, as is not infrequent with checks, failed to produce that which is expected of pieces of paper called checks. The

county commissioners, whose business it is to see that the citizenry get what is coming to them, have waited more than a year for the checks to check. In apparent explanation of the indulgence it is stated that the former cheriff made "a popular officer, and his alleged shortage is charged in a large measure to his generosity and pity for the burdened taxpayers, in some instances taking it upon himself to pay tax for some friend."

The "pity for the burdened taxpayers" is enough to move one to tears. He would be hard of heart indeed who would demand the prosecution of one who was so generous in his efforts to relieve the burdens of others. Bear ye one another's burdens, is the scriptural command. But when one goes into the burden-bearing business it is expected that he do the bearing himself. If he is generous to the distressed, it is assumed that he is generous at his own expense. It is explained that in some instances the former Wilkes sheriff himself paid taxes for his friends. But if the story that he owes the country more than $20,000 is correct, and that the check he gave in payment didn't produce, evidently the sheriff not only beggared himself but he was so concerned for "the burdened taxpayers" that he drew on the taxpayers who had also borne burdens and had made good. That seems a trifle hard on the taxpayers who had discharged their obligations—that their money should be used by their agent, without their knowledge or consent, to help ease the burdens of yet other taxpayers. If the situation is as the report has it, while the sheriff was relieving burdens with one hand he was imposing burdens with the other.

One may never be so generous, but if he is generous with that which is not his own he will not get so much credit for generosity. People have a way of saying very unkind things about folks who undertake to play Santa Claus at the expense of others; and sometimes the criticism doesn't end in talk.

MILK.

"A bottle of milk and a bath" was the first request of Charles A. Lindbergh, after reaching the home of Ambassador Herrick in Paris upon the completion of his trans-Atlantic flight.

A. M. Loomis, Secretary of the American Dairy Federation says this is the finest tribute which has ever been paid to the American cow and that the slogan which Lindbergh innocently created will be worth millions to the dairy industry.

DO YOU MAKE YOUR MISTAKES COUNT?

By Emma Gray Wallace, in Kind Words.

Most of us make mistakes. To do so is rather natural and entirely human. But it is not either profitable or sensible to keep on making the same mistake again and again. Neither is it sufficient just to correct a mistake, although many times we think that we have done all that is required of us when we do that.

Only the other day a stenographer who had taken some work home to do on her own machine returned it to her patron with this explanation:

"I should have been here with this work last night only I had such bad luck with it. You asked me to duplicate this copy fifteen times and I did twelve of the copies and got them all neatly finished to find that I had omitted two lines in every one of them. I had to discard them all and spend the whole morning doing those twelve sets over. My, but it was provoking!"

The business woman to whom the typewritten copies were handed smiled and said:

"That was really too bad. It looks as though you had wasted a lot of time, doesn't it? Let me tell you about a mistake I made this week.

"It was this way. A friend telephoned me that one of our club members had just been plunged into deep grief by the sudden death of her mother who was visiting her. Knowing that the club always sent flowers in such a case, I tried to get in touch with the chairman of the Flower Committee. But I could get no answer to the telephone and so took it for granted that the chairman was out of the city on her vacation, as so many other people are just now. As I did not want our friend in the club to feel neglected, I consulted with one or two other members; they said:

"'Let's order a nice wreath. It will be the best thing to do, as we would not omit an attention of this kind at this time for anything.'

"So a nice wreath was ordered and sent, whereupon we discovered that the chairman of the Flower Committee was not out of the city, but had been merely out in her garden picking cucumbers, where she did not hear the ring of the telephone bell, moreover, she had attended promptly to the sending of a handsome floral piece as it was her duty to do. So there was a strange duplication of two pieces from our little club which has a treasury of almost nothing at all. The only thing I could do was to say pleasantly: 'It was my mistake, I will pay for the wreath.'

"But I am going to tell you this, the lesson I learned will not be wholly lost, for in the future I shall not presume to assume such responsibilities of any kind until I am positive that the one to whom the responsibilities belong has neglected them.

"By the way," said the business woman turning shrewdly to the waiting stenographer, "what's your mistake going to teach you?"

The girl blushed.

"Why, I hadn't thought of it that way," she replied. "I have made lots of just such mistakes before and I suppose I'll make them again."

"Don't do it," advised the business woman. "It isn't profitable. Learn a lesson—a real lesson and make it count.

"Now if I am not mistaken, in duplicating these copies you typed each one from the copy just finished and so if you had a mistake in that, you would copy that mistake into the next set—and so on. If I were in your place I should let the experience teach me first to make all my copies from the original correct copy, so that there would be no chance of introducing mistakes of my own.

"Then I should go farther than that, and I would examine my own conduct to see if I was imitating people around me who were faulty in their habits and manners and so through my imitation of them I was working their mistakes into my own life. If I found that I was doing this, then the sensible thing would be to go straight back to the Great Teacher who has given us the correct copy of life and to shape my conduct according to that model which He has given us and which is high and pure and lofty and noble. Then there will be no danger of waste of time, or blemished results. Do you see?"

The pretty stenographer's black eyes grew wide and luminous.

"Oh, I hadn't thought of it that way," she breathed, "but I see what you mean, and from this minute I am going to try to make my own mistakes count in a bigger and finer way that I had ever dreamed it possible."

The business woman nodded brightly.

"Good-bye," she said, "I am sure you will enjoy doing this copy which I am giving you now, and remember that every time you do the work perfectly—in fact, any work perfectly—that you have increased your efficiency and raised your own standards."

The stenograper, who was just nineteen, walked slowly down the street. She was thinking!

A VIRGIN PAGE.

If a man's memory is not a virgin page for his own perceptions, but is written and crossed over with the thoughts of former persons, he is in constant doubt as to whether he is 'original,' or is merely giving a fresh wording to old stuff; whereas, if he write from the heart, he is free from anxiety, for one man's heart can never see or feel like any other's.—Julian Hawthorne, in the Dearborn Independent.

WHY ELECTRIC LIFTING MAGNETS ARE USED.

By Erald A. Schivo, in Young Folks.

We are familiar with the small boy who is the proud possessor of a weak horse-shoe magnet. Such a magnet will pick up small objects such as steel pins or needles. Few of us are acquianted with the electric lifting magnet which picks up pig iron, scrap, castings, rails, plates, and other magnetic material.

The simplest electric magnet consists of an iron bar with an insulated wire wound around it. The magnet is ready for operation when a current is fed into the wire. Perhaps it seems a very simple matter to lift material with a magnet, yet many years of experimenting passed before the lifting magnet was a commercial success.

Lifting magnets are now used to load and unload cars or vessels. They are used to pick metallic substances from roadways so that the motorist may be guarded against nails which very frequently cause tire trouble. Lifting magnets are sometimes operated under water, in rivers or bays where valuable metallic material may have fallen overboard.

Almost every piece of electrical machinery may be safely protected from rough usage and dampness, but the lifting magnet is not like other electrical instruments. The lifting magnet often bangs against the side of ships and cars, therefore the magnet must be so designed that it will stand such hard blows. All light parts, such as the wiring and insulation material, must be shielded with a special grade manganese steel having the properties of being non-magnetic and extremely tough. This shield coil is practically unbreakable and will last for the life of the magnet.

Because magnets are so constructed that they may be used in the water they are moisture proof. Nearly all troubles with magnets or similar electric devices can be traced to moisture in one form or another. The result of dampness in the electrical circuit will eventually weaken the effectiveness of the insulation, thus causing short circuits or burn-outs.

Of course, lifting magnets which are always used in the water must be very well shielded. Other magnets must be shielded against moisture in the form of snow or rain, even air must be kept from the interior of the magnet, for very often the air is moisture-laden. Owing to the differences in the magnet temperature this air will condense and form drops of water, which is quite detrimental after a short time.

How is the lifting magnet operated? The lifting magnet is energized in the same manner as any other magnet except that the master switch carries only the pilot current which in turn controls the magnet switches. The lines to the magnet are in no way connected to the master switch.

When the circuit to a magnet is suddenly opened, there is a strong inductive reaction or "kick," the effect

of which is to produce a high voltage at the terminals of the coil. Constant repetition of this "kick" will sooner or later break down the strongest insulation unless provision is made for limiting this induced voltage and scattering its energy outside of the coil.

For instance, in the Cutler-Hammer system, this inductive reaction is thrown off automatically by having a shunting discharge resistance across the magnet coil. It acts simultaneously with the opening of the magnet circuit and is automatically disconnected just prior to the establishment of the circuit.

There is a master switch with three positions, "lift," "off" and "drop." The magnet is energized by moving the master switch to the "lift" position.

In ordinary service, to drop the load the controller is merely thrown to the mid-position, opening the circuit to the magnet coil. When, however, conditions are such that it is desirable to release the load instantly, the lever is thrown to the "drop" position. This not only opens the circuit, but reverses the current in the coil, thus overcoming the residual magnetism that causes the load to cling to the magnet for a second or two after the current is opened.

The lever will remain in the quick-release position only while held by the operator. A strong spring tends to force it off. When released it does not swing over the central position and energize the magnet; it is checked in the "off" position by a mechanical stop. From this position the operating lever may again be moved in the direction to energize the magnet.

One may readily conclude that the lifting magnet is a great factor in the saving of time. We see these magnets lifting skull-cracker balls of 15 tons; we see them in the foundry handling heavy castings; we see them unloading pig iron from railroad cars; steamers use them; in fact, we find them in most places where metalltic materials are handled in large quanities.

A vessel unloading pig iron is one of the most noticeable instances where the lifting magnet saves much time. A cargo of several million tons of pig iron would probably take two dozen men two days and nights to unload a ship, while the lifting magnet accomplishes the same work in about ten hours with only a few men.

Where it is necessary to handle iron and steel rapidly and economically the lifting magnet may be found in use. This is most true of railroad work, where magnets are used principally in scrap yards. In this work a yard locomotive train with lifting magnet installed is operated over the shop-yard tracks at will.

How much will a magnet lift? Because of a huge scale which is used to test all magnets a manufacturer is fairly certain of the lifting capacity of his his magnets. Assuming that a magnet is sixty-five inches in diameter, the lifting capacity will vary with the nature of the load to be carried. Such a massive magnet would lift only 1,100 pounds of steel turnings, 1,800 pounds of broken scrap, as high as 40,000 pounds for a skull-cracker ball which is round,

and as high as 60,000 pounds for a solid mass of iron or steel which affords a good magnetic contact, like a massive slab, for instance.

It is interesting to watch the men in the cages of the crane. One man will turn on the power which gives gives current to the magnet. Then we might see a huge lifting magnet drop down to pick up half-a-dozen kegs of rivets or nails. If a magnet is searching for something under water we watch with excitement as the magnet appears at the surface of the water. No one knows what mysterious weight the operator of the instrument may bring to view.

ANYTHING, SO IT'S GOOD.

Obsequious waiter—"Lovely weather we're having today, sir."
Absent-minded Patron—"All right, bring me some."

TIMING THE TIDES.

By Esther E. Reeks.

To one visiting the sea shore for the first time, nothing is more interesting than the coming and going of the tides. At one time there will be seen a wide stretch of wet, sandy beach; at another, this same beach will have disappeared and great billows will be rolling inland over the very spot where but a few hours before one could have walked in perfect safety.

At every beach resort it is possible to obtain a little book called the Tide Book, which predicts with almost perfect accuracy the hours and heights of all the tides of the year. This little book will add vastly to the interest of one's stay and will enable him to know just when to visit certain spots to witness the greatest changes in the land and seascape.

To the uninitiated it is often a surprise to discover that the hours between tides vary and that there is such a vast difference in their heights at different times.

If there were but one force acting on the water to produce these tides, there would not be this striking difference. But there are two great heavenly bodies, constantly varying in their relationship to each other and to the earth, each of which exerts its own influence upon the waters. These are the sun and the moon. It is the attraction of these two that causes the ebb and flow of the tides.

The sun, being the larger of the two attracting bodies, would naturally —other things being equal—exert a much greater influence than the moon. But the sun is a vastly greater distance off, and in direct ratio to its distance it loses its drawing power. So, because the moon is so much nearer, though infinitely smaller, it is by far the most potent.

If the sun and the moon were stationary and in the same direction

from the earth at all times, there would be but one tide a day at any given point; and that would be at the time of day when that point was turned directly toward these heavenly bodies. But while the sun has an apparently fixed position, the earth is constantly changing its relation thereto, while the moon revolves about the earth in a period not equaling an exact number of earth days. So it can be seen the relative positions of the two to each other and to the earth are constantly changing, and so changing the hours and the heights of the tides.

The highest tides occur in the new and the full of the moon. These are called spring tides. Mid-way between these are the lowest tides, called neap tides. The spring tide in the new of the moon is higher than that of the full; and those at the equinoxes—when days and nights are of equal length in March and September—are higher than those of any other time of the year.

The same tides vary greatly in height at different points along the same coast. This is chiefly owing to the formation of the ocean floor and the coast line. Where there are bays and harbors with narrow openings, the force of the tide expends itself largely before entering. So, too, where the sea bottom is shallow for some distance near the coast, the oncoming rush of water is somewhat spent before reaching the shore line. The long, open-mouthed Bay of Fundy, is known throughout the world as the place of highest tides. At St. John, these rise thirty feet or more, while farther up, where they break against the land at the head of Chignecto Bay, they are often over sixty feet in height.

It is very important for the sake of shipping and other shore interests that the periods and heights of all tides be known ahead of time. Where harbors are shallow, large vessels can enter and depart only at high tide; while other landing places are safe for small craft only at low tide. For this reason it has long been the work of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey to make calculations regarding the tides at all shipping points along both coasts, and to issue yearly tide books for such places.

As there are more than 1,400 tidal changes in a year, and as these differ in time and height with each day, you can imagine that the task is not a small one. Formerly, the work was done without the aid of mechanical devices; but in comparatively recent years an invention has been perfected by means of which the entire task can be accomplished in a single day, whereas before it required sixty days of the time of an expert.

The machine, which stands in the office of the Survey in Washington, is commonly known as the tide-tamer, or the-prophet-with-the-brass-brain. It consists of thirty-seven miniature suns and moons, and a system of dials, cranks, and pulleys. These, when set in motion, register the actual effect of real sun and moon on the real tides, and that without the possibility of error that always creeps into human computations.

Three hours are required to set the dials and cranks in proper position to predict the tides at any given place. Then the machinery is set in motion

and for seven hours the suns and moons revolve while the dials register the tides as they will occur for the given twelve months.

It is said by the officers of the department that the accurate predictions of this machine have reduced by one-half the number of shipwrecks and accidents to the shipping of this country, thereby saving many lives and many millions of dollars' worth of property.

But even in spite of all this accuracy there are sometimes unforseen high tides that do great damage. Sometimes these are caused by strong winds accompanying normal tides. At other times there may seem no apparent reason, but the general belief is that the volcanic eruptions or earthquake shocks on the bed of the ocean far from shores are responsible for such disturbances of the usual order.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Hair-cutting day came around last week and all the boys were glad to get their hair cut.

The barn boys have been working the cotton and corn lately. We hope to have a fine crop of both this year.

Recently a new Chevorlet truck has been purchased and put in use at the dairy barn. It is a small, light one but it is better than the old one.

Next month, August, is parole month. It will mean more to some boys than others, as a number of them are expecting to receive their parole.

The boys of Mr. Johnson's and Mr. Clark's school room pulled grass out of the strawberry patch. Mr. Johnson's boys strung beans at the cannery last Tuesday.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work ecretary Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Harry Propst, a singer of Concord, rendered two selections. Mr. Propst has been in New York for three years studying. Miss Rea, of Charlotte, also sang for us. We also enjoyed the singing very much. Rev. Stanford, pastor of Tryon Street Methodist Chruch, Charlotte, preached. He read for the scripture lesson the ninety-first and the hundred an nineteenth Psalms. He took for his text the twenty-third Psalm. He told of his trip to Palestine several years ago. He saw a bunch of shepherds seated on a mountain side watering their sheep. He wondered how they would get them separated. In a short while he had the chance to see how it was done. One of the shepherds arose and went up the mountain, turned, and made a peculiar sound. At once all his sheep followed him. Each one knows his master by his voice. He said that sometimes when they can-

not drive them from place to place, the shepherd takes up a small lamb in his arms and walks off. The whole flock immediately follows. He had the boys learn a verse: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Psalm 119:11. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all and we allyhtehpmt enjoyed by all. We hope Rev. Stanford will come out again soon.

HOW FINE LIFE IS.

Douglas Malloch

Green grass here,
  And green grass there,
And blue sky nearly
  Everywhere,
And yet we sit,
  We sit and sigh,
Don't see a bit
  Of grass or sky.

Fine folks east,
  And fine folks west,
Doctor and priest
  And host and guest,
Fine folks met
  Both near and far,
Yet folks forget
  How fine they are.

Grand old earth,
  And grand old life,
And well, well worth
  The toil and strife.
We talk of "me"
  And "mine" and "his,"
And just don't see
  How fine life is.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE UNIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 6, 1927. No. 29

WHEN IS A MAN BIG?

A man may be six feet two and still be a little man. Another man may be only five feet tall and may be considered big. You ask how this can be true?

Well, the kind of bigness that we are talking about is measured by character. The man who is big in height and stature may be narrow-minded and mean. This is how he is little. As for the man who is but five feet tall—it is his broad way of looking at things and his big heart that makes him big.

It is good for us to look ourselves over every once in a while to see whether we have been growing or not. How big are you.—The Boys' Friend.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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EVER THUS.

"I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor; four of the sons wanted collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home struggle. The day I left our country home to look after myself we rode across the country, and my father was driving. He began to tell how good the Lord had been to him, in sickness and in health, and when times of hardship came, how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large household; and he wound up by saying: DeWitt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord.'

I have felt the mighty impetus of that lesson in the farm wagon. It has been fulfilled in my own life and in the lives of many consecrated men and women I have known."—T. DeWitt Talmage.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THAT SOUL.

We have heard so much about the lack of opportunity in "mill districts" to enjoy the fine things that make up a well-rounded life. We get this from agitators. It is not true. There are opportunities all about us. And there are men and women who see them. Listen:

The wife of a mill superintendent found a poor woman, with a sorry husband (the world is rich in these things); she was bed-fast with pellagra. In that little room with that sick mother was an infant. The lady busied herself in finding kind hearted people in the mill district to "take the baby." Then an organization that goes about doing good, "ministering to rather than being ministered unto," has been furnishing sustenance for

that baby.

Time came when the kind hearted family had to give up the baby. That wife of the mill superintendent, having to be away for a period, secured another couple to care for the babe. We saw them the other day. It made in our very soul a picture that refuses to quit us. Man and wife and baby. The man himself "works in the mill." The wife attends to the home. They picked up the baby and visited the source of the supplies which maintains the little baby. We never saw even a prouder real father. We never saw a more kindly real mother; and it has been months and months since we saw a "cuter" and a more healthful-looking baby, bright and chirpy—that baby was snatched from the arms of a mother dying with pellagra. And the agencies involved in this human conduct are the wife of a mill superintendent, a mill worker and an agency of mercy that goes about doing good—the will of The Master.

Opportunities! All bosh! Workers in the finer things of life! Lots of them—you find them among the "mill folks" in just as large percentage as you do among other occupations. Let us eschew snobbery. Let us face the facts.

The couple that now has this little child are not novices in caring for the unfortunates. This is the third child which they have taken and nurtured; and they are "mill folks," live in the mill settlement; keep themselves unspotted from the world and unconsciously furnish a fine example to some "High Brows."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MR. DUKE FAVORS US.

The officials of the Jackson Training School have been honored by the recognition of another of the state's outstanding and constructive men. This latest recognition of the purposes and aims of this institution is by Mr. Benjamin N. Duke, of New York and Durham, who, on last week, made a donation of five thousand dollars to the cause. Mr. Duke, manifesting a confidence in the judgment and wisdom of the Board of Trustees, merely instructed it to use this fine contribution in such manner as seemed best.

As our readers already well know Mr. Duke is a member of the great Duke family, who have done so much in a substantial manner and in a way that can never perish for the welfare of our people and the permanent progress of North Carolina. The habit Mr. Duke has of contributing while yet in the flesh to numerous worthy causes in our midst only reflects the fine spirit

that characterizes this most wonderful family, whose deeds, by force and provision, reach further into the future than one can realize.

We acknowledge this recent gift by Mr. Duke with great gratitude, and shall use it furthering the cause of humanity as given us to see.

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MOST COMMENDABLE.

The Monroe papers are eternally bragging on their Farm Demonstrator, Mr. Broom. He acts and works in a way to sweep them along just like a new Broom. He's a good one, and deserves all that goes to him, if we believe the many fine things of which he is accused.

But without any sectional feeling—we are strictly for North Carolina as a whole—we must admit that Cabarrus can match Union in its Farm Demonstrator. He's a Good man too; to be exact his name is R. D. Goodman, and frankly The Uplift thinks he lives right up to his name. He's not lazy—he inherited a spirit of activity from a long line of active folks. He is courteous. He responds to any kind of a call, makes no difference as to what it is. He's so accommodating that we verily believe that if a farm woman lost her needle in a hay stack, Roy Goodman would do his level best to find that needle for his constituent.

Mr. Goodman has arranged to carry a motorcade of real farmers on a trip throughout eastern North Carolina to see how the farms look down there and how they do things. They start on the eighth from Salisbury, there taking up a delegation from Rowan. The trip covers a week, and the economy practiced by these people assures the trip to cost not over $12.00.

The Uplift speaks thus fully about Goodman and his ways in order to emphasize the results of faithfulness to a job and an outstanding disposition on his part to be courteous and helpful. These are the kind of officers public agencies require and sorely need.

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WASTE TO MAKE POSSIBLE A GREATER PROGRESS.

Considerable excitement was occasioned by the report that the great Swift Island concrete bridge across the Yadkin, beyond Albemarle, was to be closed "ahead of time." This fear seems to have been allayed.

This wonderful piece of engineering, that served so many people, and so many causes, is to give way to progress. Thousands of dollars expended in its construction by the state are to be annihilated; but the state will come into the possession of another bridge, higher and perhaps better lo-

cated, without cost.

The Carolina Power and Light Company is daming up the river in such a manner that this bridge will be submerged many feet under the water. And a new bridge which the company is constructing becomes a necessity. All is well, if it ends well. This is a movement for the increased ability of wealth that flows by unharnessed.

The Swift Island bridge is the fruits of the engineering ability of a modest Concord boy, W. L. Craven. He's a genius without crazy frills, such as one sometimes find in alleged musicians—he's practical. Craven is a modest fellow; he figures but little in the papers, but that would be no evidence of importance or usefulness, were he a victim of publicity.

While the state, down in its heart, admires the constructive ability of Mr. Craven and profits by it, there is another individual, burdened with age and a long service, modestly rejoices in the motherhood of such a fine fellow who is so efficiently contributing to the state—Mrs. K. L. Craven, one of Concord's finest of women, she herself a jewel in womanhood.

But engineers in the states are to have some business yet with the Swift Island bridge which Craven designed; and which the traffic on a busy highway has been unable to dent. They plan to ascertain, in the destruction of the said bridge, just what a load and how much dynamite will be required to make it give way. That's in the interest of real investigation. Heretofore, the power of resistance of concrete construction has been very largely theoretical and problematical. This program is intended to establish a certainty.

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SPEED AND WEEP.

I was in a northern city a little while ago, remarks Young Folks, and my eye caught sight of this sign: "Speed and Weep," at the intersection of busy streets. It needs no interpretation. It goes without saying that not a few serious accidents have happened at that dangerous crossing. I was telling a friend of this arresting sign, and he came back at me with the question, Did you see the other one? I told him I did not think I had, and asked him what it was. He said it was, "Look and Live." A third person remarked that he had seen two signs to motorists which he thought would encourage drivers to be careful, one was, "Drive carefully, there is a fool around the corner," and the other, "Drive slowly, there are twelve hundred citizens in this town and we need them all."

I take it that these sign-makers do not primarily intend to be funny. The

fact of the matter is the ordinary warning soon ceases to have any effect on a driver. Something new, something to impress him with the danger of careless driving must arrest his attention. The ingeniousness of some of these warnings has back of it the peril to numberless people reckless driving involves. There has never been an accident that did not cause someone to wish that more care had been exercised. What we do in haste we repent of in leisure. Human life is sacred, and it is a poor policy to jeopardize it for any earthly gain.

The morning papers, on Monday, seemed very largely a funeral directory. It takes more than signs and warnings to prevent this cheapening of human life. The invoking of sense will do more than all your signs, and the elimination of an arrogant-get-out-of-my-way for I have the right of way spirit on the part of auto drivers will aid very much.

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PROSPECTS BRIGHT.

The recommendations publicly announced of the newly elected director of the music department of the Concord Public Schools is extremely heartening. This is a very important phase of public education, and the officials are deserving of congratulations for their effort in getting a director that really can sing himself, knows his business and willing to do it. A whole year has been practically lost in this important phase of school work.

The Jackson Training School was itself made a victim of a misfit. It was a sore disappointment in that during the year our band failed to learn to toot a simple little "piece." But forgetting the disappointments of the past, it behooves us to look to the future.

In the light of this community's experience with musicians and alleged musicians it strikes us as pathetic, if not worse, that such a fine art should have hanging on to it such occasional snides, and some who mistake card-playing, or trifling with the affections of innocent women and girls, as evidences of their high sense of the fine arts.

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The great work Health Agencies are doing would be more effective and draw to itself a more hearty support on the part of the public were there fewer changes in its workers. Professional jealousy may account for some of this, and misfits in others; but a little too much intereference may have something to do with those too frequent changes. A recognized efficient nurse should remain in a position more than six months if all is going well; if not going well, there must be a reason.

REMEMBER—ALL IS NOT LOST.

By Dr. Frank Crane.

Because something has happened to you which interferes with your efficiency is no proof that all is lost.

There is nothing unconquerable to the human spirit.

There is no truer saying than, "Where there is life there is hope."

The great problem is to utilize what remains of your life and keep up a bold front.

It never pays to give up.

Life is like a coin stamped on both sides. On one side is the face of smiling fortune, on the other the image of frowning reverses. Sometimes one side lies up and sometimes the other, and sometimes the two seem to spin, alternating continually. But the two are always there in every life, side by side.

So one-half of the art of life is knowing how to meet misfortune and the other half understanding how to treat prosperity.

Near Lincoln, Nebraska, a 19-year-old boy named Edward Smith lost both arms in an accident when he was helping shuck corn on his father's farm.

With that accident most of the means of earning a living open to him the day before were obliterated. There were few things that he could do. Yet one of these he did superlatively well.

Providing himself with artificial arms, he became a salesman for a Kansas City manufacturer. Later he was sent to Europe to open a branch factory. He became a success in spite of a well-nigh insurmountable handicap.

In New Buffalo, Michigan, on the shore of Lake Michigan, lives Joe Jones. From childhood he has had a crippled leg, with one ankle that is stiff and without feeling. Yet he has saved five people from drowning at the beaches near his home.

For nineteen years Magdalen Beans of Pittsburgh, has been confined to one room with a nerve center in her back deranged so that the slightest movement causes agony. During this time she has written stories and poems that have been widely published and have given robust people enjoyment and encouragement.

Such items bring strength for meeting our own troubles and enlarge our respect for the spirit of human nature.

ABOUT SCHOOLS.

(Chatham Record.)

Sanity will yet prevail. A few months ago it would have been a marvel to see such an expression as that below from one of the city papers. The editor of the Raleigh Times, commenting upon the wail of the Asheville News over the defeat of the county-wide eight-months school term in Buncombe county says:

"The cause of education is not killed—in fact, it may ultimately be bettered by such a defeat. We have come to give the eight months term a species of fetish worship too apt to believe in its power to exercise evil. Whereas, there are other essentials to good schools than the length of term and even more important. One of them is better schoolhouses, another is improved teaching, another fewer schools through consolidated districts. In other words, an eight months or any other term never did and cannot in itself make effective schools. The phrase has been mouthed so much that there is danger of the more vital necessities being overlooked."

There are other indications that the considerations of more importance than a long term are finding lodgment place in the minds of the educational leaders and the editors of the state. They have been in the minds of the patrons for no little time, and have had no little to do with the defeat of the eight-months term scheme in several counties. For instance, right here in Chatham, Matthews township, the location of Siler City, was counted upon as the mainstay of the proponets of the eight-months term for the county. But, to the consternation of the agitators for the longer term, that big township gave about four to one against it. There was a reason, apart from the indisposition of the people after a three years' siege of hard times to increase the taxes, and the other fact that farmers cannot well spare their children from the fields for an eight-months term. And that reason is, the people want results and are not satisfied with what they are getting.

This writer called attention two weeks ago to the manner in which geometry was taught in the Pittsboro school three years ago, when he had a daughter in the class. But that is hardly comparable to what we are reliably informed was the status of affairs in the ninth-grade algebra class at Siler City the past term. If we have been misinformed, we shall glardly make correction. But we have been told by one of the most intelligent and honorable men in Siler City that the teacher of ninth-grade algebra virtually admitted that he could not solve the problems, and that something like this would take place when the class was called:

Teacher—"Well, can any of you solve these problems?"

Class—"No, sir.

Teacher—"Neither can I."

Now, the teacher was athletic coach, and the class would take up the lesson period in talking about games, etc., reminding the writer of big B.

W. Spillman, preacher and humorist, who one evening in the fall of 1889 said he must go to work, and went off to his room adjoining ours, remained about five minutes, and was back upon the porch playing his flute for dear life. Reminded that he said he was going to work, he replied that he tried the first problem in his Calculus lesson and couldn't work it, and consequently had nothing to do.

One member of the Siler City ninth grade, when asked if she would make her grade. said that she guessed she would unless it was algebra, and that she ought to make that, as she knew more about it than the teacher did. But she didn't make the grade in algebra, and we are informed that the whole ninth grade not only failed in algebra, but practically in every one of their subjects.

Now, if that happened because of a raising of the standard it might be a good thing, and would demonstrate emphatically that students have to do the required work to pass. But it is evident that it was not the pupils' fault that they failed in algebra, and if you know anything about human nature at all, you will know, even if the teachers of the other ninth-grade subjects were doing their duty, that the trifling away of the time presumably devoted to algebra, lowered the morale of the class and, instead of making them more diligent in their other studies, made them indifferent to all of their work. In brief, they became loafers, and are ten times worse off than if they had not seen a school room in a year, for habits of life are more importnat than "book-learning." There are millions of examples of broad and useful lives without knowledge of algebra, but it is simply impossible for a trifler to become of any account to himself or anybody else.

Now, this thing happened, if it really did happen, when the school had a principal who did not teach a single class a day, but was supposed to devote his attention to the superintendence of the school, and drew $300.00 a month for so doing. This happened, if it happened at all, when the county pays a superintendent $3,000 a year to superintend the schools. And this happened, if it really happened, when the state has one or more high-priced high-school inspectors, paid to visit the high schools and see that they are kept to a high degree of efficiency. Now consider this as one incident and see if you are surprised that the people of Siler City were not willing to vote a higher tax upon themselves to have such farces protracted in districts where the farmers can use their boys and girls to advantage to themselves and at least teach them habits of industry, and partially overcome the habit of trifling that is being developed in thousands of lads and lassies.

Without saying, you know that there is no excuse for any such condition. Even if the present method of certification of teachers does make it easy to get an ignoramus in the school room, with the amount of supposed supervision, there is no reason except indefference or inefficiency why such a teacher should not be discovered and dismissed from the job. He is an impostor and a fraud. No business man would keep, two

days, a man claiming to be a bookkeeper who proved that he cannot keep books. Moreover, there is no reason why an ignoramus should be empolyed. It is easy for any one who knows algebra, geometry, Latin, English grammar and composition, to discover if the applicant for the position of teacher of any of those subjects has an adequate knowledge of the subject he proposes to teach.

Men and women who have been through certain rigamaroles are being certified as teachers by the educational machine, but that does not signify either intellectual capacity. or knowledge of subject matter The schools of pedagogy are teaching the principles of teaching, and too often when the students of pedaogy have no adequate knowledge of the subject matter to be taught and are lacking the intellectual capacity to master the subjects ahead of the class. It may be safely asserted that, no matter how many teacher-making mills one may have been through, unless he himself is a student and loves knowledge, he will be a failure as a teacher.

Any applicant for a job as teacher should not object, when told of the frequent farces occurring, to demonstrate the fact that he does actually know his subject matter, and should be further willing to demonstrate his teaching ability by teaching a lesson to some youth called in for the purpose.

Certainly, the people must get more value for their money before they are enthusiastic about expending more. They do not, for instance, appreciate this thing of "teaching through" on rainy days, that turning the children loose about one o'clock. They are willing to pay for real service but they want what they pay for, and if they don't get it, there will be something adoing some of these days. Simply the word "education" is losing its power as a fetish. They want the real thing. And they prefer the real thing six months a year to a farce ten months. In fact, a child is injured every day he attends some schools, for any time he fails to be led to do his best and is started upon the way of the trifler, he is almost irreparably injured.

FADISM.

Our most painful social evil, is fad, or want of originality. We are like sheep jumping a ditch, each one because the other jumped. True, we are making some progress, but like the men of ages long gone, it is too much in a single direction. When the enemy line gives ground, we all rush madly to the weak point, allowing the ground to be regained at another point. Just now, all minds seemed turned to air-travel development, radio, and athletics. Perhaps something new in the way of war on insects, a new apple peeler, or even a new brand of chewing gum, would serve a better purpose.—Arch Huneycutt.

LESS MACHINE RULE AND MORE INDIVIDUALISM.

By J. I. Vance, D. D., at Montreat.

"God intended man to be largely self-governed. When He made him, He built into his nature the machinery needed to run his life, a mind to think, a heart to feel, a will to act and a conscience to judge between right and wrong. All this was installed in a body so perfectly equipped and so delicately adjusted to personality as to make reaction swift and accurate.

"This does not mean, of course, that man is a law unto himself, that he needs no incentives and restraints, no motives and directions save those he spins out of his own being. He is a social animal. He is mixed in hopelessly and tangled inextricably with the life of the race. He must consider others.

"He must be a community man as well as an individualist. Hence there is need for law, for some common standard for conduct and duty. There is need for government, for something with sufficient authority to command the whims and moods and eccentricities of individualism, to fall into line with common sense and the common good.

"It is evident, however, that the machinery society builds on the outside of a man to regulate his life should never become so elaborate and intricate as to scrap the machinery God has built on the inside. When anything takes the place of the private conscience, when a man follows the crowd instead of thinking for himself, when he seeks or shuns a particular course of conduct, not because he thinks it is right or wrong, but because he is forced, government becomes paternalistic and individualism shrivels and dries up. Law has gone too far.

"There are those who feel that such a condition is rapidly approaching in America. They are talking about the cancer of too much government. It may not be amiss for us to consider this as a suitable theme for our observance of the anniversary of our national independence.

Too Much Government

"The phrase, 'the cancer of too much government,' was coined by a United States senator, a man whom some regard as the ablest figure in American public life today. He is chairman of the Senate's most important committee. He undoubtedly possesses brains and courage. To be sure, he is impulsive, some thing too much so, frequently smashing precedents in his iconoclastic capers and somtimes creating painful and embarrassing international situations by hasty and radical utterances. He is not of my political faith, but he is a man for whom I have an admiration. He has a way of placing the moralities involved above matters of political expediency. I refer to Senator Borah, from the little state of Idaho.

"He declares we are bartering our birthright through a craze for piling

up laws and having the federal government do what the states ought to do. He finds a remorseless drift toward bureaucracy at Washington, and pronounces it the most wasteful, demoralizing and deadly form of government God has ever permitted to torture the human family. He declares that unless a halt is soon called there will be an official for every ten people in the republic.

" 'Inspectors and spies will leer upon citizens from every street corner, and accompany them hourly in their avocations.' Taxes, he predicts, will be one hundred dollars per capita, forty percent of which will go for public expense. As an illustration of the drift he cites the proposal of a senator to create a Federal commission to take over and control professional baseball, because he read that some of the players had become involved in scandalous events.

"Some no doubt will feel that Senator Borah is unduly exercised and a bit hysterical. Many of the newspapers, however, endorse his position. They point to the fact that we already have thirty-three independent Federal bureaus and fifty million dollars. They tell us that this over-much government already requires every fourteen persons over sixteen years of age gainfully employed to carry a public official. To be sure some of these editors cannot forego getting back at Senator Borah by citing the fact that there is not a single board or bureau of the Federal government which he himself has not voted to create or support. This only goes to show that ministers of the Gospel are not the only people who preach better than they practice.

"Curses The State"

"It is significant that these outcries against the cancer of too much government and these protests against the invasion of states' rights by the Federal Government are coming today not from the South, but from the North. Time was when Southern men died for this sort of thing—not for slavery, which was always hateful, but for the right of the Southern States, and back of the state the family, and back of the family the individual. We thought we lost, but there are some among the victors who are declaring today we must not erect in the capital of our country 'a huge octopus with tentacles reaching into every home and business in the land.'

"The cancer of too much government curses the state. It reveals itself in too many laws. It shows itself in the modern craze to attempt to right everything that is wrong by passing a law, to substitute laws for education, for family discipline, and for the mandate of the private conscious. This sort of thing does not make a nation strong. It builds a race of weaklings. It substitutes fear of penalty for the moral sense and by stimulating lawlessnes breeds contempt for all law.

"It Curses The Church"

"It is a cancer that curses the church. It is a tendency inherent in human nature. At the beginning, the apostles thought it important to sound a warning to religious leaders against lording it over God's heritage. When it comes to the private consciences, let popes and prelates, priests and presbyteries, sessions and

synods, stand back, hands off. Let heresy-hunters attend to their own business.

"The evil is seen in the multiplication of church machinery, in the fad to multiply committees and commissions to do everything under heaven. All must be handed down. There must be a secretary for prayer, and another for singing, and another for the collection. Let the people do what they are told to do, and ask no questions. If the women want to hold a praise service, let them be regular and get a program from headquarters telling them what they are to say to the Lord.

"There was nothing like this in the early church, no boards, no committees, no commissions, no secretaries, no overlords, no elaborate organizations, nothing but surrendered personality, but people ready to die for the cross, personality witnessing everywhere for the Redeemer, men and women suffering the loss of all things for the sake of a cause. The sooner we get back to all this, the better.

"It Curses Education"

"This same cancer curses education. It shows itself in the modern tendency to standardize. How are we to regard that particular college? Can it get into the association? How many students are there to a professor? How many hours does a professor teach? How much is he paid? How many points are there to the credit of his pupils? Is this what make a college? There was a day when Mark Hopkins on one end of the log and a boy on the other end made a college. I prefer the old type There are little colleges today that cannot get into the association. They cannot pay their teachers enough. They must make them work too many hours. They do not have enough equipment, enough endowment. All the same, they are growing men and women in whose hands the country is safe.

It Afflicts Society

"The same cancer afflicts society. It is responsible for much of the tomfoolery of the smart set. Why under heaven do people do some of the things they are doing today? The only explanation is that it is the fad. Do you tell me that little thing smoking a cigarette likes it? After a while she may acquire the taste, but it comes hard. Look at the pallor under the paint. She is near seasick. Do you tell me that a good, sensible woman likes to drink liquor? Not at the first. She may acquire the taste, but watch the face she makes. Scrutinize the swallow and struggle. She is simply trying to seem progressive. She is being standardized. They all do it. She is up-to-date. God save the mark!

Church Needs Power

'We need some moral surgery here in America. The cancer must be cut out. We need a revival of individualism. We need people in society who think for themselves, who have enough moral stamina to seem singular, who have enough of a republic in their own souls to legislate for themselves, to decline to be standardized. The only way to improve society is to start with the social unit.

"Standardization in education has some things to its credit. It has rais-

ed the standard. It has improved the condition of underpaid and poorly paid teachers. It has routed out some counterfeit colleges whose chief function was a cloudburst of honorary degrees at commencement season. But standardization has gone too far. It is sacrificing education to bureaucracy culture to red tape, and personality to equipment. It is working a hardship on some of our most valuable schools.

"What the church needs is not machinery, but power. Power was the only thing Christ promised His church. The only line that can carry power is life. We are not creating power by multiplying machinery. We are exhausting it. We are eating it up as the wheels go round. The dynamic thing in Christianity is a Christ-filled Christian. Let us quit trying to make the church over every time the General Assembly meets, and get back to Pentecost.

"It is not laws and Federal commissions and amendments to the Constitution that America needs, but citizens. It is people who are self-regulated, who are regulated from within, who do not need to be watched, who do not require a sheriff and a criminal court and a penitentiary to keep them straight, who are regulated not by laws but by conscience. The goal of civilization will be reached when government is no longer needed, but every man does right because he wants to and loves his neighbor as himself.

"God gives us not bureaus and federal commissions and laws piled like a skyscraper, heaven-high! God give us not machinery and mass-production and the cancer of too much government! But

"God give us men . . . . .
Whom the lust of office cannot kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy!"

POOR DONORS.

It had been a cold and stormy winter, and there had been a long strike in the main industry of the little village. There was some suffering and a good deal of want among the poorer people. A local philanthropist arranged a suitable entertainment for their benefit. No admission was charged, but a collection was to be taken at the close of the program. The entertainment was a good one, and it was thoroughly enjoyed by a crowded house. Then the collection was taken. When it was counted the philanthropic citizen came to the front of the platform. "The collection," he said, "amounts to three dollars and sixty-seven cents. The proceeds, you all understand, are for the benefit of the poor. They seem to be all here."—Youth's Companion.

STICK TO HOME.

(Mooresville Enterprise.)

The Beautfort News says: "'From such information as this newspaper has been able to gather the resort hotels are not doing much this summer. It has been a rather poor season so far, according to reports, for both mountain and coastal resorts. Of course great resort places like Atlantic City and Coney Island always do business and perhaps the small ones that are near great cities may be doing very well but unless business picks up mighty fast North Carolina resorts are going to have a rather hard time of it.

"Some say that the reason for the poor hotel business is that there has been a great deal of cool weather this summer and this probably has had a good deal to do with it. But there must be a deeper cause than that and we believe that the paved roads and the automobile are largely responsible. It seems strange to say that good roads could hurt the hotel business but they have certainly affected it. Summer tourists now are mostly weekenders. They are here today and gone tomorrow. They visit a dozen different places in one season instead of staying two weeks at one place as they used to do."

There is still another reason why the resort hotels are not doing big business as in the past few years. Money has not been any too plentiful for the the resort-seekers and thereby hangs a terrible tale. The hotels have endeavored to give the public the last thing in the way of service and to do so entails great expense. It is necessary for them to make seemingly exorbitant charges in order to keep going. However, the people have not got the money and naturally deny themselves the recreation and rest that is associated with the best resorts. An example of what we are trying to convey to the average mind is told in the following experience: A certain gentleman recently visited a resort hotel and had made reservations for himself and two members of his family. He had planned the stay of three days and knew just exactly what his meals and lodging would cost him. The total for the three for the three days, including tips, amounted to $52.25. All other items of expense were added to the lodging and meals, and for that reason there are many persons who would otherwise visit a resort and remain for two weeks or a month. These people referred to were given a special rate of $5.50 per day for each. The service was all that could be desired and more. But Mr. Average Man is denied any such extravagrance and necessarily he gets in his flivver, makes a trip to the mountains or seashore and returns the same day or the following day. It is apparent that the hotel business will be slack until the people accumulate more surplus money or the rates are reduced to a price one can really afford. The three-day stay at the hotel cost more than the average grocery bill and home expenses for a small family for thirty days.

A Mooresville man and his wife de-

sired lodging at a certain mountain resort recently and the price was so high they passed on to another town. For the two the price of $15 was asked. At the same hotel a gentleman and his wife from Rocky Mount, who were accompanied by a lady and two children were required to pay $30.00 for lodging one night for the party of five. Is it any wonder the resorts are not doing any business?

Following the line of least resistance is what makes rivers, and some men, crooked.

LIKE A PENCIL.

(Exchange)

It is the lead inside the wood, not the wood around the lead or the paint on the wood that makes the pencil. A piece of wood fashioned like a pencil cannot take the place of a pencil when a pencil is needed. It may look like a pencil but it cannot do the work of a pencil. It is the lead that gives the pencil worth. Of course the lead need the wood, but the wood is whittled away as useless so that the lead may do its work. This is likewise true, that the quality of lead, rather than the polish of the wood, determines the useableness of the pencil. Pencils are chosen for different types of work by the kind of lead they contain. The price paid for the pencil is governed more by its lead than by its wood. Some pencile may be bought by persons, with less concern for quality than for appearance, because of their odd shape or color, but pencils that are to be used purposefully are bought because their lead is adapted for the purpose.

Persons are like pencils. It is not the body that determines their worth. It is what has been put inside the body, expressed as character, disposition, attitude, or such like qualities, that gives the person worth. A perfect body will be set aside for a less perfect body if the latter contains that quality of personality that is desired for a certain place or work. A man may look like an educator, but if his mind is undeveloped he stands no chance at a professorship. The externalities ought to accompany the profession and harmonize with it, but these are not the final measure of the worth. It is the quality of the person that determines how valuable he is and the price paid for his services will be gauged by what he is and what he is able to do, rather than by what he appears to be. The individual who has nothing to commend him but outward show may win favors from a few thoughtless people, but in the long run the one who is real, whose inner self rings true, will be sought after and retained. Not looking like something, but truly being something commands the respect and rewards of the people about us.

RIDICULOUS BOASTING.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Local pride is excellent. Admiration of the neighbors, more especially the feminine neighbors, is a commendable quailty. But there are times when these things are carried too far. In a letter to The Baltimore Sun, for instance, a gentleman who signs himself "Lesley" says with with boastful brevity: "Baltimore's belles beat all others for class, warmheartedness and charm. I'm no Don Q., but I know stuff when I see it."

It is true that Baltimore's belles are, as Sir Lesley says, the "stuff." But has Lesley ever seen the Creole belles of Louisiana. Or the queens of Kentucky? Or the "extras" at Hollywood? Or the sweetest exemplars of vivacity in Virginia? Or, most important of all has he ever beheld the Tarheel triumphs of loveliness, the girls of Asheville?

Local pride does not run away with our judgement. Admiration of our feminine neighbors can not make our visions false. We never brag unduly. But it is our duty and our privilege to keep the record straight by asserting that for "class, warmheartedness and charm," Asheville's belles surpass all others. We say this not only because we "know stuff when we see it," but also because the visitors who come down here from all parts of the Seven Seas tell us with unbounded enthusiasm that up and down Patton Avenue promenade the prettiest girls in the world.

So long as outsiders say this, it must be true, but it is further and indubitably established by the fact that there can not be found in Asheville one man who will deny it. Sir Lesley has tried to cover too much territory. We have in Asheville what he thinks he has discovered in Baltimore; the belles that beat all others. And, unlike Sir Lesley, we do not boast when we say it. The statement is merely dragged from us by our love of truth.

Note: What a pity so many of these alleged belles smoke cigarettes and have abondoned the modest ways that characterized their mothers, who in other days, were greater belles.

ADMIRATION FOR SERVICE.

(Young Folks)

Many incidents of a thrilling character have come to our ears from the wonderful life of David Livingstone. In all the places he went and in the things he did he seemed to be able to pull the hearts of men up a little farther toward God. He had one ambition, and that was to serve Christ.

But a day or two ago I read the account of his appearance before the University of Edinburg for his degree. Those appearing for any such honor were expected to undergo a measure

of "razzing" from the student body. It was not expected that this great man would be an exception. He stood up. His name was not unknown. A stillness fell over the group. There was a seriousness on his face. His arm, helpless from the lion's savage attack, was hanging at his side. There was no attempt at even playful ridicule. The foremost explorer and missionary, while he did not wear the tokens, was a hero every inch, and the eyes of all were focused on him. And when he said, "I must go back to Africa to open up new regions for commerce, and for putting down the slave-trade, and for preaching Christ," the audience broke out in such spontaneous and generous applause as to indicate it could appreciate the worth of a man who could say, "This one thing I do."

How often we hear it said that this is an easy-going, a pleasure-loving and a trifling age, and that we are unable to take anything seriously. Well, that is not true. We know real worth when we see it. We can be serious and moist-eyed when the occasion calls for it. We need not go around with long faces and the corners of our mouths turned down in order to prove we are able to discover manly qualities. We can cheer to the echo the person who achieves. We admire the man who is covered with the scars of service. Devotion to the best in any life calls forth the noblest feeling that is in us. Not the one who plays or loafs, but the one who works is our ideal after all.

INDUSTRY BRINGS BEAUTY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Those lovers of "sweetness and light" who have never been able to reconcile the demands of an aesthetic life with realities of industrialism must find something of pleasure in North Carolina.

One may share with Ruskin the revulsion at sight of tunnels and tracks breaking up the landscape while smoke and soot cloud the view and yet rejoice at some recent developments along North Carolina's streams. Lakes enhance mountain scenery; they reflect its beauty while adding their own charm and advantages. Many of this State's largest —and what will be its most beautiful—lakes are being impounded by power companies. Thus, the industrial projects increase the protent resorts.

Seven thousand acres will be covered by a lake at Oxford Ford, near Hickory, where a dam across the Catawba River will create a body of water 22 miles long and 500 acres larger than Lake James, at Bridgewater. Four hundred sixteen thousand horse power will be developed on the Yadkin River within a 70-mile stretch, with completion of projects at High Rock, 15 miles below Lexington in Davidson County, and at Norwood. Plants at Duke Falls, Narrows and Blewitt Falls are operating. Charles M. Sturkey, chair-

man of the Lexington Chamber of Commerce, in The Manufacturers Record for July 21 says that the two new dams will give North Carolina 1,294,250 developed horse power by the end of this year. The estimate does not include several large projects under construction in Western North Carolina. The lake being created at High Rock will have 350 miles of shore line; it will extend 23 miles along the main stream and will be two miles wide at its broadest point. Numerous small lakes are being impounded, some of them chiefly for realty or resort development purposes.

Aside from increasing the natural beauties of the sections affected, the lakes will afford better places for fishing and swimming. These large bodies of fresh water provide the breeding places for game fish; virtually all the lakes are being "planted" with the anglers' favorites, to supplement what the small rivers contain. For example, a development company has imported about 40,000 fresh water salmon for Lake Tahoma, on State Highway No. 109. Waters above each dam site ultimately should be filled with larger fish than were available in the mountain rivers. By preserving and cultivating the beauties of new-born lake shores, North Carolina—and particularly this section—may blend them with mountain grandeur while experiencing industrial progress.

THE YOUNG MAN HE WANTED.

(Shelby Star.)

Figuring that a newspaper keeps pretty well abreast of its citizenship a business man came into this office recently and asked that suggestions be made to him of several young men he might want to fill a position he has open, a position with promise. Several likely young fellows were named. "Where will I find them?" came the query.

"Well, you'll find this one down on the street about the drug store, and over there on that bench on the court square is another," replied his informer.

"No thank you. I'm looking for some young fellow who has been working at most anything while waiting for this opportunity to come along. The fellow I want hasn't been idling useful minutes away twiddling his thumbs until the big moment came."

"Sorry," the would-be informer stated, "but all the young fellows of the type you seem to want are all working, so far as we know, at something else."

"Well, go ahead and name a few of the working boys you know, boys you believe deserve a better job. Somewhere in the bunch is the boy I'm looking for. And if you can't think of one tell me all the boys from the country who have graduated in recent years at the high school here. I do not mean your town boys are no good, but the man I want

will have to be in better training than that received by riding the range and benches with the drug store cowboys and he'll have to have more stamina than that required for an all night dance."

AN EDITORIAL ON THE EDITORIAL.

(Alabama Baptist.)

The editorial conceives that Rome was not built in a day.

The editorial is aware that the water wears the stone away bit by bit; that prejudice and dogma and wrong opinions are removed in the same way.

The editorial knows that truth is mighty; that it will eventually prevail; but that it comes to the race in tiny installments and when it comes it is scarcely welcome.

The editorial walks with the humble, speaks the language of the people, weeps with those who weep, challenges the cause of the oppressed and exults in the righteousness of the high and low.

The editorial is conscious of its power and influence, therefore, fears naught except its own mistakes and errors in judgement and the possibility of being misunderstood.

The editorial asks no one either to concur in or demur from opinion, but rather invites criticism and takes this just as it comes, good or bad.

The editorial respects the conscience of others, tolerates much difference of opinion, asks and demands the freedom of the soul and grants to all others all that it asks.

The editorial to be worth anything must be unembarrassed, unhampered, independent and free, but it must instinctively know the difference between liberty and license.

The editorial assumes the right to study all subjects, to enter all fields, to comment on all truth, to combat error, to either agree or disagree with others, to speak its own mind.

The editorial seeks to serve all, to do good to all, to avoid the needless offense of any, to be kindhearted, forgiving and to speak the truth in love.

The editorial is not an article. The editorial is not an essay. The editorial is not a preachment. It is a voice. It is a voice crying in the wilderness. It is glorious to be an editorial.

Vice-President Dawes failed to awaken when his train was wrecked on a flood-damaged trestle in Mississippi Thursday. President Coolidge has not awakened to the stupendous damage caused by the flood in several States, despite that Secretary Hoover and others have forced his attention upon it.—Asheville Citizen.

NEW GENERATION NOT ALTOGETHER BAD.

By Josephus Daniels, Secretary of The Navy In Wilson's Cabinet.

Is the new generation altogether bad? Is flaming youth doing nothing but jazzing, necking, flivvering, spending money and time and endangering health by excesses in hunting pleasure, If one judged by sermons from many pulpits, editorials in many newspapers, warnings from judges on the bench he would throw up his hands hopelessly and look to see all temples totter and civilization perish.

Some of these criticisms are undeserved, some too severe and all are too broad, taking in too much territory. That being admitted, however, why shouldn't we look at things as they are? If you will look at crime statistics, you will be inclined to agree with the judges who say that youthful crime clogs the court calendars. In North Carolina, and it is equally true, I take it in other commonwealths, the increase in crime by youths between 16 and 21 has increased out of all proportion. It is equally true that the increase in crime by white youths is greater than the increase by negro youths. There was a time in the South when the presence of a white boy or young man on trial on the charge of stealing was big news. What is news? It is anything that is out of the ordinary experience. If a white man in the South was arraigned for stealing, it was good for a front page story. Today it happens so often it has been relegated to the 'steenth back page.

Call It "Borrowing"

To be sure, a large part of the stealing by young white boys and men is for the theft of automobiles and automobile parts. It has always been permissible to steal watermelons. They are perishable. But it seems that youth, resolved to travel by hook or crook, seems to think that taking an automobile for a ride is as permissible as walking into a farmer's field and eating a watermelon. When they are arraigned in court, many of these youthful offenders assert that they had no idea of stealing, that they had an imperative urge to go to see a friend in another county, and that they simply intended to borrow the automobile long enough for the pleasure trip, and they intended to return it to its owner. The news about the statement is that it is sometimes true, though the time when the purloined auto was to be returned was somewhat hazy.

Home A Filling Station

A distinguished judge, weary because so many youthful offenders were haled before him, recently declared that the home was no longer a place where children received discipline and were taught to respect the law. "The home," said he, "in our day has come to be merely a filling station." He went on to say that the reserves which civilization and experience have built up as essential in the association of men and women have been largely broken

down, that while young women seldom get into court, they have fallen from the high place they once occupied, and that with smoking and drinking they are losing the indefinable something that have always given them a superior position to the male population. If he is right, the pessimists about the future have more basis for their pessimism than they usually have.

He Is "Oldfashioned"

Not long ago the father of two charming and popular daughters, paragons of propriety in contrast with others in that community, complained to a neighbor about the new habits of the young generation. "In my youthful days," he said, "it was a custom for young men to call on young women, to spend the evening in conversation, interspersed with music, and for the parents to know who called on their daughters, and to welcome those approved to their homes. All that has changed, and for the worse. Now if a young man desires to see my daughter, he rides up to the gate or front yard, honks his horn several times, my daughter hastily dons her hat or cloak, runs out, gets into the car, and away they go. If I say anything—or their mother suggests that the home is a better place to entertain their callers, one daughter is sure to say to another, 'Father and mother are so oldfashioned.' They think no other remark is necessary. In their mind to be 'oldfashioned' implies lack of knowledge of human nature, of the best proprieties, of the sort of companionship that should exist between young people, and to be 'oldfashioned' is to be ignorant, antiquated. Indeed they do not think we should exactly be buried, but our ancient eccentricities are to be put up with tolerated along with other antiques."

The Parent Out-Generalled

There are parents and parents. Some feel they must "keep up with the procession" in order to hold their children's companionship, and it happens too often that after that they get into the game, they out-jazz youths and then get "called down" by their children for doing things unseemly for persons of their age. It is not infrequent that daughters rebuke mothers if they partake of the extremes which sons and daughters assume is entirely proper for youth. And sometimes young misses find an excuse to rebuke their mother before the mother can preach maxims down a daughter's heart. This incident illustrates: A young lady returned home from boarding school with her hair bobbed, face rouged, lips painted a brilliant carmine, dresses above the knees, and generally up to the last in modernity in dress and slang. She had gone from home sans all these things that shocked her mother, who was pained at what she regarded as a bad transformation. She resolved to have a serious talk with the daughter about it, but did not like to mar the first day at home by criticism. Evidently the daughter sensed disapproval, and so that aftrenoon she said to her mother: "Mother, I hate to do it today, seeing I have just come from school, but there is something serious I wish to talk with you about."

"What is it?" asked the mother, perturbed over her daughter's ultra styles.

"I think, mother," said the daughter, "that you should change your style of head dress. I am shocked to see that your ears are fully exposed."

Curfew Would Fail

It would be a big mistake, however, to jump to the conclusion that for all the dangerous present-day lapses and changes parents can escape responsibility. The story of the reason why a proposed city ordinance failed illustrates the truth that home is neglected by a certain type of parents as much as by their children. An alderman in a Western city proposed an ordinance requiring all children under sixteen years of age to be at home by ringing of the town bell at nine o'clock at night."

"I am opposed to his proposal," said an alderman. "I think it would be cruel and unusual punishment the the sort forbidden by the Constitution, to compel children to stay at home all alone."

The truth is that judges and preachers are right in many instances in the blame for youthful crime and letting down reserves which should always be preserved, upon the lack of discipline in the home. In former generations the harsh discipline went to such extremes there was bound to come reaction. The age-old practice is that when the pendulum swings it goes to the opposite direction as far as possible. That is what has happened now in too many homes. But he would be a very superficial observer who believes this latitudinarianism is universal, or that all homes are either so stern as to be uninviting, or to be only a filling station. The bulk of homes are neither, and young parents in the main recognize that ancient principles are the only principles that are valuable in training chidren, though they are wise enough to know the difference between principles and customs. While honsety, truth, reserve are vital principles, the customs change and it is "oldfashioned" for age to judge youth by changing customs or seek to impose the fashions of 1900 upon 1927.

The truth is that, while the pendulum has swung too far in laxity, in most homes the spirit of today is not unlike that in every previous generation where parents and children are animated by the best ideals.

SOME WORDS.

Had you ever noticed that no flying machine ever rises, starts, or flies away? They all hop off.

Had you observed that no automobile ever runs into another one, or they never hit each other, or run together? They crash.

Other words similarly overworked by the press boys occur to newspaper readers.

Every sport has its own lingo. It requires more than an ordinary understanding of English to read a report of any game. You must know the game's peculiar slang to understand.—Monroe Journal.

BRADFORD ON BIOGRAPHY.

(News & Observer.)

There is no reading so profitable or so interesting as biography. They are wise parents who early introduce their children to the well-written lines of men who will fire their enthusiasm and stir their ambitions. The same is true of autobiography, even more true, for a man's own true story of his life gives entrance into motives as well as actions.

One of the notable biographies of recent years is Gamaliel Bradford's "Robert E. Lee." It is an appreciation born of veneration of Lee and gives a true insight into the heart of the South's most honored son.

A short time ago the Writers' Club of Macon, Ga., invited Mr. Bradford to address that club on his way to Florida. He replied that he feared he should "never again get far from home, and certainly never as far as Georgia," and then wrote the club president, Mr. Mark Etheridge, a brilliant letter—a truly brilliant exposition of the writing of biography. It is so good room is made for it here:

> You ask me for a few words about biography. The first great secret in my opinion is to have an inexhaustible, universal interest in human nature and love for it in all its forms. One should not approach biography from the angle of any particular belief or theory to be supported or attacked. The study of the human soul appears to me too sacred a thing to be turned into a mere vehicle for polemics.
>
> One should love human beings as they are, all human beings, not love their faults or their weaknesses, but love their humanity, and that for the simple and always valid reason, that we are human beings ourselves.
>
> The second great principle is to my mind broad and universal identity of human nature. There is an endless diversity of manifestation which gives the study of biography its unfailing and piquant interest; but underneath we all have the same passions, the same hopes, the same desires, the same despairs. If it were not so, we should never understand each other, and the writing of biographies would be a vain and profitless amusement. And on the strength of this underlying identity, the biographer's richest material lies in the thoughtful consideration of his own heart, for he will find there all the strength and all the weakness which he can ever discern in others. The study of himself must naturally be checked by constant observations of the world, but in it has lain, for me at least, the widest possibility of comprehension of general human nature.
>
> And surely the study of one's self and all the faults and failures there hidden is the best guide to what I consider the essential and prevailing tone of a good biographer, gentleness, charity, tolerance, and above all infinite comprehension and sym-

pathy.

As to the technique of the biographer's work, might I suggest the study of my new book, "A Naturalist of Souls," published (new edition) last spring by Houghton Mifflin Company? This book gives in the introduction a rather elaborate analysis of the special modification of biography called Psychography, which I have endeavored to practice, and shows in a succession of chapters, not elsewhere printed, the development of my work during the last 30 years. Any one who is at all seriously interested in what I have done or tried to do will find this book, taken together with the appendix to my "Lee, the American," as profitable as anything that I can suggest.

As to subject for biographical study, the history of the South is rich and splendid to a high degree. I do not know where you could find more striking and varied subjects than General Beauregard, General Stuart, Admiral Semmes, not to speak of predominant figures like General Lee and President Davis. And what splendid subjects are your own great names of Geogia: Senator Tombs, Vice-President Stephens and Sidney Lanier. Stephens especially is extraordinarily fruitful and interesting.

EDUCATION IS FOR COMMON RUN.

(Greensboro News.)

The Chatham Record, editored by a former teacher who is honest till it hurts, assails education, especially in its higher branches, for its failure to provide real mental exercise for the bright student. The Record demands individual training for the Dempseys, Kilrains and Tunneys of the intellectual world.

While more forceful than most, the indictment of the Record is not a new charge brought against public education. This complaint is continuous, and is heard wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of learning. It is hard for teacher, teachee, or any other concerned or unconcerned to put his hands on the definite value of instruction put before dullards. To many the attempt to ring the dumbbells is simply another demonstration of the folly of casting pearls before swine.

With no thought of being dogmatic about the matter and becoming involved in a defense of modern teaching methods, we would deferentially suggest that the theory of teaching which is advocated by the educationally hard-boiled is guilty of improper emphasis. There should be, of course, as much individual instruction furnished the more intellectual student as is possible; but the teacher's obligation in these days of mass

education is to the common run of pupils. If employed by the state, the teacher is hired for the purpose of exposing to culture and enlightenment all those placed in his charge.

The brainy boys and girls cannot be kept from getting all that is offered them. They get it quicker and sometimes disgusted by being held back by their less-alert fellows; but this calls for extra effort, perhaps outside of the classroom, on the part of the teacher, rather than an effort to speed the educational machinery so high as to throw the average into the discard.

It is still impossible to make silk purses of sows' ears, and there is great wastage in higher education; but intelligence tests have not proved satisfactory, and few real teachers desire the authority to shut the doors of their classrooms in the faces of those who either cannot or will not quite make the grade.

The hopeful thing about mass education is not, we submit, the number of pupils who can read Greek at sight or understand Einstein's theory of relativity. Is it not rather the gradual surge upward of the common consciousness?

As an example is offered the work of Prof. Horace Williams of the University of North Carolina who has written a book called "Evolution of Logic," which not one in a hundred of his former students pretends to understand, and which those who do understand are in no position to do anything about. Prof. Williams' chief claim to fame as a teacher consists in having infected so many of the lower order of intellects that there is in every community in North Carolina at least one of his former students trying to use his head for something more than to keep his shirt from slipping off.

Mr. Williams is an individualist, of course; great teachers always are. But the sort of teaching to which the schools and colleges are committed by the public which employs them is not primarily to cultivate a coterie of super-thinkers, but to stimulate the plodders.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Talmage Fry, Roy Adams, David Fountain, Paul Parton, George Stanley and Bruce Sprinkle.

"B"

Mack Henderson, David Seagle, Lawrence Vaughan, Woodrow Padgett, Lee Wright, Horace Bridges, James Beddingfield, Robert McDaniel, George Pearson, Guy Tucker and Herbert Williams.

Room No. 3

"A"

Russell Bradshaw, Brunell Fink, Howard Atkins, Bernice Wilson, Earl Williams, Claude Cook, Stanley Tripp, Boyce Steadman, Gibson Lanier, Lincoln Burgess and Marshall Weaver.

"B"

Courtney Russ, Hazel Robbins, James Powell, Wannie Frink, Ro-

bert McNeily, Walter Smith and Ben Winders.

Room No. 5

"A"

Clinton Wall, June Marsh, Arthur, Fowler, Charles Beans, Norman Bradford, Clarence Whitten, Arthur Suggs, Tam Parson, Marvin Barnes, Stanton Hale, George Smith, Wheeler Vandyke, Aaron Davis, Ben Chatten, Allen Johnson, Woodrow Hines. Carl Shopshire, Arnold Cecil, Walter Quick, Munford Glasgow, Jack Dillingham, Hermon Pettus, Edmond Hodge, Odell Loy, Julius Lambeth, Lee Smith, Frank Harbert, Ernest Davis, Virgil Rufty, Walter Ricks, Victor Evans, John Nixon, Parlice Boone, Clarence Warren, Lester Whitaker, Marvin Cook, Clyde Kivitt, Carl Griffin, May Routh, Duval Ashe, Wilson Dorsey, Dan McCauly, Alvin Roberts, Vance Thomason, Carl Shoaf, William Doby, Ozell Willis, Edd Purifoy, Bill Elliott, Baker Smith, and Dealdon Campbell.

"B"

Herbert Munn, Brady Helms, W. W. Whitfield, Jesse Neil, Willard Squires, Hubert Hines, Joe Boone, Gerald Nixon, Leonard Powers, Herschel Crews, James Bright, Milton Manning, Claude State, Lester Wall, Waldo Moore, Obe Sims, Ernest Pleasant, Thomas Hicks, Percy Long, Hays Crary, Perry Quinn, John Price, Ernest Walters, John Daughtry, Rudolph Snipes, Cecil Vause and Ernest Farr.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Letter-writing day came around last Monday, and all the boys were glad to write to their "home folks."

Jack Mayberry, a member of the thirteenth cottage, returned to the Institution, after spending several days with relatives and friends in Charlotte.

Last Friday morning, Horace McCall, a member of the tenth cottage, went to his home in New Bern for a visit of a couple of weeks. We hope he has a fine time.

Robert McDaniel, Howard Shaw and Bruce Sprinkle, members of the first, seventh and ninth cottages in order named, were paroled last week by Supt. Boger. These were the first to go out this parole month.

Last Friday afternoon, Mr. Godown, our printing instructor, motored down to Wrightesville Beach, Wilmington, for the week end. He claims to have had a fine time. We all know he did.

Last Monday, the boys and officers, had our first cantaloupes. They were fine and enjoyed by all. Before very long we will be getting all we can eat and more.

Last Saturday afternoon the visiting team did not "show up." Then

the "first" nine played the "second" nine. Only two and a half innings were played, but the "second" nine was ahead, 8-7, when the time was up. Perry pitched for the "second" and Williams H. for the "first." Maybe the "first" nine will have a better showing next time.

Last Friday afternoon the boys and officers had a watermelon-feast, bought with half of the money ($100) which was furnished by Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, for the boys' entertainment. The watermelons were very fine and every body enjoyed them, especially as they were the first this year. We wish to thank Mrs. Reynolds for the money, on behalf of the boys and officers.

The junior team had a game with the Franklin Mill juniors last Saturday afternoon. Mason, pitching for Franklin Mill, struck out three boys. Perry, pitching for the School, struck out four. All went well until the seventh inning, when the score was 19-18 in favor of the School, the visiting team "quit." We have not been able to find out why, but we guess it was on account of their losing.

"David and Jonathan" was the subject of the Sunday School lesson last Sunday. Jonathan gave David his cloak, girdle, sword and everything in his wearing apparel. Saul, the king, planned to kill David. Jonathan told David of this plot, telling him to hide in the field. He brought his father near the place where David was hiding and told him of the good things, deeds etc., which David had done, and asked Saul why he should kill him. Saul saw where he was doing wrong, and told Jonathan that he would not kill David. Jonathan then told David the news and both rejoiced. Saul sent for David to play for him as he had done before. David and Jonathan continued to be fast friends.

Last Sunday afternoon Dr. Rowan, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Concord, had charge of the services He compared belief and faith. Before we do anything, we believe in it. Afterwards, we have faith. He told of a trick a professor played on the boys of his class in college. He told them to do everything he did. He took a small bottle, put his forefinger on the end of it and turned it up. He then put his middle finger in his mouth. The students, not paying close attention, put their forefinger in their mouth, instead of their middle finger, thereby getting the bitter liquid in their mouth. Before we get up to hit the ball, we believe we can hit it. Afterwards we have faith. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

James H. Foley.

Did you give him a lift? He's a Brother of Man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile,
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Did you know what he bore in that burden of cares
That is every man's load, and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight?
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand,
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?
Did you ask why it was, why the quivering lip
And the glistening tears down the pale face that slip?
Were you a Brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a Brother of Man,
To find what the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to drift?
Oh, I know what you mean—what you say may be true,
But the test of your manhood is, What Did You Do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road,
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 13, 1927. No. 30

NOT ABOVE HUMANITY.

Friendship is usually treated by mankind as a tough and everlasting thing which will survive all manner of bad treatment.

This is an exceedingly great and foolish error; it may die in an hour of a single unkind word; its conditions of existence are such that it should be dealt with delicately and tenderly, being as it is a sensitive plant and not a roadside thistle.

We must not expect our friend to be above humanity.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

Yesterday and the day before and the day before that, you wasted a lot of time upon things that do not count. You remembered and wasted a lot of thought about some remarks you heard some one had made about you; or you wondered what certain people thought about you. You puttered around at your work, doing a lot that did not count in the day's work and will not count in any day's work. Yet you were so busy you could not do some things you wanted to do. You received nothing for all this, it gave nothing of value to others, neither at present nor in the future. So why do it? You should get a value out of your time and efforts; make every minute worth something to yourself or the the world; and try to make it valuable to both you and the world. Why waste time upon things that do not bring worth-while results?—Exchange.

"ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE."

The editor of The Uplift is printing in this issue a long story on the "Story Of A Tree." It is the speech in part of Congressman Harvey, of Ohio, delivered some time ago in Congress. We are doing this primarily to have copies in order that every boy in this institution, and officers and attaches, may have the opportunity of reading the fascinating story, which by the way is an intimate knowledge of a tree and its functions.

There may be boys, recently arrived, who may not be able to read; and in view of this we request the teachers to ascertain the fact and have the wondeful teartmen of a tree read to them.

The story of this man Harvey's father, a born Englishman, without means

and suffering with poverty, met the exigencies of his condition and became educated and reared in this country a son, who can preach a gospel such as the referred article teemingly carries, is little short of thrilling, besides being highly educative.

The destruction of timber wantonly even in this section amounts almost to a crime. The average man has but little respect for a tree—he abuses it, fails to care for it and under the slightest pretext puts the axe to its roots. After felling it and taking what he desires for his immediate use, he permits the balance to go to waste.

Our readers will find entertainment in the reading of this Story of The Tree by Congressman Harvey.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS.

The Daily News congratulates an esteemed neighbor, the North Carolina Christian Advocate, on the acquisition of a new home, not only a handsome piece of property but one as nearly ideally adapted to the needs of those who will work in it as could be designed.

The building proclaims the Christian Advocate a success as success would be measured if it was a secular institution, existing in large part for the purpose of making money, since dependent upon profit for its existence and for the prosecution of any other purpose it might have. And indeed it is a financial success, but it is first a success in its mission as spokeman for the Methodists of the state, and a forum for the discussion of the affairs which the people of the two conferences have in common. The Advocate long since established its field of service to the church satisfactory to its its people, and they manifest their satisfaction by the patronage which enables it to occupy a property worth a hundred thousand dollars. The Methodists of the state have reason to be proud of their Advocate, and they are. And Greensboro people of all denominations are proud of it as a Greensboro institution.

The Uplift joins the Greensboro News in the foregoing hearty congratulations. There might be added, and we make bold to do it, that there was a peculiarly loyal ability behind this paper, at a time when it was too poor in worldly goods and standing to be declared a bankrupt.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. D. B. Coltrane and the late Rev. H. M. Blair found the Advocate housed in the attic of an inconsequential building, one of the poorest equipped newspaper plants in the state and with a measly

following—they breathed life into it, and to them belongs no little of the material success that has come upon this delightful exchange.

A vision, well anchored, is a potent power in the life of a successful newspaper; and that The Advocate has had since the day that Messrs Coltrane and Blair found it dying in a Greensboro Attic.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"I WOULDN'T CHOOSE ANY."

Some years ago there was a boarding house in Concord that attracted the patronge of salaried men. "Mr. Smith (that was not his name, but used to avoid an embarrasment of major size) will you have so and so?" inquired the landlady. Promptly came the response every time: "I wouldn't choose any."

This would not have carried any remarkability with it, except the other boarders noted and commented among themselves that every time a dish passed along the way the boarder that "wouldn't choose any" he always helped himself bountifully.

Calvin called in the newspaper men, and when all were present by actual count, he handed each a slip on which was typewritten: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928."

Watch Calvin! The whole sorry little performance smacks a bit of the boarder.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"TRUTH IN NEWS."

There has been a marked reaction to the utterances of Julian Harris, who was the chief speaker at the recent convention of the North Carolina Press Association, at Morehead City.

Mr. Harris is of Georgia, where he has seen much to urge him on in his final conclusions and advice to his fellow editors. It has not been so patent in North Carolina, but Mr. Harris probably thought so and thus he exclaimed:

> "And never greater has been the responsibility resting on each and every editor, whether his paper be a country weekly with 500 subscribers, or a city daily with 50,000, to do his full share toward ridding his section of the forces and ideas which are menacing its intellectual progress and spiritual growth and making a jest of justice and a lie of liberty."

Our police court, doing fine service in administering fines and road sen-

tences to the violators of law so convicted in that court, is an evidence that some "forces" and "ideas" are in action in our midst. The facts, in part, get into the news columns of our papers.

What a time there would be in the old town, were editor Sherrill to adopt in full the suggestion of Speaker Harris of the Columbus, (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun and proceed to tell the names of the victims of Judge Palmer's Court, who came up from time to time to answer for their evil deeds. There would be a "hot time in the old town" were Mr. Sherrill to publish the names of the notorious bootleggers, the keepers of questionable houses in and about Concord; or to publish the name of a tax-supported teacher, spending his time on the streets at any hour during school period, or ousting a teacher from a card-game in school hours; or publishing the name of the policeman, who caught Bill Jones operating in his basement the machinery for "home brew" and name of the artist thereof.

These things confront every police court and newspaper in every town of the state. Concord is not worse than the majority. Why should Editor Sherrill daily print an art gallery of the evil doers? To follow the advice of Julian Harris, of Columbus, Georgia, which he himself does not, would create a consternation in our town, with a questionable appreciable good to follow.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CLOSE-UP VIEW.

The lady, who held the position of housekeeper for seventeen years at the White House, has issued a copyrighted article, setting forth certain impressions gained while in service at this place.

Outside of informing the public that the president has to pay out of his own pocket for the food that goes into the White House, which probably accounts for her declaration that "Coolidge saves the most money," there is nothing startling in her revelations.

There is, however, a listing of impressions, which she saw fit to register as follows:

"Taft was the best-natured President.

Wilson was the kindest President.

Harding was the best-dressed President.

Coolidge saves the most money.

Mrs. Taft was the tiniest first lady of the land.

The first Mrs. Wilson was the most motherly.

The second Mrs. Wilson was the most affectionate.

Mrs. Harding had the loveliest clothes.

Mrs. Coolidge seems the happiest.

These are "only bits of memories that I carry away from those seventeen years" asserts the lady housekeeper.

The memories that impressed her so forcibly are interesting. It would not require an expert to make an interpreting analysis of the things that stood out conspicuously in the conduct of the several presidents. It is noted that Taft was the best-natured—that's from within; Wilson was the kindest—that's from within; Coolidge saves the most money for himself—that's from within, also; Harding was the best-dressed—that's from the Haberdasher.

Which of these appeals to you with the most force?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"CHOOSE."

Since the President issued his little scrip, which performance does not tally with normal ideas of what should be the frankness of a man filling the highest office in the gift of the greatest people on earth, there has been more consultations of dictionary definitions of the word "Choose" and by more people than any word in recent years.

"I do not choose" is the refuge statement of a scared person.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"A farm in the country is judged now by how many blocks it is away from a filling station."—Will Rogers. No trouble in judging the farms on Concord-Charlotte highway. Yet, to quote Dr. Spencer, who deplores the shortage in these great institutions, "there is great need for more."

THE PROBLEM SHIFTS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

As long as the Negro lived in the South, he was the "South's problem. "Since the beginning of the World War, which drafted so many thousands of the colored men to man the factories of the North, he has become also the "North's problem." In consequence we are now getting a little bit more sympathy from Northern journalists and publicists as we move slowly with the lights before us in seeking a solution of this great and dread problem.

The chief editorial writer of the foremost newspaper in the North, a paper that has more than sixty years —yea, since its very founding—hated the South, confessed but recently to the Editor of The Citizen, now in Europe, that every day the past of his paper rises up like Banquo's ghost to haunt him and his associates. "We now have a bigger Negro problem than the South ever had, and we do not know what to do with it," he wailed. "Oh, that we could live down our past!"

In all honesty this will be the situation of other great newspapers that have shown little sympathy with the South since Appomattox. Even Harvard University, the center of the life of New England, is said to have placed the ban on Negro students just as they did on the Jews some years ago; and no less a conservative Republican leader than Nicholas Murray Butler is widely quoted as having publicly stated: "A few more amendments like those giving the Negro citizenship and this country would not be fit to live in." The largest colony of Negroes in the world is hived on Murray Hill, New York, under the shadow of Columbia University, and this may have affected the great educator's viewpoint. Proximity often does influence our thoughts, inspirations and aspirations.

It will not do for the South to assume a holier-than-thou attitude toward the North, and with tongue in cheek and thumb on nose make faces at our brethren over the line. They deserve our deepest sympathy and our loyalty. We should give them every bit of our experience and help them reach a settlement of their problem that will do no injustice to the Negro while preserving the racial and social integrity of the Caucasian.

The North is not going to settle its problem by following the leadership of such newspapers as the radical Nation, edited by a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison. That journal's attitude is defined in an editorial in the current issue on George Foster Peabody's 75th birthday. Mr. Peabody is a Georgian who, after gathering in his fortune in New York, has devoted his last years to noble work for the Negro and for education among the plain people of the South. Here is how The Nation characterizes this fine old Southerner:

> "Entirely free from racial prejudice, he has been one of those Southern men who has realized that the lasting progress of the South depends upon the com-

plete co-operation of both races and education for white and colored people alike."

"Racial prejudice" and "complete co-operation." This is the "hidden dagger" in this compliment. Of course, if Mr. Peabody is the fine old Southerner he is represented, he has the South's hard and fast "racial prejudice" to preserve its racial integrity against mongrelization. And what does "complete co-operation" mean, if not breaking down the barriers that keep the races apart?

The South, it should be said, has been the originator of every forward movement in this country that has led the Negro to a higher condition of civilization. Almost without exception the schools founded by the South for the Negro's education have been a success while those founded by the North for the education of the Negro in the South have flickered and died or have not kept pace with the onward progress of the South. One reason for this is that the one keeps the Negro to himself and the other makes him a social equal.

We of the South are not neglecting the education or the social welfare of the Negro. He is getting as good an education without cost to himself as he will take; he is being trained by educated Negroes in schools like Tuskegee, the Normal at Huntersville, Ala., and at Normals in every State in the South, for his place in life, and he would be a fool indeed who would say that the South has ever denied its obligation to the Negro from earliest slave times or dodged its full responsibility in meeting that obligation.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—
No lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers,
On the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs;
They study it with care:
The while their fingers deftly work,
Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing
Of the patient, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side ever more,
But works for the right side ever.

—Anson G. Chester, in Childhood Days.

THE ANSWER TO A PRAYER.

By Virginia Terrell.

Below we reproduce an interesting account of how one man—a tubercular Methodist preacher, at that—started and builded to a successful and useful stage a home for indigent tubercular people. This was in Buncombe; and what was done in Buncombe can be done in Cabarrus, and ought to be. And it may be done.

The Uplift knows a man that will give absolutely free a suitable site, conveniently situated and of sufficient size for this purpose; and The Uplift knows an organization that has in hand at this very time $1,000.00 *which it will be only too glad to contribute to a cause that should interest us all. It makes no difference whether you are afflicted or not—no one can feel absolutely safe with these poor humans going about uncared for and untaught how to guard against spreading the fearful disease.*

The only agency required to take this nucleus and build an everlasting power for good in the county, if not a monument to his great heart, is a leader, who has the spirit of service for his fellows and understands the teachings of the lowly Nazarine.

The account of the Buncombe Home, which follows, was written for the Asheville Citizen by Miss Virginia Terrell. It is:

Some years ago, when the Rev. Homer Casto first established Bethel Home, it was spoken of by someone as "an adventure in kindness." Recently someone else contradicted this, declaring that it was no longer an adventure, but an achievement.

And it is. An achievement, in nine years, of a man's faith in the kindness of humanity. Not only has his own faith been constantly kept alive, but the faith and lives of more than a hundred tuberculosis patients have been saved when they were sick and had no money for care.

Bethel Home was established nine years ago on $100 and the confiidence that Mr. Casto had in friends. He built on a foundation that he knew and understood, for he himself had tuberculosis, had been forced to give up his preaching, and face a half-active life without a great deal of money to back him. In sanitariums and in homes throughout the mountains where he went seeking health, he found others in his predicament, without sufficient funds to continue their convalescence.

He Finds His Place

He had been forced, after several years' fight, to finally give up his work, but there was a continuous urge to serve. In his own ill-health he found his place.

Nine years ago, with $100 and four friends, all of whom were ill, he went to Weaversville and bought a house, paying the $100 down as a first payment, and promising to pay monthly installments. Today the house has been greatly enlarged, modern conveniences of every kind have been installed the last payment was

made two years ago, and there is room for 12 or 15 convalescents, who can come to the Home, remain as long as is necessary, without paying anything. If they are able to pay, the Home takes care of them for $10 a week.

Mr. Casto, with improved health, has been the superintendent of the Home since its establishment and it has been through his friends that money has been furnished. Although not a North Carolinian, Mr. Casto is a member of the North Carolina branch of the Methodist Protestant Conference, and held several pastorates in this state. At his last one, a lumber town, Pensacola, he built a chapel, and much of the money for Bethel Home has been raised by this congregation.

While Mr. Casto is a Methodist preacher, he makes no discrimination about the denomination of the patients in the Home. In fact, among the hundred or more who have been there, only five have been Methodist Protestants, and until two years ago he had never had one of his own denomination.

The Home is situated near Weaversville on a hill with an uninterrupted view of the mountains, and friends have assisted in making it attractive in its furnishings. One of the most significant gifts that was ever made was the proceeds from a special edition of O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi," given by the writer's widow.

A LITTLE BIT.

A little bit of sugar makes the bitterest coffee seem
Like an aromatic flavor in a cup of bonny cream.
A little bit of sunshine makes the cloudiest spell appear
No longer than a minute, no damper than a tear.
A little bit of loving makes a century of strife
Like an amaranthine morning on the honeyed hills of life.
A little bit of courage makes an age of quaking glow
With the spirit of the heroes when the world began to grow.
A little bit of laughter makes the sadest day a thing
In whose gates of apple blossoms everybody wants to sing.

—*Folger McKinzie.*

THE STORY OF THE TREE AS A LIVING THING.

Speech of Hon. Martin L. Davey, of Ohio, in the The House of Representatives, Thursday, April 17, 1924.

By order of the House, Mr. Davey was given leave to address the House for forty minutes.

Mr. Davey. Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, with your permission I should like to decline to yield for questions during the course of my remarks, but if there is any time left I shall be glad to answer any questions at the end. I would like to give you a connected story of the tree as a living thing and a story of forest devastation as it has been progressing in this land of freedom and opportunity.

There will be distributed by the Doorkeeper some leaves—just ordinary leaves—and I would like to have you bear in mind that the leaves represent a great fact in the whole scheme of life. I want to develop the fact that the leaf is the most important thing in all the world, without exception.

THE VITAL RELATION OF TREES AND HUMAN LIFE.

The most beautiful tribute to a tree that I ever heard was given at a time when I addressed the Rotary Club of Elyria, Ohio. The president of the club in introducing me told this story. He said:

I have the most wonderful tree in the world out at my house. Some 15 years ago I had a little boy who was then 3 years of age. In the early fall he would go out to gather up the buckeyes—

I suppose he meant horse chestnuts because there are very few buckeyes in that part of Ohio. He said:

The little fellow would gather the buckeyes, sometimes by pocketfuls and sometimes by basketfuls, and would bring them in and play with them. One day he took sick. The next day he was better, so he went out as usual and brought in just one large fine buckeye and played with it and the next day he died.

After a little pause he continued:

I took that large, fine buckeye and carried it with me all the long winter. I took it out every little while and looked at it and was reminded of him. And then when the springtime came, I went out and planted it down under his sand pile. Later the sand was taken away and the buckeye sprouted and came up, a healthy little plant. Then I built a fence around it to protect it, and called the boys of the neighborhood together and told them the story. I asked them to help me protect this tree. I told them they might break anything else I had, the windows in my house my automobile or anything else, but please don't break this tree. They have respected that request, and the tree stands there today, 15 years old, a healthy young specimen, the most

wonderful tree in the world.

It seemed to me as I listened to this story that there is in this living tree not alone a monument to a little boy who died, but also a monument to a father's love.

Most folks, unfortunately, do not realize that the tree is a living, breathing organism. It is just as much alive as you and I. It breathes; it has a circulation; it digests its food; it has sexual processes. It is perfectly true that it has no nervous system as we have in the human body.

It lacks the power of locomotion. It has no intelligence as we understand that term, but it does have the power to adapt itself to its environment. In fact, it adapts itself amazingly well. Where trees grow close together, they grow one-sided in order to accommodate themselves to each other. Where they grow thick they grow tall in order to reach the sunlight. Frequently the roots of a tree travel long distances around boulders and almost insurmountable obstacles in order to reach the source of their food and water supply. In all of these elemental things the tree is just as much alive as man himself.

The tree breathes through its leaves chiefly. I hope that all of you some time will take occassion to look at the underside of a leaf through the microscope. You will find there a myriad of little openings or cells into which the air penetrates just as truly as it does into the human lungs, and in those cells the air is separated into its parts, just as it is in our lungs. The carbon dioxide is extracted from the air and is taken into the body of the tree as part of its food material, and the oxygen is thrown off for the benfit of man and all animal life. It is true that the breathing process does not follow the principle of the bellows movement, as in the human lungs, and yet it is actual breathing in just as true a sense as that which takes place in our own bodies.

The tree has a circulation that is just as real as our own. Way down underneath the ground, where the roots are working day after day, they gather up the food in liquid form. The area of the roots is approximately equal to the spread of the top. If you see a tree whose top is 50 feet in diameter, its root area is approximately the same. The all-important hair roots are largely out at the ends of the whole root system about under the edge of the branches. It is this myriad of hair roots that gather up the food in liquid form and send it up through the body of the tree to the leaves.

I suppose all of you have seen a cross section of a tree. This is the same as the top of a stump. Just imagine you are looking at the cross section of a tree now. In the center you see the pith. That was there from the time it was a baby tree. Around the pith is a layer of wood, which represents the first year's growth, and around that a second layer, which represents the second year's growth; and around that a third layer, which represents the third years' growth, and so on out to the bark. In the beginning these central cells were active sap-carrying tissues, but as the tree grew in size these central cells became more and more dormant—that is to say, filled up more

and more with mineral elements—so that they became less and less active. But as you go outward toward the bark you find that the cells are more and more active as sap carriers, so that the last few layers, meaning the last few year's growth, are the active sap-carrying tissues. It is in those outer wood cells that the crude sap is carried upward from the roots to the leaves. Outside of the last layer of wood is what is called the cambium layer, where all the growth and healing take place, and outside of everything else is the bark, which serves the twofold purpose of protecting the living tree and providing the cells in which the digested food material can travel back in its downward flow.

Now, then, this food material having been pumped out of the soil by the hair roots is sent up through the small roots to the large ones, then through the trunk to the limbs and out to the twigs and then to the leaves, where it undergoes the wonderful chemical change that makes it available as food materiial. After having been digested it is then sent back in the inner cells of the bark all the way down to the same little roots from whence it came, building all the way down and depositing this food material out of which the structure of the tree is created.

The tree digests its food in just as real a sense as man himself. This food material, that has been pumped up from the roots, undergoes in the leaf a marvelous chemical change under the influence of the sunlight and is transformed into available food material. Thus we find the leaf is both the lungs and the stomach of the tree.

I would like to tell you a story I read in the New York Times nearly three years ago that illustrates a profound truth. It was a story written by their correspondent from the famine-stricken portions of Russia. I doubt if the correspondent realized the tremendous importance of the thing he was telling. He described how he came upon a house where a little child lay sick. Its eyes were still and glassy and staring straight upward. Over its body was a quilt. It looked as though there were a pillow underneath the quilt. The correspondent looked at the child and then at the mother; and she, divining his purpose, pulled back the quilt and disclosed a horribly mis-shapen body. Its little belly was terribly distended, and its arms and legs were emaciated. It had very much the appearance of a kewpie.

Then she told this story of what had happened: She said that hunger had driven them so far that they had fed this little child a blue clay called "eel." You and I have no conception of what real hunger is. We think we know what it means to be hungry, but only in these famine-stricken lands is it possible for human beings to know the extent of that terrible suffering. You can imagine what it means when human beings are driven so far that they will eat clay. This clay sticks to the teeth and sticks to the walls of the stomach, and it stills for the time being the intense craving of hunger; but there is no power in the human system to throw it off, and it re-

mains there and clogs the stomach and the intestines. Then the worms start to work and the end is near. I tell you this story, even with the touch of horror which it contains, because it illustrates a profound truth of far greater magnitude and importance to human life than might appear.

The leaf is the most important thing in all the realms of life. It is the one and only connecting link between the organic and the inorganic worlds. There are only two minerals that man can take into his system and assimilate—water and salt—and these only in limited quanities. Everything else that we eat and, in fact, most of the things that we wear come to us through the leaves of vegetation—not of trees alone but of all vegetation.

It is the leaf which takes the dead mineral elements from the soil, the inorganic elements, and transforms those minerals into organic, living cells and makes it possible for them to feed the whole of the living world. And thus it appears that the great God who created the world and the life that inhabits it made of the lowly leaf the greatest and the most important instrumentality of that life.

The tree has sex processes that are just as real and just as beautiful as in any other form of life. The male and female exist as positive factors. The pollen is created in the male parts and is carried largely by the winds to the female organs, where conception takes place and the continuity of life is made possible. I wonder if you have noticed in the spring that two trees of the same type will come out into flower at different times—one a little earlier than the other. That which comes into flower earliest is the male, to be ready for its mate. No doubt you have seen the wonderful orchid, the magnificent flower that comes to us from the Tropics. You may have wondered why it is that the orchid remains beautiful so long. It is because the insect which fertlilzes it can not live in this latitude. And so it happens that the lovely and delicate orchid, the flower of regal beauty, remains beautiful for a long, long time, waiting—waiting for its mate.

Now, I would like to tell you a little about another phase of the great tree question that seems to me of monumental importance. This has to do with the subject of forest devastation and its bearing upon the present and the future of America. In order that you may understand that what I am about to say is not the product of my imagination. I want to read to you very briefly the report of the United States Forest Service that was published nearly four years ago. This followed a resolution by the United Sates Senate calling upon the Forest Service for such investigation and report. It was the most exhaustive investigation ever made in this country. Among other things this report says:

(1) That three-fifths of the original timber of the United States is gone, and that we are using timber four times as fast as we are growing it. The forests remaining are so located as greatly to reduce their national utility. The bulk of the population and manufacturing industries of the United States are dependent

upon distant supplies of timber as the result of the depletion of the principal forest areas east of the Great Plains.

(2) That the depletion of timber is not the sole cause of the recent high prices of forests prducts, but is an important contributing cause whose effects will increase steadily as depletion continues.

(3) That the fundamental problem is to increase production of timber by stopping forest devastation.

The virgin forest of the United States covered 822,000,000 acres. They are now shrunk to one-sixth of that area. Of the forest land remaining and not utilized for farming or any other purpose, approximately 81,000,000 acres have been so severely cut and burned as to become an unproductive waste. This area is equivalent to the combined forests of Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. Upon an enormous additional area the growth of timber is so small in amount or of such inferior character that its economic value is negligible.

Some 300 years ago our forefathers came to the eastern shores of this country and discovered a land that was endowed as richly as anything in the history of the world. Those who had landed in Virginia under Capt. John Smith found what seemed to be a veritable paradise. They sent back word to the mother country that they had discovered a land of inexhaustible fertility, and so it seemed; but today you can go into the State of Virginia and buy thousands of acres for almost a song, because it has been robbed of its fertility and it lacks the power of producing things necessary for man and animal life. Those who landed on the rock-bound coast of New England came face to face with a wonderful covering of trees, magnificent trees everywhere; but today that wonderful supply of native timber is three-fourths gone. About half the remaining supply is in the State of Maine, and that is largely of pulpwood varieties. The New England States today, that originally were so richly endowed, import 30 per cent of their own consumption and will import more and more as time goes on. About 50 years ago New York State was the greatest producer of timber in the Union, and today the great Empire State has so far depleted its timber resources that it produces only 10 per cent of its own consumption. It produces 30 board feet per capita and consumes 300 feet.

Then the tide flowed to Pennsylvania—Penn's Woods—which was so named because of its wonderful covering of trees; but today Pennsylvania produces less than enough for the Pittsburgh district alone, about 20 percent of its own consumption. But that is not all of the sad story of Pennsylvania. I wonder how many of you have taken a daylight ride across the Alleghenies. I hope everyone of you will do so and look out across those hills, as I have, and see for miles and miles the desolate waste.

This is what happens out in the native woodlands. The rain comes down through the leaves and settles into the loose, porous soil and finds its way into the subsoil, and from there

to the springs which feed the little streams, and they in turn feed the rivers. But man comes along and cuts away the forest covering, leaving behind him the debris, the leaves and chips and small branches, making a veritable tinder box and a constant fire hazard. Then the fire sweeps over the land and destroys the remaining vegetation. Then, when the rain comes down, it sweeps across the surface of the land and takes with it the fertile top soil that nature has taken centuries to build up. It is said that it takes nature 10,000 years to make an inch of fertile top soil. The whole lower Mississippi Delta, in fact the whole lower valley, is made up of rich top soil that has been swept down from the interior.

There is in Vinton County, Ohio, one township of 10,000 acres that tells the sad story of what has happened. I have this on the authority of a representative of the forestry department of Ohio. He told me that two years ago he went down to this place that was once covered with a magnificent growth of trees. The large trees had been cut away for lumber purposes and the smaller trees had been cut down to be used as mine props. Then the fire swept over the land and destroyed the remaining vegetation, followed by floods that took the fertile top soil. He told me that just three families exist in this whole township of 10,000 acres, and he went out across this land looking for other signs of life. He said: "I could not find a bird and not even a rabbit." So the destruction of timber is of more far-reaching importance than merely the loss of lumber.

Some 35 or 40 years ago the tide turned to the Lake States—Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. About that time men came back from that section, which was then covered with an apparently inexhaustible supply of wonderful white pine, and they told how this supply could never be cut away, and yet today it is almost gone. The original supply of white pine in the Lake States was estimated to have been 350,000,000,000 board feet. Today it has been reduced to 8,000,000,000, and it will be all gone in about 10 years commerically. The section from which I come —Ohio, and west from there, Indiana and Illinois—has almost ceased to be a factor in the production of lumber, and yet that section in years gone by produced wonderful hardwoods. A gentleman told me of the magnificent trees that were cut down at the time of the Civil War. Great oaks, four feet in diameter, were sent from northwestern Ohio to build the Monitor, which proved the turning point in the Civil War, and yet that section is now practically denuded. Still I see even today trucks going out bringing in one by one the last remaining specimens of the primeval forest.

To the south of that section, in the southern Appalachian region, there was and still is a very considerable reservior of hardwoods, but the Government estimates that this supply will be gone commercially in from 18 to 20 years.

In the South Atlantic and Gulf States there was a wonderful supply of yellow pine, and yet that supply which was considered inexhaustible is

four-fifths gone. It is estimated that it will be all gone in from 15 to 20 years from a commercial standpoint. There still remains in the southern Mississippi section one last great reservoir of timber, including the wonderful cypress, but the Government estimates that this supply also will be gone in from 20 to 25 years. So that within the next 25 years —most of us I hope will live that long—we will see a time when the great eastern section of the United States will be practically denuded of its timber from a commercial standpoint.

There still remains, however, a very impressive quantity of trees for lumber purposes in the West—Washington, Oregon, California, northern New Mexico and Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. If you look at the figures you would probably conclude that this supply in the West also would be inexhausible, and yet the Government estimates that it will be all gone commercially in from 30 to 40 years.

However, even today we are paying the price of our destruction as this steadily dwindling supply is being pushed farther and farther away from the centers of population. Some 30 years ago Chicago, which is perhaps the greatest lumber market in the country, secured its supply largely from the surrounding States. The freight rate was then about $3 per 1,000 feet. Today the Chicago market receives its supply chiefly from the far South and the far West, and the freight rate is now about $13 per 1,000 feet making an increase of $10 per 1,000 feet for freight alone. I am not in the forestry business, and have no foresters in my orginization, nor have I any trees for sale. Our work is as distinct from forestry as dentistry is from medicine. Neither am I in the lumber business, and I have not even a remote financial interest in that business; yet I wish to express my earnest conviction that we will never again buy lumber as cheap as we have in the past, and the price of lumber will increase steadily from now on. This will be the result of the most simple economic causes.

In talking with Gifford Pinchot some two years ago, he made a significant statement. I suppose you all know who Gifford Pinchot is. He was the Chief of the Forest Service under Teddy Roosevelt. He was for a number of years commissioner of forestry in Pennsylvania and put that State to the forefront in the matter of State reforestation. He is one of the outstanding exponents of conservation and reforestation, and with it all is now the Governr of Pennsylvania; so he ought to be a perfectly good authority to quote. He said to me:

Mr. Davey, in my judgment there will be a lumber famine in this country within 25 years, and such a lumber famine will make itself felt before the end of the 25-year period.

Do you believe that these things do not affect you and me? Stop to think, friends, that about one-fifth of the total lumber products in this country is consumed in the manufacture of boxes, barrels, and crates for the transportation of your manufactured products and food supplies from one section of the country to the other. Nearly one-half of the lumber

products is consumed on the farms of America for the production of our food supply. Lumber and its products enter into every phase of American life, and no one could do business as it is now done without it.

For you who love the great out of doors, to hunt and fish and tramp, there is a sinister threat in the fast declining timber area. Let me say, friends, that without the forest home there can be mighty little game, and without a continuous and adequate supply of water there can be mighty few fish. Fish can not live in streams that are alternately raging torrents and dried up bottoms. The whole question of an adequate water supply for the cities of America is involved in this matter of forest conservation and reforestation. It has a more direct bearing upon the life of this country probably than any questio nthat can come before our people.

I am reliably informed that the city of Columbus, Ohio, was threatened with a water fmaine a year ago last summer, just as many other cities have been threatened in the recent past. The people of Columbus were warned that there was a bare three days' supply in the reservior. Their water is taken from the Scioto River, which was nearly dried up. Nothing but a providential rain saved them from the catastrophe. This condition is due very largely to the destruction of the woodlands around the headwaters of these streams. It is the woodlands that hold the water in check and allow it to seep out gradually. Without that there can only be alternating floods and droughts.

There is just one thing more that I want to say, and I would like to leave this with you as a concluding thought. All of us have heard for years past of the famine conditions in China. That country once had a wonderful covering of trees, very similar to that in America; but China poor benighted land that it is, did what we are doing in America, cut away its trees and allowed the land to be burned over. The vegetation was destroyed over vast areas; then the water swept over the land and carried with it the fertile top soil. So there are millions of acres in China that constitute a barren waste not capable of producing vegetation. China has one crop in seven years, and in the other years of that period must look to the world for food to feed her teeming millions.

China has become, and will remain for long years, a land of perpetual famine because she has destroyed her forest covering, subjecting herself to the devastation of alternating floods and droughts, and has sacrificed the fertile top soil over such a vast portion of her domain.

A representative of the Davey Tree Expert Co., with which I am connected, recently returned from a trip around the world, during which he made observations on the results in other lands. Among other things he described what he saw in China. Sailing through the Yellow Sea he was impressed by the fact that much of it was of a deep chocolate color, the result of soil that had been washed down from the interior. Looking out across the land he saw miles and miles of barren waste from which the soil had been washed away, because no trees were there. He told of having seen groups of women out gath-

ering weed stocks with which to cook their rice. They have no wood for heating, and none for fuel, just weed stocks, gathered laboriously from the countryside. Over vast areas not even bushes are growing on the land. China is today paying a terrific and ghastly price for her folly.

No nation in the history of the world was more richly blest by the Creator in the matter of its natural resources than America. It seems that God Almighty created here His richest garden plot where there could be brought together the best blood of the best races in the world, out of which could be built up a new nation of great power, great purpose, and great possibilities. We are dissipating our assets very much like the reckless son of a wealthy father who comes suddenly into his inheritance. America can not long remain the great land of freedom and opportunity unless we protect and conserve the very things which have made us what we are. My plea to you, and to all in this land that so originally blest, a land of great promise and boasted opportunity, is that we wake up and conserve the remnants of our once great forest wealth and begin to reforest while yet there is time.

God Almighty gave unto us, when He gave us these rich blessings, a tremendous responsibility. This land is our to dress and to keep it, as the injunction was given to Adam when he went into the Garden of Eden. It is our problem, as the representative of the American people, to consider the fact of forest devastation and the folly of our lack of conservation in this country, and to firmly resolve that we shall do our duty before it is too late.

Gentlemen, I beg of you to consider this problem as among the very great and far-reaching things affecting America. Oh, there are so many things of small importance on which we waste our time in useless discussion, while we are allowing the process of devastation and deforestation and wastefulness to consume the heritage which has come to us under the providence of God and through the heroic sacrifices of our forefathers, and we have disregarded the safety and welfare of our heritage.

That is my plea to you. I think there is nothing that affects the future of America more, and very few things that are of equal importance. Gentlemen, I hope it may be possible for us here to do that thing which is so necessary for our children and our children's children. Even though we may not personally suffer within our lifetime, let us do the thing that is obviously our duty, and protect America, and keep it worth while for other men in the future to live in and to admire and to love. I thank you, gentlemen.

"Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Was that somebody you?"

DOWN THE RHINE TO SWITZERLAND.

By Agnes Miller, in Young Folks.

The recent announcement that the Rhine has been opened to navigation as far as Basel, Switzerland, has particular interest for many American travelers this summer. Switzerland is not only a favorite goal for thousands who seek to combine sightseeing with a period of rest from hard travel, in a splendid climate; it will be particularly sought by those interested in studying international affairs relating to world peace, and to the progress of religion, owing to the conferences which are to be held there. Accessible only by a long overland journey from some coast, a route which offers travel opportunities new to many, and particularly to young travelers, is highly advantageous, and the road there via the Rhine makes real a country and type of life familiar to many only in books.

Anyone who can proceed at less than the good old one-hundred-per cent speed will find nothing more "different," to use a somewhat overworked but nevertheless expressive adjective, than a few days spent floating down the Rhine, possibly combined with a side trip to the Black Forest. The length of the river from the German coast to Basel is five hundred and twenty-six miles, but the portion revealing the scenery of perhaps the greatest variety, for those who cannot follow the whole river, lies between the great cathedral towers of Cologne and the famous Electoral Palace of Mayence. This stretch covers the widest part of the stream, and contains great cities, smaller towns, the world-famous castles, and a number of scenes celebrated in prose or verse wherever English is spoken.

In the city arms of Cologne appear three crowns, those of course, of the "Magi," the "Three Kings," whose bones, according to legend, are those preserved in a gold reliquary seven hundred years old, kept in the cathedral. Certain it is that the interest in these relics was one of the factors which made the city a unique art center; the other is doubtless the great wealth of the citizens. Today, as in very early times, Cologne is a great trade center, street after street being lined with magnificent shops, banks, and business houses. For the tourist, perhaps, the many picturesque churches are among the most interesting spots to visit, for they are typical of Rhenish architecture, the choirs being the most magnificent parts of the building. Even in small churches, the choirs are strikingly embellished, in a manner not seen in other types of chruch art; the numerous lofty columns, the dark and light contrasting stone work, the fan-shaped windows and the ornate sculptures make these old ecclesiastical buildings unique. And in Mayence to mention one other large center, the antiquarian can possibly enjoy himself even more. In this city of Gutenburg, the inventor of printing, is a wonderful museum of Roman

antiquities found in the neighborhood of the town, among which—students of Caesar's Gallic Wars please note—is the pilework of a real Roman bridge which once crossed the Rhine!

One of the small towns most justly famous for its picturesque features is Coblenz. It stretches along the point of land around which the Moselle flows into the Rhine, and commands splendid views in all directions, one of the most unusual of which is caught by promenaders on the celebrated "Bridge of Boats." This bridge is about four hundred yards long, and is built in sections which are floated out of place by motive power and wait downstream whenever a steamer wishes to ascend or descend the river. At the opposite end of the bridge from Coblenz is the fortress of Ehrenbreistein, high up on a rock nearly four hundred feet above the river, a splendid relic of bygone warfare.

Perhaps, however, the castles and other homes of famous legends have the widest appeal. It is difficult to choose any for special mention among such a profusion as exists, but doubtless the Drachenfels, which is one of the first seen ascending the river, is one of the greatest favorites, since in a cave in the vineyards below it lived—we are informed—the dragon slain by Siegfried. The dark, rectangular tower of this twelfth century ruin, a thousand feet above the Rhine, will not disappoint lovers of romance. Neither will the famous twin castles of "The Brothers," joined even today by the ledge of rock still called the Streitmaure (wall of combat) on which the two brothers prepared to fight, eight centuries ago, for a lady who is still famous for having intervened and forced a reconciliation. Many of these picturesque ruins suffered severely in the Thirty Years' War (1619-1649 and the student of history will find much of interest in the struggles which took place in this smiling valley three centuries ago. Everybody without exception, however, must find satisfaction in discovering what certain points along the river look like. For we always wonder, until we see them.

One which must be mentioned first is the Larelie, celebrated in Heine's ballad. Not everybody can have the good fortune of passing these imposing rocks, which overhang the narrowest and deepest part of the river, in a terrific thunderstorm; but if this can be arranged, it is advisable! It furnishes the correct atmosphere for the point of danger, and at once evokes memories of the operas written about the Nibelungen treasure buried beneath the mountain here. Not very far distant, at a point where the river widens out magnificently, is "Bingen on the Rhine," the subject of another fairly well-known ballad. It is a particularly charming town, spread out on vineyard-covered slopes.

But perhaps in the Black Forest one remembers most clearly childhood stories which remain forever with one. The scenery and air are surprisingly like those of our own Catskills; there are many pleasant resorts on the excellent roads which lead up to the highest peaks, where doubtless still dwell—at least, let us hope so—the

dwarfs and giants and fairies who used to inhabit the splendid pine-forests. Certainly the wood-cutters and charcoalworkers do still live there; they can be seen any day manipulating the vast supplies of timber which, in the villages, are made into clocks and woodne-ware, and, in the forests, are floated down local streams to the Rhine, and thence to ports.

Basel, the door to Switzerland, is a particularly bright and clean commercial ctiy, noted for its unique cathedral, high above the Rhine, whose roof is ornamented with most artistic rainbow-colored tiling, visible in all directions for miles. This year, however, American travelers city-bound in Switzerland will remain longest in Lausanne and Geneva, for in Lausanne, in August, the World Conference on Faith and Order will meet, holding its opening session in the fine thirteenth century cathedral sixteen hundred feet above Lake Geneva. Every Protestant communion will send representatives to this conference, which is most suitably convened in a city long noted for its work in the world of education, being famous for both its schools, widely attended by foreign students, and its university. Among the subjects of this conference will be: "The Church's message to the world—the Gospel;" "The Church's common confession of faith;" "The Church's ministry;" all of which indicate the conception of the meeting along educational, as well as spiritual, lines. In Geneva, in September, will occur the eighth annual assembly of the fifty-four nations who compose the great league. And while America is not as yet officially represented, the number of her citizens working on committees, composing a press delegation, and visiting the league to study it—often snatching time from a hard-earned vacation to do so—is not only most astonishing, but constantly growing. Last year six thousand Americans visited the Secretariat, or the League Building, where, every day in the year delegations of secretaries and clerks work on the plans for world peace which had their inception in the thought and labor of numerous American minds. A magnificent official granite tablet flanks the approach to the headquarters, and bears tribute to that fact in its inscription: "To the memory of Woodrow Wilson, Founder of the League of Nations." Interesting, also, is the fine modern building which is the mecca of those interested especially in the humanitarian work of the league. This is called the Labor Office, but besides its efforts to secure good conditions for workers all over the world, it has an unsurpassed record of welfare work. This office repatriated four hundred thousand wandering prisoners of war; it is particularly occupied with working against the drug traffic and the suppression of slavery in remote parts of the earth. It is finding homes and work for hundreds of thousands of refugees who, astonishing to relate, are still in need of such aid in sections as far east as China. These are but a few of such interesting activities, carried out on an international scale. But even aside from the special interest which at-

tracts so many, Geneva is one of the most beautiful of cities, offering nuusual scenes and sights, fiine excursions, and pleasant society—in short typifying the great characteristics of Switzerland as a land full of inspiration and hospitality for all.

He Was Timid.—"Is that all the work you can do in an hour?" asked Sam's new employer.

"Well, boss," said Sam, "I dussay I could do moh,—but I nevah was one for showin' off."—London Tit-Bits.

THE ELEVATOR GIRL.

By George E. Simmons.

Life has its ups and downs in more ways than one for the elevator operator.

Gleefully as the small boy just come to town, who makes the rounds of high buildings for a ride on each elevator or moving stairway, the operator might begin her task if it lasted only an hour. Ascending and descending, opening and closing the door after each stop would be easy enough during a brief turn at work; long hours would be less irksome if spent in different buildings.

But the operator must stay in the same corner of the same elevator in the same building from morning till night; no new panorama opens before her; she knows what dark hallway, glass-encased office or piled counters and crowded aisles to expect at each stop. In small office buildings few new faces appear; in stores the crush of hurrying shoppers becomes a maze of images hardly registered in the operator's eye.

Her advancement depends entirely upon ability to render extra services or unexpected courtesies. Otherwise, her ups and downs become an unending sameness. If she can remember the office numbers of all men in the building, or all the articles for sale on seven floors of a department store; if she extends her service beyond accurate stops, prompt answers to calls and due diligence in avoiding overcrowded elevators, she stands a chance for promotion to something more profitable. Operator's ability in this respect sometimes is amazing. We knew one who dispensed Christmas presents to each patron. Before the day was over her generosity had been reciprocated, filling her gift bas-five times or more.

There is little except salary and goodwill for the elevator operator. Patrons who profit by her efficieny might meet her half way by being less impatient when she requires half a minute to travel the height of a skyscraper.

SOME SPIDER FRIENDS.

By Edwin Ttrrisse, in Young Folks.

The observation of one naturalist with respect to spiders is that, if one expects to make of a spider an interesting acquaintance, he must not direct his attention indiscriminately to any chance specimen that comes his way.

Now it is known that there is a vast difference among the more intelligent orders of quadrupeds and bipeds as to the traits and understanding manifested by individuals of the same species. Marked differences of individual intelligence are not, so far as is known, to be observed in any of the entomological families that share our homes, except in spiders and perhaps, in ants. Hence, when one ranks the small inhabitants of the earth according to their intellectual endowments, he places spiders high in the scale.

You can ascertain a knowing spider at sight if you will take the trouble to observe it. Its seat of intelligence is behind the eyes, and like some of us who are wedded to our pens (or typewriters) the spider's method of demonstrating how much it knows is through the agency of the hand—that is to say, one of its forefeet, which it uses as a hand.

So far as has been noticed, spiders are left-handed. Joe, a pet of the naturalist mentioned, always uses his left forefoot as a hand, and the observer noticed the characteristic in a precocious young spider he found not long ago.

It was the day before Thansgiving, warm, sunny, and spring-like. A cricket hopped across the floor toward the sunshine, and the spiders came out in force. The watcher found this young fellow trying to crawl with curled feet, in a state of utter misery, on the north window in the wet, where the steam had run down the pane.

It was big enough for its age to be one of Joe's descendants, but its translucent complexion and awkward light-colered legs showed that it had gone into hibernation too young to know how to take care of itself. It was helpless to get out of the predicament into which it had somehow blundered.

The naturalist held a sheet of paper close to the glass, for the spider to crawl upon. It reached out its left forefoot and touched the paper, drew back, then reached out again and touched the edge of the sheet cautiously three times.

Finding that it was dry and more comfortable footing than the wet glass, the young fellow crawled to the middle of the paper; then stopped in doubt near the man's hand.

The scientist carried the forlorn little object near the stove to warm it up. There it revived to such agility that it ran off the paper and crawled over the man before he could get it to the south window, where half a dozen spiders were weaving the flowers into the maze of webs.

The man had made a mistake in carrying it near the stove, for if a frozen or half-resuscitated spider is taken into the fire warmth it

can never be kept anywhere else afterward. There it is likely to get trodden under foot, or to web down upon the stove in its reckless seeking after the agreeable warmth.

The scientist had got well at work, when his sister, who was doing something about the room, exclaimed:

"That spider is following me everywhere! If you don't take care of it, it will get stepped on."

Sure enough, there was the youngster he had placed in the sunshine chasing his sister with its awkward, crooked, juvenile gait.

Probably it was under the impression, founded on direct experience, that it was after an object that would bring it to the reviving heat. The man placed the paper down on the floor near the spider, and it crawled directly toward it, stopping on the way every quarter inch to reach out its left forefoot, evidently expecting to touch the paper each time. Visual measurement appears to be acquired through experience by the young spider, as by the human child.

When the youngster felt the paper it crawled upon it with such haste that it dropped off the opposite end, and the man had to catch it by its web to deposit it amongst the plants.

Before the scientist had written half a dozen sentences of the paper he was preparing there was a second protest from his sister:

"Here is that spider again, right under my feet!"

The third time he carried it back to the sunshine and dropped it behind a large pail that holds a dwarf lemon tree, hoping that it would see its way out. He saw nothing more of it till half an hour after, when, chancing to look in the direction, there was the self-same young spider curled up fast asleep on the arm of the sofa, about a foot from the end of the writing table.

It was on the utmost edge, where evidently it had been trying to cross to the white paper on the table. Stopped by the intervening space it it could not web over, it had gone to sleep, worn out by peregrinations too great for juvenile bugs

The scientist did not disturb it, but becoming absorbed in the work at hand, forgot it for a time. When by and by he looked for it, neither that nor any other spider was to be seen, although the sun was still shining.

He knew a change of weather was at hand, for spiders are wonderful barometers. They will suddenly disappear before there is any apparent change in the warm spell that has brought them out, their instinct telling them to seek their hiding-places before stupefaction sets in. Next day the family felt the premonitory waves of a coming storm.

The spiders, ensconced in unknown cracks and crevices, will sleep the cold weather through, however long it may last, for they follow their own nature, trusting not to human devices for keeping up artificial heat.

Every rule has its exceptions. There is a variety of small spider that will web day and night the winter through if the room is kept warm and they are allowed to sojourn. These spiders are a pest to housekeepers, and by their indefatigable spinning bring their whole race into disrepute. The regular house-spiders have but small

families, and the young are too slow to hatch and mature. One does not often see more than half a dozen in a web, and usually not as many; and so far as most observers have noticed, but one spider hatches from each silken ball.

The infant spiders are but yellowish white balls themselves, with white legs curled up close, too weak to bear their weight when they get knocked out of the web. They are not calculated to appeal to the affections of the housemaid, but their helplessness begets pity in the heart of one who is not responsible for the appearance of dust and cobwebs.

Whether young spiders belong to a species worth raising depends upon the intelligence of their progenitors, and you can be assured of this by watching the actions of the old spiders when a nursery web gets brushed down.

If they flee for their own safety, paying no attention to their young, there is nothing better to do for them than to end their existence—the rearing of young spiders being among the unattempted labors of man.

But if the parents run about distractedly, keeping in the vicinity of their offspring, regardless of broom or brush, one must have a heart of iron who will not let their ungainly looking babies remain unharmed where they have fallen, knowing that a new web will soon be woven, in which they will be deposited.

Unless there are unfrequented cupboards or stationary furniture affording a concealed retreat, spiders seldom attempt to raise the families in occupied rooms, where their houses are subject to periodical disturbances.

The gray hunting-spiders are the most intelligent species. With their sharp sight and rapidity of approach they would be dangerous occupants of the house if they were venomous or violently disposed. They are entirely harmless, except to their natural prey.

Nor do the house-spiders show the pugnacity attributed to some species. There have been observed many different varieties of spiders with their webs in close proximity, living as peaceably as human neighbors, and with less interference with one another's affairs.

If a hunter has captured a fat fly, and another comes along, the best spider takes the game, but there is seldom any battle over it. That kind of dishonesty is common among intelligent quadrupeds, including dogs.

When two hunters, it may be added, meet on the wall or window-casing, if they are not on friendly terms one will keep to the course and the other will make a circuit about it. But there have often been seen gray spiders, who touch hands, stand for a moment, then pass on and go each its way, as two persons would meet with friendly recognition.

There is a small spider sometimes seen in the house with very bright eyes and a furry coat as black as soot, which will show fight when a straw or small stick is pointed at it, and will attack the straw with its mandibles. It is a "cute" little darkey, not especially ill-tempered when let alone.

To what extent spiders are capable of distinguishing sounds the scientists are unable to say. One tells of a fly

that got into a spider's nest when the owner was on the opposite side of the room, and it would instantly run back to its web upon hearing the buzzing of the imprisoned fly.

Joe, the spider mentioned in the first part of this article, was quick to recognize the song of the cricket; but as with the fly the sound was made by external movement on the part of the insect, and he knew from past knowledge where the singer was as well as the human observer did. Perhaps Joe felt and did not hear the vibratory movement of air produced by the cricket.

This quality of the song of the field cricket and katydid produces reveberations in a closed room, until it seems as if the tympanum inside one's head were playing the tune. That spiders are acutely sensitive to atmospheric vibrations is shown in their being such knowing weather-prophets.

SUCCESS.

This is success; to live beyond deceit,
Too big to play the liar or the cheat,
Too big to lean when burdens heavy grow,
Asking no favor from friend or foe
Standing to life and all that it may mean
With head erect and hands and conscience clean.

This is succes; to live from year to year
Not asking always sunny skies and clear,
But wise enough to know and understand
Life never runs exactly as we've planned;
Seeking the best, but when the worst is met
Taking the blow without too much regret.

This is success; with all to play the friend,
Willing to give and glad at times to lend,
Laughing and singing whenso'er you may
But walking bravely through the rainy day,
Giving your best throughout the passing years,
Neither deceived by flattery nor by sneers.

This is success; the love of friends to win
To taste no pleasure that may lead to sin,
To take no profit from the hand of shame,
But by a fair fight win or lose the game:
To get from life such triumphs as you can,
But still through good or ill to play the man.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Mr. W. W. Johnson is away on a little vacation. Mr. Poole is now teaching the boys of his school room.

Mr. Barber, book keeper, has left for a visit to King's Mountain. We all hope he has a fine time.

The canteloupe season is here now and we are getting them by the wagon load. All the boys and officers are enjoying them while they last.

James Stewart and Donald Ether members of the seventh and sixth cottages respectively, have been given positions in the print shop. We all hope they will "make good."

Some of the small boys have been pealing tomatoes at the cannery recently. They have been canning a good bit of "stuff" lately. We will have our "store room" filled soon.

Mr. Fisher, our assistant superintendent, has returned from a week's visit to Lake Waccamaw. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fisher and several members of his family from Concord and High Point.

Mrs. M. W. Fetzer, former matron of second cottage, now living at East Lynn, Mass., frequently sends her old boys something for their entertainment. Last week she sent them a number of papers, magazines and victor records and they are greatly enjoyed by the boys.

The following boys; Sherman Hoots, Roland McElveen, James Cook, Frank Earp, Curtis McNeil, Hilton Register, Albert Millis, Earl Griffiin. Hallie Bradly, David Seagle, Clarence Ballard, George Pearson, James Hunsucker, Virgil Shipes and Horace Bridges were paroled by Supt. Boger last week. We all wish them good luck.

Last Saturday afternoon the School team played a hard game with Harrisburg. We had pitching for us "Hard Charlie" Brown. He did some fine pitching. Harrisburg scored two runs in the first inning and one in the second. The School scored three in the fourth. Brown, Blackwelder and Reid each received a three base hit. One double play was made for the School. All the players did some fine playing, and the School won by the score of 6-5.

"David Spares Saul," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. David and Abishai went into the camp where Saul slept. Abishai asked David to let him kill Saul where he lay. But David answered: "Destroy him not, for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and be guiltless?" David then took Saul's spear and cruse of water, and departed to his own camp. At daybreak he cried to the people "Answerest thou not Abner " Abner answered: "Who art thou?". After Saul saw how David spared his life, he sent for David to again

take up his position as musician in the court. The golden text for this lesson was: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." —Romans 12:21.

Now is the time when most everybody is enjoying all the fresh vegetables. The boys and officers are now enjoying fresh tomatoes, corn canteloupes, cabbage and cucumbers. They will not last always, so we are enjoying them while they last.

The boys of Mr. Johnson's school room(now taught by Mr. Poole) are studying the life of "Stonewall" Jackson. Later on, when they finish studying it, they are all to write an essay on the subject. The one writing the best will be awarded a prize. Boy, watch 'em go for it!

MIDSUMMER.

In field and lane we see her trail,
  Midsummer, as she trips along;
Her footprints gay, by hill and dale,
  And dusty roadsides brightly throng;
Behold Sweet William, giant phlox,
  And dear, old-fashioned hollyhocks.

The breeze is heavy with perfume
  Of wildwood rose and clover sweet;
The Black-eyed Susan's cherry bloom
  Spreads brightness all about our feet.
Here, milkweed pods of silken seed,
  There, tall and stately iron weed.

In full fruition now we see
  The blithsome promise of the spring;
The peach hangs blushing on the tree,
  The pears in mellow fulness cling
The grapes are purple on the vines,
  And, in the dark, the glow worm shines.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV , AUGUST 20, 1927. No. 31

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LIVE WITH REGULARITY.

Too many of us live at random. We are not steady; we do not discipline ourselves; we do not live with regularity.

We seem not to realize that each one of us was born for a purpose; that first of all each life is a divine thought.

It is our task to find this purpose and move towards its accomplishment with the same precision as characterizes the stars of the heavens.—Rev. W. W. Peele, of Trinity Methodist Church, Durham, N.C.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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A DECLAMATION BEFORE DEATH.

I am at the head of the United States Steel Corporation, an organization employing over 300,000 people. In the last two or three years the improved conditions among these people is one of the most remarkable chapters ever written in the history of civilization and it is attributable to prohibition.—Judge Elbert H. Gary.

JOHN K. PATTERSON.

No man can pass through this way without leaving behind him a lesson. His deeds, habits and activities constitute a reader, in which the lessons are found. These lessons are either good, bad or indifferent.

If one meets the demands of life squarely, faithfully and makes an effort to serve his fellows—that is a good lesson; if he flitters away his opportunities, exerts an unwholesome influence upon others and makes his flesh and spirit a slave to weakness—that is a bad lesson; if he plays between the two, dodges issues of moral rectitude, drifting from pillar to pillar, trotting with public sentiment, irrespective of its soundness—that is indifferent.

A shock put us to thinking on these lines. It shocked the entire community during the past week when a splendid citizen, going to his day's duties, was struck down by an automobile, from the effects of which he never rallied but passed beyond within twelve hours. The testimony of eye

witnesses and the finding of the coroner's jury exonorated the driver from all blame.

Truly in life we are in death.

The victim of this most regrettable accident which cost the life of a fine citizen, threw a leading family into great sorrow and distressed the whole community was John Ketner Pattersan. The clean life and the achievements under a great handicap is a speaking example for us all. A physical crippleness, which at times was extreme torture to him, and all but blind for many years, brought no complaint from him. He bore these things like the brave soldier that he was.

For seventy-five years John K. Patterson lived among us, as a public school teacher, as Register of Deeds for the county, as city clerk, as insurance agent, as realtor, as churchamn, as citizen, and during all these years he kept his skirts clean. If that be not a fine lesson and a fine example for the living, then there is no such thing as a human life living a good lesson.

No man in our midst rivalled him in the salutation by his first name. It was always "John K." His many friends spoke to him and of him as "John K." You knew who was meant when one said "John K." This was not simply familiarity—it was a genuine liking and respect for the man who bore that name modestly and gently in our midst.

It would be a difficult undertaking to find one with a gentler spirit, manner and attitude. What an asset! We shall miss the familiar figure and the clean life he exhibited, going about quietly and diligently engaged in his affairs and in the interest of the community, to which he was particularly and patriotically loyal.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A NEW PROBLEM FOR THE CHURCH.

Elsewhere in this number we carry an article from Joe Johnston, superintendent of the Barium Orphanage, and editor of the journal which it issues. Mr. Johnston deplores the inroads the auto is making upon the membership of his church, the Presbyterian. It shows a loss quite considerable.

In the absence of statistics, The Uplift is prepared to believe that the same difficulty confronts other denominations in our section. We live by the roadside and every Sunday morning before breakfast is over, strings of cars are passing headed for their usual Sunday outing. Curious to know what manner of folks they be, we stationed ourselves so as to see these Sunday gadabouts. They were: Methodists, Lutherans, Baptists, and high

and low in the several synagogs, and among them were quite a number of proselyted and vaccinated Christians, who do not care whether or not Church work thrives.

The auto doubtless is a contributor to the loss of the church, but the greatest agency for this condition that confronts the church, is lack of genuine sincereity and the vanished family-altar.

We neglected to remark at the proper place that the road that came under view was not the one that leads to Lake Lure or the one to the Golf Field, a wholly unnecessary means of observing the Sabbath or serving the Lord. Playing golf on Sunday is no better than horse-trading on Sunday.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SOUND BUSINESS

People who live within the scope of the activities of the three admirably conducted Building & Loan Associations, which thrive and do so much constructive and helpful work in Concord and Cabarrus county, are astonished when the news gets out that an association has failed or gotten into trouble.

But after all the percentage of failures among Building & Loan Associations in North Carolina have been strikingly small. In fact an association of this class cannot fail if it stays by the accepted rules for the direction of these institutions. During the past several years only two have gotten into trouble—one at Salisbury and recently one in Raleigh.

The recent occurrence of this nature took place in Raleigh; and from statements made, for instance by Col. Alex Webb, the president, we are certain that this association overstepped the rules for safety in that it engaged in second mortgages and got its holdings into frozen capital. Col. Webb became president in January last, and we surmise it was he that discovered the unbusiness-like methods prevailing and forced a show-down.

Anything that reflects on the soundness of a B. & L., the institution that helps more people of moderate means to secure homes than any other organization, does harm.

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"BY WHAT WE ARE."

There are sermons in Church Bulletin Boards. It is interesting to note how many people stop, read, look puzzled and some go off making comments.

We walked up North Tryon street, in Charlotte, this week. On the Bulletin Board in front of the First Baptist Church we saw, along with three well-

dressed strangers, this announcement: "We are what we are by what we are."

That's a fact, so far as this world's condition is concerned. This was our silent thought and we still think of it. One of the strangers remarked: "That's the gospel truth—I'm in this fix, because I disobeyed the laws of life and living." Another said: "You have time to redeem yourself—cheer up." The third paused: "Let me write that down; I'll drop it in the house, so my son will from curiosity pick it up—it may put him to thinking."

A little more thinking; a little more self examination; and a little more real consideration of the purpose of life may have no serious regrets when we come to face the realities of "we are what we are by what we are."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE QUESTION OF FINDING THE MAN.

After 56 years of existence, says the Reidsville Review, the republic of France seems to be tottering. Not because of Soviet influences, but because Royalists gave orders to jailers to release two royalist prisoners—two of the most carefully guarded prisoners in the jails. While France boasts of its republic, the fact is no Frenchman really believes it will be permanent. The spirit of Mussolini appeals to the erratic French and it is largely a question of finding the man.

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NERVY MILDRED DORAN.

In the party of daring folks, making the trip by air plane to Honolulu, is Miss Mildred Doran. She is pretty, spunky and daring. She is a school teacher, and proposes to face all the hazards of the trip. Forced back to have her spark plugs adjusted, she hikes off to catch up with the men.

Wonder if she is one of these teachers manufactured by the "certification" method? Her spunk does not indicate such. Whatever kind she may be, it is hoped that Miss Mildred will beat the bunch in a safe arrival.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HOMELY PHILOSOPHY.

Philosopher Eugene Ascraft of the Monroe Enquirer says it with poetry as follows:

A good thing to remember
And a better thing to do
Is work with the Construction Gang
And not the Wreckin' Crew.

SELF CONFIDENCE.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

A snappy little publication which reaches the Stanley News-Herald's desk periodically is The Southern News Bulletin. "Devoted to the Interest of the Southern Railway System and Its Employees." It is published in Atlanta and is ably edited by Lauren Foreman, well known to most North Carolina newspaper editors and publishers. We read it regularly and carefully, and nearly always find something of general interest.

In the August number, Editor Foreman carried an editorial on "Self Confidence." which was very good and which ought to be read by every boy and girl in the country, and for that reason we reproduce it in full. Here it is:

"There is no formula—no means by which a man can be successful in any undertaking unless he believes in himself and believes in the things he wants to do.

'It was Napoleon's undying faith in Napoleon that made him the great man of his time.

"Condfidence, faith, faith backed by training and ability —that's the thing.

"Nine-tenths of the millions of people who go plodding through life barely making a living, have the ability to really do something big. What they lack is confidence. They think they can't do this and they think they can't do that, so they don't even half try?

"The self-confidence of one man multiplies his powers a hundred times—the lack of it subtracts a hundred times from the powers of another.

"This does not mean that you should go about bragging. It simply means that no one will place a higher value on you than you do on yourself.

"The value other people place on you must be determined by you alone. So remember—high values comes in 'cans,' never in 'can'ts'."

We quite agree with the above. Our somewhat careful study of folks for several years has convinced us that more people fail because of lack of confidence in themselves than most of us think. **No man can hardly accomplish that which he is convinced he can not accomplish. And nearly always one can do a thing which he has faith in himself that he can do it.**

The petition, "Lead us not into temptation," is an acknowledgment of our weakness and need and is an appeal to God to protect us. God is said to do what He permit, and since temptation arises largely from our circumstances, the prayer is that He will shield us, not only from assaults of Satan, but from the pressure of circumstances beyond what we are able to endure.

THE STORY THE SOUTH IS WRITING.

Richard H. Edmonds, Editor of Manufacturer's Record.

The greatest epic ever written upon the pages of human history in material affairs is that which the South is writing in its marvelous achievements at the present time.

Going back to the days before the Civil War the South held 44 per cent of the wealth of the nation, a section in which the greatest statesmen and the greatest warriors America has ever produced were born and reared, there is found the inherent traits of character which have enabled the South to write into human history the wonderful epic which today is commanding the world's attention.

The Reconstruction Period

Left in appalling poverty by the fearful struggle of 1861 to 1865, held in absolute bondage under "Reconstruction" days for 11 years, with Union soldiers controlled by a few of the most diabolical politicians that ever completely dominated the Federal Administration in Washington, the South passed through 11 years of hell, worse than the four years of war. During that period unscrupulous scoundrels, "carpet-baggers," "scalawags" and the "Bolshevists' from other parts of the country, flocked to the South, got control through Federal connivance of the 4,000,000 negroes recently liberated, planted in their hearts hatred for the white race which had never existed before, and through the control of these negroes the carpet-baggers held the legislatures and carried on a saturnalia of crime and vice and thievery, issuing millions and tens of millions of bonds, sold for whatever they would bring, to bankers whose sense of honor should have made it impossible for them to sell these illegimiate bonds to their clients.

The South, through the deal between Tilden and Hayes, came out of this nightmare of Reconstruction in 1876. During that time, however, it had been chained to economic slavery infinitely worse than the slavery of the black man. With devastated farms, without credit at home or abroad, it had no money with which to begin rebuilding its agriculture except through crop liens on cotton, sugar and tobacco before the seed were put into the ground, with the requirement that the borrower should buy all of his food and feed supplies from the country merchant or banker who "grubstaked" him in this way; and needless to say, these grubstakers were to a large extent alien to the South. This section was forced to raise cotton at slavery wages, and buy Western foodstuffs and feedstuffs, and year after year its planters continued to go deeper and deeper in debt to those who grubstaked them. Only occasionally, in a year of good prices, were they able to end the season free of indebtedness. But even then, immediately they had to arrange to be grubstaked for the next year.

Diversification of agriculture, as well as diversification of thought, was almost impossible. The habit of con-

centrating on cotton, which had not prevailed prior to the Civil War, became an evil genius enchaining the Central South to the growing of cotton and increasing poverty, which always follows under such conditions.

Out of such a situation recovery seemed almost impossible, and so between 1865 and 1900, 5,000,000 native whites in the states from Virginia to Louisiana emigrated from that section, 3,500,000 going into the North and West and on the Pacific Coast, and 1,500,000 into Texas and Oklahoma and other Southwestern States. A good many, indeed, went to South America and some into Mexico. No other country of modern times has ever seen such a drain of its man-power and vitality.

How The South Emerged

Out of this appalling situation the South has been gradually emerging, traveling upward to higher ground. It has caught the inspiration of the sunlight of prosperity which touches the mountain peaks here and there. Its eyes are turned upward to the almost Heavenly vision which this returning prosperity gives promise of flooding from the high peaks to the hills and the valleys below.

Men and women have caught a new vision of what the South is and what it can do. Almost Divine-like inspiration fills their minds and souls with a determination to follow the command of the Almighty and "subdue the earth," and win that wealth for which He has given them natural advantages unequaled elsewhere on earth.

This rekindled enthusiasm, dormant sometimes but inherent in the whole Anglo-Saxonism of the South, would in itself, without aid from the outside, build a mighty empire of progress and prosperity. Coincident, however, with this new life of the South, the nation has awakened to the fact that the South offers to men and to money an opportunity greater than that found in the West when the railroads first pushed their way over the Western prairies and through the mountains to the Pacific Coast. In that region a mighty empire of wealth and high achievement was developed. But the West never had such advantages to offer to intrepid men, of money, of brains and of brawn, as the South now offers. The pioneers of those days had to face conditions which tried men's souls and carried to death tens of thousands of men and women who could not endure the hardships of that life. On the other hand, the South offers every modern convenience and comfort of civilization. It is free from the hardships of the snows and the blizzards of the North and West. Its climatic advantages and sanitary conditions make it today the most healthful part of America, strikingly shown in the fact that two Mississippi girls have within the last three years been awarded the prize against many contestants as being the healthiest girls in the country, and another in this contest has tied with a Western girl —really three great vicotries won in three annual contests, proving to the world that the very section which many people have thought of as an unhealthful region is producing the healthiest people in the country.

Malaria, from which the West tre-

mendously suffered in early days, and which for a while affected some parts of the South, is being wiped out. Typhoid fever is being completely conquered. Bronchial and pulmonary diseases are trifling small as compared with the conditions in the North and West.

Sunshine, the glorious sunshine that means health to vegetable, human and animal life, is one of the South's greatest assets. It is an asset whose value can not be written by all the arithmeticians of the country.

Capital Turning to the South

In former days the financial forces of the East were for many years concentrated upon the development of the West, pouring into that section hundreds of millions of dollars for railroad construction and for all other activities of human life. Today these same financial forces and those of the West alike are turning to the South as the world's best field for investment and for constructive upbuilding enterprises. In the aggregate hundreds of millions of dollars are going into hydro-electric operations in the South. Electric power wires are being stretched from one end of the South to the other, and every new power development means an added influence to bring about a larger industrial growth. Hydro-electric operations, costing anywhere from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 or more, are now the order of the day in the South, and where water-power is not available electric-power developments by powerful coal, by lignite and by oil are coming into play, producing power and light at a cost which compares favorably with hydro-electric operations.

The great railroad interests of the West, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Illinois Central, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and other gigantic railroad powers are looking to the South not only for freight and passenger traffic, but as the predestined outlet for vast exports of Western products and for imports through Southern ports of the things which the West buys, but which heretofore it has imported largely through New York and Boston.

Today greater financial power of banking, of railroads, of hydro-electric interests is concentrated upon Southern development, all the way from Maryland and West Virginia to Texas and Oklahoma, than was ever concentrated in olden days upon the development of the West. We are thus entering upon a new era, a new epoch in this country. We are unrolling the mightiest panorama of human achievement in material things that the world has ever seen. Day by day this panorama is being unfolded before the astonished gaze of the country. Against the pessimism at home and abroad about the future of the South 45 years ago, when the Manufacturer's Record first began its campaign for Southern development, there is today in the South and in the West a regnant optimism about the future of this section. There is being opened to the eyes of the present generation a fulfillment of the dreams and the predictions of the writer which 45 years ago were by many considered the wild

visionary theories of an idealistic dreamer, whose dreams would never come true. They are coming true today. They are coming with a rush such as even the writer never expectd to live to see. They are coming so fast and so furious that it is almost impossible to keep up with them, almost impossible to paint, even in the faintest colors, a picture of what is being done today and of what the future has in store for this Heaven-favored land.

He who has the vision sees more
than you or I;
He who lives the golden dream lives
four fold thereby;
Time may scoff and words may laugh,
hosts assail his thought.
But the visionary came ere the builders wrought;
Ere the tower bestrode the dome, ere
the dome the arch
He, the dreamer of the dream, saw
the vision march!

He who has the vision hears more
than you may hear,
Unseen lips from unseen worlds are
bent unto his ear,
From the hills beyond the clouds
messages are borne,
Drifting on the dews of dream to
his heart of morn;
Time awaits and ages stay till he
wakes and shows
Glimpses of the larger life that his
vision knows!

From "The Man With the Vision,"
By the Bentztown Bard.

The Bible Belt

In attemppted derision of the South a writer referred to it recently as "The Bible Belt." To this section no higher tribute could be paid. "The Bible South," instead of being a term of reproach, is in encomium of exalted character.

The advancement of the human race is in proportion to the acceptation of the great truths of the Bible, that wonderful book which it took the Almighty, speaking through more than forty people, 1,600 years to write. The greater the devotion of the South to the Bible, the greater will be its influence for good upon human affairs. Millions of people in this country living outside of the South, disturbed by the atheistic teachings which are abroad throughout the land and the utter disregard of Biblical instructions, are turning with a longing eye to the "Bible South" in order that they may rear their children in a land where the Bible is still supreme authority in human conduct. The very atmosphere of life in the South is redolent of the religious thought which from generation to generation has spread throughout this land. Sunday Schools and church attendance are still popular in the "Bible South." Family life is still the order of the day. Men of affairs in this section are nowhere ashamed to recognize the Bible as the Divine guide of their lives.

Wherever men think seriously of the great issues of life and death and immortality, they must necessarily give credit to the "Bible South" and long to bring up their children in a land where the dominant thought of the people is that of the Bible and its teachings.

IS THIS A GOOD WORLD?

By Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, of Charlotte.

The doctrine of Divine providence does not mean that whatever is, is best. It does not mean that whatever circumstances a man may find himself in are the best possible for that man. God has made us free agents and through our own sins and the sins of others many things come upon us that God never intended —sorrows and afflictions from which God would have spared us, if only we had not stood in God's way. Many things happen that are not only not the best possible, but, one might say, the very worst possible. It is conceivable that God might have made a world without sin and -sorrow. Bright stars, mountains and valleys, oceans and rivers, flowers and birds; God might have made them all without any moral evil in the world. This is at least concievable. But there are things fairer by far than these, and infinitely more precious—namely things which have to do with moral character—self-conrol, patience, gentleness, pity, self-sacrifice, aspiration, faith, hope, love. And for these to exist at all, God had to make the world as it is. Unless sin and sorrow be possible, moral character is forever impossible. In a mechanical universe there can be no moral character; in a world of fixed fate there can never be any such thing as virtue. Men must be freely good if they are good at all; and men are bad only as they have freely broken away from goodness. Sorrow is the black shadow of sin; and if sin were not possible in this world, righteousness would be forever impossible. Only in a free world can character grow. Of one thing, however, we may be sure; When God assumed the responsibility of making such a world He knew that in the long run it was infinitely better to make it than not to make it, and that in the end he would be able to say, as He said in the beginning, It is good.

CONSIDER THE INSECT.

(Monroe Journal.)

People now living knew the time when there was not a mosquito in Union county. Years ago when this busy insect began to buzz and sing and bite around in these parts the late Mr. H. B. Adams had a theory that they were first brought up to this section from the coast in banana bunches.

Wherever they came from first they are plentiful enough now, and if they are less plentiful in the mountains they will take that section in force by and by.

All farmers remember the scourge of the chintz bug which gave the first setback to grain growing in this section and endangered the corn crop. Happily they have passed away. In our younger days cotton suffered, so far as we know, from no insect. Now behold what the honorable boll weevil does for us, to say nothing of the other insects that attack the cotton plant Scores of less known insects that were unknown a few years ago pest us. No field or garden crop is immune.

Someone has been calculating that the yearly damage by rats amounts to untold millions. It is now said that the annual damage from insects to crops is two billion dollars, and that ten per cent of everything raised on American farms is destroyed by the armies of insects. Of course there is no way to be accurate in making such estimates, but it is certain that the damage can be hardly overestimated. A writer in the Saturday Evening Post says:

Many have wondered why it has taken man tens of thousands of years to get a secure footing on the face of the earth. Is it not likely that our type of animal has been all but wiped out many times by the savage attacks of insect enemies? The tepegas, or black ants, of Mexico have been known to move in such numbers that every living thing in their path—frogs, rodents and even snakes—have actually been eaten alive.

The entomologist tells us frankly that insects are better fitted for existence upon the earth than is humankind. Modern transportation facilities are now distributing throughout our land more than 600,000 types of bugs. We are identifying new species of insects at the rate of 6000 a year, and each new bug must be understood before we can control it. The birth rate of these pests is tremendous, many species laying 500,000 eggs in a single batch. If the rat could find a way to overcome his high rate of mortality, he would soon crowd us out of the country. Professor Chambers, of the University of Pennsylvania, figures that in ten years the offspring of one pair of rats would, if all survived, number two and three-tenths quintillions. Fifty years ago three rabbits were taken to Australia, and forty years later 96,000,000 rabbit skins and 25,000,000 frozen rabbits were shipped back to Europe.

There have been some notable victories over insects but the battle is still going against us. The mosquito and the fly as carriers of disease

have become to be understood and a good deal of headway has been made against them. The mosquito carries malaria, yellow fever, and perhaps other diseases. The fly carries typhoid and other infection.

Against these enemies of man the battle is being carried on by the patient scientists. These scientists who are working day and night to keep man rather than the insect master of the earth, are the same boys whom we often hear people saying hard things about because they sometimes propound some theories that rub in the raw. But without them we should be helpless. Why insects multiply so rapidly and why new ones are constantly coming upon the scene while those at one time confined to limited sections are spreading everywhere, no one can say with a surety. Somehow the processes of civilization help them scatter them, and apparently create them.

Luck generally comes to those who look after it; and my notion is that it taps, once in a lifetime, at everybody's door, but if industry does not open it, luck goes away.—Spurgeon.

NEEDED HIM.

H. V. R., in Smithfield Herald.

A court sentence, like the surgeon's knife, has to punish a lot of innocent flesh in order to reach the corruption to which it aimed. A frail little woman was in the court house the other day begging for the release of her hefty husband, who was at that time doing a road term for some devilment or other. The woman had no criticism for the court —she didn't even pretend that her husband was innocent—she simply needed him at home to help her barn her tobacco. She and her five or six little children, all of whom were girls, were the sole force behind the job. They had saved one or two curings by the woman's ability to cut and haul the wood, but a pain had got into her breast and she was no longer able to cut the wood. She needed her man mighty bad. If he could come home he could save every leaf of the tobacco, and that was all the money crop they had. When she was told that her husband would have to stay another little while, she gathered her baby up in her arms, and the next in size she took by the hand and went out, saying as she did so, that she would go back and do the best she could until her husband had served his term. The way of the transgressor is hard—often harder on innocent women and children than it is on the wrongdoer himself.

HUNTING GROUND STILL HAPPY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Cherokee Indians of North Carolina, long restricted to a meager part of the originally vast mountain ranges over which they roamed, live in a manner not much unlike that of their pale-faced neighbors, according to the United States Board of Indian Commissioners. The board has just issued a statement in Washington reviewing its findings in the mountain homes of the Cherokees.

When white men first found the Eastern Cherokees, they lived in permanent huts or camps along the mountain streams, and hunted, fished and raised crops to supply their own needs. Today they cling to these mountain homes but must work diligently to support themselves. Farming, cattle raising and fruit growing comprise some of their pursuits, which are numerous. Says the board's report:

"Besides farming the family adds to its income from other sources. The women weave baskets, make pottery and do some bead work; this handicraft brings to the reservation around $10,000 each year. The colored cane and whiteoak baskets have a ready sale. Some of the men perform day labor working at the lumber mills. . . . . The timber on the Indian lands is hard wood, 25 per cent chestnut, 20 per cent oak, and a good part of the balance is made up of hemlock, popular, basswood, and hickory. There are around 35,000,000 board feet of lumber valued at nearly $2,000,000, covering an area of 57,000 acres. Some Indians obtain permits from the agency to cut timber, which they transport to points on the railroad for sale. This enables them to obtain ready cash at times when in need of funds, and it also helps to remove a portion of the timber that has become ripe.

"With establishment of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park," the board says, "The two lumber camps to the north of the agency will be vacated, the white lumber men and families will leave and the small railway running by Cherokee will probably cease to operate. Indians who have neglected their farms for occasional labor with the lumber operators will be forced to return to their old pursuits. This return to the farm will be pleasing to the agency authorities, who have not looked with favor on the decline in farming operations in the northern part of the reserve."

In a few years the reservation will be open to a flow of tourists if the road leading from the state highway in the Tuckasegee Valley is constructed to make this section more easily accessible. Gradually the Indians' happy hunting ground has been limited, and with the rapid construction of highways even this reservation is to lose its original privacy. However, the Cherokees live happily

in their mountain homes. Perhaps they will not object to additional changes making their reservation more easily reached. Since living apart from other people no longer carries its original benefits for the Indians, doubtless they will welcome such connections as render their lives very much the same as those of neighbors about them.

HOLDING THE FARMER.

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine.

A representative survey just completed by the Department of Agriculture indicates that 84 per cent of the farmers who moved to towns between 1917 and 1926 owned their farms at the time the change was made. No doubt many of these farms were mortgaged. More than half of the farmers were under 50 years of age.

They gave as their reasons for leaving the farms: Economic, 37.8 per cent; old age and physical disabilities, 25.2 per cent; opportunity to give children better schooling, 10.9 per cent; because of having achieved a competency, 2.5 per cent; in order to let son have farm, 1.8 per cent; all other reasons, 21.8 per cent.

What happens when a fairly well-to-do farmer moves to the city? He either sells his farm or places a tenant in charge. If the latter occurs, the farm must then support two families. The new man, as a general rule, has his fortune to make out of the soil. The prosperous farmer takes to the city with him his years of experience and education in business-like farming, his wealth which produced on the land, and his desire to live a more comfortable life. The rural neighborhood, school, club, church, and local government lose a substantial supporter. By remaining on the farm, the fairly well-to-do man could do much to raise the standard of living in his community. In moving to the city, he enters an entirely new environment with a good chance of being a misfit in the strange surroundings.

As I see it, if we are to develop a fuller and richer rural life, if we are to make farm life and the farm home sufficiently attractive to keep the best farmers in the rural communities, we must pay more attention to the technical principles of rural consumption. That is to say, we must assist the rural communities to achieve the highest possible standard of living on their income.

When the makers of apparatus and appliances start out to improve the conveniences of the farm house, they must invent things adapted to the conditions which surround the farm home. There must be heating plants, kitchen factilities—for lighting, cooking, disposal of sewage—radio sets adapted to farm use. This is not impossible. I have talked with men engaged in these industries, and they believe the thing can be done. The demand and the market is waiting for the leader, who will get back of the idea and work it out.

JEFFERSON STANDARD SECURES MAMMOTH CONTRACT.

(Greensboro Daily News.)

A contract with the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company for insurance for its employes in nine states that will probably amount to $10,000,000 has been awarded the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance company in competition with 39 other insurance companies in the nation.

The announcement was made yesterday afternoon shortly before the directors' meeting. Under the plan with the telephone company the Jefferson Standard and the Metropolitan recognized as respectively the largest companies in the south and north, are to be recommended to the more than 25,000 employes of the Southern Bell as the insurance organizations approved by the Southern Bell and with whom an insurance deduction agreement has been made.

Although the employes of the telephone company may still purchase protection from other companies, the Jefferson Standard and the Metropolitan Life are the only companies with whom the Southern Bell will co-operate in its easy payment plan.

Officials of the company stated last night that it was extremely hard to estimate the amount of insurance that this contract would bring into the company's business, but said it would certainly not be less than $5,000,000 and probably not more than $15,000,000.

The size of the contract may be understood when compared with yesterday's semi-annual report of the company at which it was stated the Jefferson Standard had $310,000,000 insurance in force, having sold $10,000,000 during the past six months.

The plan worked out between the two companies is expected to be attractive to the workers because of the easy payment method, thus avoiding the quarterly, semi-annual, or annual payments of premiums, which in many cases are burdensome to the employes.

The Southern Bell long ago made provision for pension of its employes and savings accounts through investment in the company's stock, but it felt that the matter should be carried a step further and insurance protection provided.

This resulted in negotiations with the insurance companies, and selection of the Jefferson Standard.

The nine states which will be covered by the agreement are Tennessee, North Carolina, Kentucky, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi.

The details of the plan will be worked out within the next 30 days, the actual solicitation of the business beginning September 6.

Officials of the Jefferson Standard stated yesterday that their force in the Atlanta office will be increased in order to handle this business.

Following the announcement of the new contract an increase in the Jefferson Standard during the past six months of more than $2,000,000 in

assets and $10,000,000 in business in force was announced at the semi-annual directors' meeting.

The report of the company showed that the total assets were $37,877,,785.

Julian Price, president of the company, presided in the absence of J. E. Latham, chairman of the board. F. E. Cann was present as secretary. The announcement by Mr. Price of the progress of the company was enthusiastically received by the directors.

"BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS."

(Oxford Friend.)

An exchange speaks in rapturous terms of a "beautiful thought" that he ran across in his literary ramblings, which reminds one that beautiful thoughts are not unusual. Libraries are full of them; the newspapers, the magazines, the almanacs, contain them; the "peppy advertiser" sandwiches them between the lines in a stupid person who does not hear or read a beautiful thought every day.

What does this mean? It does not mean hypocrisy and double-face life, as say the pessimists. It means that for all the rivalries and the animosities engendered thereby; for all the conflicts and disappointments; for all the haste and bustle of making a living and finding a place in the world, there is great demand for higher considerations.

These fine expressions and these idealistic conceptions do not go to waste because so often they get crowded out of the marts of trade and arenas of competition. The human races constitute a huge family that has grown up through the ages, much of it crude and rough and cruel in the extreme. Altruism is a dainty new growth and cannot yet stand up in the open with age-old selfishness and ignorance, but with infinite pains and with certainty of result it is permeating the souls of men and women the world over.

Don't call a man hypocrite and try to outlaw him because he reads fine thoughts, professes lofty aims and is sometimes caught taking a "dirty dig" at a competitor in the effort to wrest business from him or make a questionable commercial transaction. While you have to stand by and see the law take its course or watch the man absorb punishment commensurate with his misdeeds, recognize the higher things in him that are striving for a chance and do nothing by way of reprisal. A merited reprimand or protective act is always proper but pharisaical criticism, especially when conceived more in dislike than in real concern for the right itself, is 100 per cent harmful.

You can do more in the spread of desire for better things by working to kindle the flame than you can by railing aimlessly and uselessly against what seems to be hypocrisies and pretenses.

Read the "beautiful thoughts;" listen to them; spread them; think about them; help to make them.

THE MASTER OF THE SHIP.

By Edwin Tarrisse, in Young Folks.

There are few jobs in the world involving greater responsibilities than those of the captain of a big liner. He must be prepared for every emergency, for the thing that often happens and the thing that never happened before, and he must take on his shoulders not only the consequences of any blunder of his own, but also the blunders of his subordinates. Theoretically, he is supposed to be always on the bridge, and if an accident befalls while he is below, the fact that he could no longer do without sleep and had given the officers of the watch the proper orders before going down, does not always exculplate him in the eyes of the law or the owners.

Although he is held accountable for all mishaps, his authority is not less sweeping than his responsibility. He is an autocrat, and his orders must be obeyed without question in all the many departments of the immense ship—in the galley and in the engine-room as well as in the "fo'c'sle" and in the saloon. His powers are absolute over the crew, and over the passengers, too, although of course they are not made aware of it, except in cases of misconduct or in disaster.

In the smaller ships of the earlier days there was a chance of his knowing all his passengers and being sociable with them, but that is impossible with such numbers as travel now. Nevertheless, he has a way of hearing of everything that is going on, and especially of any infringement of discipline, whether it is in the cabin, in the steerage, or among the crew.

A lady's gown is smirched with wet paint, a man is profane in the smoking-room, somebody has seen a rat, somebody else does not like the selections the band plays, or one flea has been caught in a state room, the occupant of which declares that the ship is alive with them—what is petty as well as what is serious comes to the captain's ears, through a kind of secret service on the part of his subordinates, especially on the German lines, where nothing is thought unworthy of his interest and attention.

On the German lines some details are referred to him which on the American and English lines are left to the purser or the chief steward.

His anxieties begin when, with the pilot by his side, he is getting his ship out of port through the narrow and crowded channels, which are barely wide enough or deep enough for the leviathans which are now common enough. Such a ship as that of which we are writing about has little water to spare between what she draws and the sand or rocks in the bottom of the channel.

As she slowly and with the utmost caution clears the wharf, a whole fleet of powerful tugboats—as many as twenty sometimes—puff and haul and press round her bow and stern to supplement her own

engines in getting her headed downstream, and when that is done, she proceeds at reduced speed in picking her way through the various craft and obstructions which harass her until she is well out in the open sea.

A ferry-boat crosses her bows, or a schooner tacks unexpectedly in a sudden gust of wind, another steamer coming in changes its course contrary to the "rules of the road;" a collision seems unavoidable. Whistles are blown, and the helm is thrown over, when possibly the narrowness of the channel will barely allow that change. A quartermaster heaves the lead for sounding from a platform in the bow, and sings out what he finds: "By the deep" this and "By the deep" that. Sometimes Kelvin's apparatus for soundings is used to check his report. If she grounds she may never come off, or if she comes off it is only after delay and enormous expense. Although the fault may be entirely that of the other steamer, our captain is not likely to escape scot-free of blame. The mishap is bad for the reputation of the line, and for his reputation, too. He is held answerable for it.

As we stand under the bridge, watching and listening, all these incidents are exciting to us, but on the bridge itself all is quiet, and the voice of the captain in consultation with the pilot, as he gives his orders, is not raised above the pitch of ordinary conversation. In his uniform he looks rather dandified, and not the man of resource, of swift decision, of long experience, of sound judgment, and of indisputable courage that he really is. A few days later we may find him clad in rough oilskins, from the crown of his head to his feet, streaming with spray and pelting rain, his beard glistening with salt, and his eyes blood-shot from the hissing wind, but as calm and self-possessed as before. Excitable he must not be under any circumstances.

As far as the bar he has a pilot with him, and to that point the pilot with his knowledge of local tides, shoals, shifting sand-banks, and temporary obstructions, like submerged wrecks, is nominally in charge of the ship, but if the pilot makes any mistake, the captain has to share the censure that inevitably follows.

Although compelled by law to employ a pilot when entering or leaving port, the captain may, at any time he disapproves of that guide's course, take the ship out of his hands and do what he thinks is wise and safer. Should the result vindicate his judgment, all is well with him, but if instead the result is a mishap, it goes very hard with him when he reports to his owners at the end of the voyage.

Let us suppose however, that we reach and cross the bar without a hitch from the moment we drew into the stream from the wharf. The sun is shining, and fairy feet are twinkling all over the placid sea. The merry passengers, full of hope and good spirits, are saying goodby to the pilot, as he drops from the swinging rope ladder into the cockleshell which is waiting for him. Then the three-thousand mile voyage begins. We hear the captain give the

order, "Ahead, full speed!" and the engines respond with a quicker pulse and the throb of power that till now has been in abeyance. There he is, the monarch of this splendid ship, the cutodian of vaster treasure than the galleons of old ever bore from the Indies, and the guardian perhaps of more human beings than the combined crews of an entire fleet of former days. He descends from the bridge into the superb suite of rooms just below it, which are provided for his exclusive use, and when the land has vanished, we may see him, if the weather be fine, join the ladies in games of sea quoits and shovelboard, or, as it is sometimes erroneously called, "shuffleboard"

If there is an ambitious boy on board who before this has been uncertain as to the vocation he will choose, he resolves at once that the command of an ocean liner is the very thing he has been waiting for —and that he will be a captain, whose berth, as he sees it, is an enviable combination of handsomely uniformed ease, boundless authority and spectacular prominence. Should he have a talk with one of the junior officers later in the voyage, it would disillusionize him and turn his ambitions in other directions.

The captain is on the top rung of the ladder of his profession, and has got there by climbing, not by vaulting; not in a day, but by years of service; not easily, but with difficulty and delay; not as soon as qualified, but by slow promotion from one grade to another during the greater part of a lifetime.

Promotion in the transatlantic lines is slow, and there are more deserving and qualified candidates than positions for them.

Probably the captain has been in the same line since he began as a fourth officer when he was a very young man. Before that he must have had some experience in sailing ships, and acquired at least a mate's certificate. On many of the great transatlantic steamers all the officers are holders of masters' certificates, and thus some of them, although at the bottom so far as actual position goes, are certified by competent examiners in seamanship and navigation to be qualified for the top.

There are six or seven navigating officers under the captain in the biggest ships, and each aspires to be a captain himself in time. Progress is slow in this profession, however, and the ships themselves are graded as well as the men.

Suppose one has risen to be chief officer in one of the inferior vessels of the fleet; the captain dies or retires; his place is not given to you, but to the chief officer of the commodore ship of the line, and you are merely transferred, without change in rank, to a better ship. From that ship you pass to a better and a better until the slow and wearying progress leads you, after scores of voyages and anxious experiences of the fitful Atlantic, in the fogs of summer and the hurricanes of winter, to the commodore ship. The command of her becomes vacant, but it is not yet for you. You are promoted to a captaincy—the captaincy of the least important ship of the

line. But although you were sent down from the top of one ladder, it is to climb another, and you are little inclined to complain.

Then, if there is nothing against you, if you avoid accidents, and if the owners approve of you in all ways, you will in another ten years or so have had command of intermediate ships, and at last have risen to the newest, finest and fastest. By this time you are likely to be verging on middle age, or beyond it, and the next step will be toward the limit at which you must retire, leaving the climbing to others of whom may never reach the top, near though it seems.

Favor plays no part in advancement at sea. All the lines keep to those of their own officers whose ability and fidelity are proved, and promote them, with few exceptions, in the rotation above described. The captains are all men who have risen in the line they serve, and happily no usurpation by outsiders is ever heard of.

While it is not a particularly well-paid profession, it is nevertheless the most exacting, and the only profession in which mistakes are irretrievable. A doctor or a lawyer may lose a case through error, and a business man may come to bankruptcy through lack of judgment, without more than passing disparagement. Their reputations may suffer for a time, but unless they are incompetent or hav bad habits they can recover their positions.

Not so with the captain of a great ship. His own line will have nothing more to do with him after a collision or any serious accident, if it is clearly due to his carelessness or his want of skill. Nor will the other lines give him a chance to redeem himself; they have their own people to look after, people who have not had accidents.

He may have had a clean record and worked his way up, coming scathless and blameless through years of trial. One blunder, and he is done for. He is at once deposed from his high command, and must retire altogether from the sea, or accept some humble job in a "tramp" without further opportunity for advancement.

The managers of the great lines seldom err in choosing commanders. The custom is as has been described, but there are no hard and fast rules applying to promotion. Some who seem entitled to it are occasionally left behind, and although their fidelity is not doubted, it is thought prudent to keep them where their capacities cannot encounter any precarious strain.

The strain on the captain, beginning when the hawsers are slipped at the wharf, continues with few intermissions while the ship is at sea. No hurricane or cyclone that ever blew has power in itself alone to sink the modern ships of the great lines. So large are they and so scrupulously equipped and maintained, without regard to cost, and with a precision not alone for visible defects, but also for flaws that are merely suspected. The dangers arise from ice and fog, the careless and

incompetent navigation of other ships and those dreaded derelicts, the abandoned wrecks that do not sink, but, half-submerged, drift blindly with the ocean currents, a constant menace to all moving things that cross their path.

The wind may spin on its pivot and heap the sea into dark ridges that appall the unfamiliar eye as they burst over the bow and sweep with a roar under the counter; the propellers plunge into them and throw up domed and writhing columns of spray as high as her cross-trees. As long as the weather is clear and the sun and stars can be read in his observations and he is in deep water, the captain has little to fear. But few voyages are made without fog, and when fog comes all his faculties are taxed at once.

Every thirty or forty seconds the hoarse, penetrating, ear-splitting whistle sends its warning through the enveloping gray; the order "Stand by!" is telephoned to the engine-room; the watch in the bow and in the crow's nest is doubled. The officers and men come and go as usual —four hours on and four off—but the captain has no relief until the veil lifts, which may be soon and may not be for days. Always there is the possibility of collision with other ships—little in the case of steamers as well-manned and well-found as his own; much from sailing vessels that do not make their proximity known, and are negligent and without sufficient and disciplined crews. At some seasons icebergs drifting southward in the polar current add to the perils of the fog; they and the derelicts are of all perils the greatest, for they never give warning.

One captain tells how once when he was crossing the Banks of Newfoundland he slowed down for fog, and presently suspected that he was not far from ice. He was blowing his whistle at regular intervals; the nearest land was hundreds of miles away. He could not see as far as the bow of his own ship.

He stared and listened as he paced the bridge, as all captains do under such circumstances. Hearing what he supposed to be the whistle of another ship close aboard on the port side, he reversed his engines and put the helm over to avoid her. Hardly had he done so, when still another whistle sounded over the starboard bow.

He thought then that he was between two steamers. His own was at a standstill, but as often as he blew his whistle, theirs responded without going ahead or astern. Were they also hove to It was unaccountable till the fog lifted, when instead of ships on both sides of him, he found two towering icebergs, blue and white and glistening, the flanks of which had but echoed the sound of his own whistle.

Sometimes the fog holds from one end of the voyage to the other, and the ship is navigated by "dead reckoning." The sun and stars, which in clear weather are infallible guides to her position, cannot be seen. He has to depend on compasses and the patent log—on his compasses and the ascertained speed. The difficulty and

the suspense increase as he approaches land under these adverse conditions; an error of a very few miles out of three thousand may be fatal.

REVIVING FAMILY ALBUMS.

(Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.)

The old family photograph album with the fancy gadgets and brass hinges is coming back.

Interior decorators ban pictures from the walls and bookcase tops and tables, so the little old red plush album must be dragged forth when company comes, if company is to see the family life and get the necessary home touch.

But it is not only the vogue for the antique which has resurrected the old plush album.

It is modern science adding so many instruments of photography that ordinary individuals can not resist "mugging" or "being mugged."

Hardly has the furore over the photomaton begun before a new device is heralded which, tucked away in narrow space, can photograph passers-by and catch them in natural and unsuspecting poses.

The device is invented primarily to catch criminals, but it isn't such a bad idea for civilian use, at that. What could be more entertaining than an evening spent in reviewing an album filled with pictures which the various members of the family didn't want taken?

TALKING ABOUT CAPTAIN O'BERRY.

Josephus Daniels, in News & Observer.

When Tom Dixon went to Goldsboro to become pastor of the Goldsboro Baptist church, shortly after that man of genius had quit politics because he said no man could be a politician and a Christian (I think he was wrong, but it is a difficult job which few can carry off), it was observed that every Sunday night Captain O'Berry was a member of Dixon's congregation.

"Why is it that you, a blue-stocking Presbyterian, have quit going to your church on Sunday night and becoming a hearer of Dixon?" a friend asked. Perhaps he feared Captain O'Berry was going to change his membership to the Baptists. "Do you think he is the greatest preacher in Goldsboro?"

"I'll tell you why I go to hear Tom Dixon," he answered. "He is the only preacher who can hold my attention so completely that I cannot saw lumber while I am at church. But," he added, "you mustn't tell anybody I said that."

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY.

It is not poverty that causes sorrow, but covetous desires; nor does wealth deliver from fear, but only reasoning. If you acquire a habit for reasoning, you will neither desire riches nor complain of poverty—EPICTETUS.

The above carries an abundance of food for thought, and we are pleased to call your attention to it as we believe there is a magnificent measure of sound philosophy and counsel in both the above and the ensuing article that every mother's son of us should take to heart.

All of us look upon life in a different light. We at least, however, have one thing in common as sojourners in this instiuttion where life and time takes her toll. From our mothers and sweethearts, come expressions of sympathy for our plight, which has a tendency to make one feel sorry for one's self. And in that course lies weakness. If you have the stuff you will show courage. There are any number of things that happen to others that are worse. There is much to be learned from any experience we have. Instead of wasting your time feeling sorry for yourself, rather take stock of yourself; try to locate the failing that led to your being placed in such a position, and finding it, determine to rise superior to it.

Everyone has to live his own life, and you must determine to go at it courageously no matter how difficult it may seem. If we would but learn to look for the beautiful things in life it is not likely we should see much of the seamy side. Turn to your higher nature and you'll find your best friend. Life can't beat anyone who fights right, and hard enough; and is it not better to fight for a foothold rather than be beaten by the pitiful excuse, "I never had a chance?"

This experience will hardly ever prove a fragrant memory, on the contrary it will probably be a distasteful recollection that will arouse your self contempt. If these feelings do come to pass in later years then your sojourn here will not have been in vain.

There is another phase that has appealed to some of us, perhaps it is intended in the scheme of things that we should be in a different environment. When this is over you can go some where and begin again, and some day perhaps, view this as a deplorable but necessary experience. America is filled with men who have failed many times but in the end have risen to greater heights than they anticipated. People admire anyone with grit enough to laugh at trouble and try all over again. We are reminded of a quotation from Kipling, "The man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

This will teach us never again to judge anyone. No one can judge another. All we can do and must do is to help where we can.

The constant prayer of those who love us is that there may be something that will touch a responsive chord within us that will instill a desire for the better things in life.

AUTO A MENACE TO CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

That an "alarming shrinkage" in membership of the Presbyterian church in North Carolina can be laid to the automobile is the opinion expressed editorally in the August issue of The Barium Messenger, edited by Joseph B. Johnston, general manager of the Presbyterian Orphan's home at Barium Springs.

Statistics from the minutes for 1927 of the General Assembly are used by the church paper to reflect the decrease in membership.

Loss Of 2,000

According to the statistics, the church in the state lost 2,689 members in one year, the membership in 192 7being only 70,935 adherents as compared with 73,624 in 1926.

North Carolina is so prosperous in material things that nearly every Presbyterian family can and probably does go to church in an automobile, The Messenger says.

"Maybe we expressed that wrong," it continues. "They have the car and maybe had the thought of driving to church in mind when they bought it, but now maybe it runs so well on our good roads that it just won't stop at the church door, but just rolls on and on, until it reaches the delectable mountains or the equally delectable seashore."

Church officials here in interviews with The Observer recently denied that the churches were losing 500,000 members annually, as declared in published reports. According to The Messenger, the Presbyterian assembly as a whole, during the last church year, lost 42,556 members.

Mecklenburg Loses

The figures of the minutes for North Carolina showed that a loss was registered in eight out of nine Presbyteries in this state, The Mecklenburg presbytery, the largest in North Carolina, decreased in strength from 15,584 members in 1926 to 15,047 in 1923, a loss of 537 members.

The Winston-Salem presbytery, the only one to show a gain during the year, increased its membership by 178, having 3,047 members in 1926 as compared with 3,225 in 1927.

Statistics follow:

PRESBYTERY	MEMBERSHIP	
	1926	1927
Mecklenburg	15,584	15,047
Winston-Salem	3,047	3,225
Kings Mountain	4,840	4,814
Concord	10,538	10,169
Albemarle	4,242	3,609
Granville	5,164	4,840
Wilmington	7,841	7,646
Orange	10,115	9,950
Fayetteville	12,263	11,635
Total	73,624	70,935

"This information looks to us alarming, and what is still more alarming is the apparent lack of concern over the conditions thus disclosed," The Messenger says.

"Maybe we are speaking out of turn now," the writer continues, "and instead of airing our views maybe we should help keep the matter hushed up.

Or, maybe, it shouldn't be seriously considered during vacation time, when everybody is supposed to be resting their tired brains from the strains of serious thought.

But the conculsions that we are forced to draw from the published statistics of our churches' activities are so startling that it is necessary to face some hard facts or run the serious risk of a more disastrous awakening later on.''

There are explanations that ''soothe,'' the paper continues, ''but do not satisfy.'' One, it is explained, is the purging of the church rolls of names of one-time members ''that have disappeared or ceased to make any pretense of being church members.''

The article also assures one that the Presbyterian machinery is not ''run down and needs pepping up.'' in reporting the amount spent by the church in new religious plants and in the number of preachers, elders and deacons.

''No,'' The Messenger surmises, ''the army seems well equipped and officered, but the ranks and recruits are both shrinking.''

''Can't be that we have been spending so much time and brain in argument about our beliefs that we haven't had time to offer the simple gospel to our bewildered neighbors? Can it be that we have just tired of the whole business and are deliberately quitting? Or is it that we have just been so busy with our business and our ever more necessary pleasures that we haven't thought what it all means?''

PICNIC MANNERS.

''What is the greatest fault of the crowd as you see it?'' we asked the park policeman, relates The Christian Herald. And he answered without a minute's hesitation, ''Carlessness.'' And then he pointed to the littered-up park where the crowd of picnickers had left newspapers, egg shells, tin cans, orange and banana skins and chicken bones all over the grass, although there were receptables for refuse nearby. ''I have no respect for the people,'' he added. ''Neither would you if you were a park policeman.'' Do you blame him? And yet, if we remember rightly, the parks in Paris and Berlin and all over the continent are neat and tidy even after enormous crowds have spent the holiday time in them. It is because the crowd over there, no matter what else is true of it, has tidy habits. Americans are the most careless and reckless people in a crowd of all the peoples of the earth. We don't like to say it, because we are Americans ourselves, but it is true.—Onward.

SOME BACHELOR FREAKS.

By Olivia K. Duckett.

There dwells a jolly bachelor
Somewhere on the campus green,
Whose honest sweat and love for pets,
Has acquired a charming queen.

He likes a good cigar to smoke,
When he talks of days gone by,
He enjoys a pithy modern joke,
And the leather-pellets fly.

He delights to build a winding road,
And a swimming-pool outline,
But his greatest longing is a home,
For his queen and children nine.

'Twas on last eve I chanced to hear
The ring of hammer and saw,
Then I knew by the curving shoulder bent,
And the determined set of his jaw.

Mrs. O'Possum soon "at home" would be—
Soon would greet us with her smile,
And all the little 'possies,
Would be furred in regal style.

So now we've guessed the secret,
Of this bachelor's jolly nature,
How he advocates the homestead state,
For every lonely creature.

Note: The foregoing poetic outbreak, upon request of The Uplift. was occasioned by an addition to our animal collection at the Training School. Capt. Tom Grier, one of our most efficient attaches, goes about with his eyes open. He caught a mother o'possum. She carried, as a possum has a natural habit of doing, nine tiny possums about her person. She with her family make an interesting nature study, which has excited great interest among the boys, and in fact. the whole Training School population.

Outside of a precious few the entire population is made up of town and city folk, and the habits and performances of a lady o'possum are real news with this aggregation.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

The boys enjoyed another watermellon feast last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Carriker and his carpenter shop "crew" have been making some repairs at the dairy barn during the past week.

Mr. Corzine, one of the night watchmen, is now "guarding" the watermelon patch. Herbert Williams is "watching" in his place.

Miss Greenlea is spending her vacation at her home in Marion. Mr. Clark is teaching in room number five during her absence.

A bunch of boys have been scraping the road around the campus recently. This helps the looks as well as the riding conditions.

Mr. Hood and the shoe shop boys are hauling rocks to finish the wall in front of the print shop. The wall will be extended about ten or fifteen feet farther along the road.

Last Friday afternoon teams from Concord and Harrisburg played on our diamond. The Concord team led by a 2-1 score until the ninth inning, when Harrisburg staged a rally and won the game by the score of 8-2.

The following boys: Paul Parton, Russell Capps, Jesse Roundy, Robert Gupton, Alton Etheridge, Lester Wallace, John Creech, Bennie Winders, Bowling Byrd, Hurley Way and Bennie Bailey were paroled by Supt. Boger last week.

Last week-end Mr. and Mrs. Hobby, of the eleventh cottage, had a few visitors with them. They all looked the school over and seemed to be pleased with the place.

Our "watermelon guard" is on the job. Only last Sunday he caught his first watermelon "thieves." He came by the School with them, on his way to Concord. It sure was a sight for the boys. Some were heard to say: "Just let me get at him, trying to hook our watermelons."

Rev. C. H. Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Trueblood spoke to us on playing the great "game of life." Guy Tucker and Everett Carter sang a selection. The sermon was enjoyed by all.

The small boys' baseball field is being improved, several teams and a large number of boys being engaged in the work. The soil taken from the ball field is being used in grading near the chapel. A number of flower beds will be made there and some shrubbery set out, which will add greatly to the beauty of our campus.

Last Saturday's baseball game between the Training School and Frank-

lin Mill teams resulted in a victory for the visitors. After the visitors had scored one in the first inning, our boys took the lead in their half by marking up three runs. Up to the sixth inning it was a one-two-three affair, neither side scoring. In the sixth, Lisk, who had been hurling a fine game, weakened, and Franklin made six hits, which coupled with a base on balls, produced five runs. After the first inning the School boys could do nothing with Fisher's pitching. He held them to four hits and fanned ten. The School team made two double plays and the visitors one.

CHARMS ALONG THE WAY.

Our dissatisfaction with life too often arises from the inability to enjoy simple things. We want automobiles that cost too much, pleasures in the distant city, and successes that are out of the question. "There's nothing around here," we sometimes say.

Yet the miracles of nature are going on all about us, especially as winter goes and springtime appears. If we only have the eyes to see, we can find a multitude of interesting things that awaken wonder. As one poet says: "Oh, I could write a thousand charms I've seen along the way.
A red geranium in a pot, a little child at play."

Life need not be dull to any of us.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD N... ST 27, 1927. No. 32

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JUST DISCIPLINE.

Do you seek to lay your burden down? Don't be too eager to shirk it. Don't be too eager to rid yourself of the load you carry. Some day you may find that the burden you have borne was a blessing. It was the thing you needed to build your character and make you strong.

The thing that seems a handicap today may be the one thing needed for your soul's good. All men need discipline. Without discipline there is no going forward. And we cannot expect the burden of discipline to be easy to bear.

—Charlotte News.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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"AIN'T I?"

Ordinarily when an upstanding American citizen, unafraid of being high-hatted by the second-class grammarians, boldly says, "Ain't I?" the ladies and gentlmen who feel themselves bulging with education lift a disdainful eyebrow and put over a pitying smile. How, they ask, could such a man be so vulgar, so common and so illiterate as to profane his lips and weaken his social standing by saying, "Ain't I?" Right then is the time to laugh. They are all wrong. "Ain't I"? when used for "Am not I?" is the acme of accuracy and the crown of correctness, and those who say it is not all right are guilty of the vulgarity of affectation and the commonness of snobbishness in grammar.—Asheville Citizen.

FITS IT TO EVERYDAY LIFE.

It is the custom of quite a number of churches to issue church bulletins. every week, giving the names of the heads of the Sunday School and other departments of the church's activity. This has been followed for twenty years by a local church, and it was found beneficial. Others are now adopting the little Church Bulletin.

Some one has sent The Uplift the Bulletin of the Central Methodist Church, of Mt. Airy, N. C., and of which the Rev. W. A. Newell is pastor. Mr. Newell is a Cabarrus boy; able and enthusiastic: he is bright and original and no man in the Methodist ministry in North Carolina is more appreciated. For years he was Presiding Elder.

The Uplift notes that this Bulletin of the Mt. Airy Church is unique. It brings in matters that concern local material welfare, irrespective of de-

nominational lines. While Rev. Newell is a staunch Methodist, he has never gotten to the point to believe that you just have to be a Methodist to "go to heaven." He has too much sense to be so narrow and religiously vain and selfish. But we take the liberty to quote one whole page from this Mt. Airy Church Bulletin, because it manifests a unique spirit and is broadminded. Here it is:

Gilmer Wolfe Hines, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hines, is the latest candidate for the Cradle Roll. We wish him a long and happy life.

It is not often that a city can announce two new manufacturing plants in one week. The Mount Airy Overall Company and the Barber Hosiery Company are the latest additions to our thriving industries. The former will be financed by local capital. The latter by northern capital. Both will offer remunerative employment to our people. We wish them great success. No section of North Carolina offers greater natural advantages to those seeking locations for new industries. Mount Airy is the logical location for any enterprise fostered by Mount Airy folks. None better anywhere. Prosperity awaits those of our young folks who have the stamina and good sense to begin now. There is enough money trifled away by our young folks every year to establish a thriving industry in our midst. If you can't save money while you are young you'll never save it. Better get the habit while good habits are easy to form. A spendthrift youth winds up a mendicant man.

The peculiar glory of North Carolina industry is that the largest of our great organizations were promoted, developed and are now owned by North Carolina people. Look at the various manufacturing plants in this city. Take a survey of the business houses. Our own people have made Mount Airy a "City of Opportunity." The same is true all over North Carolina. The Cannons found Concord a cross roads village and built up the largest cotton manufacturing system in the world. Durham was about as large as Dobson when the Dukes first settled there and the Southern Power Company, the Southern Public Utilities, the American Tobacco Company and other vast aggregations of capital grew out of their efforts. Winston was a suburb of Salem when the Reynolds entered that field. You know the result. All of them North Carolina folks. The chances for success are better now than they were when these began. Let's do it.

The Public Schools will open on Monday, August 29th. Every child of school age should be present on the opening day. And they should be present every day throughout the school term. It will be easy to keep the

little fellows in school. But how about the high school boys and girls? Young folks your entire future depends upon your use of the next few years. Stay in high school until you complete the course. Nothing under the sun you might do will prove so profitable in the end.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WELL DIRECTED SENTIMENT.

Men and women are oftentimes influenced by sentiment. Many times that sentiment is sound and most commendable; again it may be frivolous, and is frivolous and flimsy. Doing things impulsively oftentimes causes regrets; but in the lives of most men there is unmistakable proof that first impressions and impulses are very trustworthy.

The foregoing is suggested by an event that pleases The Uplift and reflects credit upon the great common sense of the powers that lead and direct the Cabarrus County Sunday School Association. Long before a great majority of the people who are now active in the affairs of our several Sunday Schools were born, the need of an organization of these schools into a county association, where reports could be tabulated, inspiration exerted among the workers, christian association and fellowship encouraged, was emphasized.

That was forty-nine years ago, this August. The man that called the public's attention to these facts, who led in the movement and who was elected the first president, is Mr. William R. Odell. He was not too busy with his personal affairs and with business to stop in his rush to give some sober thoughts to the needs of the welfare of the people of his adopted county.

The other day in the annual gathering of the county Sunday School delegates, the convention did a most worthy thing—in fact a beautiful, sensible and sentimental deed. It unanimously elected Mr. Odell president of the association which he organized many years ago. This besides being a very wise selection, is most fitting. Mr. Odell rounds out an active connection to the organization in its half century mile-post.

The Uplift "chooses" to nominate him for re-election on the arrival of

the century anniversary of the association. There being no objection, the nomination is hereby declared unanimously done; and it is so ordered.

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THE PROBLEM OF EQUALIZATION.

The several counties of the state have gone through a struggle. The matter of equalization of the assessed value of property for the purpose of taxation is all but an impossibility. But let us be charitable enough to believe that those whose business it was to attend to this matter tried ever so hard to achieve equalization.

But the fact remains that only fair success rewarded their efforts. It is next to moving a great mountain by a sweep of the hand to eradicate from a human the appearance of selfishness. The public that shows dissatisfaction with the assessment of their properties will certainly make comparison with the figure the assessor has placed on his own property. And sometimes, this comparison may show that the man was too steeped in selfishness, by life, acts, and general reputation, to come anywhere near a just estimate of his own property for taxation.

As long as the laws must be executed by human beings and are not automatic, these troubles in equalization must be encountered. But a great power, greater than ever known on earth, must be invoked before everybody can be satisfied on the matter of the assessment of property for taxation—when we come to a selling price, the job is easy.

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THE COMING FAIR.

The best and biggest ever! That is just what Dr. Spencer, secretary of the Cabarrus County Fair, assures the public through word of mouth and an elaborate catalogue which he has just issued.

There are to be a number of novel features, innocent in themselves but never before known at a district fair. This is forced on the doctor because the state fair is this year unable to function, and, in a measure, he must care for the high class folks that make a state meet an annual outing.

One need not be surprised to find that his president, Mr. Joe Cannon, may spring an auto race, in which Andy Gump will be the leading figure. Of course all reading and intelligent readers, including the children, know that Mr. Gump has had his car equipped with speedy accessories. Watch for No. 348.

Seriously and candidly, no fair in North Carolina has so quickly de-

veloped in to an institution of education, entertainment and encouragement as has the local undertaking. There is a reason; the lights at one fair never go out before Tracy Spencer is making preparation for the next. That's the only way to make county fairs what they should be.

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A LITTLE SHOP TALK

Some folks watch the date on their label—Mr. J. A. B. Goodman, father of our very efficient and bright executive clerk, is one of them and keeps tab on same, as evidenced by the check for renewal.

The Uplift is pleased with the commendation this splendid old gentleman hands out to us; but modesty enforces a stop with just this much reference to the nice little bouquet he hands us.

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THE SAME BOOK.

When grandma went to Sabbath school,
So very long ago,
She didn't look a bit like me
Or like the girls I know.
Her ruffled dress, her plain, smooth hair,
Her bonnet, were so queer,
That if she went with me the class
Would stare and laugh, I fear.

But grandma says if I had gone
With her, my pretty clothes
Would have semed queer to all her friends,
And that's true, I suppose.
But the texts and Bible stories
My teacher tells us now
Are just the same that grandma learned
In her school long ago.

—Selected.

BACKWARD GLEANINGS.

By Arch Huneycutt, in News Herald.

No land on earth is richer in fine tradition than North Carolina and Stanly County, although comparatively a new county, is by no means without its share, had we but the inclination to search out, and bring it to light. Be it said to our discredit, we have, up to this time, as an intelligent people, moved along, so completely ingrossed in the prosaic, or stupefied lethargy, as to allow this rich vein to go unobserved and many of our finest and most interesting traditions to perish forever. Surely no other influence can play a greater part in the development of a high state of civilization, nor furnish a more stimulating and wholesome amusement. Surely we could not leave to the future a finer legacy than to search out, and record our vague tradition. Tradition is not always one hundred per cent truth. Certainly in passing from father to son, for a few generations, it gains much, also loses much, but no one is ever less respectful of home and country, nor less inclined to fill up the measure of real manhood because of a knowledge of these things.

It was the seventy years captivity that awoke Israel—caused her to fall back researchfully upon her tradition, and sent her again into freedom, many centuries ahead of what she otherwise would have been. The amateur workman must always have a model, that his vision may be clear cut and distinct. We doubt that one of the world's outstanding heroes ever became such, along any other line than that of historical, or traditional stimulation. But going back to our story—Stanly county, being a part of Montgomery, up to around seventy five years ago, and lying about midway between the settlements along the Yadkin and Catawba, her situation was unique. Rocky River being about the center, and furnishing fine fishing, along with much fertile bottom land so prized by the early settler, it is very reasonable to suppose the trail blazers from the two older settlements should meet along its course. These were the most hardy and daring, of a free-souled, liberty loving people. They dared be free. Their strength of heart and sinew forbade even the flimsy restraint of a colonial village, and sent them forth on the outskirts to meet and mingle here, and in so doing lay the foundation of a strong race.

Just why this ancestry of ours should leave so little in the way of records, of their donigs, has always puzzled me, however, on close investigation, I have discovered the lamentable fact that very few of them could write at all, and those who could, were very little inclined, since paper was very scarce, and ink could be had only by a long and tedious process of extraction from barks, roots and berries. I have seen many a very important document that was written on a piece of ordinary wrapping paper no larger than a man's hand. I have at hand now several thousand of these old papers, some dating back to 1735. Fifteen to tweny-five cents was the price for

a day of hard labor, and corn whiskey that would tickle the palate of a senator in this age of dryness, could be had in any quanity at fifteen cents per quart. Very often a delinquent debtor was arrested and brought to trial over a bill of thirty cents, and not unusual was the sale at auction of one's personal effects, to satisfy a note of two and a half dollars.

The "Hobo" schoolmaster with his quill pen, Webster's Speller, and a bundle of switches, had not yet arrived on the scene, and the youngster who learned to "cipher" must do so by scratching on a smooth stone with a home-forged nail. Unlettered they were, but far from being ignorant. They could think in terms that would make the best of us get up and scracth our domes, and whatever problem they tackled, it was with that hardy and unwavering aggressiveness that hewed down the forest, dispatched the red man, and hauled the wild beast from his lair, hence they knew not the meaning of failure.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

POLITENESS PAYS.

(Roanoke Times.)

Courtesy—common, ordinary elemental politeness—is the cheapest thing in the world and yet, alas, the rarest. As a people we don't seem to have grasped the truth that it pays to be polite. It pays from every standpoint imaginable. And yet the number of unnecessary gruff, curt, brusque replies that all of us in the business world receive hundreds of times a day is simply amazing.

As a general rule, it has been our observation, the higher up the business ladder one goes, the more courtesy he meets with. The president of a bank is a thousand times more affable and courteous than the runner. The general of a railroad is apt to have better manners than the clerk who admits the caller into his presence. Why this should be so we do not know, but it is a fact that has been noted time and time again. Petty subordinates seem to feel that they are exhibiting their own importance by being rude. Really important people don't have to "show off" their importance, hence they can afford to be courteous.

Politeness pays. The corporation or mercantile establishment that fails to impress upon those in its employment the importance of courtesy in dealing with the public is overlooking one of the most essential factors that contribute to that intangible but invaluable asset known as good will.

A LITTLE NATURE STUDY.

The Uplfit has no earthly use for snakes—those that crawl or those that walk about. But these things are among us, and it becomes all of us to know as much about them as possible.

The sobriety and high character of the editor of the Albemarle News-Herald compel us to believe this wonderful snake story, though a little skittish as we contemplate the picture of this snaky scene. But the story offers an interesting nature study. Here it is from editor Huneycutt:

Last Friday the editor, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Huneycutt went out in Western Stanly and stuck their feet under the table of Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Long for a good square meal, and it was a meal, too.

But just before we slipped our chairs up around Jonah's table we all went down to look over his mill (the old Love Mill on Rocky River.) After going through the various stories of that old, old mill house, and observing it still at work crushing wheat into the finest burr-mill flour after a hundred years of service to that community, we all walked down to the river bank where the Albemarle-Monroe Road crosses over a plank ford. There we observed a large, crusty, cotton-mouth moccasin, coiled in a clump of weeds just by the roadside. It was about three feet in length and would have measured twenty inches around. Indeed the snake was so large that it excited the curiosity of the men folks (the women beat it away from there as soon as the snake was discovered.) "I will bet that snake has a half dozen hop-toads in his belly right now," one of the fellows said. "Maybe he has just finished a fine dinner of fresh fish," said another. "Let's cut it open," suggested another, and thereupon P. J. Huneycutt turned the big snake over on its back and split a 12-inch opening in its body. Inside was found two layers at least 15 inches long of a series of small sacks of membrane, looking like a string of Bologna sausage links. Each of the sacks contained a small snake ranging from six to twelve inches in length. Thirty-five in all were counted before the operation was finished. The snakes were counted a second time and thirty-five found to be the correct number of young snakes. The road was fairly strewn with snakes, more snakes than any victim of "bush licker" ever imagined he saw. And not a one of us had tasted a drop of anything stronger than water.

YOU'LL NOT BE SORRY.

For doing your level best.
For thinking before speaking.
For being honest in business.
For asking pardon when in error.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For promptness in keeping your promises.

—Kansas Baptist.

WHO FREED THE SLAVES?

(Asheville Citizen.)

Glenn Frank, the President of the University of Wisconsin, and one of the outstanding Liberals of the day, is always interesting. It can not be said of him, however, that he is a deep man, who has formed his opinions from independent investigation. His opinions are often shallow, not infrequently contrary to well known facts of history. Dr. Frank is rather a bookish man.

In his daily essay in The Citizen of Tuesday there appears this opening statement:

"My little son has just come to me with the question: 'Did you know that each of us in America has forty slaves?' 'You're mistaken,' I said. 'Abraham Lincoln saw to that when he freed the slaves.' "

This sort of propaganda is being taught American people in millions of homes for history. Senator Beveridge's Life of Lincoln will probably let a little light into minds like Glenn Frank's. Unfortunately he did not live to finish the work, else he might have flooded such minds with too much truth, something they are unprepared for.

Abraham Lincoln never freed a single slave on this continent. He did not even attempt to free his own slaves, which were his by right of marriage to a Kentucky slave-owner. His emancipation proclamation, now admitted generally to have been without force of law, and admitted by Lincoln himself to have been merely a military expedient issued with a view to exciting the slaves to rise up and murder their mistresses and their children, had no force in territory which was then in "rebellion." It was never executed in a single State in the Union.

Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and probably some other Northern States were EXCLUDED from the provisions of the emancipation proclamation, a remarkable fact that Lincoln never could satisfactorily explain.

During the war one of Mrs. Lincoln's slaves ran away into Illinois and there is in the files of old Illinios papers an advertisement over Lincoln's name, paid for by himself, offering a reward for the return of this slave.

Lincoln never was an abolitionist, did not believe in abolition, and often dodged an expression of his opinion on that subject when asked for it. Before he was elected President he hurriedly left his home town, after being invited to be present and sit on the platform, when a great abolition meeting was held in Springfield.

These are all facts of history easily accessible to those who have the inclination to look for them.

Slaves were freed in all of the States by the thirteenth amendment, which was offered in the United States Senate by a Senator from Missouri who had been a Southern sympathizer. That amendment was adopted by fraud, through the creation of fictitious States in Virginia, in Tennessee, in Louisiana and in Arkansas, by the fiat of Abraham Lincoln. That's how the slaves were freed.

RELIGIOUS NOVEL WRITTEN HERE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Friends and acquaintances of the Rev. Arthur Talamage Abernethy, formerly of Asheville, will be interested in the announcement for new books for the coming fall. Among others scheduled to appear is Dr. Abernethy's novel, "Christian's Treasure Island," for which the contract has just been signed by the Christian Board of Publication of St. Louis. The manuscript for this religious novel was prepared by Dr. Abernethy while he was a resident of this city at 127 South Liberty Street, and it appeared in serial form in The Christian Standard of Cincinnati, Ohio. At that time The Standard announced that for a number of years that publication had been in search for an interesting and accurate presentation of the Christian plea for unity among the churches, and that it believed this had been dramatically achieved in Dr. Abernethy's serial. The demand for the work in permanent book form has resulted in the publication of the novel by the St. Louis firm.

In this religious novel, Dr. Abernethy dispatches an immense ship over uncharted seas with the official heads of all the prevailing cults and denominations aboard as the guests of the world's richest man, the purpose of the year's cruise far removed from religious restraint being to give time for reflection and readjustment of denominational differences. The ship is wrecked on an island inhabited by people who have never heard of God. Here the impulse of all who were rescued from the wrecked vessel to do missionary work culminates in a discussion of the most direct and desirable method of presenting the gospel, and a romance results between a cardinal and a mere slip of a girl who prefers to be known merely as a Christian only. The plot culminates in a revival and the unity of all faiths in Christ.

"Christian's Treasure Island" is Dr. Abernethy's forty-sixth published work. In addition to writing for several syndicates Dr. Abernethy is a regular contributor to the Sunday School Metropolitan Section of The New York World, and a general evangelist in the Christian Church. He is an honorary elder for life in the Christian Church and holds his local membership in the First Christian Church of Asheville, where he formerly preached.

Dr. Abernethy was recently elected mayor of his native town, Rutherford College, a Methodist headquarters, by the largest vote ever cast in the community elections, receiving every vote cast except four. He spends much of his time in Asheville where he owns several tracts of land, and he is a vigorous Buncombe booster.

Dr. Abernethy's new novel will be in the book-stalls within a few months.

It is tranquil people who accomplish much.—Thoreau.

NORTH CAROLINA MINERALS.

(Winston-Salem Journal.)

Mineral production in North Carolina totaled $10,699,422 in 1925, which was an increase of over five hundred thousand dollars over similiar production the previous year. This is brought out in a survey of the mineral resources of the State which has just been compiled by H. J. Blyson, acting state geologist of the State Department of Conservation and Development.

The report shows raw minerals and ceramies manufactured into brick and tile to be the largest industry with the output in 1925 totaling $4,170,445, while the next in line was granite with the output from this source amounting to $2,865,040. The yearly value of other minerals mined in the State up to 1925 was less than a million dollars.

"In the year 1924 there was a slight decrease in mineral production in North Carolina due to a more or less general business depression throughout the United States," the report states. "The year 1925, however, showed a decided increase over the previous year and almost equal to that of the banner year of 1923. A continued increase was predicted for the next few years due to increased interest and development in the clay and stone industries. This is especially true of clays of the slate belt for brick and tile purposes; of granites and rhyolites of Orange and Moore Counties for building and road work; of marble development in Cherokee County for tombstones and building stone and floor tile."

The report, the first comprehensive one of its nature issued in several years, stated that gold showed a decided increase over previous years, due to the developments of the Rich Cog Mine in Montgomery County.

North Carolina leads all other States in the production of feldspar and has produced from 30 to 50 per cent, of the total for several years the report states, while for the first time North Carolina is surpassed in the production of mica.

"DAD."

He may wear last year's hat, his vest may hang a little loose, his nails may need manicuring, his pants may bag at the knees, and he may even need a shave, but don't call him the "old man." He's your father.

For years he has been rushing around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though you plaster your hair back, smoke cigarettes and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love of the greatest woman yet—your mother.

He is some man, not the old man. If you win as good a wife as he did, and if you do as well by your boy as he did, you'll have to go some, boy.—The Florida Banker.

LANE SCOTT'S OPPORTUNITY.

By G. R. Wetherell.

Lane Scott was a very young man to hold the position of assistant cashier in an institution as large as the First National Bank of Worthington, but his ability more than satisfied the austere officials. They called him a genius, this home boy who had entered the bank and worked his way up to a position of responsibility in the short space of two years.

Lane did not like to be called a genius, for he was positive that he was no different from other young men with whom he was acquainted. He realized that his swift rise in the institution was a little out of the ordinary; however, he set it aside as due to chance; he had had the luck to suggest several time-saving plans to increase the efficiency in the handling of the bank's affairs. Anybody could have done the same, he persisted.

"We disagree with you," spoke Mr. J. Hight Moore, president of the bank. "Anyhow, we are fortunate in having you sit with us in the directors' meetings. We need young blood in here."

But Lane was always vaguely uncomfortable during the sessions. The long room and its occupants gave the impression of deep gravity, a quality that Lane's open, smiling face did not possess. When he was called upon to voice an opinion was the only time he was really at ease; for a few moments he could forget himself in his earnest desire to convince his elders.

During one of the monthly sessions Lane held the floor and his voice was vibrant with enthusiasm. Gone was his embarrassment, lost in the excitement of the moment.

"You are all aware of my interest in the boys of this community, an interest which I have not allowed to interfere with my duties here in the bank. But it is possible that you haven't heard that we—the group of boys and myself—have planned to purchase a plot of land and build a boys' camp." He hesitated a little. "At last we have found the place we want, a farm two miles outside the city limits—and it can be purchased for cash."

Mr. Moore cleared his throat. "Where are you going to get the money?" There was a twinkle in his eyes.

A boyish smile broke over Lane's face. "Why, we thought this bank would be glad of a chance to furnish the money."

"And if we should refuse?" smiled one of the directors.

"In that case," replied Lane calmly, "the bank will lose the confidence of a hundred boys who in the near future shall be the big business men of Worthington!"

Mr. Moore was thoughtful. "If you put it that way, of course, we can't refuse to finance the venture." He asked shrewdly, "You think, then it pays to solicit the friendship of the coming generation?"

"Pays as nothing else will pay!" returned Lane.

"And the boys' manner of repaying the loan," inquired a director; "will they raise it by subscriptions?"

"No!" Lane's voice was emphatic "By the sweat from their own brows. It might interest you to know that the boys have already earned two thousand dollars toward the purchase of the site we want for the camp."

"Good!" applauded Mr. Moore. He glanced at his fellow-directors and they nodded. "Lane, you may convey to the boys the promise of our support."

"I'll act as their mouthpiece," said Lane, "and thank you here and now."

A little later Lane let himself out into the street where a small group of boys awaited him. His mantle of responsibility had dropped from his shoulders and he met them as one of themselves.

"Fellows, the world is ours!"

The boys fired questions at him and he tried to answer as many of them as he could.

"Now gather the others up and meet me out at the edge of town," he bade them. "We'll hike out and look the place over. While we're there we'll clinch the bargain."

As the happy group sprang away two young men near Lane's age hailed the young assistant cashier.

"Come on, Lane, we are going over to Arston to see a good game—the Tigers are playing the home team."

"Sorry," murmured Lane; "but I'm taking the boys out to see their new camp site."

"Oh, forget that rot and come on!" urged Howard Sands. "What do you want to bother with those kids for?"

"Hobby of mine" smiled Lane, lifting his hand. "So long."

Lane smiled to himself as he walked along, and there was an expression around his mouth that reminded you of fine steel. Some one was always asking him "what he wanted to bother with those kids for." Not that he cared greatly, but he couldn't understand why a community usually refused to grasp the importance of its boy-members.

Some day, somehow, his group of boys would prove to the community their true worth, their courage.

"They are even overlooked by their fathers," he told himself. "Old fossils with near-sighted eyes!"

Lane and his hundred companions inspected the thirty-acre plot amid yells of the healthy youths. The boys were never slow in showing their admiration for Lane, but the greatest conpliment they could have paid him was in the manner they treated him as a comrade. This day was a day of special import for them, a day they would never forget.

Later on they made their way home through the deepening twilight, weary but jubilant.

"My vacation starts tomorrow" Lane told them. "So I'll be out here bright and early to supervise the unloading of the lumber. We want to get the buildings up as soon as possible."

"Yes!" came in a chorus. "The sooner we get them up the better for us!"

Lane smiled. "That's what I thought. If any of you wish to come along in the morning—"

"Yes!" came lustily from a hundred different throats.

"That settles it then, I guess," smiled Lane. "Meet me here at the same place about six o'clock—for tomorrow we start to build a little city of our own!"

A hundred voices split the air, again and again. Then a harsh voice reached them:

"Hey, you young hoodlums, d'y'u think this is a merry-do-round? For two cents I'd give y'u a dose o' lead!"

Lane led the boys quietly away, but his nails bit into the palms of his hands.

"All right, fellows," he said evenly, "to-morrow is the first day."

The boys were there the next day and they worked havoc with the plot of ground. Lane appointed one group to help the carpenters, while another group widened and cleaned out the creek. They worked thus for two weeks, and in the end the final effect was something to make their eyes shine. Lane's shone with the light of a good job done!

On Monday morning he resumed his duties in the bank, and along toward noon Mr. Moore summoned him to the office of the president. Lane met two pompus gentlemen there. They were officials of a large New York trust company, and they had come to Worthington to hire Lane away from the little bank.

"We need young blood!" boomed Mr. Rayne, one of the strangers. "We have heard of you, Scott, and we want you with us. I may as well tell you we won't accept your refusal!"

Lane was quiet but for the slight unsteadiness of his hands. He looked off, but his eyes did not see anything. "The salary?" he said softly, at length.

"Ten thousand a year to start. If we like you (and I know we shall) it will automatically jump to fifteen."

Lane closed his eyes for a moment as if he were weary.

"And you want to know my answer—"

"Now!" Mr. Rayne's big voice boomed. "At once! It is your opportunity."

Here Mr. Moore interposed. "Take it, Lane," he said kindly. "That is more than we are able to offer you, and I wouldn't want you to miss this opportunity."

"I have made my decision now," Lane said quietly.

Mr. Rayne leaned forward. "And it is—?"

"No." Lane's eyes met the other's squarely.

"That is final?"

"Final," replied Lane.

Mr. Rayne smiled in a friendly way. "May I ask why you refused? You certainly had a reason."

"Yes," Lane told him; "I had a reason." He pointed out the window to the group of boys passing by. "I've got a hobby here in Worthington."

"Boys?" offered Mr. Rayne.

"'Hoodlums' I heard a man call them the other night."

"I see," said the man.

After the strangers were gone Mr.

Moore turned to Lane with an expression of disapproval in his face.

"Of course, I am glad you are staying, Lane, but don't you think you are a little strong on this boy question? You know, you're not much more than a boy yourself."

Lane shook his head. "It would be plain desertion to leave them at this time, when they are counting upon me so much. My opportunity, I think, is here at home!"

"No." The official disagreed. "You lost your opportunity."

"Time will tell, sir."

Lane went out to the boys' camp that evening and a delegation of boys met him there. Little Oakley Dean, son of the town's shoe cobbler, acted as spokesman.

"Lane, sir, we heard about your chance to go to New York, and all the boys want me to thank you for staying here."

"How news does travel," exclaimed Lane in surprise and then, "Yes, boys, I'm staying; you couldn't drive me away with an army."

As he read the pleasure in the boys' faces he half wished—"I wish—I wish—sometime—oh, rot!"

That night Lane was awakened by the screaming of the fire siren, and he dressed hastily, joining the rush of the citizens toward the shoe factory, where a great light illuminated the sky. The firemen were already on the job, but the building was a blazing ruin, and it might spread to the other buildings along the square.

Bob Pike, Worthington's lone policeman, shouted into Lane's ear:

"Those people will have to be kept back or somebody will be killed!"

An instant later Lane threw a cordon of boys around the square, and the boys perfomed their task in a business-like way. Along the line there were those who refused to obey the boys' commands to fall back, but Lane quelled them with blazing eyes. Thus for one night the boys performed in glory! At last they had come into their own!

Roy Day, one of the boys, came to Lane with a scared face. "Oakley Dean went into Krist's store and he hasn't come out. There was a little Airedale pup looking out the window upstairs and he went in after it!"

Stratled, Lane whirled to see smoke pouring out of the building mentioned.

"You boys keep out of danger!" he commanded, starting on a run for the store room. It was dense with smoke, but he knew the stairs were in the rear room, and at length he found them. It was not so dark above stairs, for the fire had commenced to eat it away. The flames licked at him as he searched for the missing boy, and the smoke choked him painfully. But he went on.

He found the motionless form over by the window and the boy's arms still clutched the whining pup. Lane gathered them up in his arms and staggered back toward the stairs. He forced his will to drive him on, but his lungs were on fire. He never expected to get out of the place, never knew when he dropped with his burdens on the threshold of the outer door and his boys ran up to carry him to safety.

Early the next morning he discov-

ered that he was lying on a bed in the home of Mr. Moore. At length his benefactor came in to him.

"I had you brought here, Lane, where you could receive proper attention. A rooming-house was no place for you."

Lane thanked him, conscious of the fire still in his lungs.

"Why didn't I know that your lungs were bad?" demanded Mr. Moore.

"They haven't bothered me for several years," replied Lane. "I thought they were all right."

A sound like a snort came from the older man.

"Well, the physician says you can never stand to be confined in a bank again."

"Yes," murmured Lane, and he did not greatly care.

"So you must leave our employ."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Lane, I'm getting interesting in this boy business—only this morning I was wonderiug about starting a training camp for boys here in Worthington."

Lane's hands clenched beneath the cover. How had the man ever read his thoughts?

"And, of course," Mr. Moore continued, "you would be the director—that is, unless you are ready to turn down another good opportunity."

"No!" cried Lane, suddenly coming to life. "This is the opportunity I've been waiting for!" And because he was only a big boy himself he turned away to hide his emotion.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.
—Isaac Barrow.

PUBLIC EDUCATION AND TUBERCULOSIS.

Tuberculosis is one of the best understood and most intelligently combatted diseases by which mankind is cursed. Popular educational compaigns, in which the newspapers of the country have played a leading part, are responsible for the general knowledge the public has of tuberculosis today.

The success of the anti-tuberculosis campaign has in spired practically all of the interest now taken in various lines of health education other than tuberculosis.

But in spite of all the educational effort the majority of tuberculosis patients still come to physicians and are sent by them to sanatoriums for treatment in advanced and incurable stages of the disease. The means have been provided and the way pointed out to the cure and prevention of tuberculosis. If the best results from the modren agencies provided for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis are to be realized the public at large must be induced to accept these facilities early and follow them faithfully to the cure of the disease.

FIFTY YEARS OF BOYS.

A gentleman was walking along Avenue A, in New York City, on a chilly afternoon in the spring of 1876, when, at the corner of St. Mark's Place, he narrowly escaped being hit by a rock hurled at a window by a young hoodlum. The incident and what followed is told in the New York Times. Instead of first getting angry and then forgetting all about it, the gentleman, the late E. H. Harriman, began to wonder about the reason for the throwing of the stone.

This happened in a part of New York where many poor people and also many rough and dangerous people live. But Mr. Harriman knew that there was something back of the throwing of that stone beside viciousness. He knew that the boy who threw it and the "gang" to which he belonged were just like all other boys, they must have a place to shout and run and throw things. There was no other place for them to do this than the street and often they got into trouble without really meaning to.

After he had thought about these things Mr. Harriman did not stop there. He hired two basement rooms in the same building, one of whose window panes had been smashed by the young rowdy, and he persuaded three boys to join his club. When he had convinced them that they could have more fun wrestling in a scientific manner, playing ball with real baseball equipment, becoming expert at checkers, chess and other games, than they could in breaking up other people's property and always having to run away from the police, these three charter members brought their "gangs" into the club.

That was the beginning. The Boys' Club of New York has grown steadily. In 1901 a new building was erected at the corner of Tenth Street and Avenue A. Ten years later the building was more than doubled in size. Still it grew until a new branch, now being built, became necessary. The club has developed good citizens and given boys, who otherwise would have had no place but the street in which to play, an opportunity to learn to swim, play basketball, to take part in all sorts of athletic contests, to have summer vacations in a camp at Jamesport, Long Island, and to develop their talents in music, art and drama,

For anyone that is interested in figures, a list running up to over 140,000 might be shown of boys won from "the street." During the fifty years the club has been in continuous operation thousands of boys have been examined and treated in the Club Medical Clinic, other thousands in the Dental Clinic. Many former members are still interested in the club and contribute to its support. There are three camps for summer-vacations. Within the club there are seventy-six group clubs, each with its volunteer leader, most of them recent college graduates.

The club's educational fund has made college possible for many boys who have been inspired, through friendship with club leaders, to go to Yale, Harvard, Princeton and other universities. When a boy with

promise is willing to earn his way, the club lends him funds for his tuition, and helps him along. When he finishes college, and as he is able, he pays the money back, and it is used, in turn for another boy. One of the summer camps enables boys to have an out-of-door vacation while earning the money necessary for them to continue in school during the winter months. The employment department obtains jobs for boys and follows them up, helping them in every possible way to be successful in business.

The work, as planned by Mr. Harriman fifty years ago, is carried on by Charles H. Sabin as president, with a number of other officers who are friends of the boys of New York City.

CORRESPONDING SIDES.

(Young Folks.)

Who of us does not like to stand by the railroad and see the great freight trains go by? They are often dirty and broken, and still they have ability to inspire us. I like to read what is written on the outside of these cars. There you often find the length the height and the width; and often the capacity of the car in gallons or tons, and sometimes too what is in the car. That is a good thing. Even though it is runnning at rapid speed one can read what it is carrying, or what it can carry. In other words, the outside of the car corresponds to what is within the car.

Would it not be fine if we could thus harmonize our outer and our inner lives? Here is a person six feet tall, erect, broadshouldered, every inch a man from the physical viewpoint. He is able to do a certain share of the work of the community, but he is not doing it. He is abler to bear burdens than that person over yonder who is bending his back beneath tasks that seem quite out of proportion to his strength. The Lord has written over this first man the language of his carrying capacity, but he is all the time going about with his hands empty. He is taking life easy, saying that the world owes him a living.

And then there are other ways in which we are not outwardly what we are inwardly. Sometimes we observe persons out in business and social relationships and find them to be courteous and kind and forgiving. We therefore assume that these always mark their height and length and depth. But then we have occasion to study them back in the home, and we are compelled to learn that there is another side to them, and that the two sides do not correspond. Evidently they could be courteous and kind and forgiving all the time if they were minded to. How disappointed we are to see what is written on the outside for the public to read, and then discover that it is out of harmony with all-the-day carrying capacity of the individual. It is a good goal to be what we seem to be.

THE DOOR BELL SPEAKS.

By Glenn Frank.

Yesterday I reread these lines from Tennyson:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Tonight while laboring through a learned tome of criticism on our industrial civilization, I came upon a distinguished scholar holding a door-bell in his hand and reading the whole story of our machine age in it.

It was R. Austin Freeman, in his Social Decay and Regeneration, telling the story of the gradual elimination of the human factor from modern life by the advance of mechanical appliances.

He paints a picture of a primitive house, the door of which has no special arrangement for announcing the arrival of a guest. When the guest arrives, he must make his presence known as best he can; he will probably rap on the door; he may rap with his knuckles or with some object he happens to be carrying.

The interesting fact to note in this connection is that the sound he makes when he raps will probably give some hint of his personality.

The pilgrim raps with his staff.
The shepherd raps with his crook.
The horseman raps with his whip.
The smith raps with his hammer,
The knight raps with his mailed fist.

The soft knock of a baby's chubby hand, the delicate rap of a woman's knuckles could be distinguished from the sturdier knock of a man and the neighbors who were in the habit of droping in for a chat would probably have individual knocks that could be recognized.

The means and sounds by which a guest announced his arrival were varied; a little later a very simple appliance was attached; it was the tirling-pin suspended by a single cord; the old variety of sounds gave way to a similar sound for all guests; but still the length of the cord made possible some difference and individuality in the sounds various guests made.

A little later the knocker was installed. That could be moved only a certain distance and in a certain direction. The personal element in the raps of the guests was further reduced; it was still possible, however, for the personality of the guest to register in the way he manipulated the knocker; the housewife could always tell the sharp vigor of the postman's knock.

Then came the pull-bell; the only way the guest could give any hint of himself was by the force or repetition of his ringing; and, finally, the electric bell made it impossible the electric bell made it impossible for the guest to control the sound except in its duration; the human quality of knocking on a neighbor's door was completely gone; the mechanical device had won the day.

DO YOU?

(Girl's Weekly.)

Do you say "Nope" and "Yep" and "Uh-huh" and then wonder why you don't speak better English?

Do you criticize and make fun of those around you and then wonder why your are not popular?

Do you say cross things to mother and then wonder why she doesn't want to make you a new dress?

Do you say: "Oh, don't bother me with that now," and then wonder why your younger sister is not chummy with you?

Do you neglect to mend and press your clothes and then wonder why you don't look as nice as other girls? Do you brag and put on airs and feel superior to those around you and then wonder why your classmates let you alone?

Do you carelessly leave your clothes and books and other belongings lying around and then wonder why you feel ashamed when you unexpectedly take a friend to your room?

Do you say mean and spiteful things and then wonder how you got the nickname of catty?

Do you hate to study and apply yourself and then wonder why you don't get better marks at school?

Do you refuse to sew carefully and patiently and then wonder why you can't make pretty things like other girls?

Do you lose your gloves, your pencils, your pins and then wonder why you never have them when you need them?

Do you envy another's money, or automobile, are you jealous of some one else's home, or another's popularity, and then wonder why you are discontented and unhappy?

Are you always tired and lazy and then wonder why you never get anything done?

Are you "blue" and pessimistic and then wonder why you cannot laugh as you used to?

Do you divulge another's secret and then wonder why they no longer confide in you?

There's a reason for everything!

Stop wondering and eliminate the reason!

LOOKING AHEAD.

(Young Folks.)

The other day there was a serious accident on the highway. Investigation of the cause brought forth the confession on the part of one driver that he was not looking ahead and thus failed to see the approaching car. He assumed all the blame, but that did not restore the broken cars or lessen the suffering of the persons hurt in the crash. There was no particular reason why he should not have been looking ahead. It was sheer carelessness, just a momentary neglect of his duty as a driver.

Many of the fateful happenings

in life are caused for us because we did not look ahead. It is so easy to be absorbed in the pleasure of the moment and be unprepared for avoidable dangers. We run heedless into temptations that we might have missed had we looked ahead. We go, careless of warning signs, and blunder into things that hurt us morally and spiritually. Our eyes are set in our heads so that we can look ahead; failure to do so is our fault, often a costly fault.

We heard of another driver who missed the road leading through most delightful scenery because he was not looking ahead to see the marked corner where he should turn, and he dashed past the very road he intended to take without seeing it. He lost the best part of his contemplated trip by failing to be looking ahead. The explanation was that he was so absorbed in something near him that he did not look ahead at the right time, and so missed the plainly marked turn in the road.

Probably we miss a good many good things that are waiting for us to use and enjoy all along the path of the years because we fail to look ahead for the turn in the road. We are thrilled with the splendid time we are having and, all absorbed in the joys of the moment, dash gleefully on, missing the opportunity for far better things to be enjoyed. Looking ahead serves a double purpose; it shows us dangers to be avoided and opportunities to be entered.

SOME PLACE FOR YOU.

There is a place for you to fill,
  Some work for you to do,
That no one can or ever will
  Do quite so well as you.
It may be close along your way,
    Some little homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
  To blossom into beauty

Or it may be that daily tasks,
  Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater work that asks
  For you, and you alone.
Be brave, whatever it may be,
  The little or the great,
To meet, and do it perfectly,
  And you have conquered fate.

—Selected.

A WHILE AGO.

Not so long ago men were hung for stealing food for their starving families; and for comparatively minor offenses, men were branded, mutilated and abused in the most brutal manner.

Not so long ago the insane were treated like wild beasts, chained, caged, beaten and starved. Sane, able-bodied men were imprisoned for debt and thus prohibited from doing the useful work whereby they might free themselves from obligation and resume their places in society as free men.

Not so long ago men and women were burned at the stake or hung because they were suspected of having evil eye and of being in league with the devil. Women were classed with idiots and the criminals as having no political rights. Learned gentlemen in solemn convention assembled used to debate the question of whether women had souls. The vote was usually negative.

Not so long ago wives had no rights. They were owned by their husbands, as was everything they possessed. The law sanctioned this state of affairs. A mother's child did not belong to her but could be taken away by the father leaving her with no redress.

Not so long ago it was the almost universal belief that God sent sickness and misfortune to human beings in order to keep people chastened and in fear. People believed that God took their dear ones away as punishment for sins committed. Diseases now controlled or eliminated were regarded as the will of God.

Not so long ago! And yet, people today hark back to the good old days and wish we could return to them.

THE DIFFERENCE.

(Exchange.)

"Paul is a good student; earnest, careful to get to the bottom of things, storing up a fund of useful knowledge that he will be able to lay his hands upon for use when he needs it.

"Harold could be the same I am not sure that he really is not the brighter of the two. But he is what I always call a butterfly student. He sips at this and that, never digging very deep into anything. He goes gayly along from lesson to lesson, from class to class. He recites fairly well, but his examinations tell the tale of superficial preparations, of lessons that have 'gone in one ear and out the other,' of a jumble of half-learned things, and all absolutely useless to him."

The teacher paused, then added quietly: "It is only another illustration of the old truth, that it is not ability alone that puts a man or a boy forward. It is his own use of the ability that makes it count or not."

HOOVER AND THE SOUTH.

(Roanoke Times.)

When Secretary Hoover recently made the statement publicly that "industrially, the South is a section of the world where the largest development must take place in the next twenty-five years," he was not indulging in idle talk for the purpose of pleasing the Southern people. Hoover knew what he was talking about—and he is a man who talks only about what he knows.

Recalling a statement of the late Henry M. Flagler who, shortly before his death, predicted that "the next quarter of a century of material advancement belongs to the South," The Manufacturers Record declares that this prediction is now being fulfilled "almost beyond the dreams of the past." adding:"

"Hydro-electric enterprises by the dozen, involving expenditures for individual plants from a few million dollars up to one which will require an investment of over $50,000,000; great cement plans costing from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000; enormous hotels and office buildings; railroad bridges; highway bridges, bank buildings, harbor improvements, all combine to make such a showing for construction work in the South as has never before been made in this section, and possibly never before made in any section of the United States."

All this can mean only one thing—prosperity. Not an ephemeral or temporary touch of prosperity, but material welfare of a substantial and lasting nature. Capital finds in the South today opportunities and advantages unequalled elsewhere. It is responding in a way and on a scale that justifies Mr. Hoover's prediction. That prophecy is worth repeating, because it must not be lost sight of:

"Industrially, the South is a section of the world where the largest developments must take place in the next twenty-five years."

SPECIAL EXCURSION
TO
WASHINGTON, D. C.
VIA
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FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 2, 1927.

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Excursion tickets on sale Friday Sept. 2, final limit good to reach original starting point prior to midnight Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1927.

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ARCADIA.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

If Arcadia in all its fabled perfection exists anywhere on earth, it is in this village with its restful, quiet, beautiful surroundings and elegant simplicity of living.

In this little county seat of 300 souls, 1,100 feet up in the foothills of the Blue Ridge and fifteen miles from the railroad, is one community in America which, though enjoying all the blessings and progress and prosperity, has entirely escaped the curse of materialism.

Nowhere does money mean as little as in Madison, and nowhere is living cheaper. Our people have no greed for money, nor any worship of money. Nobody is tremendously rich, nobody is poverty-stricken. A five-room house rents for fifteen dollars a month. A family of four gets its board, three square meals a day, for sixty-five dollars a month. We judge a man not by what he has but by what he is.

The place has "atmosphere," the soft and mellowed atmosphere that is created by old homes and buildings, by legend and tradition and by possessions eloquent of olden days and customs.

In the center of the town is the ancient Square, covered with velvet-like sod whose expanse is broken only by the iron railing surrounding the lofty statue of a Confederate soldier. Overlooking the Square i the brick court house which Stanford White, riding horseback through the village in the days when automobiles were not, characterized as "from an architectural standpoint the finest public building in Virginia."

In front of the court house yard is a brick walk a hundred years old, the bricks now a little "lumpy" from the settling of the soil beneath its century-long burden. Inside the yard, bisected by two other brick walks also a hundred years old, are spreading immemorial trees, beneath which the men from all parts of the country congregate on court days.

In the valley of the White Oak Run, just behind our town, stands the famous Lutheran Church built in 1745 by the Bavarians who, having been brought to America by Governor Spotswood, finally made their homes here, homes and farms that are today occupied by their descendants.

In the church is the pewter communion service presented to the congregation before the Revoultionary War by the Virginia Society of London, English merchants who traded with the colonists. The organ, tradition tells, was given to the struggling little church by the then king of Sweden, and, after being landed from the ship in Philadelphia harbor, was hauled by ox cart over the long miles to the picturesque valley. It has two hundred pipes, "a hundred metal and a hundred wooden," and its tone now is wondrous sweet, made sweeter by the softening touch of time.

We are a quiet town. There are times when you may stand in the middle of our one long street—a mile in length—and, looking both

north and south, see neither a vehicle in motion nor a person. We have no real estate booms, nor any go-getter salesmen profaning our peace. We despise ostentation, and affectation clashes with the general tone like a file on iron.

The one-story brick jail, standing off from the northeast corner of the Square, is empty. Its occupants, when there are any, are usually from the higher mountains back of us, gentlemen who have undertaken to deal in the beverage forbidden of the law and whose stay behind the bars is lightened by visits of their women folk who stand on the ground outside and converse with them through the iron-grilled windows on Saturday afternoons.

It is hard to think of crime in our town. No white man has been hanged in this county since 1852, and on the day of that execution "the whole sky turned dark," since when we have given the sun no such reason to hide his face in shame.

Our entire county bar consists of two lawyers, one of whom is the prosecuting attorney. Once every two months the State District Judge comes over from Charlottesville to hold court, and there are days when he clears the docket inside of an hour. Our "lawing" is made up chiefly of friendly suits to settle estates.

We have on our street, besides the court house, six stores, the bank, post office, two hotels, our one physician's office, the drug store, the office of the weekly newspaper, and the movie theater which which shows pictures every Saturday night and, in summer, every Tuesday night. The street is concrete paved, has fine cement walks and is festooned with electric lights whose power plant is on the river two miles away.

Between five and six o'clock in the afternoons the girls promenade from one end of the street to the other. The young men sit in front of the stores and look at them as they go by, and the older fellows congregate under the trees in the court house yard and play chess and checkers.

As is the case with all charming places, Madison's chief charm is in its people. We perhaps have our share of gossip, for in every village everybody knows everybody else's affairs, but we have also an unfailing tolerance.

Once upon a time out in the county there occurred a scandal which, if it had happened anywhere else, would have been trumpted to the world. Our weekly paper never published a word of it.

We have made neighborliness an art and a religion. We have no cliques or sets. There is not a foreigner in the village, and only one in the county. If a family falls sick, the neighbors nurse them. If temporarily an individual comes upon hard times and lacks the necessities if life—something that seldom occurs in Madison—we take turns in sending in his meals, or having his fire wood hauled, or satisfying his other wants.

When there is a wedding, everybody goes to it. When a man dies, everybody attends his funeral, and his friends and neighbors take turns at the shovels in filling the earth into his last resting place.

We are the center of a rich agricultural section, with a scattering of industrial plants. Every family in town and county owns its automobile. The vaults of the bank are bulging with the people's savings. We do a big dairying business.

But, as has been said, we judge others, and in turn are similarly judged, not by what they have but by what sort of citizens they are—a rare measuring rod in these days. That is what gives our town its compelling fascination, its humanness, its good fellowship, its reverence for the clean and noble things of life, its Arcadian simplicity and sincerity.

Nobody who has lived here ever loses his love for the place. Those of its sons and daughters who go out into the world in search of fortune and position come back to it every summer whenever it is possible. They, more than those who live here always, know it for Arcadia.

OUR DAYS.

What are we here for you and I?
As the long and wonderful days go by?
Each one stretching to us a hand
Filled with privilege high and grand;
Born of a meaning our lives must be,
God has His purpose in you and me.

We are here to sing of hope and cheer,
When the skies are dark and the way seems drear;
We are here to be faithful and strong and true
To the work that lies to our hands to do;
To make for all that is noble and good,
And be true to the bonds of our brotherhood.

This are we here for, you and I,
As the long and wonderful days go by;
Welcome them gladly, for each one brings
The duty and beauty of common things;
And, as they unfold, shall unfolded be
God's own purpose in you and me.

—L. M. Montgomery.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Russell Bowden, Charles Morrow and "Oneye" McConnell, former boys of this institution, were visitors here last week.

The shoe-shop boys have been working "outside' lately. They are now back on their old job, repairing shoes.

Supt. Boger and family have reutrned from a few days' visit to Myrtle Beach, S. C.

William Howie, a member of the printing "gang," has been given a position on a Linotype recently. We all wish him good luck.

Frank Hill, Roy Adams and Herman Hemrick, members of the eleventh, second and thirteenth cottages in order named, have been paroled.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. T. F. Higgins was scheduled to have charge of the services, but for some reason he failed to come. We sang three or four songs and then returned to the cottages.

A new school room was opened last week. Mrs. J. H. Hobby, former matron of the eleventh cottage, is in charge. This will help the other teachers, as their rooms are not so crowded as before.

Mr. Cline, instructor at Overbrook High School in Philadelphia, paid the School a visit last Monday morning. He was shown around by Mr. Boger, and he seemed to like "our" place.

The lawns about the campus have been mowed lately. This improves their looks wonderfully.

Mr. Poole, Mr. Sappenfield and a number of small boys have been gathering beans lately. These are about the last we will have this season, but they have canned a lot for winter use.

Dillworth Memorial Sunday School team was the School's opponent last Saturday afternoon. Lisk, pitching for the School, pitched a fine game, allowing only eight hits and three runs to be made. The School boys did some fine playing. Maxwell and Alexander "socked the old pill" for a three-bagger each. The School boys won by a score of 5-3.

"God's Promise to David," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. David lived in a house of cedars, while the Ark of God stayed in a tent. David was ready to build a place for the Ark, but Nathan, the prophet, said: "No." God told him that He was the one who brought the children of Israel out of Egypt, and that the same God would provide a place for the Ark. The golden text for this lesson was: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom."—Hebrew 1:8.

TROUBLE UP AT MURPHY'S.

There's trouble up at Murphy's house—folks
say so anyhow.
And is it true Murphy and wife don't live
together now.
Has someone come between these folks that
they should drift apart?
Oh, no, they're still like newlyweds—there's
not a broken heart.

It's this way: Every Monday noon the
Dining Club must meet—
They hold a banquet and discuss their
business while they eat.
Then Monday night, directors of the bank,
where he holds stock,
Have business lunch at six oclock—Murphy
must give his talk.

On Tuesday noon the Spinning Club and
Tuesday night, the Goose,
The every night throughout the week some
lodge's goat runs loose.
The Elephants and Zebras, the Camels and
the Sheep,
The Mules, the Monkeys and the Goats, rob
Murphy of his sleep.

Then Wednesday noon the Civic Club puts
forth some marvelous plan
Toward building up the city for the better-
ment of man.
And Friday, elders of the church, where
drowsy Murphy prays,
Meet in the basement to discuss the building
fund they'll raise.

Then Saturday the Board of Trade from
Murphy takes a noon,
And by this time we'd think the man had
fallen in a swoon.
No, Murphys haven't parted, friend—he
seldom sees his wife—
He's like a million other men a slave to
business life.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 3, 1927. No. 33

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BE BUSY.

If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

—Rebecca Foresman

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The Uplift

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AT THE ROOT OF THINGS.

Nobody is fit to bear rule among his fellows—as Solomon clearly saw—who is not dominated by a keen sense of justice. From king to constable, from president to policman, from the justice of the supreme court to the justice of the peace, the first and fundamental qualification is devotion to what is right. Rottenness begins its gangernous growth in the life of the public when office-holders put other considerations ahead of justice. Political corruption is so dreadful a thing because it pollutes the pure and fearless administration of justice. Perverting "pull" becomes paramount wherever politics prevail. And this is the pivot of public peril.—W. T. Ellis.

REMINISCENT

The reading of the article in this number by Captain S. A. Ashe, the venerable scholar of Raleigh and former newspaper man, put us to wandering among events of yesteryears.

Back in August, 1890, seeing what a Superior Court had to do with a small boy derelict, the idea of a Reformatory for youthful offenders was suggested and advocated in a local paper. It met the approval of many, but quite a number thought the state was not ready for such an institution. The idea, however, grew.

During the summer in which Daniel G. Fowle was the democratic nominee for governor, he was an honored guest of the Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City. The United States Revenue Cutter, the Colfax, came into Bogue Sound. A complimentary sail was tendered Mr. Fowle, who in turn was requested to invite whomsoever he chose. We were honored. Rev. J. D. Newton, now of Thomasville but then pastor of the Baptist congregation of Concord, was with us; and when the Cutter reached deep water and the Davis Military School Band struck up Dixie, we had our hands full in keeping

Newton from jumping overboard; he confessed afterwards that had Mr. Fowle commanded him to jump, it would have required more than the County Superintendent of the Cabarrus county schools to keep him aboard.

On that sail Gov. Fowle gave us his promise that he, favoring the idea of a Reformatory, would recommend the establishment of such an institution in his message to the legislature. He kept his promise, as the record shows.

But the state had to be educated up to the idea. This did not materialize until 1907, the charter for the Stonewall Jackson Training School being granted at that session. The charter named several board members, leaving the appointment of the other members to the governor. On September 3, 1907, this Board met in the Senate chamber of the state capitol and effected an organization. Gov. Glenn came in and, making a few suggestions, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, do the best you can with this new idea; you have only ten thousand dollars, payable in two years." That was a problem.

Hoping to hurry along the proposition an engagement for a conference was made by a trustee with a North Carolinian, then residing in New York. This trustee sat in the gentlemen's outer office for more than two hours past the stated time hour of engagement and after sending in his card.

Finally the North Carolina-New Yorker emerged from his private office locked arms with a distinguished Southern Negro. He bade the Negro a goodbye in a most deferential manner; and invited the trustee to walk in. The cause of increasing the building fund of the Jackson Training School then in all but helpless infancy was presented in all its details and distress. He finally said: "On either one of two conditions I can raise for you within twenty-four hours $200,000—you must agree to admit colored boys along with the white; or permit me to name a majority of your board of trustees. Think over this until morning and report; I must be going now, for I have a standing engagement with a high priced dentist."

The trustee at once pictured Mrs. General Jackson, Dr. Hubert Royster, Mrs. I. W. Faison, J. W. Tucker, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Miss Easdales Shaw, Ceasar Cone and other members of the board presiding over the destiny of an innovation in the educational life of North Carolina wherein white and colored boys were in close association and on social terms! Not yet!

That trustee took the first train for home—his mission was concluded. He made no report to his North Carolina-New Yorker friend until several weeks afterwards in reply to a letter, asking why he did not call again. That reply simply said: "Your suggestion was an utter impossibility—we are

not ready to surrnder a pride vouchsafed to us by the Creator, we firmly believe, not for $200,000.

It is curious what notions get into the heads of some of our brilliant contributions to human agencies coming under anti-Southern influences and environment. The Jackson Training School did not get the $200,000 from New York—it has gotten it, however, from some great hearts in our midst.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CRITICS EVERYWHERE

Failing to find anything else to occupy their precious time, critics have commented over the fact that Gov. McLean spent his two months vacation out in the western wilds. They have pointed out that we have mountain scenery, sea coasts, bathing spots, lots of wood to chop, fastness in the mountains galore, Lake Lure, and hundreds of other very attractive places in North Carolina sufficient to satisfy even a governor.

They have failed, however, to suggest that the Wage Commission should take up the case and dock the governor's salary for the time he has been absent from the state. This oversight is very kind of the critic boys.

It was rest the governor wanted and needed; and if there be a philospher in our bounds that can work out a system of rest in the state for the governor when every little politician has access to him, then it will not be hard to keep the governor now and hereafter within the state when he seeks a needed rest.

Officials, having in their hands important affairs of the state, state departments and state institutions, would accomplish more in getting a real rest by taking a definite period, leaving care at home in capable hands than by taking sorry little trips here and there.

But The Uplift has never brought itself to that state of mind to believe it exactly just to put a fellow in an ice box and then proceed to cuss him because he refuses to sweat. But these things occur.

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HOPED-FOR REALIZATION.

"Before I was married, I was a teacher for a number of years. Since I have become a mother, my constant hope is that in my teaching I led pupils to aspire to a better life, to the formation of good character and to lead a life of unselfish service—I don't believe my credits in the next world will be based on how much arithmetic I taught my pupils or how much English I inspired my pupils to acquire."—Thus spoke a Charlotte lady in a meeting having its purpose to follow the teachings of the lowly Nazarine.

If this aspiration obsessed the lady when she was engaged in teaching the

young when she was engaged as a public school teacher, we may believe that her pupils today have taken a high place in the affairs of life. The finest lessons in good living are imparted in the school room where the pupils respect the teacher, have confidence in her and see her godly life lived before them. That's where impressionable lessons have their most lasting influence.

If all this be true, it is a crime to employ a teacher lacking in the high ideals that lead to splendid manhood and womanhood. Frivolous notions; abject slavery to fashions; card-playing for prizes; and a mania for dancing, are qualities of mind and soul that the mechanical selection of teachers via the "certification route" never reveal. This system has put school finances in a dilemma, and made the costs of public education unreasonably high for the results being had.

Some of the finest teachers the state ever had, fine by the spirit of birth and heart, are debarred by this mechanical refuge that has been foisted upon the system. Just because a person graduates at the best college in the state does not carry with the accomplishment the assurance of a qualified teacher, but being a graduate of one of these institutions immediately places the subject on the pay-roll, with no further questions asked.

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CORDIALITY.

Former Governor and Mrs. Morrison have completed their palatial home out six miles from the court house in Charlotte. Those who have seen it are delighted with the aesthetic setting and the great beauty of the developed idea which these great people have worked out.

But the thing that is just as impressive and needs to be imitated in the various sections of our state—the cordiality between so-called town people and ruralists. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison have shown the way. They had an opening of the grounds in the form of a picnic, at which thousands attended. Of course some attended through curiosity to see, but the great majority of the throng attended because they appreciated the fine people that have come among them, and we are sure that the public's joy in the gathering could not have been greater than that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison entertained in having the presence of their new neighbors.

There used to be a great prejudice between people of the country and towns —is was an unworthy attitude, and had its origin in the influence and teachings of political demagogues and men of little souls. Happily it has about disappeared, and nothing could hasten its complete elimination more effec-

tively than this gathering occasioned by the Morrisons—cultivation of a cordiality, an unstinted, democratic cordiality.

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ABLE TO PICK CHOICE SPIRITS.

Duke Uuiversity is in a financial position to go out into the open field and make selection from choice, able spirits when it needs to fill positions in that great institution.

Desiring to strengthen its legal department, already most worthy, it has induced Judge T. D. Bryson, late of the Superior Court of North Carolina, to accept a chair in its legal school. The selection is most admirable. Our courts have never had a more brilliant or able or juster judge than Judge Bryson.

If the influence of this learned judge has its way, we may be certain that this splendid profession will get no shyster or ill-prepared barrister from Duke. But the courts of North Carolina sustained a loss when Judge Bryson quit the bench.

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IGNORING THE SUPREME COURT

Some observers are beginning to regard the Highway Commission as the Supreme Court in the state. We may see in the years to come just how far the rulings of the State Supreme Court extend. In this chaotic state of affairs, it is observed that the Highway Commission is badly in need of a legal adviser, one who accepts with respect the findings of the highest court in the state and sets an example for the average citizen, who wishes to be law-abiding.

This piece of foolishness and stubborness reflects no credit on an otherwise very able body.

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SUICIDE.

This flying to great distance is getting to be a nuisance. It is a form of suicide. It is courting the fates that smaks of the cheapening of human life.

There is no doubt that Miss Mildred Doran, the school teacher, whom we all loved for her jolly nature as indicated by her sweet, charming face, has been swallowed up by the sea out towards Honolulu. Something ought to be internationally done to stop this mania of suicide.

Aviation Suicide Clubs seem a-growing. Energy could be more profitably directed.

ROBERT QUILLEN.

By Virginia Terrell, in Asheville Citizen.

Robert Quillen, who sold his South Carolina newspaper for a dollar last year is homesick. He misses sweeping out the front office, collecting his circulation bills and selling advertising. He wants to get back to setting type and writing editorials. He misses the personals that once were the leading news items of the Fountain Inn Herald.

He's in the "big game" of newspapering now. But all the same he's homesick.

Not that he has any intention of trying to buy back the Herald for a dollar and a half. He has "Aunt Het" and "Little Willie Willis" to look after now, besides the syndicated paragraphs and editorials that are appearing in papers all over the country.

And anyway, did you ever hear of a newspaperman who rose to success in the writing world and lived down the urge to get back in the daily grind of the desk or beat?

Reminiscing

Some of them may do it, but the majority have a faraway look in their eyes and a smile when you bring the conversation around to a newspaper office, and though their bank accounts may be larger since they walked out and began to write on their own, they can easily be thrown into a violent case of reminiscing.

Just such is Mr. Quillen, erstwhile editor, publisher, star reporter, linotype operator, pressman, and office boy on the Fountain Inn Herald. The enterprising South Carolina weekly which had gone its way to press every week for many years unknown to the world, until the Associated Press put out a bulletin a year ago that it was for sale—that it would go to the first person who could pay a dollar in cold cash.

The whole country tried to buy it. Probably no other paper in the country was as popular for a few days as the Herald, with its circulation of 900. It was sold, and it meant the end of Robert Quillen's career as a reporter, editor, composing room foreman and general handy man. He had graduated into the realm of "features" and magazines.

Already the South Carolina editor had made his way into national print, but the final touch that made Fountain Inn a stopping place for tourists was the monument which he erected in his front yard, In Memory of Eve, the First Woman."

"The Big End"

Mr. Quillen, who is spending the summer at Montreat, has entered the big end of newspapering, syndicating his paragraphs, editorials, and daily features to hundreds of newspapers all over the country. Instead of grinding out the personals of a country town, he now distributes "Aunt Het," "Little Willie Willis," a column of paragraphs, and a daily editorial, besides a connection with the American Magazine for a monthly article.

And yet, Robert Quillen is still a reporter. When he goes into his study for a morning's work there looms in his mind the old newspaper office in Fountain Inn, or a com-

posing room back in Kansas, where he got his start as a printer's devil. And there is never a thrill in finding "Aunt Het" in a metropolitan newspaper like the ones he got when his weekly came on the street, filled with local items of his own gathering.

The life of Robert Quillen reads much like the career of Irvin Cobb who got his first newspaper job in a small town, gathering socials. Quillen started in a small town in Kansas, where his father was a printer. He grew up in the composing room of the town paper, and learned the mechanical end before he ever wrote a line. At sixteen he left home and worked his way around the United States, reporting where a reporter was needed, setting type where a printer was needed. At nineteen he first heard of Fountain Inn.

The town wanted a newspaper, and the young and enterprising newspaperman undertook to establish it Eventually he owned it, and with the strings in his own hand wrote paragraphs and editorials to suit himself. They suited other people as well, particularly the Greenville Piedmont, that he was furnishing with a daily column. Soon the Literary Digest was quoting him, and before very long he was a regular contributor to the Saturday Evening Post. Then came Publishers' Syndicate of Chicago, the American Magazine, and a distribution of his wares that have made Aunt Het and Willie Willis housepets.

But working for more than a hundred papers is very little different from working for one, according to Mr. Quillen's diagnosis of the situation. Even while spending his summer at Montreat, with his wife and daughter, he must stick to a system of work that means beginning at 8:30 in the morning and that lasts well into the afternoon, day in and day out, without the one "day off" that makes a reporter's life worth living.

Every man has a weak side. Every wise man knows where it is, and will be sure to keep a double guard there.—Mason.

KNOW NORTH CAROLINA.

Facts About Illiteracy.

According to the last Census there were 241,603 people in North Carolina ten years of age and over who could neither read nor write in any language. The illiterates were 13.1 per cent of all people ten years of age and over. The illiterates were distributed as follows: Native white of native parentage 104,637; native white of foreign parentage 171; foreign-born white 474; negro 133,674. There were only 190 white people in the state unable to speak English.

Of all native white people ten years of age and over 8.2 per cent were illiterates. Only two states, New Mexico and Louisiana, had a higher per cent of native white il-

literates ten years of age and over. Only one state, Kentucky, had a larger total number of native white illiterates.

Only six states had a larger total number of illiterates, both races considered, than North Carolina. Their excessive illiterate negro population explains why four of these states rank ahead of North Carolina.

Negro Illiteracy

Five states have more illiterate negroes than North Carolina with a total of 133,674. According to the 1920 Census, 24.5 per cent of all negroes in North Carolina ten years of age and over are illiterate. The rate is higher in only five states. The negro ratio of population is much larger than ours in each of the states whose illiterate rate is above ours. Nine southern states have lower negro illiteracy than North Carolina. These are usually states with small negro population ratios. The negro illiteracy rates are largely in proportion to population ratios,—high in states with large negro ratios and low in states with few negroes.

The above facts concern the sheer illiterates. The near illiterates far outnumber the sheer illiterates, and near illiteracy is a far greater problem in North Carolina than sheer illitearcy.

CELEBRATED GOLDEN WEDDING

(Mooresville Enterprise.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman were extremely happy on Tuesday, the occasion being the 50th anniversary of their wedding day, August 9th. This couple married early in life, when young Mr. Goodman was just rounding out his majority. They experienced all the hardships then peculiar to the times, but with advancing years and a better understanding of the ways of married life, they launched into the game with full hearts and merry thoughts and have passed over the years in company with one another in a way that betokens love, sacriifice and earnset effort to serve. They were blessed with children and gathered in the home circle Tuesday were all the children, Mr. Badger Goodman and family, of this city; Rev. R. A. Goodman, professor of Bible and philosophy at Newberry College, and family; and Miss Vernie Goodman, secretary to the superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord. Also present were the numerous friends. An elegant dinner was served and many happy reminiscences were told about the early and late lives of this splendid couple.

After 4 o'clock numerous friends called to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Goodman and to felicitate them on their continued happy journey together through life to the end. Dr. J. L. Morgan and Mrs. Morgan of Salisbury, and Rev. J. E. Walker, supply pastor of the Lutheran church, were special guests on this occasion.

ADMINISTRATIVE COST OF CRIME.

A question of perennial importance to laymen and specialists alike the country over is that of the so-called crime wave. On account of its importance, any study of crime should be of value not only for the interest such a study may engender, but also for the possible light it may shed on the actual situation as it exists at any particular time or in any particular locality.

Lee M. Brooks of the Institute for Research in Social Science has made a penetrating study of the Administrative Cost of Crime. The first part deals with the cost of crime for the United States as a whole, while the second part is in the form of a case study of a particular county and city in North Carolina. The following is a brief review of his findings.

Cost in the United States

Although definite figures relating to the total cost of crime in the United States are unobtainable, recent estimates place the figure at ten billion dollars a year. Studies which have attempted to investigate the ultimate cost of crime indicate that the country is losing through criminality each year a sum sufficient to replace all the public school and college property now standing, together with eight hundred million dollars in college endowments. How accurate these estimates are there is no way of determining since only fifteen states make any effort toward centralized record keeping and statistics in connection with crime. Whether or not ten billion dollars a year includes every imaginable cost of crime, it is certain that the administrative cost forms only a relatively small percentage of such a vast total. It is possible that by spending more on police and in building adequate institutions a great ultimate saving would be achieved.

The Police

Although a part of the expenditures for police goes to maintaining traffic regulations, still the traffic policemen as a rule are also engaged in detecting crime so that the entire cost of police supervision may be directly chargeable to crime. On this basis the cost of police for the urban population in the United States is in the neighborhood of $150,000,000 annually. The number of policemen and policewomen in the United States according to the 1920 census was 81,884 and 236 respectively. During the last census period there was an increase of 32 per cent in the police force of the country as compared to an increase of only 15 per cent in the total population. There are now approximately 100,000 policemen in the United States.

The Courts

Costs for police can be determined with relative accuracy but for the courts estimates must suffice. The belief is prevalent that criminal procedure is not only expensive, but wasteful, slow, and inefficient. Chief Justice Taft made the statement more than fifteen years ago that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization. The trial of a criminal seems like a game of chance with all chances in favor of the criminal, and if he escapes he seems to have the sym-

pathy of a sporting public.'' Waste of time and money occurs through antiquated court organization and procedure, and in the selection of juries, all of which means slow trials. Certain steps looking to the improvement of criminal courts and procedure have recently been undertaken in several cities. In 1920 Detroit, by unifying taxpayers of that city more than one and one-half million dollars. Another innovation which has reduced expense in many cities by speeding up trials, is the office of Public Defender.

Penal Institutions

According to Sutherland, the number of detentive, punitive, and correctional institutions in the United States is about five thousand. Of these from three to four thousand are county jails, while there are about one hundred and sixty Federal and State prisons, reformatories, and penitentiaries. According to the Department of Commerce the estimated number of prisoners in the United States on July 1, 1922, was 163,889. From one and a half to two and a half per cent of the total population of the country are to be reckoned as regularly or occasionally delinquent. In other words the anti-social element among our population is somewhere between 1,600,000 and 2,750,000. For the reasons already mentionel it is obvious that any estimated cost figure for penal institutions would be as far from satisfying as it would be from accurate.

In Durham County

The second part of Mr. Brooks's study is concerned with an analysis of the administrative cost of crime in Durham County, North Carolina, for the years 1923, 1924, and 1925. The items covered in the study include the police, court and penal department. No attempt was made to reckon the social costs. The review will serve to show how similar studies can be made in other counties.

Durham County, located in the north central portion of the state, had a population in 1925 of 49,719, according to Health Department figures. In the City of Durham are to be found eighty-five per cent of the population of the county. The different officers, courts, police headquarters, and jails for both the city and the county are located in the county court house. Just outside the city of Durham are the new buildings of the convict department, the county home and work-house.

The Police Department

For the years 1923-25 and including the budget for 1926, the annual net average outlay for crime was $49,078 or $1.14 per capita for the population of the city of Durham. Similar expenditures for the Sheriff's department, which includes supervision of the rest of the county, were $9,965, this latter figure being largely an estiamte. In other words, the total cost for police supervision in Durham County amounted to $59,043 annually or a per capita cost of $1.23 a year for the three-year period studied.

While the cost of maintaining the police is greater than the other administrative functions, police officers in Durham, as elsewhere, were not receiving salaries sufficient to attract the more capable men into the service. Salary increases came only with promotion, and were not contingent

upon length of service as is the case in a considerable number of other cities.

The Recorder's Court

The cases tried in his court are those common to the municipal courts where the Judge does not have power to sentence offenders above the scale of midemeanors. In 1925 the court tried 4,751 cases as compared with 2,701 in 1921. Although the increase in the population for the county in the five-year period was only tweny per cent, the number of cases appearing before the court increased seventy-five per cent in the same period. The running expense of the Recorder's Court is approximately nine thousand dollars a year. However, this more than offset by receipts from fines and costs.

The Superior Court

The Superior Criminal Court holds six sessions of one week each during the calendar year, while the Superior Civil Court meets for a total of nine weeks composing five or six sessions. No separation is made of civil and criminal costs and fees, and therefore the figures given are only estimates. The criminal cases were estimated to comprise about forty per cent of the court's expenditures. The estimated average annual cost of superior court crime for the three-year period was $11,180. Of this expense the jury made up the largest single item with approximately sixty-three per cent going for this purpose. The average number of criminal cases in the three-year period was 456 making the average cost about $24.50 for each criminal case.

The Penal Department

The penal department of the city and county of Durham is composed of the city and county jails, the workhouse connected with the county home, and the county convict camp. The upkeep of the city and county jails averages about $200 and 3,042 respectively per year for the three-year period. The county convict camp was erected in 1925 at a cost of $95,000. This is a brick building, well-arragned, and one of the finest in the state. The convicts are used primarily for road work and rock quarrying. With the number of convicts in the county camp ranging from 75 to 150 in the period studied, there is reason to believe that the camp produces a favorable yearly balance. For Durham county the administrative functions in connection with crime cost the county approximately $75,000 annually.

The main points in connection with the findings in the study are: The police department forms the bulk of the administrative cost of crime, constituting as it does from seventy-five to eighty per cent of the total administrative cost (as was found to be true in the recent Missouri crime Survey). The immediate suppression and control of crime depend upon a reformed court procedure as well as upon a liberal outlay of money for the police and penal departments, an expenditure and sufficient to produce in those departments the maximum of efficiency which in due time shall result in a lower figure than now stands for the cost of crime.

Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—Beecher.

MAKING ANNOUNCEMENTS AND THE WASTE OF TIME.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

There are many kinds of announcements, and their reception depends largely upon what is announced.

We sympathize with the happy couple who announces the arrival of a young stranger who is to bless their home; or with parents who inform us that a devoted daughter has embarked upon the sea of life with a comparative stranger.

There is another kind of announcement that is more or less abused, and consequently dreaded.

We refer to announcements given out in churches. Some pastors have a talent that makes such acts a pleasure, while others use it as a destroyer of time and an abuse of patience.

We recall a pastor who had such a talent for detail that he used almost as much time in giving his church notices as in preaching his sermons.

His people rebelled in a quiet way, and on one occasion askd our aid in shortening the same. However, we refused to be drawn into the discussion.

At Montreat, ever since we have attended the sessions, the waste of time has been a chronic complaint, especially in the forenoon meetings.

The managers are not always to blame, because they are the creatures of circumstances. Dr. Lingle and Dr. McAllister are the only two managers that we have had and both are past-masters in condensation. The waste of time could now be avoided by leaving the audience to learn of the meetings from the printed programs. The programs are printed and distributed, and then each item is read out and sometimes commented on. Then the director of the particular conference feels called upon to emphasize certain points, and some of the directors are like Moses, "slow of speech and of a slow tongue," so that they take double the time that an ordinary man would demand. The prayer before the sermon is often too long. When a man is engaged in private prayer he can pray as long as he wishes, but when he is leading a congregation, he should be definite in his petitions, and he should remember that he is leading in prayer and not dragging. Some of the prayers we have heard this season would make men advocate the use of a prayer-book, because such prayers are reverent and to the point, whereas some we have heard have been decidedly wandering, reminding one of Satan's account of his going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.

At a recent service exactly the same time was consumed in the opening exercises as in the sermon that followed, with the result that the audience was worn out before the sermon began, and the preacher was thus placed at a disadvantage.

As a general thing the sermons have been of the orthodox length but we

recall several that ran on for nearly an hour. If the sermon had been boiled down to three quarters of its length, it would have doubled the impression made.

However, it was not only loosely put together, but the preacher indulged in frequent rhetorical pauses, as if he wished to give the truth time to sink in, though the pause irritated the hearers and made the truth of little effect.

Such men need what Dr. Henry Alexander suggested in his criticism of a Seminary student who had a slow delivery.

"Our young brother," said he, "is like a terrapin, he needs a little 'ingis a tergo.' (fire on his back)."

We have merely voiced the frequent complaints of men and women at Montreat, and we make them with some misgivings, hoping that they will be heeded.

A trained orator always tries to gain the goodwill of his hearers in order that his appeal may be effective. He tries to avoid irritating his hearers. When a congregation has to sit 45 minutes listening to announcements they already have before them in print, they are not apt to be in a proper mood for hearing a sermon.

THINGS MISSED WHEN GONE.

(The Health Bulletin.)

Youth is the most valuable thing in the world for one reason, because it generally means health; but not one person in a million realizes that It is the most valuable thing in the world until it is gone and gone forever. If we could have the experience and the knowledge and the will to apply it at 25 that we have at 50, it would not take a generation to entirely make over this best of all known worlds to us; and there is no doubt in the world but that it would be a better world for all of us than it is now. Doctors are advising periodic examinations for the apparently healthy. Just how closely they are practicing this themselves is a matter for speculation. Every newspaper worthy the name, daily and weekly and monthly magazines, and so on, has as leading features the personal health service columns or public health columns. Even the biggest of the New York dailies have their special articles on health in which one feature after another on health questions is emphasized. Every association and meeting, local, township, county, district, state or national, from the "Smoke Shovelers Union" to the American Medicial Association has its programs liberally dotted with speeches and orations and papers on various subjects related to health.

But to come right down to bedrock, how many of us think about these things in terms applicable to our individual selves? It is a well-known fact that any individual who contemplates with horror or fear any serious accident like an automombile turn-over or a railroad wreck always pictures

such circumstances as coming with terrific results to everybody present except to the individual contemplating the occurrence. This is probably one of the provisions of nature devised to protect people from themselves and their own characteristic worries. It seems that the same kind of disposition, mentally speaking, of course, applies to all of us in this field. We have reasonably good health. We are able to move along with our accustomed duties. We get up in the morning, eat our breakfast and go to work. So on throughout the day we are busy with our essential duties through which we make a living or amuse ourselves. This routine goes on from day to day, week to week, month to month, and the years follow each other in rapid succession. This accustomed routine is only varied occasionally as we vary our interests in the three cardinal occupations of mankind—work, love, and play. Little by little we indulge in things that we have been told are not good for our health. We fail to take enough exercise. We eat too much. We especially eat too much of the stuff we should let alone. We indulge in too much tea and coffee. We eat too much meat and heavy food when we ought to be confining ourselves mostly to a vegetable and cereal diet. We neglect our visits to our dentist. We find it convenient to leave off our accustomed exercise. In short, we have a tendency to become lazy and indolent. The majority of us grow too fat as a result of such a regime. This adds to the work put upon the combustion apparatus in our bodies at a time when such machinery should be called on to do less.

The results are inevitable in one way or another sooner or later. As time goes on we find that our breath grows shorter upon exertion; that we find it difficult to keep things going at the same accustomed pace. One day we wake up and find that we are not able to get out of bed. Our muscles refuse to move. If we undertake to force action we are greeted with a terrific pain that leaves no doubt of what has happened. At another time nature may warn us in another way or still another. There are many methods utilized in this purpose. Finally we go to see our physician or have to have him come to see us. He informs us that our blood pressure is too high; that a urinalysis shows some albumen and even casts; that the heart has no business to do it, but it is skipping a beat now and then; that there is a tiny bit of valvular trouble. Teeth, if any left by this time, must come out. Although tonsils are supposed to shrink away and disappear at about maturity, sometimes there will be a vestige left or even occasionally full-sized tonsils which will have to come out. At another time the appendix is condemned as the source of focal infection and that must come out. Not quite so often but a good deal worse than any of the rest the gall tract apparatus is pronounced infected and a serious operation to undertake repairs in that vicinity must be undertaken. In short, there are a thousand and one different kinds of trouble that bring to our mind the all-impressive fact that we have lost something valuable, something that we do not appreciate until we find that it is gone. That some-

thing is youth and health and full exercise of mental and physical powers.

The object of these statements is to call attention to as many people as possible who are passing over the equator of middle life at this time to stop long enough to take an inventory while the taking is good and to adopt measures in time to prevent the extreme effects of neglcet. Nobody can lose and everybody can gain through application of such forehandedness.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IN GREAT BRITIAN.

(The Health Bulletin.)

Under the above heading the United States Children's Bureau issues some significant statements concerning the status of juvenile delinquency at present existing in Great Britian. It would be well for us to compare the situation in this regard as exists in England to conditions prevailing in North Carolina.

One of the most astonishing statements made is that the British Division of the Government reporting on the treatment of young offenders states that there is a decrease of 26 per cent since 1913 in the number of charges proved against boys and girls tried in the juvenile courts. There has also been a decrease of 69 per cent in the number of children and young persons sent to reformatories by court order. During the past five years forty schools receiving juvenile delinquents, that is, reformatories, have been closed on account of lack of children to fill them. The committee studying the question has recommended raising the juvenile court jurisdiciton from 16 to 17 years, and they have also recommended the practical abolition of imprisonment for young persons under that age. They also reccommended rigid restrictions on imprisonment of all offenders under 21 years of age.

These figures would seem to indicate that much better progress is being made in England along these sociological lines than we have been able to achieve in North Carolina. Ill health and poverty and social delinquency are inseparably bound together in problems of this character.

The above calls to mind a statement made to the writer a year or two ago by one of the official physicians of the Jackson Training School in North Carolina. This physician stated that practically every boy that was received at that institution had from one to a half dozen physical defects needing correction, and that in his opinion the problem of their reformation must begin with the physical correction of their remediable defects.

A few rash words will set a family, a neighborhood, a nation, by the ears; they have often done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by the tongue.—James Bolton.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF A BABTIST CHURCH.

(Biblical Recorder.)

A very interesting case has just beeen decided by the Supreme Court of North Carolina, the opinion having been written by Associate Justice W. J. Brogden, the only Baptist on the Bench. The history of the case is reviewed, but we shall not have space to give it all. In substance it is this:

The pastor of a Primitive Baptist Church was held to be out of harmony with the doctrine and policy of the denomination. The local church withdrew fellowship from him. He was received into another church of the same faith, and later called as pastor of still another church of this denomination. This caused a division in the church, the majority voting to retain the pastor. The majority brought suit to retain the property. The lower court sustained the minority and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. It would be very interesting if we had space for the whole matter presented to the court by Judge Brogden. We are indebted to the distinguished jurist for a copy of this document, from which we shall give some excerpts. Whether the majority should in every case control in a Baptist Church was, in simple terms, the question before the court. On this point the opinion of Judge Brogden is clear and convincing. It shows that the Judge knows much about the laws of a Baptist Church as well as of the State.

The following quotation from Judge Brogden's opinion sets forth the church laws and customs in such a manner that they will, no doubt, stand as the leading authority in those things for years to come:

All Baptist churches have the congregational system of government. They are independent sovereignties and exclusively self-governing units. They are sometimes referred to in the books and decisions, as 'little republics,' or 'indepndent republics.' Certain it is that each church is an independent democracy, acknowledging no master save Christ, and recognizing no force except the force of its own intelligence, conscience, and judgment. Hence, it must necessarily follow that a majority of the membership in any given congregation, nothing else appearing, is entitled to control the administrative affairs of the congregation. But it is equally true that each church or congregation is an orderly unit as well as a self-governing unit, and that there are certain fundamental faiths, immemorial customs and usuages, and uniform practice which form a part of the church life and constitute an integral part of its function.

In other words, a majority in

a Baptist church is supreme, or a 'law unto itself' so long as it remains a Baptist church, or true to the fundamental usuages, customs, doctrine, practice, and organization of Baptists. For instance, if a majority of a Baptist church should attempt to combine with a Methodist or Presbyterian church, or in any manner depart from the fundamental faiths, usuages, and customs which are distinctively Baptist, and which mark out that denomination as a separate entity from all others, then, in such case, the majority could not take the church property with them for the reason that they would not be acting in accordance with distinctively Baptist principles. Or suppose a majority of a Baptist church should determine to abandon immersion and receive members without either an individual profession of faith or baptism, such majority could not take possession of the church property and exclude the minority who remained true to the fundamental faith and practice, which, through many generations of observance, has become intimately and inseparably wrought into the organized life of every Baptist church.

THAT LONGED-FOR TIME.

Spencer Murphy, writing in The Salisbury Post, says that "some day there will be a wedding which will be neither an impressive ceremony nor conducted with beautiful simplicity." To which The Greensboro News adds that "in that wedding there will be no gift of the groom and the wedding march will have no strains." "May we add, says the Charlotte Observer, that the bride will also not be one of the most popular members of the younger set, she may not be beautifully attired and the honeymoon will hardly be an extended one."

And, as often happens, the groom has been forgotten. In that perfect write-up we hope he will not be a "promising young business man" and that the couple will not have a "wide circle of friends."

—Morganton News-Herald.

THE MUMMIES AND ARISTOCRATS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

By Capt. S. A. Ashe in News and Observer.

Doubtless there are many families of culture and refinment in North Carolina; and some persons may innocently consider themselves aristocrats, but North Carolina has not had much reputation for being aristocratic. Indeed it is notable although not remarkable, that until "free suffrage" in 1854 our State Senate was more progressive than the House of Commons and the aristocratic Whigs were more progressive than the Democrats.

She was the first to move for Independence. In 1775, she required that every slave brought into the State should be sent back to where it came from. In 1804 she proposed that the Federal Constitution should be amended to allow Congress to immediately prohibit the importation of slaves. I think it will be found that few states had free suffrage earlier than North Carolina; that few had a State University earlier than she had; that few had free public schools earlier than she had—and none had a better system. On hearing of Washington's death, the legislature ordered two full length portraits of that revered patriot to be painted; and then later employed the great Canova to make the first statue of Washington that was ever unveiled.

In 1813 she had in operation one of the earliest cotton factories in America, and that, as well as the iron industry, continued to grow. She early had steamboats and it may be that the Clermont, the first steamboat, was transferred from the Hudson to our waters; for years she had the longest railroad in the world; had the finest State house in the United States; had the State Geologist to make the first geological survey ever made by any state, and in her legislature was among the foremost states. If these things were the work of Mummies and aristocrats, bless them for their progressiveness.

A dozen years of turmoil came and in 1872 the State was beginning to recover and a period of substantial progress was rushed in. Progress was the watchword. The agricultural department was established; and the experimental station was a bee-hive of progress. The State's exhibits at the exposition at Atlanta, New Orleans and elsewhere, challenged attention. Few administrations anywhere equalled for progress and benefits that of Governor Jarvis, 1878 to January 1885.

Dr. Dabney, when recently here in Raleigh, said: "I rejoice in the great stride the old commonwealth has made. When I came here as head of the State Experiment station in 1881, Governor Jarvis was chief executive. Much of what I see here today was planned for and dreamed about by Governor Jarvis. He looked to the future. He proposed and helped the public schools, industrial progress, humanity and every forward movement. It may be

that the younger generation do not know how deep and broad were the foundations upon which this generation was builded. However, those of us privileged to talk with him then know that he foresaw—the present day's advancements. I wish he could have lived to see his dreams come true, as they have even been greater than he could have anticipated.

"Dr. Dabney was head of the State Experimnt Station from 1881 to 1887 when he became persident of the University of Tennessee, later becoming head of the University of Cincinnati. While in Raleigh he was president of the Watauga club and a leader in the movement for a technological school in North Carolina which found fulfillment in our State College." However, it should be noted that the citizens of Raleigh held large meetings in regard to establishing this institution, appointing some 15 committees to consider and report as to the curriculum, etc. The present writer was on three of those committees.

In view of the vast progress made in the state, an exhibit was in 1883 displayed at the International Exhibition at Boston where our enterprising and progressive Press Association held its annual meeting. Suffice it to say that "North Carolina" was in the mouths of everybody—and they even wantd to run Jarvis for Vice- President. This was followed next year by the State Exposition at Raleigh, originally intended to last three weeks, but it aroused so much enthusiasm that it was continued six weeks. It was a monument to the progress of the state —an open book in which all might read of the wonderful advance our people had made.

Now, when the Press Association was at Boston, the Guilds, perhaps with others, gave our association a dinner of 300 plates. One of those gentlemen mentioning that Mr. U. No (now dead), a friend of his, had gone back to North Carolina, where he was born, with the intent and purpose of "taking over the State" and running things. Mr. U No had already arrivd at Raleigh, and had started a weekly paper here. As he was highly educated and a literary man, his arrival had been hailed with delight. What we hoped for was culture, and now we were to have a fine literary paper at Raleigh! That was just what we most needed. But we were disappointed.

The new weekly did not appeal. And the editor likewise was disappointed. While he had learning and culture, he was lacking in the elements necessary for success in "taking over the State." He certainly was endowed with genius, but there is a difference between genius and the qualities that bring success. He utterly failed in his purpose; and was greatly disappointed. After a year or two, he returned North. There he manifested his chagrin. North Carolina was in its glory when he was with us; but he wrote anonymously "The Southerners," perhaps considering that as a salve to his wounds. Others have thought it a mere libel on Southern gentlemen.

The state was in the hands of the Junior Reserves—the men that Hoke praised so highly for their conduct

at Bentonsville—and their associates, whose purpose in life was to secure the happiness and prosperity of the people. Having failed, Mr. U. No dreamed of Mummies and Aristocrats. A sorrowful outcome.

URGE FARMERS TO BE "GOLD-DIGGERS."

(Columbia State.)

The present administration is going to help the dirt farmers—with advice

Secretary Jardine has a wonderful plan for the dirt farmer, who is discontented, restive, and is making it known in the Black Hills and in Washington. So Jardine offers the dirt farmers a tremendous lot of counsel.

"You have been digging dirt," he as much as says; "go to, and dig gold—like the rest of us!'

But how to dig gold, how to be a real gold-digger? Jardine has the perfect formula:

"Boost prices all you can—

"Stick the public for all it will stand!"

Simple enough. And, it must be admitted, that it is the way the trick has been turned in almost every line of Big Business.

Why not try it in farming?

President Coolidge, in his incarnatitn as "Cautious Cal," has thrown a damper over this sort of thing, however. He has intimated that, as we have had a surplus in nearly all farm commodities for the last 50 years, if prices are boo by the farmers this surplus will also be boosted. Then would come into automatic operation the great old law of margin of utility; and a second law is like unto it; the law of supply and demand.

And what would happen, except a general deflation of the ballons, and general and terrific explosions?

True, Secretary Jardine takes over some features of the McNary-Haugen bill that Cal vetoed so energetically, and promises the farmers unlimited credits and opportunities for limitless borrowing. He would, also, have hard-boiled co-operatives who would set the metes and bounds of acreage, so much and no mor, limit production, and inflate prices.

"Success," he told the farmers, "depends on the willingness of farmers to organize on a large scale and to adopt strong business methods."

Evidently the Secretary of Agriculture takes farming to be a business like any other, which is capable of the utmost specialization and efficiency of organization.

But he does not offer to boost the business as iron and steel and aluminum and tin are boosted, by taxing the rest of the people to enrich the tariff battened trusts and corporations. The farmers, after all is said by the Secretary, will be left to boost their own prices, to reduct or limit production, keep down surplusage, and make the consumer stand for the stiffest prices they can force

in the the market.

It is a great program. But there is nothing new in it. And it amounts to nothing mor than telling the restive and disgruntled farmers:

"You go ahead and do it yourselves. The government is not going to help. Perhaps it can not. But, anyway, it is not going to try to do much."

THE VANITY OF MEN.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Another libel that has long done women grave injustice is shot to pieces. From the forty-fifth annual convention of the Photographers' Association of America in New York comes the unanimous statement that men are vainer of their books than women. We know this to be true, but, as the result of crafty and insidious propaganda put out by men through many centuries, the popular impression is that women are the only people who give their beauty of face and form a second thought, just as the same brand of gross, cruel and utterly baseless publicity has built up the myth that women are worse gossips than men.

The ancients had the right idea about the thing when they put into circulation the story of Narcissus, who spent his time examining his reflection in the mirror of a pool and pined away and died for the love of his own beauty. Their idea was to illustrate the evils of egotism and self-worship, and when they wanted an example of the most absurb and injurious degree to which this sort of thing could be carried, they took it from among those who were the vainest of the race, the men.

Another proof of the accuracy of the photographers' indictment of the modern betrousered individual is that back in the old days, when folks were closer to nature and had fewer repressions, it was always the male who did the dressing up. Having the women in subjection, he ran away with the right to put on the feathers, fluff and finery. He posed and preened before his lady's hut like a peacock strutting his stuff in the barn yard. And he quit the business of making himself a peripatetic millinery shop only when his day's work changed so that it mussed up his silks and ribbons.

Try to think of the biggest braggart you ever knew, and who comes to mind? A man every time. Any sort of comparison of the two sexes regarding vanity fortifies the statement of the photographers. It was not for nothing that nature gave the rooster the crowing habit. It is a world-wide advertisement of the vanity of the male, whether his plumage is natural or bought.

Impossible is a word found only in the dictionary of fools.—Bonaparte.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Ford's page in Dearborn Independent

Doing a job well for its own sake is better than doing it for the credit one may get out of it. A good workman is soon recognized and does not have to hang out signals to attract attention and admiration for his work. One who is overanxious about getting credit for what he does generally fails to make an impression. It is his personal advancement which is uppermost in his mind and not the performance of better service. A laudable desire for recognition may be very well, but it must not take the place of efficiency. To make the work secondary and the recognition primary is unfair to the work.

The person who is overanxious about getting credit for what he does is not an impressive person, to say the least. But he may not be entirely blamable either. He may be the product of that false philosophy of life which teaches that a man is successful only in so far as he gets credit for being so; and believing that, he may perhaps also have the experience of credit unjustly withheld from him, and so he grows overanxious. The sense of personal injustice is one of the most painful burdens a man can bear about him.

The desire for recognition is natural. But it is far from being the highest desire. The real workman knows that his work is his unanswerable witness. Far higher than the desire for recognition is the creative desire, which finds its satisfaction in work well done whether anyone sees that it is well done or not.

Just where to draw the line between a laudable desire for recognition and an overweening thirst for credit is not easy to do; the one is normal and the other is abnormal. But we should say that the line of demarcation exists somewhere in the individual's attitude toward the work he is doing. If his inclination is to do his work well whether he forsees special credit or not; that is, if he has a pride in his work quite apart from its possible relation to other men's opinions, then it would be probably safe to say that his desire for recognition would be normal.

But if his work means no more to him than a token with which to attract attention, if when without any hope of recognition for the particular job on which he is engaged, he slurs is over and neglects it, then it is apparent that his desire for recognition is not born of high workmanly pride, but of selfish personal interest of a rather small caliber.

There is far too much work produced for all of it to be accurately judged, but a good workman is always seen and recognized. All the carefulness, dependability, honest pride and power he builds into his work is stmehow built back into himself. It is a matter of character then, not merely of articles of manufacture.

If men were certain that their livelihood and respect as members of society were assured from the be-

ginning, we should have a sounder foundation on which to appeal to them to make their advancement within the limits of their work.

The matter of personal advancement is one that is not considered as it ought to be; and much of the misconception concerning a man's credit for his work grows out of the kind of idea of advancement which he may hold. It may not mean to him becoming a better workman at what he is doing; it may mean becoming a workman at something else, at a higher rate of pay, and with a greater degree of respect attaching to his rank. It may mean the kind of advancement which brings more of the comforts of life and the desirable opportunities which it would give to his family.

A number of men do not consider their work alone, they are also considering the methods—fair and unfair—by which they may attract attention, win favor and gain advancement. If men felt that their livelihood and respect as members of society were assured from the beginning, there would be a sounder foundation on which to appeal to them to make their advancement within the limits of their work.

It is most unfortunate when a man is under the influence of the idea that to catch somebody's eye, to attract admiring attention, to get full credit for what he does, is the one element which he must not omit from any effort he may make; that to do a piece of work and get no credit for it is little less than a calamity.

One result of this, as far as the work itself is concerned, is that it becomes a secondary consideration. The job a man is doing, the article he is producing, the special kind of service he is rendering, turns out to be not his principal work at all. His main task is to bring about his personal advancement. The thing he is doing is not being done for its own sake, the service he is doing is not being done because it is a service, but because it is a platform from which he may practise the art of catching somebody's eye, the art of attracting credit-bringing attention to himself.

Ths habit of making the work secondary and the recognition primary is unfair to the work. It makes recognition and credit the real job, while the job which a man is paid to do is used merely as a kicking-off place.

If a man's advancement were to depend upon his good fortune in catching some individual's eye, one could readily forsee what it would lead to. Men would work with the idea that if they failed to get credit for what they did, they might as well have done it badly or not at all. This is a most unforunate misconception, for by doing the thing for which he knows he may get no credit, a man is doing something which will never be lost to him—he is building certain qualities which cannot be hidden.

Speak ill of no one, and listen to no idle tales. Whether the bitter tales are true or not is not the issue. To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie.—Elbert Hubbard.

SOME TESTS IN SELF MASTERY.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

Did you ever patiently listen to some fellow talk about something in which he was interested, the things closest to his heart, his family, his business, himself, or some trade, or business project—just anything in which he may have been interested, and in which he should have had sense enough to know, that, save as his friend, and through your personal interest in him, there was no earthly reason why you should be interested at all? Did you ever give him a straight half hour of your time and closest attention, while he spouted away with great gusto and enthusiasm, and then, maybe just to test him out, you commenced talking about something of especial interest to you, and in which you had as much right to expect him to be interested, through his friendship for you, or through his feeling of personal interest in you, as he had to expect you to be interested in what he had just been speaking of, and note how unconcerned he appeared, or how he showed the feeling, "how does that guy think I care for that bunk?"

Were you ever standing on the street, or elsewhere, talking with two or more friends, to have some common ill bred egotistical "cuss" walk up and join in the conversation and presently twist himself right straight in between you and one, or more, of the others, and succeed in presenting his back right up before your face, and **maybe force you to step backwards, or to one side to prevent him from backing up and stepping on your toes?**

Did you ever get up from your comfortable seat in a crowded train, or auditorium, and go to a lady standing nearby to offer your place to her, and **meantime find that some big piece of beef parading as a man had dropped down in the seat you had given up for the lady?**

Did you ever see your neighbor shoo her chickens away from where they were scratching her own fresh flower beds, and watch with what look of satisfaction she returned into her house when the said chickens had cleared her yard and **busily engaged themselves in the occupation of scratching your own freshly planted flower beds literally to kingodm come?**

Or if you chance to be a newspaper man, did you ever have one of the local merchants to come to you, with all the local pride bubbling from his public spirited "trade home" anatomy, and insist on you printing more "trade at home" articles, and tell you to keep on "cussin' out" the mail order houses and peddlers, and did you learn a few days later that he had sent his job printing out of town, because some out of town printer used cheap stock and cheap labor, thereby was able to cut the price just a few cents below your figures?

Did you ever pioneer some move-

ment for the welfare of your town, or your fellowman, do all the talking and boosting, feel that the proposition was put across through your efforts, and then see the very fellow who poured cold water on the movement when you were trying to get public sentiment lined up in favor of it, jump in, get on the band wagon, after it was well started, and take the credit for putting the thing across, boast about it and ignore your efforts entirely?

Did you ever have a local club, or other organziation, ask your help in advertising and talking up same, **"under the auspices of,"** show, or public entertainment, and, after you had liberally assisted, learn later that ignoring your free advertising and help, such local club, or organization, had gone to some job printing plant and had the programs printed wthout even giving you a chance to make a bid on same?

If you have experienced any or all of the above things, and remained cool, and sweet, and civil, as though nothing had gone against your maybe high strung delicately constructed nature, **and as though you** had been **made of rotten wood, then you can hang your thumbs in your vest sleeves, expand your chest and call yourself a REAL MAN.**

DRAGGING CHILDREN.

A friend who is thoughtful and sensitive in reaction to the sufferings of helpless children decided to try an experiment sometime ago in order to be able to estimate the frequency of a most pernicious habit of some adults. The experiment was to stand for one hour on a corner in a city block in the business district of a large North Carolina town during rush hours, when people of all ages are in the habit of passing that particular corner. In the course of the hour nineteen adults, men and women, passed dragging very small children by the hand and going at a breakneck pace. The most of the children looked to range in age from about 2 to 5 years. All of them were absolutely helpless, and most of them were fretfully protesting to their alleged parents.

A small child's legs are very short and normally capable of taking only exceedingly short steps, and these slowly. The effect of grasping a child by the hand and swinging it along at a hurried adult pace of about four miles an hour or more is about equivalent in speed to galloping a horse at full speed down the street, relatively speaking. It soon exhausts the child physically. If the little one protests his reception is a public spanking or a jerk and therefore bad matter are made worse. After traversing the distance of a few feet its arm and hand are pulled all out of position. Many known cases of damage to the shoulder sockets resulting from just such criminal practice have been treated by physicians. For the very small child it is injurious to the feet and legs and hip joints

as well as to the arm socket. The head and neck are thrown all out of position. The chest and abdominal muscles are likewise over-exerted. It is possible to damage the heart action irreparably, and there are many other known bad results following such thoughtless and foolish practice. It is to be hoped that most adults who indulge in such cruel habits to their offspring do so on account of thoughtlessness. It is likely, however, that a large number of them do so from pure sheer selfishness and cussedness. The child is helpless, it cannot help belonging to such parents, and there is nothing that can be done about it except to make the force of public opinion so strong in condemnation of the practice that any half way decent self-respecting parent would be ashamed to be caught punishing a child in any such manner.

The friend who tried the foregoing experiment only proved what any observing person can prove for himself or herself by simply observing while on the streets the habits of parents with children. If an adult is in a hurry and is the custodian of a child that cannot be left somewhere in quiet, such person ought to feel the necessity of taking up the child and carrying it or be content with arriving at the destination a few minutes later in order to let the child walk along in comfort and safety to itself.

Such habits are even worse and more cruel than the old-time practice of some people of getting in a buggy or on horseback and racing their dogs until the latter were exhausted. The dog was in much better position, however, because it could stop any time it wanted to and lie down and the master was obliged to come back and get it or wait for it. And even where the dog did not have sense enough to do that it did have full play of all its muscles and was not dangled from the hand of some adult and jostled through a crowded street in a position where breathing is almost impossible.

We would like to urge that our readers try this experiment out, or at least to a sufficient extent to observe the habit prevailing in their particular vicinity, and to call public attention to it in order to at least reduce the prevalence to a minimum

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That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have our rights respected—is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals——but it is the law to which we must conform social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and abundance of peace.

—Henry George.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Mr. T. H. Talbert and a number of boys have been cutting hair during the past week.

Letter writing came around again. All the boys were glad to write a letter home.

Mr. Corzine, one of the night-watching staff, has returned to his old job after "guarding" the water-melon patch for about a month.

James Reddick and Jennings Freeman, members of the seventh and fourteenth cottages in order named, were paroled last week.

A number of the work force boys have been cutting corn to fill the silo and the barn boys have been hauling it to the dairy barn where the silo is located.

Horace McCall, a member of the tenth cottage, has returned to the School after a month's visit with his relatives. McCall visited New Bern, Richmond and Washington.

There was no game scheduled last Saturday afternoon, so the boys played the officers. Lisk, pitching for the officers, fanned one. Williams, pitching for the boys, fanned three. Mr. Carriker "slammed the old pill" for a homer. The boys did some fine playing, but lost by the score of 18-9.

"Nathan Leads David to Repentance," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Nathan told David of two men, one rich with plenty of sheep, and the other poor, with only one. A traveler ctme to the rich man's house, and the rich man instead of taking one of his flock, took the one belonging to the poor man. David told Nathan that the rich man should return the sheep four-fold. Nathan then told David that he (David) was the man. David saw he had sinned in the sight of God, and repented. The Golden Text for this lesson was: "A broken and contrite heart, O God Thou wilt not despise."

Mr Smith, of Charlotte had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Instead of preaching he told of his life without a father. If your father is the right kind of a man to follow, do as he does. All fathers are not proper examples. He told of a man walking down the street with his son, when suddenly he was aware that the boy was not by his side where he had been. Looking around he saw the little fellow stretching his short legs, trying to step in his father's footsteps. His talk was enjoyed by all present.

Hope proves man deathless. It is the struggle of the soul, breaking loose from what is perishable, and attesting her eternity.—Henry Melville.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One

—A—

T. L. Jackson, Chas. Loggins, Geo. Stanley, Talmage Fry, Albert Buck, David Bryan, Luther Callam, Sam McIntyre, Jas. Reddick, David Swanner.

—B—

David Fountain, David Julian, Guy Tucker, Don Scroggs, Glenn Edney, Rex Allen, Harold Crary, Donald Etchier, Mack Henderson, Marvin Kelley, Woodrow Kivett, Fred Lindsay, Lendon Macemore, J. L. Murray, Milton Mashburn, Daniel Nethercutt, Woodrow Pagett, Edgar Rochester, Colen Sells, Jas, Stewart, Rommie Thompson, Carl Warner.

Room No. Two

—A—

Lawrence Fisher, Cecil Godfrey, Robert Kermon, Marvin Thomas.

—B—

Theodore Biggs, Norman Ball, Ralph Collier, Ralph Cox, Birch Drake, Henry Andrews, Lester Morris, Ed. Williams, Boyce Steadman.

Room No. Three

—A—

Durham Radford, Myron Tomaison, Tessie Massie, Russell Bradshaw, W. A. Smith, Jr., Bill Goss, Claude Cook, Lincoln Burgess, Hazel Robbins, James Powell, Marshall Weaver and Walter Smith.

—B—

Ralph Tallent, Earl Moore, Otis Bass, Leroy Wallace, Dwight Ewing, Howard Atkins, Wannie Frink, Gibson Lanis and John Hill.

Room No. Four

—A—

E. Quilliams, Fred Stillwell, Robt. Lowery, Earle Faulk, Leonard Stinson.

—B—

Robert Sprinkle, Theodore Troxler H. Kissiah

Clyde Hoey usually hits the bull's eye. He says idleness is a fruitful source of crime. Work is the first blessing and parents who let their children grow up in idleness do them irreparable damage.—News & Observer.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1927. No. 34

THREE TYPES AMONGST US.

He who knows and knows not that he knows
Is asleep. Awaken him.
He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
Is simple. Teach him.
He who knows not and knows that he knows not
Is a fool. Shun him.
He who knows and knows that he knows
Is wise. Follow him until the end.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Have you a time-table in your life? Do you know what you are going to do tomorrow, or next summer, or next year? You won't be sidetracked in life provided you operate on a good time-table. Make an outline of what you are going to do. Then do something each day, week or month toward realizing it.

CULLOWHEE MAKES CONTRIBUTION.

Back in the mountains of Jackson County, North Carolina, there is at work an agency that means no little to the state—it is Cullowhee Normal School. Whenever Cullowhee is mentioned, the mind naturally runs to Prof. R. L. Madison, a fine scholar inherited from Virginia years ago, who stopped in the mountain fastnesses of the state and began to make his contribution to the educational life of that section.

The institution has developed into a wonderful agency educationally. Under a new organization and the state taking over its affairs in a larger and more definite manner Cullowhee Normal School is now making a contribution to the educational affairs of the whole state.

Recently the Summer School maintained at this institution closed, and the exercises were of a high order. Hon. Josephus Daniels made a stirring address, and the students, under the faculty of Cullowhee, rendered a pageant, edited by Prof. W. E. Bird. He very properly gave it the title "Among The Highlanders Yesterday and Today." It is a thrilling story of Western North Carolina.

The Uplift appreciates a copy of this pageant and we shall turn it over

to our educational department with the hope that it may prove suggestive. We should like to witness a pageant predicated on the particular occurrences of this section. Woven into it might properly be the story of the "Gunpowder Plot" by the Cabarrus Black Boys, and then again the events locally that occurred in the days far gone when Mrs. R. R. Cotton, the mother of Clubdom in the State, after teaching the late Col. Paul B. Means and his brother the late W. G. Means, spent her afternoons and some nights chasing on horseback the foxes and other wild animals which abounded hereabouts.

This is no idle dream and no time is better suited for this laudable undertaking than right now. Now for the "Black Boys' Pageant." There is one among our teachers—most probably three—who, if a modesty be swallowed for the time being, is amply competent and able to produce this much desired pageant to preserve in a practical and an entertaining manner the richness of historical events of this section. Let's go.

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DESCENT AND ASCENT.

It is easier, says the editor of Young Folks, to descend than it is to ascend. It is easier to come down a ladder than to go up. It is easier to be shabby about one's appearance than to keep improving it. It is easier to fall into the habit of doing our work in a slipshod way than to make some slight improvement each time we do it. It is easier to allow our taste for good reading to deteriorate than to desire that the next book or periodical shall be more wholesome. It is easier to increase the number of discourteous remarks than the courteous ones. It is easier to compromise our faith than to hold on to it steadily. It is easier to tone down our moral ideals than to keep them high and true.

This situation may come about in part because it is easier to follow others than it is to strike out for ourselves. Somehow it is more natural to be conformers than transformers. Drifting with the crowd is probably what most of us are doing. It would be better for us if we had deeper convictions, a more resolute purpose, and less fluctuating ideals.

We may as well fix it in our minds now as later that if anything of consequence is to be made out of our lives we shall have to have a large hand in it. In the providence of God we are to climb, not to drift; to aspire to better things, not be content with what we have attained; to determine what our own course shall be, and not be satisfied with tagging

along after the crowd. The best things do not come to us without effort. We must be prepared to pay the price in honest striving. Anybody can deteriorate and descend, but only the few will put sloth and mediocrity aside and push on to the best that is within their reach.

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A COMPLIMENT IN WHICH THE COMMUNITY SHARES.

The public press during the past few months has had much to say regarding the establishment of a branch of the Federal Reserve Bank to accommodate the constantly growing business of the Carolinas.

We all rejoiced when the decision was reached to locate the Branch Bank at Charlotte. It is the logical place, as all must at once see. In the very heart of the piedmont region, where the greatest industrial activity has its abiding place. The bank is now a certainty, and when the several details are effected it will be opened for business.

Already the Board of Directors has been selected. Included in that number of leading and influential citizens of great business force constituting the said Board is our own fellow citizen, the capable and very able Mr. Charles A. Cannon, the genius in charge of the great Cannon chain of mills in this and other territory. The Uplift understands that Mr. Cannon who is taking deep interest in all public endeavors looking to the advancement of human affairs, has accepted the appointment along with his other numerous honors and positions of responsibility.

This section shares the compliment which this selection of Mr. Cannon as a member of the Board of Directors of the Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank was fittingly and wisely made.

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SPUNKY DRUG CLERK.

In a certain town the other night we saw four boys—high school boys at that, and sons of devout church members—squat down at the front table in a certain drug-store and began gambling by the process of "matching." One said to another "oh, it's no use; you couldn't pay if you lose." He replied by showing a twenty dollar bill and saying "I'll risk all of this."

Just a crowd of idle, loafing boys who should have been at home, and they had seen others and older do the same stunt publicly and without shame. But the young, manly drug clerk in charge put prompt stop to that threatened gambling in his establishment. Said he: "You must stop that at once; we

do not cater to business of that kind. You may find some places where it is permittd, but not in this store.''

A positive rebuke that sent four idling boys out grumbling and insulted!

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THAT ARABIAN PROVERB.

Have you ever read the front page? The first time we ever heard the late Charles D. McIver speak he incorporated that proverb; in the last speech we ever heard him make he used the same proverb; and on different occasions when he was making his great educational crusade in the state looking to the establishment of an institution for the training of teachers for the public schools we heard him quote the same statement.

Dr. McIver said it so forcibly and made the application so aptly that lots of people thought it original with him, but he never claimed so. It is an Arabian proverb. The sentiment is just as true today as it was when the Arabian philosopher first uttered it.

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THE OLD SCOUT.

There is universal interest in this section of the state over the fact that Mr. Shakespeare Harris, who suffered such a painful accident some weeks ago down in Pamlico County, had recovered sufficiently to be brought home.

The old soldier of the 60's, the trusted right-hand man of General Wade Hampton, has kept alive in his soul the daring responsibilities that fell to him in that great war in which he made an enviable record for astuteness, ability and courage. Hosts of friends and admirers here and throughout the state who know him so well are anxiously awaiting encouraging news of his speedy recovery.

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A WISE ONE OBSERVES.

Not our circumstances, but the use we make of our circumstances, decides the question of our gain or loss day by day in our earthly course. According to the spirit in which we meet them, helps will prove hindrances, or hindrances will prove helps in our pilgrim path.

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SAYS ANOTHER PHILOSOPHER.

You can do what you want, if you want to do it hard enough to do it. The only ambition worth while is the kind that makes you want some-

thing so much that you can't hold back from working extra hours to gain it. If you decide to be clever you'll have plenty of competition; if you elect to be a plain, old-fashioned, honest plugger—your competitors will be few. Men and boys are like corks; some will pop and others have to be drawn out. Life is full of ups and downs; keeping down expenses and appearances up.

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DO SCHOOLS RETURN VALUE RECEIVED?

Hon. Josephus Daniels, editor of the News and Observer, delivered an address at the close of the summer school at Cullowhee Normal.

It is full of serious thought; and it makes profitable reading—See it in this number of The Uplift.

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"Peace Hovers Over No. 10" is the way the Newton News-Enterprise sizes up a compromise agreed upon by the Newton interests and the State Highway Commission. All that is lacking is good faith, a court approval and the actual building of the road run to Newton. All's well that ends well.

THE BOOMERANG.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
And yer spine is feeln' proud.
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

INSANITY IS INCREASING.

By Johnston Avery.

Insanity among North Carolinians is on the increase and its subsequent cure is on the decrease. It naturally follows that be the case, that State institutions for the care and treatment of insane persons are becoming more and more crowded with patients, whereupon the question arises how much do the taxpayers of this commonwealth want to spend toward the care of their irrational citizenship?

That problem was considered at some length by Dr. John McCampbell, superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton, who confessed that his opinions may be biased because "for more than 30 years I have been on the side of the insane."

Dr. McCampbell, who is one of the most imminent alienist and clear-thinking, clear-talking, medical men in the South, broke a precedent he had established during his 35 years he has served as chief executive and he talked for publication about things that have occupied his mind for almost a lifetime.

He said that insanity was on the increase in North Carolina and he meant that. But when he said that cures come more infrequently today than they came twenty or forty or one hundred years ago, he followed with a qualifying remark.

Many years ago a patient was kept at an asylum until a certain degree of rationality appeared. Then the patient was sent home and lost track of by the institution. Officials marked down a cure, complete and unequivocable.

As a matter of fact, Dr. McCampbell cannot be nearly so optimistic about the successful cures of a century ago as the records would indicate. There are cures. He is far from a pessimist when it comes to the treatment of insanity and the various stages of mental disorders, but no one realizes better than he that science has yet to discover what happens when a person loses his reason before it can successfully embark upon curative methods.

Records of the State asylum are not closed now when a patient reaches a certain degree of rationality. Medical men know by those records that the cases wherein mental equilibrium is completely regained are few and far between.

Because of those conditions—more insanity and, for practical purposes, fewer cures—the institutions are becoming crowded and the citizens of every state must decide the question of how thoroughly they went to care for their insane.

Then there is another condition that has caught the attention of Dr. McCampbell. Many years ago persons sent their kinsmen to asylums as a last resort. If a member of a household became demented the family kept him in a locked room, and the older persons will remember with Dr. McCampbell when it was not an uncommon sight to see a cage built

in the backyard where the insane member was kept. Asylums were shunned; they were resorted to after every other means to care for the unfortunate had failed.

"But now," said Dr. McCampbell, "everybody wants to have everybody else put in an asylum. Whenever a member of a household becomes a nuisance and a bother the other members say he is crazy and they issue commitment papers. The result is that we are usually flooded with applications."

What are the principal causes of insanity? the doctor was asked.

And the doctor laughed. He had been expecting that question. Everybody asks it, and out of all those opportunities he has not yet evolved an answer suitable to himself. Insanity as has been intimated before is yet too indefinite for even the best students of pathology to fix it with exact definitions.

Once a lay student of the subject became possessed of the idea that farmers' wives were the most prevalent class of folk who became insane, and he attributed the cause to drudgery of household duty and isolation. Seeking further data he wrote to Dr. Campbell asking for the percentage of farmers' wives who were inmates of the asylum. In as much as 80 per cent of the population of North Carolina is rural there were a large number of farm women confined in the institutions.

But the doctor, for the purpose of satisfying a personal curiosity, checked the number of ministers' wives and found that in ratio to the respective number of each class the percentage of preachers' wives who lost their reason was larger than the number of farmers'wives.

What does that prove?

Exactly nothing. Dr. McCampbell just felt that the gentleman who thought he was about to solve the problem of insanity by eliminating rural isolation was off on the wrong foot and he satisfied himself of the correctness of his opinion. But it did bring up another question.

A very large percentage of insane persons do nothing but nurse the Bible and dwell on scripture. That has led foes of Christianity to stoutly maintain that religion is the cause of much mental derangement.

"As a matter of fact, it means nothing of the sort," said Dr. McCampbell.

A person may lose his or her reason from any one of a hundred causes, he said, and after the unbalancing has come he or she may take up and dwell upon religion as a particular eccentricity. He does not think it means that religion has caused the mental disturbance, but is merely the result of it.

In the search for a cause of insanity, Dr. McCampbell will first take up "defective heredity." Then, among the male patients, he will list venereal diseases. He will consider general immorality, the strained life of modern times, and alcoholism. Broken love affairs may cause the delicate cord of reason to snap; and worry, morbidness, hardships—all of those will bear watching by the scientists and alienist. But the physical cause; what actually happens to the brain—nobody knows.

In the metropiltan centers the number of male patients who go insane

because of venereal diseases has been estimated as high as 25 per cent of the inmates. Nothing like that prevails in North Carolina, though, said the doctor. It does not exceed 5 per cent here among the male patients, and the percentage among the women inmates is much lower.

Then the conventional question: Have the number of alcoholic cases increased or decreased since prohibition went into effect?

The doctor smiled pleansantly and lit another cigarette. Cases of insanity directly attributable to excessive use of alcohol are in themselves a small percentage, he said. He does not think they have increased since prohibition, but he does not think they have decreased. The Morganton asylum does not take plain inebriated patients, but there are instances where addicts have completely lost their reason. Those are admitted, but they are few.

"From what I see and hear," he remarked, "most persons who really want liquor can get it, such as it is, but on the other hand fewer persons drink it now. So it about equalizes. The stuff they get today may wreck the minds of a greater number but not so many drink it as did in the days before prohibition."

It was after some study that Dr. McCampbell answered the question, At what age do most people lose their minds?

He believes there are two "dangerous" ages: in the latter 'teens and early twenties, and the senile disorder of old age. If a person lives long enough he will become mentally unbalanced, thinks the doctor, and those are the most hopeless of all cases. There is nothing to do but care for them and a tremendous care it is.

When the average visitor arrives at the State hospital the chances are that he will want to have a look at some of the padded cells about which he has heard so much.

"Yes," said Dr. McCampbell, "I have heard of padded cells, too, but I never have seen one. I suppose they have them in some places but it just happens I have never been there."

Dr. McCampbell is to the medical world what Judge Ben Long, of Statesville, was to the North Carolina legal fraternity. He has that same droll way of arriving at a conclusion, and he never speaks until his mind has absorbed the entire proposition. In manner and speech he is remarkably not unlike Judge Long.

While he was showing the writer over the hospital he was stopped in the cold storage plant by a traveling salesman for a cleaning powder. That powder, said the salesman, would clean the tile floor about the plant as nothing else would do. It happened that Dr. McCampbell was standing near a place where the men cut beef and blood stain had gone into the tile.

"Will it clean that?" asked the superintendent in the simple, direct way of his.

The salesman scrubbed for the better part of 10 minutes while Dr. McCampbell looked on in silence and finally it was acknowledged that the powder would not remove the stain.

"Then I don't want it," said the

doctor. "I can clean everything else." Thus the interview ended.

When Dr. McCampbell goes out among his patients, more than 1,750 of them, he calls most of the lot by name. He listens to their complaints and reasons with all those whom he can. In many instances there is a fondness between them; in others he is considered as a jailer.

And he has gathered around him a staff of splendid physicians. Dr. F. B. Watkins, formerly of Rutherford; Dr. R. H. Long, from Monroe, and Dr. and Mrs. Norbert Kende, from the Manhattan Hopsital, make up the medical staff.

One of the prides of the institution is the kitchen. With its tile floors and wall it is a spotless white. There food is prepared daily for a population of more than 2,000 persons. And after one has inspected the entire hospital and seen at first hand the fine manner in which the patients are cared for, there is right much of a shock coming when the doctor tells that inmates are kept at an average cost of five cents a day to the State of North Carolina.

The present hope in a curative line is occupation. Dr. McCampbell has been working for the past 20 years for more detached buildings, where small groups may be kept and employed in useful labor. The colony plan has been established for the men, and patients who stay in those colony buildings work the farm and by interest in their occupation the broken cord of reason, in many cases, heals. It is not by any means certain, but there is a possibility. And a chance is worth the try.

SELF SERVICE.

(Shelby Star)

Many good folks are lamenting the passing of the era when men and women consecrated their lives to unselfness service and prepared to become ministers, missionaries, teachers or country doctors that might administer to the spiritual, mental and physical needs of humanity without thought of large worldly gain. They are not in error when they charge that modern men and women are choosing vocations today in which they can do the greatest service to themselves.

People today are coming to the belief that the best way they can help others is to produce much that their profit shall be large and they shall never become dependent upon society. The old idea of service was direct. new service is indirect. Twenty years ago it was still thought that only ministers, doctors, and teachers served humanity. Today every workman who carries his whole day's wage home is known to have earned that wages in service to society.

Elbert Hubbard's version of the Gold Rule was, "Do unto others as though you were the others," but an even more up-to-date version is "Do yourself good and no bad to othes." Getting something for yourself is reprehensible only when it is gotten at the expense of another.

DO SCHOOLS RETURN VALUE RECEIVED?

(Extracts from address of Josephus Daniels at Cullowhee State Normal School, Tuesday night, August 30.)

The story of marked and steady educational progress in North Carolina since Aycock and McIver aroused the State from its lethargy makes the brightest page in the history of this old Commonwealth, new born in its progress and faith in itself and regard for its duty to its children. In the year 1925-1926 there was expended in North Carolina for public elementary and secondary education $32,443,426.07. This is a figure so large that it would have startled the most optimistic if it had been predicted so recent as the year preceeding the World War. It is a big sum of money, but by contrast it does not appear so large. In that year there was collected by the Federal government in taxes in North Carolina $205, 000,000. It is true that the portion of tax derived from the maufacture of tobacco will be passed on to the ultimate consumer. That does not militate against the industrial expansion of North Carolina, for the big Federal tax paid in Michigan is transferred to the buyers of automobiles just as North Carolina shifts the cigarette tax to those who smoke.

Does anybody claim that North Carolinians derived as much benefit from the income tax it paid the Federal government as upon the money it invested in carrying on the public schools that year? Outside rural delivery and city delivery of mail, almost self-supporting, little of the money paid in Federal taxes comes back to North Carolina, whereas all of the thirty-two million of State school funds was expended here at home and much of it remains in circulation in our own State.

It is likewise both gratifying and remarkable that the value of public school property in North Carolina has increased from $8,149,833 in 1913 to 84,541,828 in 1926. This is, compared with other decades, beyond any dream of the fathers. It is not, however, so significant of expenditures as the amount spent in supporting the schools. Every cent of that thirty-two million dollars was paid in one year directly by the people in taxation. The money expended in schoolhouses was mostly borrowed and it is to be paid gradually. However, even more impressive than the hard-surfaced roads that expedite your journeys, if you travel on Main Street for Cherokee or Cullowhee to Morehead or Murphy, the thing that lights up the way and evokes most praise is the magnificent schoolhouses that win the admiration of all who travel that highway or any highway in our State.

To be sure, we are a long way from the next goal of an eight months school for every chld in North Carolina. There is no doubt we shall soon make that hurdle. Therefore, the big question today, the great challenge, is not so much one for the people at large as for the teachers and

those charged with the conduct of the public schools.

For the past quarter of a century the big job in public education has been to secure enough money to construct buildings and secure competent teachers. In other words, from the days when the two Charleses—Aycock and McIver—our two most puissant evangels of popular education, undertook to arouse the people to the supreme duty of educating all the children of the State. Agitation and Building and Co-operation have been the A. B. C.'s of education, with the emphasis upon Agitation. It was essential, first of all, to batter down the ancient sophistory of selfishness that it was not the right and duty of the State to tax all the property to educate all the people. It was no easy thing to disloge the notion that no man should be taxed to pay for the education of the children of other people and to teach that the children and the property alike belong to the State, and that no Commonwealth can be strong half educated and half ignorant. In archaic minds there still lingers the feeling that universal taxation for universal educaton is an injustice to those who have no children to attend the public schools. Happily, however, there has come almost universal acceptance of the education of all by the taxation of all. Governor Aycock died proving its wisdom and no voice is heard denying that it must be the fixed policy of enlightened government.

With public education bottomed on this sound principle, and the State committed to building good schoolhouses and resolve to end all inequalities in length of term between town and country, there has naturally arisen in the minds of taxpayers and parents this question: Are we getting in the education of the children full return for the money invested? This is not a mere inquiry. It is a demand. It is an ultimatum by those who have a right to know how their money is expended and how their children are trained. The answer to this question can be made in part by the executive heads of public education at the Capital of the Commonwealth and the school authorities in the county seats. There is an opinion abroad that, by comparison, too much money is spent on supervision and examination and direction and too little for the best teaching talent. In other words that which is called executive ability is too highly regarded and rewarded and teaching by God-called instructors has lost its primacy and consideration. Is that true? It is for Superintendent Allen and all other executives to make a survey and give answer.

But the question in the large, in its length and breadth, can only be answered by teachers. There is a feeling, not a conviction but a fear, that too much emphasis is placed on apparatus and methods and directed athletics and too little on hard study or drill, and upon requirement of mastery of the subjects in one grade before there can be advancement. Many parents believe that teachers are willing for pupils to find the easy way instead of recognizing that there is no achievement without hard work and intense application and inspirational guidance. No matter how elegant the school buildings and how

modern the furnishings and equipment, or how perfect the standardized system, there is no royal road to learning. Every student must tread the hard road that leads to knowledge for himself, but in every case the way must be blazed by a teacher who knows how to help the pupil conquer the difficult places. Is it true that some teachers are content to "hear recitations" without the feeling of responsibility to draw out all the faculties and inspire the ambition of the pupils?

The high schools are telling us that the elementary teachers promote the pupils poorly prepared; the colleges are reporting that their matriculates who enter on certificates are poorly prepared and without knowing how to master the courses prescribed. Every year an astonishing proportion of students who pass the high schools, and are admitted to college by certificate, fall out because they cannot or do not keep up. Why? The college authorities say they lack thorough training. The high schools say it is because college professors lack the inspirational quality. They each turn State's evidence as to the other—a sort of passing the buck which causes taxpayers to feel there is somewhere the lack of something they pay for and do not receive. The criticism goes even further. Some parents say the teachers are not only too indifferent as to whether their students master their studies but they act as if they had no responsibility for the forming of character of the children entrusted to their care and direction during their formative days. "Some teachers," to quote one parent, "act as if all they were expected to do is to prescribe the lesson one day, hear the recital the next, and let all responsibility for interest and learning rest on the pupil. As to helping to form character and to set examples of right living, they disclaim any duty to children toward whom they stand by law and tradition in loco parents. If the child does not study and behave, that is the fault of the parent. It is no concern of mine."

This parent justified the criticism of a certain type of teacher by recalling that not long ago the State was treated to a sensation when Superintendent Coon, of Wilson, required applicants to teach to sign a contract to observe curfew hours, to go to Sunday School, and comply with such rules as would set good examples to students and prevent any just criticism of parents. There was an outcry that Professor Coon was attempting to destroy the freedom of the teacher and reviving Puritanism. He is the type of man who has never permiteed any restraint upon his freedom to think or speak. Therefore, when assailed, Professor Coon merely said he was meeting a condition and not a theory, that some teachers were indifferent to their responsibility and example, and it had been found necessary to ask all who desired to teach in his county to adjust themselves to the customs and practices of the community whose children they were to teach.

From the day the North Carolina patriots at Hillsboro chose to forego their desire to enter the Federal Union in order to secure permanent

guarantee of freedom, this State has tolerated no restriction upon the freedom of conscience. Its laws would not permit. The spirit of the people is against it. Bancroft declared "its repole are the freest of the free" and this freedom belongs to teachers as well as all other citizens.

The truth is that, however necessary as a temporary method of condemning lack of responsibility and "a decent respect for the opinions of others." Professor Coon's contract might have been regarded, all progressive educators and others recognize that no permanent good teaching can be done except by those who are capable of self-discipline. A teacher who flouts the honest convictions of the parents of the pupils, or lacks a proper respect for approved customs, advertises the lack of the doctrine of Noblesse Oblige necessary for any work or spirit of enduring value. Rules and regulations and standards are essential for great bodies of employes who must work in groups. Some trades require discipline from above and untrained labor will not make full return without intelligent direction. This does not apply, however, to what is known as teachers and leaders, professors, doctors, lawyers, engineers, authors, poets, painters and the like. It is not quanity production or standardization that is expected of them. In a sense all of them who win distinction must in a sense be creators, discoverers, inspirers. You can never order a man to write a poem on an eight-hour day schedule, or expect a book that will live if it must be produced under whip and spur, or look for an oration that can 'command listening Senates' by adherence to any fixed rules of declamation or oratory, or witness the unfolding of the youthful mind under the stimulations of a real teacher by hard and fast rules, or see men and women lifted to spiritual heights by preachers who are bound in the chains of dictated sermonizing.

The men and women called to teach in our public schools—(and if they have no sense of a call that is attended with the love of teaching they have no place in the school room)—need have no worry about any fettering rules against freedom. They always rise above any rules or standardization. It is only those who make teaching a half-way house to some other calling, or those who have gotten into the wrong pew, who do not do more and better work than any authorities could prescribe. I am not objecting to young people out of college giving themselves to teaching while preparing for another profession for which they feel themselves better fitted. Indeed, it would be a fine thing if every college graduate could be privileged to teach a few years. It would refresh his mind upon the subjects he has forgotten and give him touch with child-life as would be of lastnig value. Regarding the value of his services to the schools, that is another question, but the number who have benefitted the schools by brief teaching experience is large enough to say that, in the absence of trained teachers who are to make teaching a life work, schools are often fortunate in obtaining such teachers for the brief

period of their apprenticeship. It is because there are too few trained teachers that the openings for others has been large and both graduate and school find mutual benefit.

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The day has come, however, except in instances that are out of the accepted wise plans, when there is no more place for a lawyer in the school room than for a school teacher in the courthouse. Teaching is no longer—or should not be— a something which amateurs should undertake while children are used for them to practice on. More important than the fine building is the fine teacher. Forever the great school or college is the teacher drawing out the pupil, leading him into new paths, stimulating his curiosity as to great causes and notable events, and inducing him to go beneath the surface to "prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Observe how "prove" and "hold fast" are united in one sentence. These inseparable terms contain all the law and gospel with reference to life and teaching. They are indestructable and essentially one.

Most of the trouble and loss of power in colleges and schools today grows out of the fact that many scholars and scientists read only the first Pauline admonition to the Thessalonians. They accept nothing and call their students to delve into the very foundations and "prove all things" before belief. It happens too often that such professors devote a whole life time to research to speculation, to searching, to inquiry, to investigate and die without finding a light to their path "shining brighter and brighter." Their unwillingness to accept anything that others have discovered leads them to perpetual wandering in laboratories and labyrinths. Such interminable quests has brought forth the Stephen Leacock humorous advocacy of keeping men in college until their beards are gray. Such teachers paused at Paul's semicolon after "Prove all things," and die without accepting and appropriating the blessing of the admonition, "Hold fast that which is good."

There is a time for research, for inquiry, for doubt, for debate. The teacher who fails in these fails in all. But there comes a time for resovling doubt, for accepting what has been proved and, not only "holding fast that which is good," but also in imparting that "good" to students. This is not to say that some scientists should not devote their whole lives, day and night, to research. They should, but the man or woman who is to teach the youth, to mould the plastic mind, must have something he has proved to impart, he must have faith that lights up dark places, he must have love that moves the world, and his passion must be to lead students into knowledge and truth. The most unfortunate student is he who sits at the feet of a teacher whose mind upon all great things is an interrogation point. It may be questioned whether such a teacher is not more dangerous than one who believes deeply without having "proved all things." However that may be, one thing is certain: The world of today more than at any former period is a drifting world, and peoples like ships at sea,

who are drifters are sure to become derelicts.

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If students go out into the world groping, if this earth is a drifting planet, and if educated men are becoming agnostics in science and in politics and in religion, the responsibility rests largely upon the schoolmaster and the schoolmarm. Their responsibility is so serious that many would like to transfer it to the home. This cannot be done. The home has its large part, and largest part in shaping young life, but the school holding itself out as an institution set for his intellectual awakening and guidance cannot evade responsibility. Parent and child look to the teacher to light the way, to open new doors, to strengthen the mind, to give sustenance to the intellect and to bottom it upon the only solid foundation—a sound character made up of intergrity of life as well as of intergrity in thinking. No teacher can fulfill the high mission unless high living and high thinking are combined, for the student will always, as Emerson put it, be thinking so much what his teacher is that he cannot hear what he says. Therefore, the teacher to meet the requirement of the enlarged public schools, and of all education, will find all the qualities only if this admonition is taken to heart: With all thy getting, get understanding.''

Then, and then only, will taxpayers and parents give full approval to teacher and school and declare that they have received full return upon their investment.

MY MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD.

By Thornwell Haynes, in Asheville Citizen.

This morning in the air that tossed the tree-tops and pushed aside my bed-room curtains, I felt the spirit of snow-flakes.

There was also the alarm-cry of the roses and clematis.

To die!

Do you wonder if these flowers—these stars of earth—do you wonder if they know anything about dying?

They know so much about living!

How intense they are about beauty!

About spending their lives—sacrificing the souls of themselves—to give the world one glance of loveliness, one fleeting breath of fragrance!

What a wonderful heaven must await them!

For millions of years the universe has rolled through space.

By the million and million, youth has died in war.

Always the obituary columns in the papers.

Are you prone to think at times that life is trifling, insignificant?

Well, it isn't!

It is the most glorious thing of all God's creations!

To live—just to live!

To look frankly in the face of the world and feel gladness run through your veins.

For, to live doesn't mean just sixty or eighty or ninety years.

It means forever!

One speaks of committing suicide.

How foolish!

It can not be done.

How far—can you imagine?—how far does eternity reach?

Well, life reaches all that distance.

Farther than any one has ever yet been known to think or dream!

And through it all, to grow— never, never to stop!

Never to stop seeing and feeling and living and loving in different, stranger, and more marvelous ways as we pass through the curtains!

In thousands of ways undreamed of

And curtains unending!

It should thrill one with happiness.

The mountains and the hill break forth in singing!

The trees of the field clap their hands in joy!

So foolish are earth's little troubles and harangues and creeds and dogmas!

One little flower—a rose or a sprig of climatis, a zenia or a dahlia— is worth more than all the petty things we fight over.

For, on this never-to-die journey, the flowers will travel unendingly with us!

The snow-flakes—they also!

God could easily make an angel out of every one of them!

So, I love the hint of autumn's cold.

Every morning is a messenger from God!

A little town provided with city conveniences, such as Marshville now enjoys, is an ideal place to live, especially for good people. Little towns are wise towns because everybody in a little town knows every other body's business. That's why it's hard to put any old thing over on a little town. There is no place where forthrightness and uprightness are more surely appreciated and no place where hokum and deception are more quickly detected, ticketed and tabooed. The man or the orgainzation that sets out to play the game in a small town must play it straight. It may not be as easy climbing up in a small town, but the going down is the easiest of any place on earth, and that one thing causes people to watch their steps.—Marshville Home.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

Most people like a dog—a dog certainly likes somebody. In fidelity the dog sets an example for some people that need an example. But there are too many dogs that pay no tax—some people have dogs that do not deserve them; they neglect them and by this neglect learn the lesson of cruelty to animals.

There is another side of this dog question. Just about the time the nineteenth century was closing up shop an event occurred in Concord that was indeed touching. A citizen, John Fink, having become incapacitated for his regular work, and being of thrifty habits started a barber shop. He never came to his shop except accompanied by a large, fine Collie. He was in dogship a perfect gentleman; he loved children; and he was always courteous to Mr. Fink's customers.

Death overtook Mr. Fink, and the conduct of that Collie was touching. He followed the remains to the cemetery and no heart was sadder than the Collie's. After the funeral on a number of occasions the Collie was missed at his late master's home. Search always found the Collie up in the cemetery by the grave of his dead master—a greater love among humans and animals cannot be found.

Rev. G. L. Morril in the National Observer tells a story of the fidelity of a certain dog—it seems all but the story of the late John Fink's Collie. It is:

Byron sings, "The cold in clime are cold in blood, their love can scarce deserve the name," but had he lived in old Kentucky where everybody and thing love even a dog, he would have found an affection as warm as its shining sun. I had read of Rab and His Friends, and had owned a big St. Bernard, and called on some of his noble family in Switzerland; but I became acquainted with a Kentucky dog named "Don" that was to teach me something I had never seen before. He was a beautiful Gordin setter, as intelligent as affectionate. He played with the children, hunted with his master, always followed him to the store and slept at his door by night. When Mr. G. sickened and was unable to go out the dog remained by his bed. I never called without finding him at his post of duty. But even the best of friends must part, and so when his master died, and was to be buried, they locked him up in the shed for fear he would follow and make some disturbance. The funeral was a large one. The old churchyard was crowded, for the dead man had been loved by old and young, rich and poor, black and white. The coffin stood at the end of the long broad aisle. The organ had sobbed its last note; the anthem had said peace to the Galilee of grief; I had repeated the Shepherd Psalm, and had just opened my eyes from prayer, when I saw "Don" with sad look, head hanging low, walk slowly down the aisle and come straight to the coffin. He stopped, sniffed and having made sure that he had found his last master, lay down under the coffin, and put his head on his paws.

All were surprised to see him, but everyone knew there were no more sincere mourner, so he remained unmolested. Too overcome to speak, I could only point to the dumb brute. A thousand faces were wet with tears When I got control over my voice, I said, "Behold, how he loved him!" We went to the cemetery and "Don" followed the hearse. At the grave he listened and looked into my face for the answer I could not give him. When the coffin was lowered, and after the grave was covered, he lay by its side, refused to be comforted, and remained after every one else had gone. There they found him next morning, and gently led him back to the house made desolate by his master's absence. "Don" was only a dog, but he showed a faithfulness in life and death everyone of us ought to imitate. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

CONVICTED OF MURDER.

Captain S. A. Ashe, in News & Observer.

Please let me express through your colums my disagreement with those of the press who speak of the two men recently executed at Boston as two radicals instead of murderers.

The practice propogates the nation these men were executed because they were radical while the judgment of the jury and of the court was that the were murderers.

So the press misleads thousands into an ernoneous impression. And these two murderers are now made into saints, just like John Brown was—that fellow whose "soul is marching on," just, perhaps, as the souls of these two other murderers are marching on!

This conversation of murderers into Saints is hardly a part of the functions of the press.

And may I further say that I do wish they would start up the whipping post again, especially for the white young man? Not that I want any of them whipped, but it would be a most effective deterrent of crime, and the most efficacious promotor or morality and good behavior. It would inculcate a spirit of obedience to law more valuable than all the gold on Wall Street. It is the oon door to making good citizens and respectable young men instead of our promoting crimes and destroying the safeguards of our civilization by withdrawing the deterrent influences established by human experience.

The ladder of life is full of splinters, but they always prick the hardest when we're sliding down.—William L. Brownwell.

THE CHILD WORKER.

(Albemarle Press)

A few years ago, when vagrancy was common among indignent parents—when the father in the home idled his time away while the children were forced to work and keep the family larder functioning—a great injustice was done the child.

In those days, the child of the country and of the mill section was uncouth and uneducated. It had been deprived of its God-given rights.

The day followed when the righteous minded took up the cry in the child's behalf. The father must go to work; the child must go to school. A better day began to dawn, and a response to the change is reflected today in the lives of hundreds of children all over the land.

While this is true, there has grown with the reform a tendency to overdo—to overwork—a good thing, and already reaction is setting in

The child is unemployed. He is not allowed by law to work under 14 years of age; and with very definite restrictions up to 16 years of age. These laws apply to the city child, and in town and cities the energy of vigorous youth expends itself in idleness or deviltry, all the while clamoring to be allowed to work and earn money which the law says it shall not do.

The outcome; Jails are filled with youthful criminals; no resources are available for employing faculties of the young that need training and experience; and there is poor satisfaction that parents are made to work while vigorous childhood jazzes around to amuse itself.

No less authority than the Hon-Clyde Hoey says he is through with child-labor agitation. Others feel that compulsory school attendence can be made to answer every requirment, and healthy employment of boys and girls from 14 years of age on up is far better than imposed idleness.

Towns feel that rules applying to their youth should be made to apply to all alike. In other words if it is good in one place it should be good in all. There is no inclination, apparently, on the part of town folks to fret over a situation which may cause the boy in the country to have full employment from early morn till late at eve; but it is a little hard for some to reconcile the practice of allowing this upon the farm, and yet not in the stores or mills of a town.

When the farmer complains that he needs his child through the summer months and in the fall when harvesting and gathering cotton compels the employment of all available help, he sees the material need of the hour. Under the stress of such calls, he frets over the compulsory attendance law which requires that his child attend school. It is the same cry against authority—that intermedlng of the law with what one conceives to be a matter of personal rights and liberty —and when driven to its final analysis, one must conclude that the eyes of the law are necessary and without certain measures of this kind thoughtless parents would sacrifice their own children and their development and future prospects for the

need of the hour.

Hence, the best one should demand is that the Law itself be sensible. That in curing one evil it does not set up another that is even greater. And there is great room for change in regulating child labor, in spite of all that has been accomplished.

JOHN EARLY, THE LEPER.

(Greensboro Christian Advocate)

In 1901 or possibly 1902 this writer saw John Early when he came to Weaverville, N. C., to visit his home folks who lived in this mountain town. He was at that time a young soldier of fine military bearing and in his country's uniform made a good appearance. His brother Jim, whose name has appeared of late in the papers, was a member of the Methodist church in Weaverville and a regular attendant. Matt and Zeb. named for Senators Matt Ransom and Zeb Vance, were twin boys about 10 or 11 years of age and so much alike that we frequently stopped them on the street and asked which was Matt and which was Zeb.

We recall how happy the father and mother and brothers were when John, the young soldier, returned home to visit them for a few days. That was twenty-five years ago. Since then this mountain boy who was a private in the ranks has filled the eyes of the world. For he was a leper.

The story of John Early that for years has found front page space serves to bring up afresh and to shed light upon the Bible stories of lepers. We are reminded of Naaman, the Syrian general, with all the emoluments and honors of his high station. "But he was a leper." We think of the ten lepers who stood afar off and cried to Jesus to have compassion upon them. In fact it has been right difficult for us of the present day to fully understand why the leper occupies so prominent a place in Holy Writ. But the case of John Early makes it clear that the sad estate of the leper has not been overdrawn in the pages of the Book of all books.

John Early was a pathetic figure as he this week urged with all the eloquence of his soul that he be allowed to stay amid his native mountains and not be carried back to the leprosarium in Louisiana. The A. P. reporter writes:

"But standing coatless yesterday under a bright afternoon sun which brought the perspiration to his brow, at the very summit of one of the cliffs which had given him strength to resist the enroads of a dread disease for a score of years, the Spanish-American war veteran swept his finger eloquently across the broad expanse of fertile valley below him.

'They don't have hills like these down in Louisiana,' he said. 'They don't have these life-giving air and the whispers of birds in the tall trees. There's nothing much but rows of level homes and the river.

'I don't want to go back there any

more.' And he shook his finger at the officers. 'Haven't they kept me cooped up long enough? For ten years they have persecuted me, bounded me, carried me back whenever I ran away. I only want to be left alone and I don't harm anybody.' "

But he is a leper.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

By W. H. Lionberger, in Young Folks.

George F. Sanderson, garage keeper and dealer in second hand cars and trucks, was in deep water. He had bought six large six-ton trucks from an express company, and the concern to which he was to sell them failed and left the trucks on his hands. He had put six thousand dollars, all of his money, into them, and owed six thousand more and his creditors were demanding money.

"Now, look here, John," he began, as he got up from his desk and put on his hat, "I don't want any foolishness while I'm out. If Mr. Warner calls for that car, remember it's three hundred dollars, cash. If he asks if it's in good condition, just tell him you know nothing about it. If he wants to try it out let him try it, but don't let him take it out of your sight without paying for it."

"All right, Mr. Sanderson," John replied.

Mr. Sanderson stepped out of the door and walked down the street. A few minutes later Mr. Warner called.

"Where's that car?" he asked hurriedly.

John pointed it out.

"Is it in good condition?" he asked.

John was embarrased. Mr. Sanderson had told him to say he did not know, but he did know, and he knew it was in bad condition. And telling a lie was very distasteful to him.

"Well, try it out, Mr. Warner," he suggested.

"I know enough about motors to drive a car, and that's all," came the emphatic reply. "I want your opinion. Is it really in good condition?"

John scratched his head. "Mr. Warner," he replied, "I don't want you to take my word. I am working for Mr. Sanderson. If I tell you it's in good shape and it's not, then you'll blame me. And if I find fault with his machine, then he'll blame me."

"Well," came the suspicious reply, "that seems to indicate you don't think the machine is in very good shape!"

John was cornered. He did not reply.

"So you don't want to give me your word of honor that the machine's in good condition?"

John was becoming scared. He saw himself looking for another job. He tried to feel he should do as Mr. Sanderson had suggested, and say he did not know, for it was a trivial matter, and he should not lose his job for such a little thing. Mr. Warner had plenty of money,

the loss would make little difference to hm. But finding another position would be impossible. Yet his conscience rebelled. Mr. Warner still looked at him.

"And the machine is no good?" he prodded.

"I didn't say it's no good."

"But you refuse to say it's O. K. Same thing. I agree with you, however. Your honor is worth more to you than three hundred dollars is to Mr. Sanderson. Apparently he is trying to put something over on me. I will not take the car. Good-bye." With this he stepped out of the door.

By this time John was trembling, and as he set to work cleaning up in the garage he kept wondering how he would handle he situation with his employer.

An hour later Mr. Sanderson returned. "Well," he sighed with disappointment as he looked at the machine. "Hasn't Warner come yet? I'll have to call him up and see why he doesn't come."

"He did come," John replied in a shaky voice, "but he wouldn't take it."

"Wouldn't take it? That's a mean trick! He promised to take it! And I need the money! And I lost another chance to sell it! Why wouldn't he take it?"

John hesitated.

"Why didn't he take it?" Mr. Sanderson insisted.

"Well, he didn't seem to think the machine was in good condition."

"Didn't think it was in good condition. What does he know about a car? What made him think it wasn't in good condition?"

"I don't exactly know, though I reckon it was mostly because I wouldn't tell him that it was in good condition," said John.

The look in Mr. Sanderson's eyes was dangerous. "Just as I expected!" he thundered! "Had to put your foot in it! I told you to say you didn't know! Knew you'd be too goody goody to tell him it was all right! And that's the reason I told you to say you didn't know. You expect me to pay you when Sautrday night comes! If you are too good to tend to business, looks like you'd be too good to take the money a business man makes!"

"But, Mr. Sanderson, I couldn't lie to him. I did know all about the machine, and to say I didn't know would have been lying."

"Then you feel too honest to work for me? Business is business, young fellow! I believe in honesty just as much as you do. But if you try to be perfect you'll never make a business man. You've got to give and take. People are not going to tell you all the little defects in goods you buy from them, and if you try to do that yourself, you'll soon come out of the little end of the horn."

John had often wondered at Mr. Sanderson. He was a big-hearted, generous man, and yet he often noticed that he didn't hesitate to falsify in a business deal. He really seemed to believe in honesty, and yet there were times when he seemed to think it was not necessary to be too honest. To John such conduct was a puzzle. He had been taught that dishonesty was never right. And the fact that one did not tell a lie outright was no excuse. If a person sold another an article and he knew

the article was defective, he was just as dishonest by refusing to tell the purchaser as he would be to tell him wrongly.

"Have a notion to fire you on the spot!" Mr. Sanderson roared on. "Just a little too good for a place of business! You ought to be a school teacher or a preacher or a poet! Business has methods of its own. You can't run a business like a Sunday School. It's understood in business that you are to keep your eyes open. I don't make a howl if somebody gets the best of me in a deal. Look at this suit of clothes. I bought it at a clearing sale for half price, it's rotten. But I took a chance, and I'm not kicking because the dealer didn't go over it with a microscope and show me every little defect."

"I know, Mr. Sanderson, but he asked me if it was in good condition. I either had to lie or refuse to lie. You know as well as I that the machine is no good. I wouldn't want anybody to take the advantage of me like that. You say you aren't kicking about the suit, well, maybe not. But if a man should sell me a car for twice it's worth I would kick. You expect me to be honest to you. If I got a chance to put some of your money in my pocket you wouldn't like it. And if I am not honest to others how can you depend on my being honest to you?"

"Well, just the same," Mr. Sanderson went on after hesitation a minute, "you caused me to lose a good sale. He'll go right to some other dealer and get stung as bad or worse. And the money he pays the other dealer isn't going to help me pay your salary."

For several days Mr. Sanderson was angry at John. Business was exceedingly dull. Very little repair work came in, and buyers for his trucks could not be found. It was no wonder, therefore, that Mr. Sanderson was angry at John for blocking a sale. The temptation to make a sale, even if the car was not what he claimed it to be, was very strong.

Not long after that incident Mr. Warner drove up to Sanderson's garage in a second-hand truck. Mr. Sanderson was out, and apparently Mr. Warner knew it.

"John," he immediately began, "will you do me a favor?"

"If it's within reason."

"All right. This truck belongs to John McDaniel. I need a truck, and he is trying to sell it to me. Is it worth eighteen hundred dollars?"

"It is. I have worked on it myself within the past week, and know it is in good condition. So far as I know it is well worth eighteen hundred dollars, or more."

"Thank you. Do I owe you anything for your advice?"

"No sir, but, Mr. Warner, it there any chance of your needing more trucks?"

"There might be, but not now. You know I'm developing that sand and gravel business. Selling quite a bit now, but this truck will take care of me for possibly a year or more."

"Don't forget, Mr. Warner," John replied quickly, "that Mr. Sanderson has six good dump trucks suited for that very business."

"All right, thank you. I'll keep him in mind."

With that Mr. Warner left. John

thought little of the matter, however. He wasn't looking for a place to sell a truck in a year or two. Mr. Sanderson would be bankrupt by that time unless his trucks were sold immediately.

A few weeks later however, he noticed that Mr. Warner's truck seemed to be working day and night. And at the same time word reached his ears that Mr. Sanderson's creditors were going to foreclose. Mr. Sanderson was doing everything possible to sell some of the trucks in order to ease the tension, but no purchaser could be found. Time after time he tried to sell them to Mr. Warner, who was now in the market for trucks. But unfortunately a dozen other men were trying to sell to him. The day of the foreclosure was rapidly approaching. Just two days before that sad event was to take place, Mr. Warner, with a half dozen truck salesmen, appeared at Sanderson's garage. Trucks had been lined up a block down the street for inspection.

"I'm going to settle the matter today," Mr. Warner confined to Mr. Sanderson.' 'I have a hundred trucks under consideration, as you notice, though I want only eight."

Eagerly Mr. Sanderson showed him the trucks, and explained their good points. Mr. Warner looked them over Then he went down the street, looking at the trucks lined up. For two hours he looked at trucks, apparently very much undecided which to buy. He had now come back to Sanderson's garage, and was glancing at his trucks again, with a look of disapproval, for he seemed to be very distrustful of Mr. Sanderon. Presently he noticed John in the garage, working on a truck.

"Come here, young fellow!" he suddenly called, as if a happy thought had just come to his mind. John hurried to him.

"Is this a good truck?" Mr. Warner asked pointing to a truck.

"It is, Mr. Warner, though it has a faulty ignition system that can be fixed at little expense."

"How about this one?"

"The best one of the lot. O. K. in every respect."

"And this one?"

"Worn considerably. The worst of the bunch, but serviceable. In fact, Mr. Warner, this whole lot of trucks is worth more than he is asking. He got them at a very reasonable price."

"How about these other three?"

"The first two are top notch. The next one needs about fifty dollars' worth of repair work. As a matter of fact, Mr Warner, most of those trucks have already been put in good repair. I have worked on every one of them myself. One hundred dollars more will put them all in good condition."

"You give me your word for that?"

"I do."

"Sanderson, if you'll make the repairs he mentioned, I'll take them. This young fellow ought to know these trucks, he has worked on them. And I have reasons to believe he is honest."

Mr. Sanderson could hardly believe it. Of course he agreed to make the repairs. Mr. Warner paid him cash the next day, and he in turn was able to pay his creditors, with a good profit left.

When Saturday came Mr. Sander-

son called John into his office. "John," he began very earnestly, "it takes a lot of people most of their lives to learn the simplest things. And sometimes they learn the profoundest truths in a few minutes. It took me about three minutes the other day to learn something I had failed to learn up to that time. When those six trucks were sold on the strnegth of your honesty it taught me in a flash that honesty is one of the biggest assets in business. Honesty creates and fosters business instead of retarding it, as I had always maintained. And any fool ought to be able to see that, though I didn't.

"I have always believed in justice, and liked to help people, but had always assumed that absolute honesty in business was impossible. That sounds funny to you, I know, but, John, if you could see as many business deals as I have you would see that an enormous number of business men take it for granted that you must not be too honest. And what's more, I am ashamed of myself. A person ought to be honest whether it pays to be honest or not. And I promise you from now on to be honest to the core, whether it pays or not.

"And, John, here is a check for two hundred dollars. I know you are not supposed to get a commission, but I want to pay you something extra. And from now on be just as honest as you please, no matter how big deal you kill by being honest, be honest."

John was dazed at the check, but the complete conversion of Mr. Sanderson to his way of doing business was more astonishing still. And never after that did he have occasion to doubt Mr. Sanderson's sincerity when he said that henceforth he would be honest.

CHARITY AND JUSTICE.

Ruskin contrasts charity and justice in "The Crown of Wild Olives" and then shows how they are related. "Charity you will say is greater than justice. Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom: you cannot build upon charity. Do justice to your brother and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him because you dont love him and you will come to hate him. Love is the last reward of good work." Splendid! for love becomes incoherent gush outside of its natural context. Faith and works are no more essential to each other than love and justice.—Exchange.

OLDER AND MELLOWER.

(Monroe Journal.)

What is worse than the "cynicism of a mean old age?" Dignified by character and benevolence old age is sweet and grand. Niggard, carping and cynical, it is tragical if not contemptible. But what we will be in old age is determined by what we are through the approaching years. The youth of today are called often to account but they are seldom shown wherein they are likely to lose much of the most valuable of life. Corra Harris, in an article in one of the popular magazins, on "Education for the Educated," says that the "only living classics are not books, they are older, wiser, mellower, men and women of your own times. Fine elderly masterpieces in patience, honor, reduced now to things of good report in their memories and thinking. The fact that you no longer associate with them is apparent and a regrettable circumstance. Too many of you are raw sketches of yourselves made without a teacher; you lack the fine old grammarian's passion for the right word properly parsed. You have a witty, obstreperous vocabulary with a heel kick, but not enough elegance. You need the tone of time, some cathedral shadows on your garish mind. You are frequently soulless sentimentalists without much capacity for affection or reverence. In your efforts to be smart you miss some of the high spots in human relationship. It seems to me the emotional episodes in modern life are singularly trivial. You will bury a fallen woman in a silver casket, but you are beginning to entertain very grave doubts about good women. I am telling you it is wrong. You should cultivate a few of the elder fashions in manners and ideality if you expect to escape the cynicism of a mean old age. Your mind will become some kind of a Sodam and you will be the Socrates of it."

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is the conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—Willam Mathews.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Daniel Nethercutt, a member of the thirteenth cottage, was paroled last week.

Clay Banks, a former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last week.

Last Sunday all the boys and officers enjoyed the first honey from our hives. We hope to get some all along.

Mr. and Mrs. Presson, of Monroe, are the latest "officer and matron staff." Thy will have charge of the fifteenth cottage, which is being prepared for occupation.

Lawrence Thompson, a member of the sixth cottage, has been given a position in the print shop recently. We all hope he succeeds at being a printer.

The Kiwanis sprinkling tank, in charge of Mr. Stinson, a Concord fireman, came out to the School and furnished about one hundred and fifty of the smallest boys with lots of fun. They remained in the water about half an hour, playing and shouting to thier heart's content. Thanks to the Kiwanis Club, and all those responsible for this fine treat. COME AGAIN.

Last Saturday afternoon the School boys played the Charlotte Observer Staff. Lisk, pitching for the School, fanned six men. Stewart, pitching for the visitors, fanned two. Satterfield and Pleasant each got a three-bagger. The School got eighteen hits off Stewart. The visitors got only five off Lisk. The School boys were in fine shape and played a winning game of 13-5.

"Solomon's Wise Choice," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. God appeared to Solomon in a dream, and told him to choose what he would like to possess, and he should have it. Solomon said that David had put him on the throne while he was yet a child, to rule the people. Solomon choose wisdom, so that he might rule his people. God then told Solomon some of the things that he might have chosen for himself, riches, a good name or long life. God was pleased with Solomon's choice and gave him all the other things that he might have chosen. Solomon awoke to find that it was a dream, but he had actually received all these things in the dream. The Golden Text for this lesson was: "Happy is the man that getteth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding."—Proverbs 3:13.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He told some of the most important events in Jacob's life. Jacob worked fourteen years for Rachel, his wife. He said that to always be careful in the kind of wife we choose. Jacob married a good and religious woman, and was reformed at the age of forty years. Jacob had a dream one time while try-

ing to escape from his brother, Essau. In this dream he saw a ladder reaching from the heavens to the earth, and angels were ascending and descending. Next morning, Jacob poured oil upon the rock he used for a pillar, and called it Bethel. When he was sixty years of age, an angel wrestled with him beside a river and said to Jacob: "Thy name shall no longer be called Jacob, but Israel." Miss Helen Myers, a singer of Concord, rendered a selection. The sermon and singing were enjoyed by all.

CLOUDS

Glistening, white as the Alpine snows,
  Gray as the dove's soft breast,
Bright with the sunset's gold and rose,
  Or dark with storm's wild crest,
Slowly, dreamily you float by,
Or you march in quick-step across the sky.

Where do you go as you drift or race,
  Bound on your ceaseless quest?
Ever moving from place to place,
  Oh, say, do you ever rest?
Sometimes hurrying, sometimes slow,
Will you ne'er grow weary and cease to go?

Sometimes I fancy a white-sailed fleet,
  Calm on a deep blue sea,
Sometimes the tread of marching feet
  Comes thundering down to me;
Sometimes mistily fall your tears.
And I dream you are wraiths of long lost years.

Yet on you follow the mystic trail,
  Over an unknown way,
Sometimes spread like a silver veil
  Again, like a bulwark gray,
Sometimes scurrying, sometimes slow,
But the why or whither I ne'er shall know!

—Selected.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

"King's Daughters—Modern Samaritans"

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., [illegible]EMBER 17, 1927. No. 35

LOVING SERVICE.

But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.—The Acts, 8:20.

And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he will in no wise lose his reward.—St. Matthew, 10:42.

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The Uplift

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IS THERE A WEASEL IN YOUR LIFE?

Canon Wilberforce was taking a holiday in the Isle of Skye. One day he noticed a magnificent golden eagle flying bravely upwards. He watched it with admiration and delight, but soon noticed that something was wrong with the bird. It was unable to proceed, and was stayed in its course. By its uncertain movements it showed that from some cause its strength was failing.

Soon after it began to fall, and a moment later it lay dead a few yards from his feet. a lifeless mass. What could have wrought the change? No human hand had touched it. No sportsman's shot had reached it. He went to examine the bird, and found that it had carried up in its talons a small weasel. As the bird drew its prey near to its body for flight the little creature had pressed itself into its bosom and sucked the life blood from the great bird.

How like to this is pride that sucks the strength from the soul and destroys those who think they are its master.—The Convention Teacher.

AN INSTITUTION.

There is an institution operating in North Carolina and the nation that, by virtue of its modesty and the sacrificial attitude of its individual membership, avoids publicity. The deeds they do, however, are living witnesses of their achievements.

The Uplift, out of gratitude for benefactions from this source, desires to emphasize the power of the Order going about doing the will of the lowly Nazarene—this Order, that of The King's Daughters & Sons.

Elsewhere in this number is a contribution by Editor W. M. Sherrill of The Concord Daily Tribune. He recites in a pleasing and clear manner

the genesis of this Order, which we declare to be an institution itself. This prompts us to point out by picture some of the deeds and achievements of the Order in North Carolina.

Numerically it is a small band. People are not specially drawn very largely to a movement in which there is small sound of trumpets, absence of the glittering glare of fashion, the paucity of publicity—The King's Daughters' work is quiet, modest, Christ-like service. The world, irrespective of denominational creed or the realm of real sin, is their field for service. Whenever distress lingers, or hunger gnaws, or sickness lays low, or nakedness exposes to punishing elements, or crippleness handicaps, there be the objects of their unselfish concern and acts of mercy—The King's Daughters are in deed and in truth nothing but the Church in action.

It is a pleasure and a duty for The Uplift to adds its testimony to the nobility of the deeds of this band of unselfish women seeking to serve where other agencies have failed or lack the means so to do.

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A SPAN OF LIFE RISES BEFORE US.

Dosen't seem many years ago since as a five-year old tot she was in her childish enthusiasm designing and actually making doll-baby clothes and "piecing quilts" for her baby's little bed; since she was constructing pasteboard frames for little pictures that caught her fancy; since she "pored over" her lessons as a school child—always at the head of her class; since she followed her mother into the joys of Sunday School activities and Church life; since as a young bride she went off to South Carolina; since her removal to Concord to establish her home; since all through these years we saw her give her all to the welfare and well-being of a growing family; and just the other day we saw her body borne away to the cemetery accompanied by loving friends.

People call this last event death—it is just the span of an earthly life; it is, as we have a human right to believe, an entrance into a larger and better life. Through a faith that sustains us we know this, and we call it immortality—there can be no doubt, for even the lessons that nature furnish us declare the fact.

She did her best; for those who knew her said she was a "genuine neighbor and friend;" "she gave her life to her family and her church;" "she was a real home-builder and helpmeet;" "her home was her castle and her motherly cares she regarded her jewels." This is the estimate

of her neighbors, as they recalled the personal attributes of Mrs. John M. Hendrix, who passed beyond last week.

We have our views of womanhood—but could woman crown her life in a more enduring manner than living her life frankly and naturally, holding fast to the sacred things taught her by her godly mother and that lead onward and upward?

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PROPER PRONUNCIATION CANNOT BE SPELLED

We welcome back from his vacation Dr. Luthur Little, of the First Baptist church of Charlotte. Physical ailment has led to the radio for sermons for sometime. We have missed the brilliant preacher for awhile—his substitutes seemed not to appeal to the radio in a satisfactory manner.

Dr. Little, Sunday evening, took his text and then delivered a powerful treatment on the theme of "Thrills." Having mentioned the thrills that come to the workers in science, invention and discovery, he of course forcibly and beautifully described the thrill when a soul discovers God.

Dr. Little, however, falls short when he approaches a German name. His pronunciation of the name of the famous physician, Dr. Koch, who figured so eminently in the discovery of the basis of the great white plague—the menace of the human race the world over—was a reminder of an event back in 1832. A reprensentative of this very Koch family was enroute to this country on a sail vessel, which required eight weeks of anxiety and seasickness a-plenty. His companions could not pronounce his name; they called it "Cotch" &c. That's the way Dr. Little pronounced it. The passenger Koch, headed for a citizenship in the United States, when yet at sea wrote in the little pocket Bible in which his mother had written his and her name, the Americanization of Koch, and he and a long line of descendants ever afterwards went by the name of "Cook."

But Dr. Little has not sinned—he made an honest effort to properly pronounce the name of Dr. Koch.

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DR. McGEACHY.

It is rare that the illness of a person excites so much anxiety as does the announcement of the serious illness of Rev. Dr. McGeachy, of the Second Presbyterian church of Charlotte. He came back from a European trip a very sick man.

This lovable character and most able divine, unconsciously, has worked

his way into the life and esteem of thousands of people, irrespective of denomination. He is so useful that his serious illness disturbs the people with great anxiety over his recovery—the world is short on such able composite characters and abilities of Dr. McGeachy's type.

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ADVERTISING FORD.

Holding court in Forsyth county, Judge Stack is reported as saying in his charge to the grand jury that Henry Ford should develop throughout the country reformatories for youthful offenders, boys and girls, alleging that his tin lizzies are ruining the young.

Probably Judge Stack was in spirit of a little humor, if he is correctly reported. The State law makes it a misdemeanor for youths to drive cars; and those that are being spoilt via the Ford car are of ages beyond the reformatory age, as regarded in the state.

The Uplift is puzzled over the fact that so many wise men are locating the cause of evil-doing at the wrong place, especially as concerns the youth. Gentlemen and ladies, it goes back to a more vital cause. Much of the crime and misdemeanors which the press is featuring day after day among the youth is due to the absence of home restraint, home training, home care. The truth of the matter is nine-tenths of the evil committed by the young is due to laxity in the home and not to Ford cars.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The thirty-eighth annual convention of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters & Sons will be held in the Community Building, Henderson, N. C., October 6th-7th.

It is said that it will be one of the most interesting meetings in the history of this Order; besides the annual business that is transacted at these annual conventions, the ladies of Henderson have arranged to make the visit of the various delegates and friends of the Order most pleasant.

The invited guests will be Rev. I. W. Hughes, Hon. Josephus Daniels, Superintendent Charles E. Boger, all of whom have been asked to deliver messages in keeping with the great purposes of the Order. Supt. Boger plans to carry with him several of our boys, who will give these good women an example of how we can sing on this campus.

Another feature of this Convention is the happy sight of the end in providing for the financial part in the erection of the Samarcand Chapel,

which the Order undertook to show their great interest in the cau wayward girls at Samarcand Manor.

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CLUTTING OF THE COURTS.

The state seems disturbed over the business of providing enough courts and jurists to handle the business that accumulates. The record would indicate that the morals of this section are at a low ebb.

We must not lose sight of the fact that there are more prohibitions, by law, in these times than formerly. The great majority of the cases have for their basis the violation of the Volstead Act. If people would cease patronizing bootleggers, one-half of the business of the courts would be cut out.

On the civil side of the docket the greatest business arises from suits for alleged injuries and damages. There seems a mania for making one's injured hand, foot and feelings the vehicle of getting enough money to carry one one through life without working. The reports of such cases have become nauseating.

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LEAD AS WE GO

Tune: "Nearer My God To Thee." Mary Lowe Dickinson.

Lead now, as forth we go
Master divine;
On paths of joy or woe
Let thy face shine;
Where winds of trouble blow,
Where tides of sorrow flow,
Fearless our steps shall go.
Close after Thine.

Ours be the willing hand
Thy work to share;
Ours be the loving heart
Thy cross to bear;
True Daughters of the King,
New songs our lips shall sing,
Faint hearts and sorrowing,
These are our cares.

Lowly our tasks, or grand,
Serve we the same;
Bring by Thine own right hand
Praise from our shame.
If but some soul in pain
Look up and smile again,
No deed can be in vain
Wrought "In His Name."

Drawn by Thy Spirit now.
Ourselves we bring;
On prayer, and song and vow,
Our souls take wing.
Forth from this blessed place.
Lead us to show Thy grace;
Write on each lifted face,
"Child of a King."

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS--MODERN SAMARITANS.

By W. M. Sherrill

If one were to refer to an encyclopedia or to any book of reference for information relating to the history of the Order of The King's Daughters and Sons, I feel sure the effort would be futile, because the order is not of ancient origin however, if age were measured by deeds of kindness, and the same were enumerated or recorded, it would seem that many decades had been required to accomplish so many acts of benevolence that stand as memorials to the activities of the King's Daughters and Sons—all having as a focal point the Lord's ministry, the relief of the sick and the suffering.

Long before the churches were so thoroughly organized for mission work, prior to the advent of the special work in communities and the real activities of benevolent organizations, the King's Daughters and Sons, a band of interdenominational workers back in the 80's organized for religious, social and educational purposes, which was one of the very first attempts toward real Christian fellowship.

This order had its genesis January 13, 1886, at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bottome, New York City, the organizer herself becoming the first president of the circle with ten in the original group. The North Carolina branch of the order had the pleasure of entertianing this choice spirit, Mrs. Bottome, at a convention in Rockingham, in 1904; and it was on this occasion that she was requested to tell of this incident that led her to conceive this order of the inter-denominational workers.

Despite the fact that many years had elapsed since the occasion suggesting this order her face was illuminated and her voice carried pathos as she related her story of love and interest in her fellow man.

The story runs thus: She was returning home from an extensive sea voyage, she said, and there was a young man of fine bearing and splendid manner who had proved himself congenial and she was attracted by him—a natural occurence for fellow travelers at sea. Just before reaching the New York harbor a violent storm was encountered, and all passengers retired to their state-rooms thus ending for a time the social hour. After reassembling on deck Mrs. Bottome was conscious of the absence of the young fellow and inquired of his whereabouts.

The sailor answered by pointing upwards. Her eyes following the direction as indicated by the sailor, Mrs. Bottome saw lashed to the mast of the ship a small boat. She at once sensed the story. She anxiously inquired as to the cause of his death, and the information given was that the young fellow was taken ill during the storm and died. Her interest and sympathy carried her further into the details of the sad story. Inquiring if there were a minister or a woman at hand to minister in some way to him, brought the reply, "No, only the sailors

MRS. MARAGARET BOTTOME.

She was the founder of the idea of The King's Daughters & Sons, an organization which has encircled the globe, doing the work that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents—Love is not measured that way.

present to do all they knew how to do."

The sudden and sad death was deeply deplored by Mrs. Bottome, and she very much regretted that she had not been called to render some aid in this particular case, but she said, as she reflected: "I am in spirit truly a Sister of Charity without veil or any other visible sign to make my mission, or desire to serve, known to those who possibly would need me in the hour of distress."

It was then and there she resolved to organize for service, and this incident precipated the movement for the "Original Ten," soon after returning to her home in the city.

There are neither social or denominational lines to debar one from membership in the order. The condition, is, however, to be a member is to hold oneself responsible to the King, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; the object is to develop a spiritual life and to stimulate Chris-

INSTITUTION BAND.

The Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters, Seniors, of Concord, made possible this means of making the campus cheerful at seasons. This Circle tendered us a $1,200 set of Conn band instruments. It was a most acceptable gift and has contributed no little to our work.

tian activities; and the badge adopted is an inexpensive silver Maltese Cross with I. H. N. engraved thereon, conveying the watchword of the Order—In His Name.

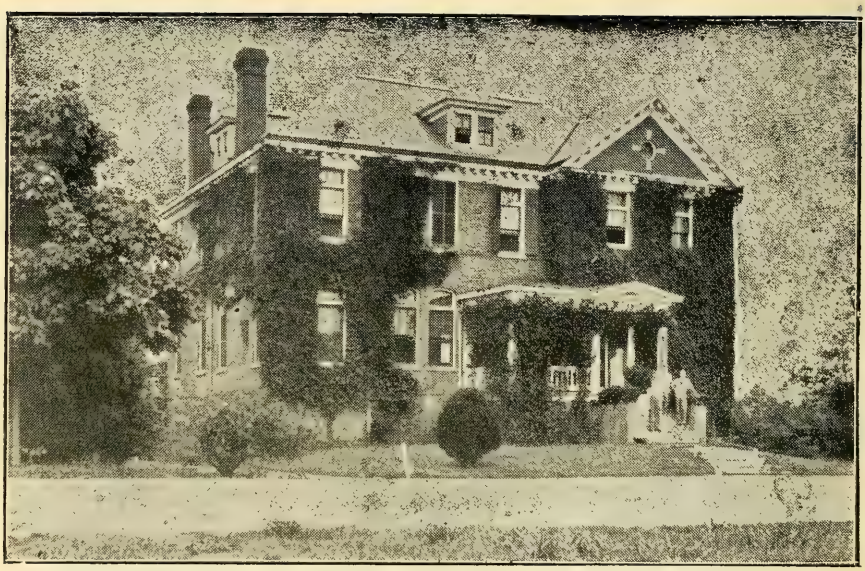
The influence of the "Original Ten had the effect like unto a pebble thrown out into the waters—one circle is seen, and then another and another. And the King's Daughters' Circles have thus multiplied until they girdle the earth, and have merged into one great circle known as the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons.

During the first two years of the order's existence there were enrolled near unto 70,000 members. This marvelous growth and interest far exceeded the expectations of "The Original Ten." The Order today has branches in thirty-two states; Provincial Branches in Canada; and circles in many other countries and islands. Among the outstanding achievements may be noted as homes for the aged, and the crippled, hospitals, christian colleges, as well as contributing generously to such worthy causes as the Red Cross, Near East Relief, fire and flood disasters, manifesting the very key-note of the Order—a Christian service to our fellows.

MEMORIAL BRIDGE AND CHAPEL.

The North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters contributed to the Jackson Training School the above beautiful chapel and the bridge connecting the campus across the highway, with the chapel. The bridge is a memorial to the N. C. World War soldiers losing their lives. The electrically lighted and artistic name above is a contribution by Mr. T. H. Webb, of Concord.

Coming nearer home, we find that the North Carolina Branch was organized in 1890; the first Convention was held in Greensboro, the old records



KING'S DAUGHTERS COTTAGE.

The State Branch contributed funds guaranteeing the erection of the first cottage in the plant of the Jackson Training School.

The Daughters caused a marble tablet to be placed on the building which reads: This tablet is lovingly dedicated to The North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs in commemoration of their generous donation of one thousand dollars towards the erection of 'The King's Daughters'' cottage, June 12, 1912.

showing that the ''West End Circle'' was the first organized in the state. This was at Greensboro, and the first hospital in the that city was financed, in 1891; by the ''West End Circle.'' The life of this hospital, however, was short, but the service at the time was appreciated and needed. As time passed from the minds of all people in Greensboro the pioneer work of these sisters of Charity? The answer is on a tablet at the Guilford County Sanatorium bearing the name of ''The King's Daughters of Greensboro'' to commemorate the gift of $4,060, 1924, from the members of this West End Circle after remaining inactive for so many years.

The Order in North Carolina, though not large numerically when compared with other women's organizations in the state, stands out most worthily both as a state work and in its activities locally. The real purpose and aim of the state Branch is to foster all movements

looking to better conditions; to encourage and aid in uplift work where ever opportunity offers, and lending influence and giving service in all matters that concern humanity.

The North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters was the first organization among the women to give their untiring efforts in the movement for a school for wayward boys, sustaining those who likewise sought to bring into reality the Stonewall Jackson Manual Taining and Industrial School for unfortunate boys.

Since its establishment they have been constant and helpful friends. The following is proof: They built the first cottage for thirty boys, they built the beautiful stone chapel on the National Highway and connected its grounds to the main campus by a stone bridge, a memorial to the North Carolina soldiers, who lost their lives in the World War, among them being five former students of the Jackson Taining School.

Again, at Samarcand, the refuge of wayward girls, they have built a splendid chapel, this being also an expression of the true spirit of the Order that keeps them steadfast in their activity.

The Sheltering Home Circle, of Durham, one of the largst circles in the state Branch, under the guidance of the untiring president, Mrs. J. R. Patton, has truly built a monument to the memory of all who have participated in the work, an Old Ladies Home that is both handsome in structure and equipment.

As a companion piece of thoughtfulness and service to the work of the Durham circle, St. Luke's Circle, of Raleigh, under the leadership of Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn,

COMMUNITY BUILDING.

The Circles of Henderson erected this building for their service and that of others.

The State Branch will hold part of its Convention in this building, October 6-7.

many years at the head of the state work, has placed another marker in the King's Highway—a splendidly built "Old Ladies Home" in the capital city of the Old North State.

The objective of the Whatsoever circle, of Henderson, was a park, library and a Community Playhouse, each contributing largely to the welfare of the community.

There are circles in Rockingham, Wilmington, Chapel Hill, Salisbury, Southport, Kannapolis, Winston-Salem, Henderson, Kinston, Franklin, Gastonia, Belhaven and Concord, each contributing largely towards making living conditions among the indigent and illiterate in each respective community better, besides being generous contributors to the state work.

The King's Daughters are responsible only to the King for their choice of a field of labor, hence in all details relating to work there is the largest liberty, the object being to unite women willing or eager to do the Master's work in a way to secure to each the sympathy and cooperation of all, and induce all to widen the circle of helpfulness by drawing into it more and more hands to work for humanity, and more hearts to love the King.

No duty by this wonderfully organized band of spiritually minded women is too menial, no kindness too

ST. LUKE'S HOME.

St. Luke's Circle of King's Daughters of Raleigh, built and maintains this beautiful home for the care of aged ladies in their midst.

small for a loyal Daughter from the smallest service, the giving of a cup of cold water, to the largest service —giving yourself.

Through the vicissitude of many eventful years the old violin had lain unused in garrets, and in later years had been carried by beggars in the streets who with a song sought to secure a crust of bread and a cup of milk to appease the hunger of its owner. But one day the beggar's old violin fell into the hands of a master who turned the dirty screws of the old instrument until it was attuned to the soul of the great musician. Then wonderful to relate earthquakes rumbled and rivers roared and cataracts thundered and birds chirped and mothers sang their lullabies, and lovers whispered and children laughed and dew-drops tinkled and sweet, far-off bells chimed in the body of that old violin, so long abused. Why? Because it was in the hands of a master musician. Let it never be forgotten that the master spirit and the master touch are the final measure of all earth's instruments.

—Greensboro Advocate.

SILVER CROSS CIRCLE, Juniors

They have furnished the school books to indigent pupils and in many ways contributed to the distressed. These little Concord folks, that make up this Circle, are on a little outing, holding their last meeting before the Summer vacation. Their leader, Miss Addie White, is with them; after business they had their picnic supper under the folds of a large oak at a country home.

PRESIDENTS OF THE STATE BRANCH.

The first Circle in the state was the "West End Circle," organized in Greensboro, November 1887, *with ten members. Leader, as the presiding officer was then designated, Miss Clara Albright, now Mrs. E. C. Chambers, Asheville.*

The first State Convention met May 14-15, 1890, *in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, Greensboro, Miss Mary E. Carter presiding.*

The State presidents, since the organization of the State Branch in 1890, *are as follows:*

Miss Mary E. Carter	1890-1894	Mrs. Fred Hill	1899-1900
Mrs. Hamden Smith	1894-1895	Mrs. Henry Perry	1900-1901
Mrs. J. B. Cherry	1895-1896	Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn	1901-1924
Records not complete	1896-1898	Mrs. Jas. P. Cook	1924-1927
Mrs. R. N. Sweet	1898-1899		

Under a revision of the Constitution. several years ago, the State Branch decided to limit the term of service of state officers to three years.

SWIMMING POOL

Which the Henderson Circle contributed to the younsters and others of their community.

PRESIDENTS OF THE SEVERAL STATE CIRCLES.

The local circles of The King's Daughters in the several towns which make up the State Branch of North Carolina are as follows, 1. Place; 2. Name of circle; 3. Name of president:

Belhaven—Margarite—Mrs. Alice R. Jarvis;
Chapel Hill—Burden Bearers—Mrs. Irene Lee;
Charlotte—Big Sisters—Mrs. J. H. Parks.
Concord—The Stonewall, Seniors—Mrs. J. P. Cook;
Concord—The Stonewall, Juniors—Miss Ruth Dayvault;
Concord—The Silver Cross, Juniors—Miss Ida Patterson;
Durham—Sheltering Home—Mrs. J. R. Patton;
Franklin—King's Daughters— Miss Mary Enloe;
Greenville—Patient—Mrs. Hortense Moye;
Greenville—Stonewall, Junior—Miss Rebecca Scoville;
Greenville—Willing Workers—Mrs. J. D. Shaw;
Henderson—Whatsoever—Mrs. T. H. Crudup;
Henderson—Helping Hand—Mrs. A. J. Creech.
Kannapolis—Lookout—Mrs. O. E. Scarboro;
Kannapolis—Lend-A-Hand, Juniors—Miss Kathleen Riderhour;
Raleigh—St. Luke's—Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn;
Rockingham—Silver Cross—Miss Easdale Shaw;
Salisbury—Relief Circle—Mrs. J. R. Dees;
Salisbury—In-His-Name—Miss Louise Rainey;
Southport—Endeavor—Miss Maggie Westcott;
Southport—Sunbeam, Juniors—Miss Elizabeth Taylor;
Winston-Salem—Whatsoever—Miss Mamie Dwire;
Wilmington—Whatsoever—Mrs. W. B. Evans.

"HOME SWEET HOME."

Christian Science Monitor.)

Perhaps one of the most inspiring and impressive features of the Eisteddfod, held this year at Holyhead, Wales, was the singing by 10,000 voices of "Home, Sweet Home." No other song, it would be safe to say could have united the great family of Welshmen drawn from thirteen different countries as did that of J. Howard Payne, for there is scarce another song with the simplicity, beauty and universality of appeal that approaches it. Sentimentalists have pictured the exile on the beach in far off lands crooning it to the sound of the waves; in the depths of the forest, dwelling in imagination on the cozy hearth at home; in the Arctic wastes, cherishing memories of the warm though humble firesides. No one would deny them such flights of fancy.

In the hearts of those who have traveled afar the scene in Wales will

strike a sympthetic chord. No place awakens such tender feelings as home. Enticing though the wider panorama may be, it ever carries with it the unfamiliar, if not lonely, aspect of a strange land. Goldsmith tramped through several countries in Europe, playing his flute for a living, in search of happiness. He could appreciate from his vantage point on the slopes of the Alps, the beauties and charms of Italy, of Spain, of Switzerland, of France, yet he was forced to the conculsion that there was no place like his own "sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

Economic conditions, the alluring prospects of distant lands and the exploitation of virgin regions have won from "home" many enterprising sons and daughters. Not the wish to leave home, but the desire to win their spurs abroad generally actuates the youth of older states. Yet travel as they may—be the disance ever so great—there will always remain with them thoughts of the home of their childhood and memories of people that years may dim but never extinguish. With the chorus at Holyhead, the whole world may well unite in the song:

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces though
we may roam.
Be it ever so humble, there's no
place like home."

SAMARCAND MANOR CHAPEL.

The King's Daughters here built for the girls of Samarcand Manor an attractive wooden Chapel. They are approaching the completion of making full payment of the cost—probably at the coming Convention.

KNOW YOUR BOY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

If the problem of youth in this generation is to be solved at all, the fathers of America themselves have got to undergo a transformation.

This boiled down is the essence of what Dr. Howard Bement, new headmaster of the Asheville school told the Men of the Church club of the First Presbyterian church last night in an address on "The Boy."

As long as fathers regard their business as more important than their children the world can expect to be faced with a problem of youth, and parents will stand appalled before what they regard as the revolt of youth, he said.

"We must treat our children just as intelligently, just as devotedly as we do our business," he declared in laying down specific things that have to be done if the children of the age are to be rescued from the high tension, and pressure of the age.

He said that during the past summer he had traveled extensively through the west interviewing the parents of boys who are going to Asheville School, and that almost everywhere he went he found parents afraid of their sons.

"Why?" he asked.

He answered, because apparently the parents of this generation place a higher value on their business than they do on their offspring.

"Youth is carried along by the speed, the action, the vividness, the picturesqueness of the age. Youth looks with little admiration on its elders. It has little respect for what we have done and are doing, because youth thinks we have made an unholy mess of things, especially in the World War. Youth is frank; and eager; youth wants to know; youth has a mania for information. Youth is wise today; youth is more sophisticated. It is not satisfied with the answer of authority; it demands the answer of demonstration."

"What is the remedy?" he asked.

"Simply that the older generation have got to grow younger as the younger generation has been growing older," he answered.

"We shall have to approach youth with a sympathetic point of view," he pointed out. "We have got to lay aside some of our misplaced emphasis on business and become a little bit more interested in our children."

Dr. Bement placed special emphasis upon the necessity of reproducing in the lives of children today something of "the simplicity and the beauty" that surrounded the lives of the older folks of today when they were young.

"To reproduce those conditions in the midst of the rush, and hurry—the automobile, the radio, the movie—it became imperative for parents to become pals of their children. You will exercise cleverness in the management of your business, in the making of money; why not exercise a little bit of cleverness in reaching the souls of these children of yours?

One of the important problems of the age is for mature men and women to demonstrate that religion

means something in their own lives he declared in conclusion. Unless it is made a responsible force and manifests itself outwardly as such it can hardly be expected that youth will think much of it, he concluded.

A DISCREET DADDY.

My daddy's always telling me
About how good he used to be;
He did what he was told to do,
And he was neat and tidy, too;
He learned his lessons every day,
And he would rather work than play;
But when my grandpa's visiting
  With us, my daddy, if I'm bad,
Forgets to say a single thing
About his goodness as a lad.

My daddy says he never told
A fib or made his parents scold
Because he did things that were wrong;
He always tried to help along
By being good and kind and sweet
And eating what boys ought to eat;
But when my grandpa comes, and then
  My daddy never boasts to me
About how good and sweet and dear
A little boy he used to be.

My daddy always took delight
In doing only what was right
When he was just about my size;
He wanted to be great and wise;
But when my grandpa comes and when
My grandma's here to visit, then
My daddy merely gives a wink
  Or smiles, if I've been kind of wild,
And doesn't try to make us think
  That he was once an angel child.

THIS MUST BE A GOAK.

Back years ago we had an experience with one of these suddenly made evangelists that cost us a period of anxiety and the displeasure of losing for a season the friendship of boyhood friends. But we never regretted it, for we knew time would bring all of us to our senses.

An Irish extraction of a fellow made a failure in the saw-mill business. Seeing how the evangelists were raking in the coin. he converted himself into one over night. He began. He made an appointment for a little town where we knew folks did not need an evangelist—church people on friendly terms—and we said so in our little paper. He lambasted us. The evangelist (?) to crush out opposition of a "little two by four newspaper" solicited a member of the church where he was holding his meeting to crush us by his withdrawal from the endorsement of a note, then our only working capital.

The gentleman in question told the evangelist he wouldn't do such a cowardly act towards one he felt was better than the evangelist. That evangelist proved the accuracy of the statement, in part at least—he was unfrocked by his church for immorality and afterwards died away from a deserted wife and in the arms of a harlot. Poor misguided sinner! A sad ending even for a hypocrite.

The Uplift cherishes a high regard for the high office of the ministry, and it dislikes for financial failures to assume the ministry's robes for profit—the regularly ordained and licensed preachers, with us in baptism, following us in childhood, at our sick beds and accompanying us to the cemetery and filling the exacting duties that belong to the minister, merit our highest appreciation.

Since our experience with the Irish thug that made a failure at the saw-mill business and sought coin through the high office, to which he brought disgrace, we have been cautious about remarks about modern evangelists; but Editor Beasley, of the Monroe Journal, has said something that looks good and sound to us; Mr. Beasley in his paper editorially says:

What becomes of the "converts" who by the thousands hit the "sawdust trail" at these big professional evangelistic meetings? Up north a movement has been started against the evangelists. Church leaders are saying that not enough of the converts stick and that the regular pastors and preachers must do the work if it is going to be done. Billy Sunday, of course, took note of this, and he gave his views in the World. Some of these, especially those relating to the south must be what Artemus Ward referred to as a "goak."

Mr. Sunday said that sinfulness is creeping out of the big eastern cities into the small town and farming country at an alarming rate. The "infidels" by which Mr. Sunday means the pastors who don't preach "the truth," are "boring from within just as the communists are in the labor unions." Only the south, Mr.

Sunday's opinion, is standing firm.

"Take North Carolina, one of the finest states in the Union," Mr. Sunday said. "After a revival down there you don't find any backsliders. That's because the preachers down there believe in the good, old-fashioned doctrine and preach the truth.

"There's another thing. You find the people down there belonging to families that go straight back to the Revolution. They are real Americans. Of course, I'm not saying anything against the people who come over to this country and absorb our ways of thinking. But you want to remember this is a Christian country. The folks who came over in the Mayflower were real Christians.

"Those people down there in North Carolina don't believe with this Nietzsche, and Darwin and Huxley. What I say is, that if you don't teach the Christian religion in the schools—I agree to that all right—at least we have the right to say they won't teach Darwin and those fellows who want to destroy our beliefs."

Few people in this country, and none in the South, can claim any relation to the Mayflower pilgrims. Billy's idea of Mayflower ancestry is about as reliable as his statement that you don't find any backsliders in the South after a big meeting. If they don't backslide, why do we have more meetings right away to save them over again? Somebody has said that the only way you could keep a crowd of evangelistic converts from backsliding would be to kill them right at the end of the meeting.

FACING THE UNPLEASANT.

There is a theory prevalent in certain educational circles which says that children should never be required to do what they do not want to do. It is a mistake to urge them to play in games hat do not appeal to them. When they go to school they are to study only such subjects as they like. They are to choose their games, their companions, their reading, and their going to and fro. Everything of a compulsory nature is to be avoided.

Of course it is perfectly legitimate to try to help them discover the pleasant in what at first looks to them to be unpleasant. What appears to them a bitter task may become in their eyes, under suitable analysis, a labor of love. There is nothing to be gained in making them face what is unattractive just because it is unattractive. There used to be the notion that there was no virtue in doing what had an appeal in it; if the task was not hard and bitter and repulsive it lacked in disciplinary value.

Now the middle ground between these two theories is safest. The idea that everything children did was to be made as distasteful as it could be is fallacious. And just as fallacious is the idea that force is never to be used. It does no person any harm to face tasks that have a sinis-

ter aspect. And no one who has amounted to anything in the world ever escaped tackling what he would rather have turned away from. It is swimming up the stream and against the current that develops strength. "A child that suffers no hardship is on the road to perdition." As we look back over our lives we begin to see how much we owe to the tasks that were at the time unwelcome. We did all sorts of maneuvering to run away from them; but they proved to be our friends in disguise. All of us must be profoundly grateful for parents and teachers who saw what was best for us and called up on us to do it.

WHOSE OFFICES?

(Lexington Dispatch.)

Every once and awhile there crops out at Raleigh new evidence that some of our State officeholders regard the offices as belonging to them and not to the people. Some of them make bold to flaunt defiance in the face of the head of the State administration, who actually is elected every four years. Those holding most of the State offices are elected the first time and then remain in office practically for life as a result of habit among careless voters. These careless voters can become mightily excited over who is running for Governor and at the same time manifest not a bit of concern about whom the Governor must depend upon for support in carrying out his policies. The Governor comes in a new man, perhaps with fresh enthusiasm and a desire to introduce new ideas of government to conform with the changing conditions in North Carolina. He finds in his council a bunch of old timers who generally are wedded to the status quo. The way things have rocked along suits them best. They feel no demand from the people for changing things—for do they not stay on forever without molestation?

One of two things should happen North Carolina citizens should begin to take interest in the entire personnel of the elected State administration, or else the system ought to be changed so that a Governor could be elected and delegated with authority to choose the heads of the several departments that are integral parts of his administration.

"As stars make bright the velvet night
That hides the sky's blue bowl,
So loving thoughts and kindness light
The windows of the soul."

AND SHE IS BLIND.

By Paul Payton Farrington in Dearborn Independent

It is five years ago. The brilliantly lighted Hippodrome, at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-Third Street, is jammed with hundreds of beautifully gowned women and meticulously dressed men. Far above them, one hundred and twenty feet over a glistening tank of water, a young woman is poised. She is small, dark, attractive, and she is prepared to make her usual swan dive before the metropolitan crowd.

Then from her, there is a sudden intake of breath which amounts almost, to a gasp. To herself she whispers, 'My eyes—my eyes.'

Yet there is but one thing for her to do. She again makes the leap. And the crowd, applauding, does not know.

Were it possible for you to glance through a window of a certain modest home of the exclusive Long Island suburb, Kew Gardens tonight, you might see a diminutive, very pert young woman, addressing herself to the business of preparing dinner. She is absorbed, this young woman, in determining whether the beans are all that a pot of beans should be, and if the other dishes are sufficiently appetizing to recommend themselves.

Not interested? All right. But remember: the young woman is totally blind.

Tonight that young woman, Mrs. Jack Callahan, nee Helen Carr, is smiling in her kitchen. And five years ago, she was playing before eminent spectators. The Prince of Wales has risen to applaud her. The King and Queen of Belgium have done her honor.

And tonight—is she happy?

She is. She is the wife of the man whose fiancee she was before the water robbed her of her sight. She is the wife of the man who refused to give her up when, possibly, her hours were darkest. She is the wife of a New York cartoonist whose comic strips appear in newspapers in the United States, Great Britian, and on the Continent. Jack Callahan, whose progenitors came from County Cork, is the man who created 'Freedie the Shiek,' 'Hon and Dearie,' 'Calamity Jane,' and the 'You-Tell-'Ems.' At present he is the understudy of the internationally known George Mc Manus.

'Of course I'm happy,' Mrs. Callahan said the other night. 'There is, you know, really no reason why I shouldn't be. You see, I dance—just as I always did. And I ice skate. And I dive and swim. And I'm rather foolish about the radio.'

Mrs. Callahan, gowned in a shade of red which cannot be described by most men but which, they sense, cannot be worn except by brunets, paused.

'You know,' she said, 'Jack Callahan is a cheat. I rather hate to say that about my own husband. Ordinarily, you see, he is rather a decent sort. But last night—I believe it was last night—he told me he had got KGW on the radio. And, let me assure you, that isn't possible on our set. I have three callouses on the finger tps of my right hand, and those dials won't take me father west

than Chicago. My husband, I'm afraid, has no sense of radiio honor. He's forever boasting about how far he's radioed west—and I'd venture he's never reached Buffalo.'

That—Callahan explained later—is the only argument which brings about domestic strife in his family. For hours, he says, he and his sightless wife reach for distant stations. 'Occasionally,' he confided, 'I have stretched a point—or three.'

Right here for the benefit of those who believe their lots in life have been hard, there should be an interjection, or an interpolation, or an interlude—or something. When Mrs. Jack Callahan was Miss Helen Carr she dived from a platform quite high above the water. Due to the fact that the dive was necessarily, a shallow one, the impact of the water on her eyes was extremely severe. After an entire season of diving she discovered one night that her sight was somewhat blurred. On the following night the condition was more aggrevated. Then she saw a physician.

The expert told her that her ailments was detatched retinas. At this time Miss Carr was only the fiancee of Mr. Callahan, but she and he sought out the most brilliant specialists in New York City. They told her that hope was lost.

But the girl refused to quit. Urged by the man who, later, was to become her husband, she went to Europe where she received attention from the most distinguished practitioners on the Continent. Eleven operations she underwent, some of which required that she remain with her head motionless for as long as fourteen days at a time.

Then—after months of pain, of suffering and occasional hope— the girl knew what future was to be hers. She was, forever, to be blind.

There will be no work for the tear-jerkers in this article. Mrs. Callahan wants none of them. She had rather that people understand she is entirely contented with life; that people, usually, have proved themselves a bit of all right, and that there is much joy in life for even those who do not see with their eyes.

And as for Callahan?

'What amuses me most,' he said, 'is the manner in which most persons look on the "boss." They seem to think she shouldn't be happy—and I've never known a person who seems to find more things in life to enjoy. By the way, she is the "boss." Before I met my wife I think I was making pretty fair money—at least, as much as the average individual. Now, well you see, under the "boss" I've sort of managed to do a little better. You understand? Together we've managed to save enough to buy a couple of places which we've leased to tenants and, well, we're getting along fairly well, thank you.'

Callahan, who confesses he was one of the most thorough mess sergeants who ever endeavored to starve out a man in uniform during the comparatively recent disturbance, was—because of his absence of weight—associated with a depot brigade at Camp Upton. 'I fought, more or less honorably," he explained, 'approximately three thousand and some some miles behind the lines. My most intrepid work was done as a mess sergant of prison barracks. My predecessor had been killed by a negro K. P. the week before.'

Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Callahan took a Mediterranean cruise. On it, Mrs. Callahan said, she enjoyed herself immensely. She won first prize at a masquerade while on board the Red Star liner, attained the top of Vesuvius with only her husband's arm for guidance, and, at regular intervals, danced and swam to her heart's content.

'People, commonly, take themselves too seriously,' she said. 'I know that that sounds terribly trite—but I mean it. Certainly I enjoy myself at all times—or, at least, nearly all times. Why can't persons with all their faculties do the same thing?'

The Callahans were approached on one subject which, to them, is a trifle delicate. 'Isn't it so,' Mrs. Callahan was asked, 'that you urged your husband to marry somebody else when you knew you were to be blind?'

The beautiful young woman pursed her lips. 'Well, yes,' she confessed. 'I did. But I'm glad he didn't take me up. You know though, he does cheat at radio.'

A SINGLE STITCH

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
  His nimble shutter to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
  Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
One small stitch which could scarce be seen,
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next one out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day

One small life in God's great plan,
  How futile it seems as the ages roll!
Do what it may, or strive how it can
  To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

THE BIG BARRIER.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Out in California ten days ago died W. H. Porterfield, part owner and publisher of **The San Diego Sun** and one of the greatest reporters journalism ever knew. The day before he went on the table for the operation from which he never came back, he wrote in his newspaper:

"Life is to most of us, I think, a rather unsatisfying experience. We never accomplish even the smallest part of what we plan to do. Our lives soon become an unimportant round of details, while all the time, in the background of our brains, huddles a half-formed prayer that somehow we might be vouchsafed the time and ability to do something really worth while.

"Life is unfinished always, an unfinished symphony.

" 'I count life just the stuff to try the soul's strength on,' wrote Browning, and I think he knew much more of life, here and beyond, than those who think they know so much, for Browing knew he did not know and that's all you and I can ever know, no matter how many decades our bodies may move about the earth."

This great reporter put his finger on the supreme difficulty of achievement in the statement, "Our lives soon become an unimportant round of unimportant details." The monotony of routine is the big barrier between every individual and the far and shining goal he has set for himself to win.

A famous English novelist once submitted to John M. Siddall, then editor of **The American Magazine**, an article describing the hopeless conditions under which a certain class of workers had to do their labor, and in one sentence he said: "Their backs are bent under the monotony of routine."

Siddall, looking up from his reading of the manuschipt, exclaimed:

"As if anybody could escape the monotony of routine! There is no job on earth free from it. Every worker in every art, profession and trade pays tribute to it. It is inescapable."

The novelist's "monotony of routine" and the reporter's "unimportant round of unimportant details" mean one and the same thing: the handicap that is clapped on every runner in the race of life; the high and imprisoning wall over which every man who longs to accomplish splendidly must climb in order to make his dream come true.

It can not be denied that the "monontony of routine" is a terrific force. Going to the shop or office at the same hour every day, tackling the mass of petty detail, seeing the stream of people, working with the same tools and the same helpers, buying and selling, calculating, keeping the thoughts in the same groove —all that is a juggernaut that crushes the initiative, snap, enterprise and force out of a man, or it is a mass of work on which the man clambers always upward.

Either he, as Porterfield said, joins the great majority of "most of us"

and allows his whole being to become absorbed in the "unimportant round of unimportant details;" or, by the sheer mightiness of his determination, he injects importance and signifiance into every detail which to others would seem "unimportant."

All of which is another way of saying that the only way for him to surmount the Big Barrier is to see always gleaming, above and beyond it, the light of his ambition. The outcome of his conflict with the high wall depends upon the spirit or lack of spirit with which he goes against it. He wins to the heights when he is forever doing his best to direct and use for his own benefit the day's detailed work, "the monontony of routine."

The inventor, adorning life with a new device, has come across the Big Barrier of measureless experimenting and countless tests: the monontony of a routine of labor and trials crowded with discouragement.

The winged explorer, before he flies the Pacific Ocean or reaches the South Pole, has ahead of him months of the most exhaustive exertion. He endures the monotony of a routine of testing and assembling which must mean, in the end, that every bit of his equipment will do what is expected of it in emergency.

A painter of portraits, to catch the elusive light on a lady's cheek or draw to the life the eyelashes of a man, has devoted years of back-breaking labor to effort, which, in another, would have "soon become an unimportant round of unimportant details."

It is the same wherever we turn. Life, the monotony of routine, is "stuff to try the soul's strength on;" and, according as the worker ceases to try, or keeps on trying, his coul's strength on the Big Barrier, it conquers him or is conquered.

Porterfield had the secert of fine lving. Possessed of an inexhaustible interest in people and events and flashing a prodigious industry, he was always finding the unusual in the day's work. He stripped the monotonous of monotony. With his brains as a battering ram, he broke through the high wall and came, before his death, to success and fame in his profession, and so showed the way to everybody else.

He who wants to persuade, should put his trust not in the right argument, but in the right word. The power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense. I dont say this by way of disparagement. It is better for mankind to be impressionable than reflective. Nothing humanly great—great, I mean, as affecting a whole mass of lives—has come from reflection. On the other hand, you cannot fail to see the power of mere words; such words as Glory, for instance, or Pity. Shouted with perseverance, with ardor, with conviction, these two by their sound alone have set whole nations in motion and upheaved the dry, hard ground on which rests our whole social fabric. Don't talk to me of your Archimedes' lever. Give me the right word and the right accent and I will move the world. —Joseph Conrad.

MR. DEPEW'S FIRST $100.

(New York World.)

Visiting a Peekville bank, Chauncey M. Depew finds that his first $100 left there in 1861 and undisturbed, has grown to $1,100 at compound interest. Probably the interest rate has varied somewhat in that long time. An average rate of a trifle less than 4 per cent would work out about as stated.

This interesting sum in arithmetic is a convenient peg on which to hang the paradox of thrift. Suppose a man of twenty-one begins saving $200 a year banking it in a savings bank and from time to time withdrawing round sums for more remunerative but always prudent investment. He does this for twenty-two years. Then, his investments yielding a considerable sum he begins spending $200 a year more than his earnings. At sixty-five, retiring age, he has spent exactly as many dollars as he has earned—but by the magic of compound interest he has a substantial fortune in five figures for his old age, the exact sum depended upon his interest rates received.

That reasoning works perfectly when banks do not fail, when investment shares do not crumble in value and when money remains sound, as in Mr. Depew's case. But there is the classic tale, or fable, of two German brothers, equal heirs of fat sums in marks. One saved his money; the other drank up his fortune and stacked the empty beer bottles in the cellar. There came a day when the beer bottles of the wastrel were more than the paper marks of the prudent brother.

When money falls in value it is better to own things than money, or stock shares in terms of money. But the German example is hardly typical. In most countries the paradox of thrift works out to logical results.

ROYAL DAUGHTERS.

(Tune: "Whispering Hope.")

In the King's army we're marching,
As the King's Daughters we live;
Royally serving and loving,
Blessings to others we give.
"In His Name" always our motto,
Speeding His Kingdom of love—
Kingdom where all men are brothers,
In the great Father above.

Holding the cup of cold water
To the lips thirsty and hot;
Soothing the sick and the weary,
Easing their sad, bitter lot.
Shedding the sunshine of gladness
Over the sin-darkened way.
"In His Name" living for others,
Serving the King, day by day.

REFRAIN:

Calling to me,
He is calling to thee,
Serving the King,
Royal Daughters you'll be.

*Mrs. M. O. J. Kreps.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

All the boys and officers enjoyed honey again last Sunday at dinner.

The boys of Mr. Johnson's and Mr. Simpson's school rooms have been picking peas lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman and Mr. and Mrs. Witherspoon visited Miss Vernie Goodman last Sunday afternoon, and were shown over the School.

The Rutherford Cottage was opened last week with a total of twenty-eight boys. Mr. and Mrs. Presson, of Monroe, have charge of it. We now have fifteen cottages occupied.

The boys have been receiving rolls on Monday night of each week. This treat has been changed to Wednesday night. It's all the same to the boys, as long as they get their rolls.

Hon. and Mrs. Josephus Daniels visited the School last Friday. Mr. Daniels was Secretary of the Navy in President Wilson's cabinet, and is now editor of the "News & Observer."

A legislative committee, composed of Senators P. H. Williams, R. S. McCoin and Hon. A. H. Graham, spent last Thursday afternoon at the institution. They visited all departments and were well pleased with our school.

The pupils of the different school rooms have been preparing their maps, etc., for exhibition at the fair at Concord, Oct. 11-15.

Mr. Carriker and his shop "crew" have been preparing their "things" also. Several other departments are getting ready, too.

No game was scheduled last Saturday afternoon, so the boys played the officers. Lisk, pitching for the officers, allowed ten hits and four runs. Williams, pitching for the boys, allowed ten hits and three runs. The boys played hard for the victory which was theirs by a score of 4-3.

Dr. G. B. Lewis, President of Scotia Seminary, Concord, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read the 92 Psalm and took his text from the fourth verse of the same. He told of the ten men stricken with leprosy, who can to Jesus to be cured. He cured them, and only one of the ten returned to give thanks unto Him. That was becoming. "Things that are becoming," was his main subject for the afternoon. If a boy should put on a girl's dress, it would be unbecoming, but if he should put on pants, it would be becoming. He related several incidents where things are becoming and unbecoming. The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., [illegible]EMBER 24, 1927. No 36

"MY DESIRE."

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up, and laugh, and love and lift.

—Hymnal of American Youth.

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The Uplift

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"WE ARE BEWILDERED."

An English scientist is reported to have justified Darwin's theory of evolution and traced human life back to jellyfish. We are bewildered. Jelly we know and fish. Also applesauce and piffle. No doubt the report is an English joke and it has not yet arrived at a point.—Dr. Melhorn.

BENTONVILLE.

The last real battle of the War Between the States occurred on North Carolina soil, in Johnston County.

A tablet commemorating this event was unveiled on the fifteenth in the presence of fifteen thousand people. Gov. McLean was present, and in an appropriate address accepted the tablet from the Bentonville Battle Ground Memorial Committee.

The Uplift is proud to acknowledge the courtesy of Mrs. T. J. Lassiter, editor of the Smithfield Herald, for the use of the several cuts throughout this issue, making the story of the celebration a complete one.

We used to sit at the feet of General R. F. Hoke in admiration of his great modesty in telling of this event; a lion in courage was he, but as modest as a virgin when it came to telling his part in that struggle. And soon after this event General Hoke passed through Raleigh, having arrested Gov. Vance and carrying him to his camp to make sure the purposes of the leaders of the Confederacy engaged in the protection of that part of North Carolina would not go awry.

Somebody, let us hope, has recorded Gen. Hoke's story of his experience when he had Gov. Vance under guard. This we remember that the Gover-

nor, in his own inimitable humor, accused Gen. Hoke of steaking his pants. The pants were not stolen but were found under Gen. Hoke's pillar while both slept in a tent—that was the exigency of a caution born of the necessity of the military having its way at that junction of the war.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE

Excepting an engagment at Waynesville, on May 8th, 1865 (after the surrender at Appomatox) when Col. J. R. Love defeated Kirk's calvary regiment of Federals, the Battle of Bentonville was the last fought in North Carolina.

Sherman, the finest specimen of the human brute of all ages, if one may judge from his acts of vandalism, set in destructive fires, unnecessary even in war, was moving like a firebrand from South Carolina into North Carolina. The straggling remnants of several Confederate regiments were making preparation to meet the brute. This occurred at Bentonville.

Speaking of this event, Dr. Hill's history has this account: By March 18th, the forces under Hill and Hoke and General Hardee's command, were united near Bentonville in Johnston county. General Johnston therefore prepared to give battle to Sherman before Schofield could reach him. Accordingly, he, on March 19th, set his men in order for their last battle. Johnston could muster only 14,000 men. This number included the young men and boys of the Junior Reserves, who proudly took their places alongside of Hoke's war-scarred soldiers. The little army was both cheered and saddened to see its corps and division commanders—Bate, Hardee, Hampton, Hill, Loring, McLaws and Stewart—take post to fight among the men almost like colonels at the head of regiments.

Until the Federals by means of their numbers gained the Confederate flanks, Johnston's fighters not only beat off all attacks, but in the afternoon united in a successful advance along their whole line. On the 21st Johnston retired toward Raleigh. Sherman did not follow at once, but turned to Goldsboro.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A VICTIM

We mourn the passing of Major Kenneth E. Caldwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Caldwell, of Cabarrus. Major Caldwell was a World War veteran bearing distinct decorations for particular bravery in most trying circumstances and for playing the part of a genuine hero when wounded almost

unto death. His were the acts of courageous manhood of fearless mould. But the fruits of his wounds incurred in battle across the seas sapped his vitality during the past year so unrelentingly and constantly, his very brain snapped. Not his brave self, he ended his life, Sunday morning last.

It is a great tragic sorrow upon the community.

America furnished in her fighting hosts no braver soldier; no soldier was ever more modest in the wearing of laurels the machinery of the allied governments saw fit to adorn him with; and he never knew that he was a real hero, simply satisfied that all was just his duty in the perils he bravely encountered.

He survived the cruel war, inheriting wounds and afflictions too heavy for his crippled body and the clouds engulfed him. Poor gentle fellow became the victim of the fortune of war. There are others in the land suffering similar pangs. May the good Lord shield the poor fellows from a like fate! They pledged their all that was in their young manhood for their country and have not complained. Such is the price a loyal patriotism sometimes!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

Years and years ago Col. Jacob Barnhardt was a prominent citizen and business man of the Pioneer section of the county. Among his children is E. C. Barnhardt, Sr., who wanted to come to town. He came as a working man because he chose to do so. Fortune would have permitted him to come leasurely.

That kind of course did not appeal to him. He put on overalls and took a job in the then Odell Mills. He had a curiosity to know how cloth was made, following all the various steps from the raw stuff to the finished product.

In the recent years he has been running in low gear, enjoying the fruits of his achievements and activities in the manufacturing world. This is not all; he adopts occasions and opportunities to aid the worthy. To him as it is to all, who engage in a helpful practice to the less fortunate, it has been a joy to assist worthy youth to prepare for the real affairs of life.

Mr. Barnhardt had as his guest at a recent Rotary meeting a young man. Bentz Howard, a son of Mr. B. B. Howard, master mechanic at the Gibson Manufacturing Cotton Mill. Mr. Barnhardt can talk business galore when sitting down, but when "you put me on my feet, I'm nervous," but in spite of this he introduced his guest, Bentz Howard, in the following exact words.

"We frequently hear an interesting story of some young man longing for more knowledge who has worked his way through college and endured privation and hardships that he might obtain the coveted college degree. These boys usually reside in some distant city or even in

some foreign country, but these things do happen in our own community; but as a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country", we seldom hear them.

I have as my guest today a living example of the "back to school movement", and with your permission, President Cliff, I will tell you of him. He is a modest young man, and had he known what I am going to say, I doubt if he would be here.

A few years ago Bentz entered State College. He found the work much harder than he had been accustomed to, and like too many boys at college, he did not realize what he was there for, and by March he had failed to make the grade and had to drop out.

He went to work and gradually found himself, and realized that if he were to have any part in the wonderful developments going on all around us he must have a trained mind. He saved his earnings and another year and a half found him back in college, desperately in earnest and working his way through.

He has completed his junior year with an average grade of 87, having accomplished this when he was at the same time giving all the time he possibly could to work earning expense money. Some weeks ago the Hart Products Corporation of New York City offered a five hundred dollar scholarship to some deserving young man working his way through college. They placed this fund in the hands of the Southen Textile Association, and they appointed a committee of awards. There were more than fifty applicants for the scholarship all of which were considered worthy, but on account of his splendid three years' record at college and the earnest letters of recommendation from influential business men, the scholarship was awarded to Bentz B. Howard, Jr., of Concord—and now, fellow Rotarians, I wish to introduce my guest, Bentz Howard."

Somebody, somewhere, sometime ago lamented that opportunity was lacking about industrial plants for a person to "make a home-run." It's not true. The opportunities are just as frequent and more so among young men in industrial centers to enjoy the best there is as come to clerks, soda-jerkers, jazz artists, and other salary and warge earners.

The whole thing is the spirit and stuff of the individual—he makes his chance; he turns things up for himself, never relying on the foolish idea that the world owes him a living, but obesessed with the high notion that he owes the world something for letting him live in it.

That's the kind of a young fellow Mr. Barnhardt introduced to the Rotarians—and he's from an industrial community.

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HOW MUCH OF THIS KIND OF FUN ARE YOU HAVING?

"I had some real fun yesetrday," said Bishop Phillips Brooks to his con-

gregation one Sunday morning. The fun he referred to was his visit to the slums, where he attracted the little children to himself very much as did his Lord and Master. It was a sight to find him walking through the streets with a multitude of the outcast urchins clinging to him and not willing to let him go. Fun? Is there any fun greater than that which lifts an immortal soul out of the depths of spiritual degredation? How much of that kind of fun are you having.

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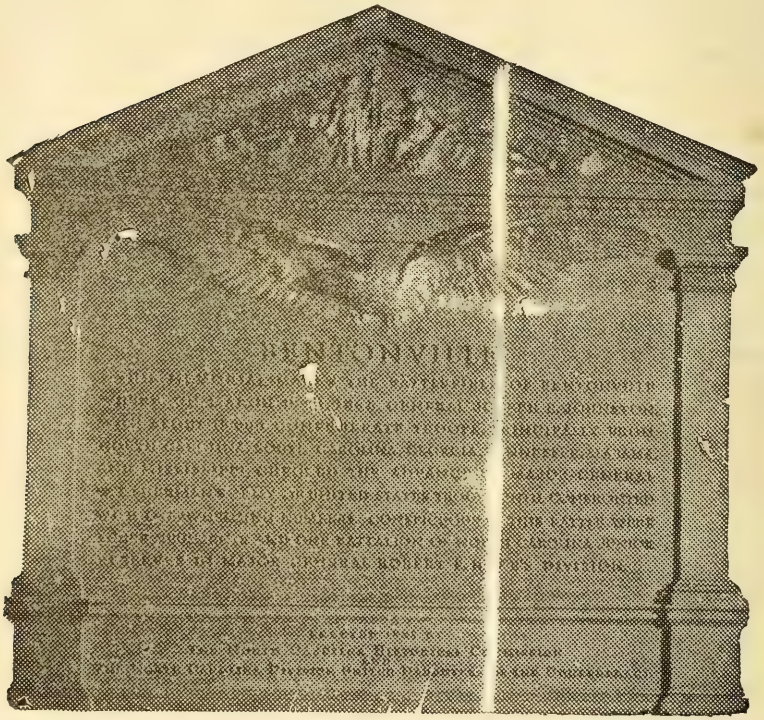
FACING AN AMERICAN INHERITANCE

Missionary Stirewalt has an article in this number. It touches problems affecting the social conduct of the Japanese.

If all that missionary says be true, and there is no need of doubting that it is true, then the wildness that has overtaken conditions in this country is a blow to our missionary example and success.

What thinks the average convert of Japan, who chances upon a knowledge of how we church folks in America carry on!

15,000 PEOPLE WITNESS THE UNVEILING MEMORIAL MARKER.



TABLET UNVEILED TO COMMEMORATE SOUTHERN HEROISM AT BENTONVILLE

Bronze marker unveiled on the battlefield of Bentonville in honor of the Confederate soldiers who fought and died at the battle at that place, March 19-21, 1865.

The Bentonville battlefield with its trenches well preserved after sixty-two years have elapsed, again swarmed with human beings yesterday as between fifteen and twenty thousand men, women and children from every section of North Carolina from the mountains to the seacoast, and from several states gathered to do honor to that remnant of the Confederate forces which checked for three days in 1865, the advance of Sherman's army.

The unveiling of the memorial marker on this battlefield yesterday marked the culmination of a move-

ment inaugurated and carried through to a successful completion by the North Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the State Historical Commission. The marker, which is a bronze tablet set in a boulder of Wake County granite, was unveiled by a group children, descendants of Gen. D. H. Hill, Gen. R. F. Hoke, and three Fayetteville colonels who commanded the Junior Reserve regiments in the battle of Bentonville.

Mrs. Walter F. Woodard, of Wilson, president of the State U. D. C., presided over the exercises which were held near the marker. Patriotic airs rendered by the 120th Infantry National Guard band of Raleigh interspersed the speechmaking which characterized the unveiling. The invocation was pronounced by Com-

MRS. J. H. ANDERSON

Mrs. Anderson is State Chairman of the Bentonville Battleground Committe. She has been quite active in giving wide publicity to the celebration held September 15, and has caused, through articles concerning the battle itself, a renewed interest in the last battle of the War Between the States.

MRS. W. M. SANDERS

Mrs. Sanders is vice-chairman of the state committee of the Bentonville battleground memorial. She has been untiring in her efforts to have the old battlefield properly marked, and she contributed largely to the success of the memorial occasion held there September 15th.

rade S. F. Conrad, of Charlotte, chaplian of the North Carolina Division of the U. D. C.

The rostrum erected under a spreading oak tree, decorated with flags, held a brilliant assemblage, including Governor and Mrs. McLean, speakers on the program and honor-

MRS. WALTER WOODARD

Mrs. Woodard, of Wilson, President of the State U. D. C., who presided over the exercises at Bentonville.

ed guests of the occasion, among whom was B. F. Isenberg, of Pennsylvania, a courier with Gen. Sherman's army at Bentonville who brought greetings from the Blue. Prominent on the stage was young Hector McLean, son of the governor, who, dressed in a Confederate suit, was color bearer. But the group toward whom the speakers glanced the oftenest as they spoke of the memorable conflict that marked the close of the War Between the States, was the little group of Confederate veterans who occupied seats of honor immediately in front of the rostrum. Among these old soldiers was a number who were at Bentonville sixty-two years ago. After the exercises they wandered over the battleground endeavoring to find again scenes and locations that had been stamped indelibly on their minds.

The presentation of the marker was fittingly made by Mrs. John H. Anderson, of Fayetteville, who has worked to see the marker erected, and who has given wide publicity to the occasion by numerous newspaper articles concerning the battle. Some of these articles were prepared for the press by Mrs. Anderson while others were written by North Carolinians of note whom Mrs. Anderson interested in the event. Mrs. Anderson in tendering the memorial said:

"We are assembled today to dedicate a memorial which will serve for generations to keep the memory of North Carolina's soldiers who fought one of the most important engagements of the War Between the States.

"This memorial marks the battlefield of Bentonville, where March 19, 20, 21, 1865, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston with about 15,000 Confederate troops checked the advance and repulsed every attack of Major Gen. W. T. Sherman's Army of more than twice that number. Conspicuous in this battle were three regiments and one battlion of North Carolina Junior

Reserves in Major-General Robert F. Hoke's division.

"Historians record the fact that the services of General Hoke and his men are among the most illustrious examples of Confederate generalships and valor in the whole course of the war. Just at this point our North Carolina Junior Reserves began the attack on Sherman's seasoned veteran soldiers, and just below here they made their last charge in that bloody three days' battle.

"The heroism of these troops crowned with everlasting glory North Carolina's devotion to the cause of her independence.

"As the mists of the years are rolled away, these heroes who died in the tattered gray grow taller and greater in all their parts, till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts. Yes, they grow taller as the years go by, and the world knows how they could do and die.

"Poor is the nation that has no heroes, but beggared is that people that having them, forgets, and a people who forgets their dead deserve themselves to be forgotten.

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy feel that there is no work greater than in bringing before the youth of our land the heroic deeds of their ancestors, and through them we are endeavoring to teach pure patriotism which we rejoice in as a proud heritage. We treasure deeds of valor and commend to the coming generation the ideals of the Southland, believing that remembrance of her glory in the past will stimulate to national greatness in the present and future. May we study the history of our State and try to be worthy of its traditions.

"The smiple story of the part played by our State's soldiers in the Battle of Bentonville makes every North Carolinian thrill with pride

"They gave us great glory,
What more could they give?
They left us a story—
A story to live."

"And now, your excellency, on behalf of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy and the North Carolina Historical Commission, it is my privilege to present to you for the commonwealth of North Carolina, this memorial, which commemorates the services of our men in the Battle of Bentonville."

Governor McLean's Speech

On behalf of the State of North Carolina, Governor A. W. McLean accepted the marker making a most appropriate speech. He stated that he had heard more about the battle of Bentonville than any other battle, because he is the son of a Confederate soldier who engaged in the conflict at Bentonville and had heard his father give in detail many of the acts of heroism which characterized the battle. Among the last requests of his father was that he see to it that the Bentonville and Gettyhburg battlegrounds be properly marked. The governor expressed the opinion that the Bentonville battleground should be a State park—a military park.

North Carolina's chief asset, the governor said, is not roads, nor schools, nor agriculture. It is the enduring qualities, its patriotic spirit, its reverence for sacred things, its

readiness to sacrifice life for the common good. No people can develop materially and spiritually unless they do honor to their departed heroes. No great government can endure, if we neglect this duty, declared the governor. The monument of Washington does honor to Washington, but it honors the American people more.

But, said the speaker, we owe another duty. Battles are won, too, by the mothers of men. And mothers and sisters keep alive this sentiment. Except for the women, the occasion which is now being celebrated would not be. Then he paid a splendid tribute to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and offered a salute to Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Woodard as worthy representatives of this organization in North Carolina. The occasion will live longer than the granite of the monument.

Following Gov. McLean, Gen. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, addressed the assemblage, and he was followed by Col. Fred A. Olds, of Raleigh, who spoke particularly of the part of the Junior Reserves had in the battle. Col. Olds, at the conclusion of his speech, displayed an old bullet ridden flag of the 42nd N. C. Regiment which engaged in the battle of Bentonville. The flag was brought from the Hall of History for the occasion. The closing address was delivered by A. R. Newsome, of Raleigh, secretary of the State Historical Commission, who spoke on the "Signifiance of the Marker."

After the unveiling exercises the old veterans, the speakers and other honor guests were served dinner in the grove of the old Harper Place which house after the battle was used as a hospital, the hosts being the members of the Home Demonstration club of Bentonville township. There was no lack of good old fashioned Johnston County barbecue and other viands which were served in true Southern, hospitable style.

The program of the afternoon centered around the sham battle which was staged in the very trenches which in 1865 literally ran with the blood of the two opposing armies. Companies of the National Guard from Goldsboro, Wilson, Raleigh and Smithfield assisted by Johnston county ex-service men of the World War participated in the fight which, as the guns began to fire, and as the lines began to advance slowly and then more rapidly, seemed not a sham battle at all, but very realistic. A couple of airplanes circling over the field brought a touch of modern warfare. Col. Gordon Smith and Lieut. John Hall Manning of Raleigh had charge of the maneuvers.

Perhaps Bentonville township may never again see so many people gathered within its borders, but of one thing it should be proud—and that is the orderliness with which the immense crowd conducted itself. There was practically no disorder. In this connection it is certainly fitting to give much credit to the Boy Scouts who were on duty all day. Fifty-six scouts from Goldsboro, Selma, Smithfield and Benson rendered invaluable aid in handling traffic and in other ways. Each scout was equipped with first aid kits, but it was necessary to render service of this kind to only three persons. A crushed foot, a cut arm, and a dislocated wrist

were promptly attended to. A member of Smithfield Troop Two was so faithful to a job entrusted to him that he even missed the good dinner served to the scouts by the local U. D. C., and went all day without anything to eat.

OLD MITCHINER PLACE NEAR SMITHFIELD

The above picture represents the old Mitchiner home about two miles south of Smithfield built in 1853, and now standing—one of the few Southern homes that escaped Sherman's torch in his march through the south. Gen. Wade Hampton had headquarters in this house, after the battle of Bentonville, occupying the upper left hand room. Also some of the officers of Wheeler's cavalry were stationed here.

Following the retreat of the Confederate soldiers, Gen. Schofield in command of one division of Gen. Sherman's army came up the road, know as the River Road, from Goldsboro to Smithfield. He had headquarters at this house for one night. During this night he received a courier message that Gen. Lee had surrendered. He ordered a white light placed in the upper balcony, as a signal to his army in camp of Lee's surrender, which meant an early termination of the war.

DRY HUMOR.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Wilbur D. Nesbit is the author of a book that meets the desperate need of a million men. It is entitled "After-Dinner Speeches and How to Make Them."

Before prohibition came in, after-dinner speaking was an easy thing to get away with—not because, as some people contended, the alcohol imbibed at the festal board stimulated the speaker to fascinating flights of spell-binding eloquence, but because the liquor, adding its soporific effect to the trance-like results of full feeding, reduced the noble banqueteers to grinning, dumb and vacuous patience.

In those days of fluency from the flowing bowl men, having wrestled glassy-eyed with the disturbing problem of double vision through three hours of fervid discourse, went lumpily home and waked up the next morning with a dim remembrance of a Niagara Falls of verbosity spraying thunder against their eardrums.

Thereupon, mistaking sound for sense, recalling that they had applauded vigorously, but forgetting that they had done so only because their handclapping struck them as a noise in sweet and comforting contrast to the oratorical barrage to which they had not listened, they went down town and proclaimed to all and sundry that the speakers of the evening had excelled, in wisdom, wit and beauty, the best pronouncements of Cicero, Solomon and Demosthenes.

Now it is another story. The after-dinner speaker goes against an audience innocent of the beverage which, when industriously consumed, induces in the consumer the unalterable conviction that all women are beautiful and all men witty. He knows that the banqueteer of this evening will remember tomorrow his every word and gesture.

Worse still, he is confronted by a double-row of individuals who, with wits undulled and boredom clutching at them because of long sitting, fix him with a cold and fishy glance in which he reads the expectation and demand that he entertain them, instruct them and, so particularly gloomy occasions, lift them so far out of themselves that they will burst into friendly and raucous song.

The toastmaster is up against a similar ordeal. Before Volstead abolished the wine list, this master of linguistic ceremonies took an unfair advantage of his hearers by serving them cocktails before they sat down, a precaution which enabled him to use ancient jokes and hoary wise-cracks with considerable effect. The moment he raised his eyebrows and said: "We have with us tonight," the crowd began to grin.

Now he takes them raw, and is burdened by the gnawing reflection that he has about one chance in a hundred of dragging their interst away from the food and that he will probably miss that one.

It is for the hard-pressed speakers and toastmasters of this dry age that Nesbit has written, "After-Dinner Speeches and How to Make Them."

But he holds out no hope that his book, sparkling and perfect as it is, renders the business of charming the banqueteers a simple or easy matter. To be a successfull toastmaster or a speaker who deals out scintillating wit and rib-cracking jokes, he says, a man under the present difficulties and handicaps must be a hard worker.

Nesbit, who was himself one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country, shatters the old delusion that any man can make a success or a reputation in banquet oratory by relying on "the inspiration of the moment." Relying on the inspiration of the moment is in reality trusting to luck and the mercy of his hearers that he will not be thrown out of the window.

The fellow who rises to his feet, excludes spontaneity, spouts jokes that are a hit, revals in the **a propos** and leads the crowd alternately to the edge of tears and through the flowery fields of laughter, is one who has labored mightily, studied hard and rehearsed his stuff by the yard in front of a mirror or his stenographer.

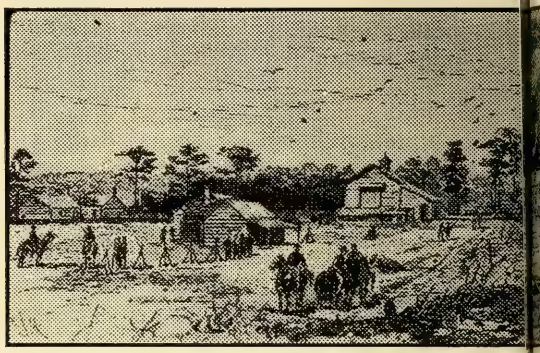
The reason so many dinner audiences are overwhelmed with heaviness and regrets, we understand from Nesbit, is because so many toastmasters and speakers think their job is easier than writing a one-act play or putting over a vaudeville skit full of jazz, pep and high-power jesting.

He furnishes in his book any number of jokes guaranteed to compel a laugh, appropriate songs and examples of after-dinner speaking that have become classics. He goes into the psychology of banquet crowds. He gives suggestions on how to "wake 'em up" and make 'em sing. There is no phase of the arduous job that he does not discuss and illumine.

We may, therefore, expect a new era in toastmastering, and after-dinner speaking. It will come when the talkative gentlemen rely less on the moment's inspiration and more on a week's hard work—and painstaking study of "After-Dinner Speeches and How to Make Them."

Philip I hate these revolving doors.

Morris—So do I. You Can't slam them when you're mad—Princeton. Tiger.



BENTONVILLE THE M

This picture was made from a sketch mad a magazine of that day. The smoke is said t

SEPTEMBER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By C. W. Hunt.

The fact that our schools, in North Carolina, begin the first weeks of September, requires that all the people who go to the mountains for the Summer, and are possessed of children of school age to get out and go home for the hottest time of the year, leaving the very prettiest and most equitable climate of all the year.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess a heated home, know what 70 degrees of heat means inside in winter. That seems to be the only temperature that is always pleasant; well, the average temperature for September at Blowing Rock is just about seventy degrees on the outside, with a brisk fresh wind blowing. To the mind of this writer nothing can be balmier than a September breeze, at 70 degrees on top of a mountain, which makes the season one month too long for the average mountain dweller. Right now every lawn golf course is the brightest green, every tree is still a perfect green, every yard of dahlias at their best, every hardy hyderanger blossom of white tinting with red, and every thing at its best, while all the hundreds and thousands that were here when it rained and fogged are on the lower levels, and sweltering in the mussy heat of a September sun. And the sad part of it there is no way of changing it, as long as we begin schools around the first days of September. There are those who firmly believe that our children would be just as well educated with the seven and eight months school as with nine and ten. Of course that is a mooted question.

ER THE BATTLE

Northern Army which was published in n that was fired by the Confederates.

Once, and for thousands of years, it took twelve hours for a man to do an honest days work, but now eight hours is all Uncle Sam requires of his men and women toilesr; and it is barely possible that the powers that be may some time see that a longer vacation period will be good for the physical and mental child. But understand that this writer is not writing this in agitation of more play; for he thinks there is too much playing done already by a great many people; but is only trying to tell what wonderful climate vacationers leave when they quit the mountain homes in the last days of August and first days of September.

September in most mountain sections is a harvest month. The hay crops are saved in July and August, and the meadows are cut only once; but the cabbage has become ready for the trucks to haul to the lower levels and the great Irish potato crop is now being gathered, housed and dried for keeping or loaded on the trucks and carried to market, which is the first money producing crop of the year, except for the chickens found at almost every dwelling place. And this year it will have to be these crops mentioned for money, as the apple crop in the high mountains is almost a complete failure on account of the May breeze. And this fact will take lots of the joy out of the beautiful September weather. Not only September affords joyous weather in the mountains, but October, as well, for it then that the coveted chestnut falls, and brings joy to boys and girls, men and women.

As a rule, the mountains get their visitors in mid-summer, when crops are laid by and the time for workers to get a week or two of rest, but more and more of those with more leisure are finding that they left the mountains too soon, and hundreds and hundreds pass through, just to

get a glimpse when the air is free of haze and feel the joy of an invigorating atmosphere. This crowd is being added to each year by those winter Florida dwellers, who know that September is a miserable month in most parts of Florida; so these remain and travel from place to place or remain in their mountain homes and enjoy what has been written here; rather what is being written about. And this addition to mountain dwellers (these Florida folks) is no mean asset. Some of the best homes in the mountain country are owned and occupied by these.

DO NOT JUDGE TOO HARD.

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps,
Or stumbles along the road,
Unless you have worn the shoes he wears
Or struggled beneath his load,
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
Though hidden away from view,
Or the burdens he bears placed on your back,
Might cause you to stumble too.

Don't sneer at the man who's down today,
Unless you have felt the blow
That caused his fall or felt the same
That only the fallen know.
You may be wrong, but still the blows
That were his, if dealt to you
In the self-same way at the self-same time,
Might cause you to stagger too.

Don't be harsh with the man who sins,
Or pelt him with words or stones,
Unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,
That you have not sins of your own;
For you know, perhaps if the tempter's voice,
Should whisper as soft to you,
As it did to him when he went astray,
'Twould cause you to falter too.

—Selected.

REV. J. D. NEWTON PLEADS GUILTY.

In a former issue of The Uplift we carried an article under the title of "Reminiscent." It touched a number of points, and it involved our long-standing true and tried friend of yesteryears, the Rev. J. D. Newton.

Brother Newton sends us a communication, in which he practically makes a confession—pleads guilty, as it were—but it is not of a crime but of an illustration. He takes this opportunity to throw some fragant flowers at the editor of The Uplift. Down in our heart, we detect a little extravagance but we like it. The reader will pardon this personal reference—not often engaged in—for it's a sorry person that does not respond to kindly statements and bouquets.

But hear brother Newton:

J. P. Cook, editor of The Uplift, of the Jackson Training School, of Concord, writes in reminiscent vein in his valuable paper of this week as may be seen in the quotation below. But first, it needs to be said that the date of the event of which he speaks was two years prior to 1890, which would make it 1888, and in July instead of August, unless the memory of the writer is greatly at fault. Judge Fowle had already been nominated for Governor and possibly this occasion of which Editor Cook writes was among the first of the new candidate's appearances in his campaign of that summer and fall. Mr. Cook was at that time suprintendent of schools in Cabarrus County and a good one at that. In an endeavor to keep history partially straight, let it be remembered that the writer has been accustomed to keep his feet downward and his head up, even in emergencies and he has passed through some severe tests along this line, now let Mr. Cook tell all the circumstances of this particular instance, for he knows all about it and see if he cannot lift his friend out of the ugly plight in which he places him and leaves him. Now, for a certainty, there was no intimation, or movement on the part of the writer until several months after the ride with Judge Fowle and Friend Cook, that he had the slightest notion of jumping overboard into deep water that day. Afterwards, however, in an address before an audience at a picnic, Mr. Cook being a hearer, the writer drew an illustration from the Morehead-Beaufort-Colfax episode in an effort to show the power of music. The illustration seemed to illustrate, or at least, it stuck in the mind of Jim Cook for forty years. But to the quotation:

"Back in August, 1890, seeing what a superior court had to do with a small boy derelect, the idea of a reformatory for youthful offenders was suggested and advocated in a local paper. It met the approval of many, but quite a number thought the state was not ready for such an institution. The idea, however, grew. During the summer in which Daniel G. Fowle was the democratic nominee for governor, he was an honored guest of the teachers' assembly at Morehead City. The United States Revenue Cutter, the

Colfax, came into Bogue Sound. A complimentary sail was tendered Mr. Fowle, who in turn was requested to invite whomsoever he chose We were honored. Rev. J. D. Newton, now of Thomasville but then pastor of the Baptist congregation of Concord, was with us; and when the Cutter reached deep water and the Davis Military School band struck up "Dixie," we had our hands full in keeping Newton from jumping overboard; he confessed afterwards that had Mr. Fowle commanded to jump it would have required more than the county Superintendent of Cabarrus schools to keep him aboard. On that sail Gov. Fowle gave us his promise that he, favoring the idea of a reformatory, would recommend the establishment of such an institution in his message to the legislature. He kept his promise, as the record shows. But the state had to be educated up to the idea. This did not materialize until 1907, the charter for the Stonewall Jackson Training School being granted at that session. The charter named several board members, leaving the appointment of the other members to the governor. On September 3, 1907, this board met in the senate chamber of the state capitol and effected an organization. Gov. Glenn came in and, making a few suggestions, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, do the best you can with this new idea; you can have only ten thousand dollars, payable in two years.' That was a problem."

In this connection, a personal reminiscence of the writer may be admissible, as it relates to his associations with Jim Cook, who was at that period in the far-gone days, editor of the Concord Standard, which position he filled with conspicuous favor and flavor to a large part of the public in that section. His broad spirit of denominationalism, although a staunch Lutheran, paved the way for him to serve the whole state as an official later and then still later as editor of an important official state organ in one of the most important institutions. It is fine that friends of forty years ago can be friends still, although the times they have met since have not been numerous nor extended. In those days the writer was a busy pastor and evangelist and Editor Cook was trying to get on the inside of everything good and bad to write in his paper, and later years finds Cook pretty much following the same line of employment, while the writer seemingly decreed by fate finds himself similarly employed.

"When shall we two meet again?"

All that stand between the college graduate and the top of the ladder —is the ladder.—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

JAPAN AND AMERICA HAVE SIMILAR POSSESSIONS.

By Missionary A. J. Stirewalt, in The Lutheran.

This is the time for fleas, mosquitoes, and perspiration, and all three have come in abundance.

This morning I climbed the steps to the platform of the electric fast line as I started down town. As I reached for my handkerchief to wipe perspiration I looked to the west and saw the snow on Mt. Fuji, miles away and was reminded that there are such things as snow and ice, but still wonder how 12,000 feet difference in altitude can account for such difference in temperature. We feel the heat in Japan because the climate is very humid. The Japanese use the term "steaming hot" to designate such heat. It is an expression of fact. In like manner, we feel the cold in winter, because the atmosphere is damp. Japan, being small and surrounded by sea, naturally has a maritime climate. We always feel the heat and cold to a greater degree than that registered by the thermometer, and compared to that in America. This heat is enervating. As many as can avoid it do so by going to the seashore or mountains. But many cannot. Free life on the floor mats, with little on except the birth-suit, characterizes the average person. But when night comes the house is closed, and the people sleep in rooms without any ventilation whatsoever. How this can be done at this time of the year is inexplicable to one who is used to plenty of fresh air. Apart from the endurance it entails, it must account for much of the tuberculosis which is so widespread in this country.

Rice Fields Breed Mosquitoes

Misquitoes! Yes, they are numerous and active and many a night sing us awake. But the effect of their song is exceeded by the effect of their proboscis. The Japanese are a rice-eating people, and this has made them a rice-raising nation. The water which stands in the rice fields from early summer until autumn is a paradise for the mosquito. His tribe rapidly increases under these ideal conditions. One might as well not try to sleep as to try to sleep without a misquito net, burning incense, or some ointment which has an odor sufficiently disagreeable to keep him away. But the net is most satisfactory. However, we cannot always be under a net, and 'skeeter has his chance at us.

Japan also affords a paradise for fleas. The straw mats, two or three inches thick, which make up the floors are a perfect place for them to breed, and also a safe place of refuge. But seldom have I seen a Japanese trying to kill a flea. Apparently they take their existence for granted. We can keep our own home free of them, but after mingling with people outside we bring some back with us, and thus **pulex irritans** has his chance at imported food.

For some time Japan has had a higher birth rate than any other civilized country, and during 1926 she

even surpassed her previous records by 18,314 births. 2,104,405 is the total number of births during 1926. Slightly more than half were boys. Her marriage rate is on the decline, but still, only Belgium, Hungary and France are ahead of her. Japan's rate is 8.31 per 1,000. The divorce rate is higher in Japan than in any other civilized country and it is on the increase. Last year it was 99.7 divorces for every 1,000 marriges. This does not include sending the wife away, in cases where the marrige was not recorded in the registration office, and such cases are many.

High Death Rate

On the other hand Japan's death rate is the highest in the world. Last year it was 19.18 per 1,000 population or a total of 1,167,134. This was a decrease of 19,972 compared with that of the previous year. Only Spain has a higher death rate. Thus we see that Japan's population had a net increase last year of almost one million souls. It requires no small amount of food to support the increased population of even one year. More population calls for more food. More food calls for more territory on which to raise it. But Japan's territory does not increase. Here is the difficulty. Facing this problem Japan, just a few days ago, created a bureau to study the situation, and, if possible, to make plans fo a solution. Japan is now one of the most densely populatd countries in the world, even on the basis of her entire territory, only one-twelfth of which can be cultivated. If this last consideration is weighed, Japan's population is seen to be the most crowded there is on earth.

Japan leads the world in the number of suicides, which are about 14,000 each year. The number of murders per year is about 3,000. Forty per cent of those who commit suicide do so by hanging. Then drowning, being run over by trains, edged tools, and firearms are methods used by others. Sentiment against suicide is gradually growing, but still it stands in no popular disfavor. **Hara-kiri**, or disembowelment with a short sword, is a method of suicide which is supposed to expiate for all real or imaginary sins and dates back to the latter half of the twelfth century. It has always been regarded as an honorable way of eliminating one's self from among his fellow men. In many cases persons of rank who had been condemned to die were given opportunity to commit **hara-kiri** and thus die with honor. With this act of expiation they are supposed to have been set right with the world. Thus suicide has had historical approval, and the lack of disapproval at the present time is not to be wondered at.

Suicides Frequent

Just four years ago Arishima, the leading novelist of his day, committed suicide. It was a death pact with another man's wife with whom he had fallen in love and with whom he believed there was no other way of being united. Such double suicides are not few. Just a few days ago Mr Akutagawa, the leading novelist of his day, committed suicide. The circumstances are very different from those accompanying Arishima's case. In the case of Akutagawa, family happiness, success, and wealth were all his. He explained in the writings he left that death had a fascination for him, and that for two years he had been study-

the best method of meeting it. That these two leading novelists, men of wide public influence, should stamp suicide with approval by their own acts is to be greatly regretted, but it is still sadder to hear of a widespread popular approval, even reaching a high degree of laudation from many of the "young intellectuals."

Japan has not only the problem of supplying food for her increasing population, meeting her present financial crisis, which is thought by some to have not yet reached its worst, and many other problems of a similar nature, but she has the moral problem to grapple with. Japan has for decades been absorbing all sorts of things from western countries. Customs and styles are constantly being imported and are often gulped down unmasticated, and the conseqeunce is often moral indisgetion. Many of these are diametrically opposed to what has been regarded as proper.

Young people are mingling with the opposite sex. Moral training has never provided for this. Parental authority has to a large extent broken down, and in numerous cases the young people are arranging their own marriages. The dance has come to Japan. Heretofore it has been considered very improper for a person to touch one of the opposite sex unnecessarily. Not only has handshaking been introduced to a certain extent, but dancing has laid a strong grip on "modern" young people. The contacts involved in this are unprovided for in their etiquette, and their moral teachings are inadequate to preserve the situation. Shipwreks follow. Economic conditions and a desire for freedom on the part of many have caused tens of thousands of women to enter public life. Moral standards are not high enough to give the necessary convictions for pure life. They are beset with opportunities and temptations for laxity. The results are sad. The police are alarmed. They have traced much evil to the dancing rooms, and have put certain restrictions on dancing. They are trying to stem the tide, but so far in vain.

Western Word to Describe Young Women

The very expression, "mo-de-ru-n ga-ru ' (modern girl), has been imported along with the ideas which make her up; and in her ideas of what makes up a stylish girl in the Occident she often goes far beyond the things she tries to copy. She make herself look like her western sister, but does not have the moral equilibrium to be safe. She tries to make herself look loke her western sister. Many have bobbed their hair. Japanese hair is naturally coarse and straight, and it was only a few years ago that if one had hair that was inclined to curl the least bit her feeling was that of shame. Now curling irons are not only extensively on sale, but are extensively used. She uses imported cosmetics. The garments of those who dress in western style have shrunk both from the top and from the bottom. Within the last few days the "modern girl" has been seen strolling along the busy streets attired in western clothes of the miniature type, and minus stockings. Such things are grossly shocking to conservative Japanese.

There is a suggestion of waywardness about much of this "modern" fad. In her craving to do as foreign

girls do, or as she is led to believe all foreign girls do, the modern Japanese girl imitates almost any style which she thinks popular in the west. She does not realize that the ' modern'' foreign girl is not always the independent, cigarette-smoking, loose girl she is pictured to be. There is much talk, and the Japanese girl does not sufficiently discriminate. Many of the mistaken ideas of the free life in the west are imported through the movies. Nearly all the moving pictures reels come from America. Some of these are bad enough to be shown in the States, but when shown here precipitate a phase of American life out of setting, and become a prominent factor in causing the collapse of etiquette and customs as they have been leaving social life in a chaotic and dangerous state. Japan is freely drinking from western springs, but she is not discriminating between the wholesome and the poisonous.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

By Dr. N. R. Melhorn.

The death of Wayne B. Wheeler, the dominant director of the Anti-Saloon League, has led many bitter opponents of the cause he advocated to pay tributes of esteem to his greatness of character. It seems odd that death is often the only act that reveals the virtues of folk intent on bringing about reforms. Such belated approval can be entirely sincere, but one is never quite sure whether it comes from real regard or from a hypocritical desire to be counted among the worthwhile elements of society.

The First Anti-Saloon League

References by the newspapers to Mr. Wheeler's acceptance of a call to assume advocacy of the Anti-Saloon League's crusade against the liquor traffic recalled to our mind the activities of this organization in Ohio in the early nineties. We then lived in a town of 2,500 in western Ohio, in many ways a typical American village. It had from five to a dozen saloons, none of which made any claims to respectability. At least three-fourths of the misdemeanors of the town could be traced to these barrooms and all the major crimes of which we have recollection. The most vivid of the latter was the murder of a neighbor boy, a farmer's son who drifted into a saloon, drank enough to release his passions from the control of reason, became engaged in a quarrel with another partially intoxicated patron of the bar, was struck on the head with a club of some sort and killed. The family who lived just across the pike from our home consisted of man and wife and a twelve-year-old schoolmate. The father had some ability but was addicted to frequent sprees. At such times his son would enter the saloons and after his father his father became sufficiently sodden to permit leading him home this lad would be seen guiding him and occasionally struggling to get him out of the ditch alongside the road. For days thereafter the boy

and his mother would avoid notice of their pitying friends. Two bartenders in the town had families of daughters who were attractive. Their home life abounded in cruelties due to the drunkenness of the fathers, and the little community knew how undeserving of such suffering these innocent victims of the drink traffic were.

Most Anti-Saloon Leaguers "Teetotalers"

As we recall the date, a local Anti-Saloon League was formed in this town about 1892. None of its members used liquor in any form or ever darkened the doors of saloons or had any political ambitions. What they desired to eliminate from the community was drunkenness. But what they hated in intoxication was its effects on innocent victims, and on the character of community life. There was absolutely no alibi for the makers and sellers of alcoholic drinks. Petty and major crimes with all the suffering, disease and disgrace exhibited therewith could be traced to these saloons. There was the same logic in getting rid of them that there is in killing of mosquitoe larvae in order to eliminate yellow fever and malaria. The Anti-Saloon League was an organization designed to dry up the sources of the community's most dangerous vices.

In those days we knew nothing about the ways of cities, and we never heard that the right to get drunk is a fundamental element of civic and social liberty. What was apparent was the contamination of village life from the stream that flowed across bars of saloons. The local efforts to save the innocent were balked by unscrupulous adjoining "blind tigers." Hence the league grew from town to county, from county to state and from state to nation. The objective of the movement never varied. It sought to eliminate a physical, moral and mental enemy from home folk that in themselves were helpless. Wayne B. Wheeler was the champion of this cause. No character in American public life could offer a purer claim to knighthood than this man. It will be the rankest sort of ingratitude if his death proves to be an aid to the return of the liquor traffic.

THE CANOE SONG.

By Ethel Owen

Bob Elder moved his paddle lazily as he proceeded downstream in his canoe. Three more days and his vacation would be up and he meant to make the most of them. He had hired the canoe during his stay in the country and he had enjoyed every single hour he had spent in it. Some day he meant to own a canoe of his own.

As he proceeded along he felt so happy and contented that almost before he knew it he found himself singing. Bob had a rich, clear voice, and had always been very much in demand for amateur concerts and things of that sort. At one of these concerts someone had remarked to

him that he had a wonderful voice, and he had chuckled, thinking of the many times that voice had been in demand and answered laughing, "It is a free voice."

He had brought his lunch with him that day, as he wanted to make the most of the short time left to him, and he was heading for a favorite spot where he intended to build a fire on the pebbly shore and make coffee and sizzle bacon.

But when he got to the place he noticed that someone had arrived there before him, for there was a canoe drawn up on the bank and he could see a stooped figure making ready to light a fire.

He stopped singing, rather annoyed. Why of all time should this place have to be intruded upon.

The frown quickly disappeared as the stranger on the beach waved and said: "Ahoy, fellow sailor. Come and join me."

Bob hesitated, then decided the stranger had a cordial manner and looked like a good fellow and finally beached his canoe. The stranger extended his hand. "My name's John Grear," he said cordially.

"Mine's Bob Elder," Bob responded. In the course of conversation it developed that they were both from the same town. They shared each other's lunches and at the end of an hour were chatting like old friends and enjoying each other's company immensely.

"My vacation is up Saturday," Bob said regretfully. "Too bad we didn't meet sooner."

"Mine is too," John stated. "But we can have a few good times together in the remaining day anyway. That was a pretty song you were singing when you were paddling dowstream."

"It was just a little ballad that I sang at an amateur concert last year," Bob explained.

"I'd like to hear all of it," John said. "Would you mind singing it?"

Bob complied. None ever had to coax Bob to sing. He was always very accommodating.

When he had finished John stid, "Do you know any more like that? I'd like to hear them."

So Bob sang one or two of the other songs that he had sung in public. Later they parted with plans to meet for another picnic on the next day. And so the two of them spent the rest of their vacation together. John was quite a bit older that Bob but that did not seem to make any difference. They semed to be extremely congenial spirits.

They traveled back from their vacations together and planned to see each other in the city.

"I'm pretty busy in the evenings," John explained. "But couldn't we arrange to have lunch together some day." So straightway they made an engagment for the following Friday.

In telling of his vacation at home Bob was enthusiastic about his new friend, John Grier.

"What does he do for a living?" his sister Grace asked casually.

"I don't know," Bob confessed. He remembered now that while he had told John all about himself, John had said very little about his affairs. Grace laughed. "You are not at all curious, are you? Sort of just Mr. John Grear to you."

Bob grinned as he replied. "Well,

from their business and I guess I am one. You will remember how I asked you to sing and you did."

Bob nodded, somewhat nonplused. "Was this friednship with John not all he had come to believe it was?" he questioned himself inwardly.

"Your voice was as good as I had expected it would be from the sample I had heard. You will remember we sang together a good bit in those few days, and incidentally became fast friends. The friendship is very real, Bob," he continued earnestly, "although to be frank, as I have said, it was not the desire for your friendship that started up the acquaintance at first. The real friendship developed later though. Bob, I am the program manager for the XXQ radio station. Our studio baritone is leaving us at the end of this month to go West, and I am now at liberty to make you a definite offer to sing from our station three nights a week." He laughed, spontaneous laughter that brought an answering grin to Bob's lips. "If you accept, your singing will still be 'free' to all the folks, but you won't object to receiving a little compensation for your work will you?"

For a moment Bob did not speak. It was all such a surprise that he was taken unawares. Then he answered.

"Of course I will accept," and he smiled as he spoke. "I will admit I am a little stunned to think that my charming personality didn't attract you, John Grear, but as long as you admit that you are really my friend I will have to forgive your extreme business forsightedness and thank you a thousands times for the offer."

A week later as the Elder family in order to satisfy your curiosity, Grace, I will try and find out all I can about him when I lunch with him Friday."

But Friday, when he met John Grear, John suggested that they go to a quiet place he knew of for lunch. "I want to talk," he stid. "And this is an ideal place for that."

Bob liked the quaint little eating place with its rafters and built in stalls, and after they ordered their lunch John leaned over the table and said:

"Bob, I've a little confession to make to you."

Bob laughed. "I can't imagine you having anything to confess to me," he replied. "But go ahead with what you have to say."

"Has anybody ever told you, Bob," John continued "that you have a good voice."

"Plenty of folks have told me that," Bob answered, "especially when they have been anxious to have me sing at their entertainments and concerts. And my pay has always been their profuse thanks. "But," he added hastily, "I'm mighty glad to do these things when I can."

"Well," John went on, "my confession has to do with your voice. Do you remember that day we met in the country? I had beached my canoe and was getting ready to have lunch when all of a sudden I heard you singing. I couldn't see you until you came round the bend in the river, but when you did come I hailed you. The reason I did that was not because of any great desire I had for your company but because of your voice. You know they say some men never get very far away

were finishing supper, Bob said casually, "Oh, by the way, Grace, I found out what John Grear does for a living."

"What?" Grace answered, all expectancy.

Bob laughed and replied, "Tune in on XXQ tonight for the answer at eight o'clock."

At eight o'clock Grace Elder tuned it, and listened, her eyes shining as the announcer told of the new baritone that would sing that night and related how their program manager, John Grear, had discovered him during his vacation period. And then Bob sang. Grace looked at the faces of her mother and father as they listened, and there was pride and love on all their faces

"That's our Bob," Mr. Elder said proudly. "And just think of all the people who are sitting in their homes now listening to him just as we are, and enjoying it all."

"It is a wonderful thing to have talent," Grace breathed softly. "Only the funny part of it is that none of us realized it was talent until somebody told us so. We just took Bob's voice for granted.'

Mrs. Elder smiled wisely, as she said, "Do you ever think, Grace, how much of what we call talent may be existent in people and yet not be discovered, simply because folks sometimes have a habit of keeping things hidden. Bob sang as he paddled down the river that day unconsciously but his voice was something that he used, and did not keep hidden. I don't think I ever remember Bob refusing to help anybody out when they asked him to sing. And when Mr. Grear asked him to sing for him that day he did. Now if he had kept his talent hidden that day Mr. Grear would never have heard him and our Bob would not have sung tonight so that thousands might enjoy his songs."

"In other words, mother," Grace said understandingly. "Bob has always shared his talent with others, and because of that this opportunity has come to him."

"There are some things," her mother replied, "that become greater the more we give out, especially those things that make it possible by their use to give happiness and joy to others. Sometimes it might be like Bob's voice that brings large opportunity, but sometimes there may be little things and little ways in which we may give of ourselves to others of which we may never know the greatness of the opportunity.

"I think I know, mother," Grace answered, "the big things in life count tremendously, but the little things in life count for much too. Listen, Bob's going to sing again."

Accurate knowledge is the basis of correct opinions; the want of it makes the opinions of most people of little value.—C. Simmons.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

All the boys and officers enjoyed a chicken dinner last Sunday.

Mr. S. C. Hobby of Raleigh, visited his brother, Mr. J. H. Hobby, an officer of this institution, Monday.

The silos at the dairy barn are again filled with silage, to be used for feeding the cows.

The barn boys have been hauling coal from the "siding" to the different cottages.

A number of the work force boys have been cutting and shocking corn during the past week.

Fred Lindsay, a member of the fifth cottage, was paroled last week. Lindsay went to his home in Charlotte.

Munford Glasgow and Ian French have been given positions in the bakery recently. We all wish them luck.

Since night "comes" so soon now, the boys are remaining in the cottages and amusing themselves with the various indoor games and reading.

A number of the work force boys have been gathering potatoes lately. The boys will get some while they are fresh, and the rest will be "cured" for winter use.

The boys of Mr. Johnson's and Mr. Simpson's school rooms have been picking cotton lately. They are now back in school, preparing their maps etc., for exhibition at the Cabarrus County Fair.

The Dempsey-Tunney fight is creating a good deal of excitement here at this time. Some of the boys actually have arguements over who will win. Like the races, the boys have picked a winner, and are so sure of it that some of them, I believe,would be willing to bet on it. Anyway, Thursday night will tell.

The races at Charlotte last Monday (Sept. 19) created no little excitement at the School. The majority of the boys had picked out a winner, and talked of nothing but who would win. Some were disappointed, while others were contented when their "man" was the winner. Several of the officers and matrons witnessed the affair. Sad to relate the one this writer picked, **LOST**.

"While our hearts are pure, our lives are happy and our peace is sure."

I NEED NOT FEAR.

I live a life that's clean and square,
And I love my fellow-man,
And I lend him a hand to help him bear
His burden whenever I can.
I need not fear what the future holds,
Nor what the reward shall be,
For the mighty love that all enfolds
Will most surely care for me.

I speak a good word of cheer to one
Whose sorrows have borne him down,
And I give him new hope to journey on
And change to a smile his frown.
I shall not dread when the shadows fall,
And the end of life draws near,
For that wonderous love that shelters all
Will drive away my fear.

For my life is measured by what I mete
And I earn my own reward,
So the love I give makes my heart complete,
And through it I gain the award.
For whether I dwell in a house by the road,
Or far from the haunts of men,
If only my love makes bright the abode,
No fear shall enter it then.

—The N. S. W. Freemason.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 1, 1927. No. 37

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT–LEAVE!

My community is the place where my home is founded, where my children are educated, where my income is earned, where my friends dwell and where my life is chiefly lived. I have chosen it, after due consideration, from among all the places on earth. It is the home spot for me. Here let me live until death claims me. Then let my neighbors say I was a friend to man.—*Selected.*

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

Parents are sidetracking their responsibilities in raising children. The women are falling heir to the men's vices—drinking and smoking—without a thought of what a horrible example they are setting for the young people. Parents dote on their children too much. They often even try to fight their little backyard squabbles for them. In the last analysis, if we are to make men of our boys and real women of our girls, the parents must set an example for them in courage, perseverance, honesty, co-operation and self-mastery.—A. A. Stagg.

"WHERE BOYS ARE MENDED."

Ever since the suggestion took form to care for youthful derelicts, the News & Observer, of Raleigh, has been a consistent and constant sympathizer with the movement. The paper only reflected the high sense of the state's duty in this matter by its distinguished editor, Hon. Josephus Daniels, who for eight years made a superb and able record as Secretary of the Navy in President Wilson's cabinet.

Everytime it is our pleasure to meet this great democrat we have never lost the opportunity of asking him to visit what he, in no small way through his able, live journal, did much to make a success. The other day, on his return from the mountains, accompanied by Mrs. Daniels, he made us a pop-call. We were proud to be thus honored, and were sorry that a busy man could not tarry longer. This writer, on account of a sorrow in his own family, was deprived of the joy of giving Mr. and Mrs. Daniels to the place, where he pronounces "where boys are mended," a personal welcome.

As is Mr. Daniels' habit he sends to the News & Observer frequent edi-

torial correspondences, all of which are most readable and informative. What he said in his correspondence relative to the Jackson Training School, and the same we are reproducing in this number, is highly appreciated by all connected with the institution; in fact one of the boys, seeing the article before it reached us, took it upon his proud self to inform us that Mr. Daniels had visited them and had "written us up."

The high commendation from such an able and scholarly gentleman is heartening.

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"I WAS IN PRISON."

"No religious denomination in the State has any organized program for the reclamation of these men and boys who are in our prison camps."—We are quoting from a unique volume.—*The North Carolina Chain Gang.*

During a recent study of 1,521 men actually serving sentences in thirty-three county prison camps in North Carolina, 38 per cent declared themselves members of a particular congregation. "The church," we quote again from the book, "is paying little attention to this group of its erring members."—*The Public Welfare Progress.*

That's a distressing situation. To take from one "congregation" 38 per cent of its membership, or practically 577 members, is serious indeed. It must have "broke up" the congregation, and conditions call for the resignation of the pastor in charge and the selection of one who can care better for his flock.

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HANGS ON TO OLD FRIENDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney H. Hearne were seen driving through the city here today in a buggy drawn by Mr. Hearne's favorite saddle horse. Several youngsters were seated in the foot and standing on the rear. Old time sight. Automobiles may come and go, but Mr. Heane clings to his buggy and horse.—Albemarle News Herald.

"Old time sight" is good for the eyes! This is just not sentiment alone but partakes of real pleasure. How in the world could Mr. Heane take proper note of the growth and development of Albemarle, always growing, were he spinning about like lightning in his automobile. But with his faithful old horse, "Selim," a perfect gentleman among horses, and his buggy, he can move gracefully about the young city, which he had a large part in making, and ascertain if Huneycutt and Dan Bivins really told the

truth about what is going on in the Wiscasset and Efird Mill section, on East First Street, Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Let us hope that the buggy and the horse, as the means of a perfect outing, may never pass. We are hurrying too much to get all the real joys out of life. We envied the pleasure of "several youngsters" that had the privilege of crowding Mr. Heane's means of sight-seeing; so much so, that we hooked up old Kate (she is just a mule) a lively and high-stepping aristocrat since laying-by time. We know now the delight we used to have and regret its passing.

Some of these days there will be a return to sanity—you'll see more buggies and fine horses in use contributing to the pleasure and health of families, after well-spent lives, who have the time to spend the sunset days with sanity and grace. They are coming as sure as "gun is iron."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE STATE SUFFERS.

Recently Charlotte, Mecklenburg county and the state, have sustained a great loss in her educational field. One by way of the school room and the other by way of journalism and civic activity.

Prof. J. G. Baird, Ph. D., for thirty-six years the head of a private school that recognized school methods peculiar to himself and which sent out well-drilled and most efficient scholars, was called hence. The kind of teacher and drill-master that Dr. Baird was is most conspicuous today by the small number that are yet with us. He never caught modern crazes in educational endeavor.

W. C. Dowd, Sr., for many years the controlling genius of the Charlotte Evening News, succumbed on Friday last to a sudden heart attack, at a time when his friends rejoiced over the evidences of improved health by his Summer vacation. Mr. Dowd had high ideals which he employed most faithfully in his labors in journalism, political and civic activities.

The state has suffered in the death of these two dstinguished citizens a great loss. Peace to their ashes! Their memories will remain with hundreds and hundreds who profited by their genuine goodness and ability.

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"CUI BONO."

Editor Beasley, of the Monroe Journal, speaks a piece in this issue. He takes note of The Uplift's belief that the cause of so much evil among the

young of this generation is traceable to home failures and not to Ford cars.

We wish it understood that we regard friend Beasely as a born sociologist—not one of these manufactured from a pressing necessity of getting a job by which a personal living may be secured, or one brought into the field by tempting offers from foundations created by certain men and women who are afraid to die with too much filthy lucre in their possession. Years before the state made a decent gesture towards welfare work, Beasely's mind was wrestling with society's problems.

Mr. Beasley organized the State's Welfare machinery, and was the first Commissioner; and in this position he brought together many discordant notes, and avoided making one. He was a success—nothing yellow or sensational in his efforts.

In his article he declares: "But now! You have told the truth. Cui Bono?" Liberally translated this latin expression, in Union county and North Carolina language, simply means, "who benefits by it?" To answer this question would require more space than now available. It will not do any harm for all of us to think on and observe a fine piece of advice in the Great Book, which all normal people accept as the word of God, and reads: "Precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little."

What think you of it?

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JUDGE BOWIE.

Judge Tam Bowie has resigned. The prognosticators, political wise-acres and the lovers of sensational occurrences are making much to do over the Judge's resignation and what it means.

In the first place The Uplift was surprised that Mr. Bowie accepted the appointment that takes him from home and at a remuneration far below what he is supposed to command as a practicing attorney. In the second place, he had a perfect right to resign—that is a prerogative that belongs to every officer. The novelty of an office-holder resigning affords the only exciting feature in the whole business—such deeds are so rare.

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THE THUGS.

Tunney and Dempsey have met. The referee pronounced Tunney the victor; impartial folks regarded the victory belonging to Dempsey. Personally we are sorry that both of the thugs did not get whipped to a

point where their taste for the brutal exhibition would have lost its flavor.

Imagine a good cause and its public exhibition drawing a crowd of 150,000 people and taking in $2,800,000 of the coin of the realm. Millions of people neglected their useful duties to listen in on this brute exhibition. What good does it render the world? Thousands of pages of public print were given to the two thugs.

The kids caught the itch. In a public play-ground the other night we saw a bunch of school boys at eight o'clock pulling off a bout. They had gloves—they knocked anywhere a blow could be landed. One quit the game, going home with a serious "tummy" ache. Why were these boys not at home preparing for the next day's lessons? Where were the parents?

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SEEMS NOT TO LIKE US.

Last year upon the return of an American party through some European countries, one of the chief representatives in making an address recommended that our people, especially the Legionaires, should remain from France—that the feeling was not cordial and lovable.

We know that the French government was doing all it could to escape paying her honest debts occasioned by enormous loans from this government when her neck was under a terrible heel of an advancing army; but we could not see wherein the American representative had read the situation correctly.

Alas! When the Legionaires finished their great convention in France, and had started out to review the famous battlefields where they had aided the French army in staying the advancing army, bent on destruction of the French army and the nation it represented, they found that efforts had been made to wreck the train that carried their defenders and, in all truth, their preservers.

Looks like the American European visitor upon his return home last year voiced a correct situation. We have often wondered whether these impulsive people really like anybody for any prolong time.

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AN ENGAGING EXHIBIT.

A number of local people were favored with quite an informative and pleasant treat the other evening. Mr. H. W. Blanks, who escorted a party of Americans through several of the Northern countries of Europe, was busy with his movie apparatus. These fine pictures he preserved and arranged; and for more than an hour entertained a fine, interested audience

at the local Y. M. C. A. in showing some of the events of that trip and the magnificent scenery.

No man, so far as we know, surpassed him in one feat—he kept the women on the rapid go, caught Neptune kissing a Concord lady, (and she resented it) slipped up on the Midngiht Sun and took his picture. It was an evening of fine and instructive entertainment—those who missed it, missed some good learning about a wonderful section of our globe, the best part of Europe.

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SENDING ITS ROOTS DEEPER INTO FIRMNESS.

The Albemarle Press, which is the proud creation of J. D. Bivins, who is in service a veteran newspaper man but personally not at all very aged, has made a change. It seeks a stronger hold in the newspaper making world.

The Press has had itself incorporated. Mr. Bivins mothers the whole organization; Mr. John B. Harris, a graduate of Duke University, is made editor; Mr. Gaddy remains local reporter; and S. R. Andrew directs the mechanical department.

The Press serves a great people and a most progressive county. The handwriting seems to indicate the purpose of The Press to spread itself in the future. The Uplift is specially fond of Bivins—dating back when he put on his first newspaper breeches—and make no doubt that his present movement means success.

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GRAND JURY CHARGES.

Mr. J. E. Carraway conducts a feature in Sunday's Asheville Citizen under the title of "The Searchlight." It is very readable stuff, dealing with current events and current personalities.

In a recent number he takes occasion to remark that "when a judge is so minded the function (Charging the grand jury) can be performed briefly, clearly and pointedly. But some of our North Carolina judges appear to have queer notions respecting this part of their duties. Their charge is a composite of a sermon, a political speech and a general airing of personal views."

Mr. Carraway thinks the older judges are guiltier than the young ones, If we mistake not, aside from the political phase, this is probably a fine idea for the judges to preach a kind-of-a-sermon. Many of the curiosity attendants at courts seldom hear a sermon. It does good, in a measure.

WHERE BOYS ARE MENDED.

By Josephus Daniels

The Stonewall Jackson Training School is an institution founded upon a rock. This is true literally as well as in other ways. The passer-by on the State highway notes the rather remarkable big rock boulders protruding above the ground which designate the institution where boys who have lost their way are enabled to find it, and to start out with education and practical training. I stopped here for an hour today and felt that it was only a bird's eye glance at something of which North Carolina should be proud, and resolved to come back for a whole day the first opportunity. It was recess hour and an hundred or more boys were gathered about the rocks. They were real boys, but boys who had stepped outside the path, and brought here to learn to keep step. They looked like they were learning—indeed, had learned—and I could see no difference between their apearance and that of other boys at school. Of every 100 boys sent here because they have done wrong, what per cent do you suppose are returned to society as capable and who become good citizens? Superintendent Charles E. Boger tells me it is over 80 per cent, 85 usually, and it sometimes runs as high as 92 per cent. That is a pretty high average for some homes.

The establishment of this institution is due largely, nay chiefly, to the King's Daughters and to James P. Cook, a well-known school teacher and editor of Cabarrus, who still gives much of his time to the institution and is the editor of **The Uplift**, an uncommonly good weekly gotten out by the boys in the institution's printing office. He is chairman of the board of trustees and could not be more deeply interested in it if it were his own property.

He understands that it is a boy mender, and mending boys with him and all here is regarded as "a sight better business than loafing around the throne." Mrs. Cook showed her deep interest by securing the first complete furnishings for the first cottage home. The chief pride of the place, industrially, is the printing office, where a score of boys are taught to become masters of the art preservative of all arts. A visit to the printing office showed that it is doing high-grade work. All the printing for the institution is done here in addition to the publication of **The Uplift.** For years I have rarely missed reading that weekly publication, which has made for itself a unique place among North Carolina publications.

Four hundred boys are received here annually. They are put under discipline, firm, kind, friendly, helpful, educational. If there is one thing more needed today for youth than another it is discipline. Folks who think children should go their own gait without direction and authority are sure of painful disillusionment. Youth is never at its best except by loving guidance. It is mainly for the lack of this essential that boys stray and find themselves here. In a little while most of them like the place, some love it, and all

are benefited by it. There is no coddling or petting, no making boys feel they have not erred, and no lack of regard for their future or lack of faith in them because they have strayed. They are received as students and encouraged to learn and to work. Emphasize work. It is the best friend a boy or man ever had. There was never any saying quite so true as "the devil finds work for idle hands to do." Most boys who go wrong are first idle. Give them work under kind discipline and good environment and most of them respond. It is because they do respond that Superintendent Boger and the teachers and officers feel they are running an institution that is turning out a product that will be a credit to the State.

As I looked at the beautiful stone chapel, the gift of the King's Daughters; the new administration building, given by his family to the honor of the late James W. Cannon, and the other buildings donated by generous citizens and the larger buildings erected by State appropriations, my mind went back to 1907 when the charter was granted to the school, to the agitation that led to tardy legislature approval, to the zeal and enthusiasm of "those good women" who in the early days kept it alive by donations and solicitation and prayer. Nothing good happens. Good things only come by travail. I hardly dare to name the "good women" who did most to secure the establishment of this institution or the men who seconded their efforts. Most of those to whom the State is most indebted were named by Governor Glenn on the first board of directors. They were: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Mrs. G. P. Erwin, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Mrs. A. L. Coble, Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, Miss Easdale Shaw, Dr. H. A. Royster, George W. Watts, E. R. Preston, J. H. Tucker, J. J. Blair, Caesar Cone, and James P. Cook.

It had an initial appropriation of only ten thousand dollars! That was supplemented by private donations of ten thousand dollars by the people of Concord and Cabarrus. At one time the school had such hard sledding that but for the five thousand dollars given by the King's Daughters and the Federation of Women's Clubs it might have been unable to carry on. And all the time there have been generous friends.

Where do the boys come from? Less than one-fourth from the rural districts, with most from the towns and cities and factory districts. When they leave they are helped to find openings, and Prof. Charles E. Boger and the sympathetic staff of teachers and officers and employes and trustees follow them into the world and keep in touch with them.

Mending boys—could the State do anything better, for the chief asset of the Commonwealth is its young people?

Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.—Young.

TRACKED TO THE PARENTS.

By R. F. Beasely, in Monroe Journal.

"Mr. James P. Cook remarks in the Uplift, the weekly publication of the Jackson Training School, that he is puzzled over the fact that so many wise men are locating the cause of evil doing in the wrong place, especially as concerns the youth.

That, Mr. Cook, is due to the fact that the wise men, even as the foolish men, speak as they feel and not as they take the trouble to think, in short, according to their particular prejudices.

"The wrong doing of youth, gentlemen and ladies," continues the Uplift, "goes back to more vital cause. Much of the crime and misdemeanors which the press is featuring day after day among the youth is due to the absence of home restraint, home training, home care. The truth of the matter is nine-tenths of the evil committed by the young is due to laxity in the home and not to Ford cars."

You have, Dear Bro. Cook, spoken a truth of a certainty. It is well to tell the truth although no apparent result is obtained thereby. In this case the telling of it can have little effect except perhaps to exonorate the Ford. The blame rests right upon the parents. You have told it correctly.

But now! You have told the truth. Cui bono? For the most part parents can't help themselves and have not even the capactiy to understand their own defects. The public generally can't help it for it has no standards of character, conduct, or manners, to which people are expected to conform. The church can't do anything about it for the church is composed only of people who are like those around them. The law and the courts can't do anything about it because they are post facto agencies. The schools can't do anything about it because the parents tone down the school instead of the school toning up the parents. In fact, we can't see that anyone can do anything about the general inability of men and women to be capable parents.

The truth seems to be that after all the agencies for improvement and progress in society have done their best, and certainly they are doing a great deal, there is going to be left over a lot of dross, which nothing much can be done about. It is rather sad to think this—that a certain percentage of humanity is doomed to more or less worthlessness, but such seems to be the fact. We can only avoid the mistake of thinking that the discovery of this fact, and it is being manifest all the time, is more alarming now than it has ever been or will continue to be."

Mr. Huggins in his Marshville Home takes this view of the subject:

Judge Stack, just like many other people, has missed the mark in trying to locate the trouble with the youth of today. He wants Henry Ford to contribute to the establishment of reformatories for the youths his flivvers have helped lead astray. The Uplift, published by authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School and edited by that

prince of a fellow, Jas. P. Cook, goes to the root of the trouble in this manner:

"Holding court in Forsyth county, Judge Stack is reported as saying in his charge to the grand jury that Henry Ford should develop throughout the country reformatories for youthful offenders, boys and girls, alleging that his tin lizzies are ruining the youth.

"Probably Judge Stack was in spirit of a little humor, if he is correctly reported. The State law makes it a misdemeanor for youths to drive cars; and those that are being spoilt via the Ford car are of ages beyond the reformatory age, as regarded in the state.

The Uplift is puzzled over the fact that so many wise men are locating the cause of evil-doing at the wrong place, especially as concerns the youth. Gentlemen and ladies, it goes back to a more vital cause. Much of the crime and misdemeanors which the press is featuring day after day among the youth is due to the absence of home restraint, home training, home care. The truth of the matter is nine-tenths of the evil committed by the youth is due to laxity in the home and not to Ford cars."

Mr. Cook deals with wayward youth and he knows what he is talking about.

HOUSES.

The houses in town huddle up together,
  Like flocks of frightened sheep,
Hiding from loneliness, hiding from weather,
  All in a smothered heap.

But the country houses are pioneers,
  They camp by untraveled trails,
They laugh at loneliness and fears,
  At winter-time and gales.

They light their lamps and fires, and wait
  Beneath a sparkling sky;
The town house has a locked gate
  Its chosen enter by.

And whether I dwell by a crowded mart
  Or very far from there,
Within my house must beat the heart
  That country houses wear.

—Frances Holmstrom.

PROTECTION FOR JUVENILES.

(The Citizen)

Millions of children all over the land are now entering school and will be protected against disease as well as it can be done by science. More and more are medical examination, treatment, vaccination and inoculation being required for these. But children under six years of age are still in great danger. Safety for them is discussed by Dr. William H. Park in a recent article in **The American** Fererationalist. He was the first man to provide practical immunity against diphtheria and thus is an authority on the subject. The once dreaded smallpox is no longer much of a danger in such a city as New York, where there is an average of ten cases a year for over 5,000,000 people. But in the interior of the country and in California there are tens of thousands of cases of smallpox and hundreds of deaths. In New York State outside of New York City there were 368 deaths from diphtheria during 1926, more than half of them being children under five years of age.

In some places records are kept of children given antitoxin. In New York Dr. Schroeder reports that she has recorded thousands of such cases and that not in one instance has disaster resulted. Yet it is a curious fact that parents often are fearful as to danger from inoculation. Youngstown, Ohio, and a few other places have blotted out diphtheria in the last few years by adopting preventive treatment. In Auburn, New York, it was decided in 1923 to immunize all children against diphtheria and up to January, 1926, only one died of it. That one further was a child who had not been inoculated. Dr. Schroeder states that all antitoxin is good, as it has to pass federal inspection.

State laws and sechool inspectors can do much to extend the spread of inoculation. But nevertheless parents and heads of families must be aroused to the importance of such treatment, especially for the safety of young children under school age. Statistics show the benefits of inoculation. In 1909 vaccination against typhoid fever was made optional in the United States Army and immediate improvement resulted. In 1911 vaccination in the army became compulsory, since which time soldiers have hardly suffered from typhus at all. There has likewise been improvement for the whole population, but to nothing like this degree. Similarly compulsory vaccination for smallpox is established in South Carolina, the District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut New Jersey, and New York—and in these areas the disease hardly exists. But in many other States where vaccination is not required, the ravages of smallpox are considerable.

The achievements of science for prevention of disease are remarkable and are constantly advancing. But the amount of ignorance over the land is still very great. In every community there are many people who know nothing of scientific measures for combating sickness. When plagues break out in poor quarters of large cities or among backward families in

rural districs, they easily and quickly spread to the homes of the prosperous and well educated. One of the most important methods of dealing with desease is to conduct a constant campaign of education so as to carry scientific knowledge into every section and every household.

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE CINNAMON BEAR.

By Dr. A. H. Palmer.

The cinnamon bear it often called the brown bear because of the color of his thick, warm fur. His scientific name is **Ursus Americanus.** He is a typical American bear. Though once very common throughout western North America, his members are decreasing, and the day of his total extermination is approaching. His eyes are small, and he is rather near-sighted. Though his ears are also small, he can hear much better than the average man. His sense of smell is also acute. Like other bears, he is shy and retiring by nature, and his favorite haunts are the deep forest and the remote mountains. Where water is available, he is fond of bathing; he is a good swimmer, though perhaps not so expert as his cousin, the polar bear. Fish is a favorite food, but he also relishes berries, herbs, fruits and any small animals he is able to catch. Indian traditions tell of the cinnamon bear attacking a herd of grazing buffaloes, and slaying any unfortunate victim which he succeeds in detaching from the others. He has also been known to slay a deer for food. but usually the deer are too fleet-footed for him, as he is slow and clumsy in his gait. However, when enraged or famished he can travel over the ground at a surprisingly rapid rate, galloping somewhat like a frightened mule. He is fond of wild honey, but he usually pays dearly for any he secures, for wild bees object to having their hives destroyed by a bear marauder. Hunters still find many cinnamon bears in isolated regions of Alaska, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. Because they attack grazing cattle and sheep a bounty is paid in many places for every bear killed. Their furs make warm clothing, and their flesh is very nourishing food. Epicureans throughout America relish brown bear meat as their favorite game food.

THE OVERFLOW.

By Thornwell Haynes, in Asheville Citizen.

Suppose the rose bush consumed all its vitality in making the bush. It would have no purpose of existence.

But there is more than enough to make the bush.

There's an overflow!

Hence the roses!

Here's an electric bulb.

The wire inside is too small to carry all the current.

There's an overflow!

And that is its glory!

Cherry trees, orange trees, apple trees—every beautiful thing in nature is an overflow.

"We are only brambles!" exclaims the undergrowth.

"By the more-than-man-of me," says the horticulturist, "I'll make fruit-and-beauty bearing orchards of you!"

"I am only a piece of wood!" sighs the tree.

And comes the more-than-self of Antonius Stradivarius and fashions it into a violin which causes all music lovers to listen.

"And I—" exclaims the overlooked piece of humanity, "I am only a barefoot boy!"

"By the overflowing part of me," exclaims the poet, "I'll make you known to many!"

And I believe he did:

"Blessings on thee, my little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes!"

The birds about us overflow with song!

And that is their glory!

The air about us overflows with health.

And that is its glory!

The cloud above us overflows with beauty.

That is its glory.

So, facts are valueless unless we catch the spirit of them.

The waterfall moves the mill.

The mill grinds flour.

The flour brings money.

Money buys many things which render us coarse and undesirable!

But whence the spirit which moves the waterfall and hangs above it such a vapory veil of irrilescent beauty?

Trees furnish lumber for houses, but what furnished the acorn its rings of purpose and its power of patience to reach thousands of leaves toward heaven?

It is well to know the name of Columbus.

And the date when he discovered America.

But a thousand times better it is to become acquainted with the spirit of heroism which prompted him to think beyond a waste of waters.

Not so much what the superman did.

Rather the cause of his doing it

Not what we possess, but the vision which possesses us!

Not what-we-can-get and the what-we-need attitude.

But the overflow!

This is why there is more wisdom in the fall of a leaf than in the making of a million dollars!

THE LITTLE GRAND OPERA SINGER OF BIRDLAND.

By Leeta McCully Cherry

"A little bundle of concentrated sunshine" someone has called the canary, that cheery little fellow who sings so gloriously in his swinging cage and chases dull gloom out of the house like a fairy sweeping the shadows away with a broom of golden melody. Sush a tiny little fellow he is beneath the soft down of his radiant plumage that one never ceases to marvel at the miracle of his song! Whence comes that swelling volume of thrills, crescendoes, rolls and ecstatic showers of notes, making every tiny feather vibrate and the small throat pulsate almost to bursting point? Sunshine or shadow—rain or storm—nothing can dim his cheerful outlooke or cause him to doubt that "God's in His heaven—. All's well with the world!" Without a doubt he is a constant source of inspiration and delight and puts to shame those doleful mortals who seize upon every cloud or shadow as excuse for complainings and regrets. He is a well-beloved "Dovtor of Good Cheer"—no wonder that he is an honored guest in thousands of homes of all ranks and standings, in hospitals and institutions, and indeed any place where there are people to appreciate his beauty and his song.

But where do they all come from, these little yellow and green birds whose voices trill everywhere in such numbers, Well, so great has the demand become for good singing canaries that thousands of people have become professional breeders of canary birds and find it a very pleasant and lucrative busines s indeed. But where did these brilliant little birds come from in the first place? The origin of the canary was really in the islands which bear his name. Those Canary Islands are a small group of islands in the Atlantic, which are so pleasantly situated that the climate is always mild and even. Here, in the mountains, often five and six thousand feet above sea level, these wild canaries first lived and reared their young.

These Canary Islands are- a small group of islands in the Atlantic, which are so pleasantly situated that the climate is always mild and even. Here, in the mountains, often five and six thousand feet above sea level, these wlid canaries first lived and reared their young.

How long they may have been there we do not know, but it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that the canary became known in Europe, and only then as the direct result of a shipwreck at sea. A vessel, which had a large number of these wild canaries on board, on its way to Leghorn was wrecked on the coast of Italy. Of course the birds, thus liberated, flew to the nearest land, which happened to be the Island of Elba. Here they found a refuge and a climate so mild and delightful that they staved there and built their nests. Before very long, however, the fame of the beauty of their song spread into Italy and the little wild canaries

were hunted and caught and first brought into captivity. It is always a sad thing to see a wild thing in captivity, but it is now so many generactions since the domestic canary knew anything about fending for himself that we need no qualms of sorrow at seeing him in a cage. He is very happy now in his cage, since neither he nor his ancestors for many generations back have known anything but captivity and the regular care and attention which he now receives. Set at liberty now, and dependent upon himself for food and shelter, your little pet canary would not survive very long, I fear. His little cage is home to him and he would not be happy out of it.

From Italy the canary found its way into Switzerland, where the peasants became most enthuiastic about this new songster and improved the song very much indeed by careful breeding. They exported large numbers of birds to all parts of Europe, and so the birds came to Nuremburg and the Hartz mountains of Germany. At once these people saw in the canary a new source of income, and as early as 1645 about eight thousand birds a year were sold from Nuremburg. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the fierce wars which ravaged Nuremburg put an end to their canary industry, and so the people of the Hartz Mountains captured the business. They called their canaries Hartz Mountain Rollers, and for a great many years this district was famed all over the world for the sweet-singing canaries that came from it.

Norwich, England, is now called the "City of Canaries," and from this one city each year between 25,000 and 30,000 canaries are shipped. Indeed, the money value of these canaries from Norwich is given as about $100,000 a year. Most of these canaries are sent first of all to New York, which is the chief center on this continent for birds. Often they come into Canada from New York, although thousands of canaries are brought from Great Britain direct to the Canadian dealers and thousands more go to Australia and even South Africa. In their small wooden cages, stacked one above the other, the tiny travelers stand the long journey very well indeed, and it is quite remarkable how few of them are lost en route. One or two men always travel with the consignment and so the bird's daily supply of fresh water and seeds is assured.

From the one original little green songster of the Canary Isle there are now some thirty varieties of canary and as many variations of color and and shading. The strongest of the canaries still show a great deal of the green in their plumage, but when we come to the more fancy variety we see all the shades of yellow from pale buff to deepest orange. Perhaps the most commonly known and most popular species of canary are the Norwich, the Yorkshire and the Roller canary. The Norwich and the Yorkshire are quite large birds and have bright yellow feathers and a high and spectacular song which some people find a little too loud for real comfort.

The little Roller canary, however, is quite in a class by himself! Sweetness itself is his soft little song—soft yet soaringly powerful with deep throaty rolls, or "Tours" which defy description. These Roller cana-

ries are born and bred with but one mission in life and that song, and, while of course with them the impulse to sing is hereditary, a great deal of the wondrous beauty of their song is the result of careful training. Just as soon as the young birds are able to feed themselves, at about three weeks old, they are taken away from the older birds and placed in a large flight cage, where they can get lots of exercise and grow speedily. When they are quite well grown the tutor bird begins his duties. Most often this is the father bird, because they will learn his notes easiest since they inherited his throat formation. His cage is placed just above the young birds and he sings to them in his softest and sweetest tones. They make no attempt to sing or to answer him, but all the time they are learning—learning and by and by, when they have passed through the "baby moult" they start to sing their sweet little lesson perfectly as the older bird taught them. Very careful then must the owner treat them. Not too much singing—but hours of darkend cages when the young birds sit in silence listening to the master singer—then a glorious hour or two full daylight, when they at once break into free and joyous song.

The notes of the true Roller canary are really wonderful. He has a deep, low note which cannot be equalled by any bird in the world, and he never opens his mouth and to sing, except for his sweet and mellow flute notes. His liquid notes are divided by experts into these clases: Bell: hollow bell; water gluck, which is like the sound of a little drop of water falling into water beneath it; and the water roll, which is described by one writer as "the gurgling, rushing, bubbling of a tiny brook whirling along over its pebbly shallows." That is the way the birds are taught in the "Canary Schools" which rear them, but many imported birds are taught their notes by a great bird organ, which plays automatically for hours in order that the birds may sing the desired notes. It is a strange instrument, this bird organ, for its fourteen notes are all pumped out through the medium of air and water, which makes its melody of that round ed liquid sound. Little by little the small singers learn to tune their song to the notes of the organ and so their song is perfected.

The life of a well-cared-for canary is from twelve to fourteen years, and the most of that life is spent in singing. He needs to make him comfortable a good-sized cage, so that he may have plenty of room for exercise; perches roughened up by sandpaper, so that their smoothness may not cause corns on the sensitive little feet, plenty of good clean sea-sand on the floor of his cage, fresh every day; a little dish filled with canary seed each morning; and fresh, cold drinking water several times through the day. A piece of cuttle-fish bone fastened to the wires of the cage where he can peck at it is always much relished by the bird, because it is a little salty and it helps disgestion. This chalky white substance is really the backbone of a fish found near the Mediterranean and it is really pure carbonate of lime. Occasionally a little bit of sweet apple, celery, or lettuce may be given to the bird, but one must be careful not to give him bits

of delicacies from the table. Many a poor little bird has been killed by the mistaken kindness of its owner in this way.

Every day your bird will want to have his bath, like the clean little gentleman he is; how he does love to splash about in his little white tub, showering the water about him on all sides! Then back again into his clean dry cage and what an orgy of preening and prinking he does indulge in—his busy actions telling us much more plainly than words how greatly he has enjoyed his "tub" and how much he appreciates our care. It is really very little work to care for a canary—just a few minutes' attention regularly at the same hour every day and it is done—yet who can measure in mere words the payment of love and melody this pretty little fluff of feathers give us for our pains?

THE PRODUCTION OF PRODIGIES.

(Nashville Tennessean)

The news items of last week told of the presence in Philadelphia of Dr. (Mrs.) Winifred Sackville Stoner who was there for the avowed purpose of seeking out child prodigies. Dr. Stoner was the mother of one of the most outstanding precocious children of the present generation, and this seems to have whetted her interest in such phenomena. Explaining her presence in Philadelphia she said: "The climate of Philadelphia, its medical and educational facilities are all conducive to genius. Any sameness in weather conditions is detrimental to genius." Granting this is true, it is hard to see how Philadelphia answers the description of these ideal conditions any more than Baltimore, Nashville, San Antonio or any other cities which are free from a sameness of climate and have good educational and medical facilities. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether it is safe to confuse genius and precocity as being synonymous. There have been many geniuses who were not child prodigies. And, on the other hand, there have been large numbers of youthful proddigies who never displayed any particular signs of genius when they reached maturity. Over and above all it is not clear just what advanntage it to be gained in seeking out the child prodigies whenever they may be found. . Precocity is a mental phenomenon of no particular importance, and the prodigies who have developed into outstandingly useful citizens have been the exception rather than the rule. Nothing is to be gained by looking them up and classifying them, any more than by searching for people who are redheaded or who write with their left hands. They are merely individual freaks; and just because a boy or girl may be able to conjugate a Latin verb at the age of eight years is no indication that he or she will be able to earn a living or contribute anything to the welfare of humanity at the age of thirty.

THE STONES THAT STEPPED.

By Harry Harrison Kroll

A variety of circumstances conspired that spring, when high school was out, to upset Lena Hartford's well defined plans. Her aim had been definite and, from the village point of view, unusual. She said little about it to anyone. She intended to become a journalist. But in late winter her father's health grew poor, and weeks before commencement she realized she must postpone her education and find work. A part of the farm was sold in April to a neighbor.

This fund was placed out at interest as a sure but small income for the family.

Three years of high school would not yield to her the usual license to teach. Teaching one of the far-back rural schools appeared Lena's only chance. During the summer, then, she reviewed the ground she had already covered, and studied geometry, tht single subject she had evaded so far, and which she must have in order to secure license. It was hard work, but when the county examination occurred in mid-September at Wilsonville she passed. A week later she received notification that she had passed, and the county board of education had assigned her to Bald Knob school across Swayback Ridge in the mountains.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed in dismay. "That's the most remote school in the county!"

Her mother looked at her kindly.

"It'll do you good, Lena," said Mrs. Hartford. In the first place, you must admit that you don't know any more than you ought to, and handicapped that way, it will be better for you to teach in a community where the people are not too critical."

"Yes, but they are so horribly wild, Mamma! Why, that's the worst school in the county to discipline—all the teachers say that!"

Her mother looked thoughtfully at her strong, pretty daughter.

"I know the young teachers say that of the place. But no school is 'tough' where the teacher has sympathies for the problems of her people, rather than being wrapped wholly in her own hopes for an easy time."

"Anyway," Lena concluded, considering this rebuke. "I'm planning on journalism as a career, and the more of life I know the better it will be for me. Bald Knob ought to be a solid stepping stone—surely it's rocky enough out there!"

The teachers' institute convened the last week in September, just before the opening of schools after the first of October.

"So," said Mary Hastings to Lena in the hall of the Wilsonville High School that Monday morning, "the county board has sentenced you to Bald Knob for a year, eh? Say, dearie, tell me what horrible offense you committed—did you try to shoot the chairman of the board, or something like that?"

"Don't make me feel any gloomier than I already do, Mary!"

"Those Bald Knobers eat teachers! You ask Tinnie Hayes—Tinnie started out there! You know, Tinnie always did say she wanted to be a trained nurse, and wasn't interest-

ed in school teaching. Well, after she got through at Bald Knob, she decided anything was better than burying one's self in a living grave like that, and she went hot-foot into hospital training school!''

They were at the auditorium door; Mary had already pushed open the portal for Lena to enter. She said nothing except: ''Well, Tinnie used it for a stepping stone; I can do the same.''

''It wasn't a stepping stone!'' Mary whispered back. ''It was a **pushing** stone!''

Whether by coincidence or conspiracy Mr. Tilliver, the superintendent of education, was already speaking, and his theme was ''Stepping stones''! Lena sank down in the seat remotest at the rear. Mary whispered in her ear, ''Listen to that bunk!'' Unconsciously Lena stiffened. She had always liked Mr. Tolliver. He derived no large income from the superintendency—indeed, Hancock County was noted for almost anything else but generous salaries for its educational workers. It was simply because Mr. Tolliver, who possessed real brains and might have made twice or three times the salary in another field, stuck to school work at a sacrifice that she unconsciously honored and loved him. Her companion's caustic observation acted as a contrary stimulant to Lena. She gave attentive ear to the speaker.

''I wish,'' Mr. Tolliver smiled whimsically, ''somebody would get a true perspective of this stepping stone business. I can't blame any young person with brains and energy for passing out of teaching into what seems bigger. Yet, I wonder sometimes what can be bigger than helping backward people to catch up? Leaving aside money consideration, those who step up from teaching, I often think, step back, not on.''

''Bosh!'' scorned Mary, under her breath. ''I've heard that stuff before somewhere. Haven't you Lena?''

But Lena made no reply. She was thinking—trying to think. But her mind was hopelessly tangled.

And when she made her school it was dawn of the following Monday morning and she was still tangled. Nor did the bleak little school house, squatting in a cove at the end of a four-hour ride, aid in untangling her. Bald Knob was bald—stony and terrible, even in its tender picturesquesness. Lena could see scant beauty in a picture which had for a vague background the stories other teachers had told of this place.

Already the yard was filled with children, and as she got out of the buggy and tied her horse to a low bush she saw the house was well filled with adults.

''What in the world am I going to do!'' she silently groaned. ''They'll want a speech, and I never made a formal talk in all my days—not to an audience like this!''

But is was not a season for cold feet. She bolstered up her courage, assumed an austere, determined air, and walked firmly across the yard, conscious of the sudden hush which had descended upon the school children, their pausing in their merry play, their swift gathering into small groups, and spasmodic whispers one to another. As she entered the door she sensed the same strained peer-

ing at her, though, when she tried to meet some of the eyes, they seemed to be looking always in another direction, with an embarrasing telltale movement of the head rural people make when they try to appear natural in an unnatural situation. A committee of old men, bearded and uncertain, but with eyes where friendly light knew how to shine on occasion, rose and gravely shook her hand. After that they sat down. Lena expected to be introduced. Nobody performed that office. Apparently it was her school; she must do what she thought best; more accurately, what she could.

She faced the silent array of faces. The last bit of marrow in her bones froze. Desperately, she had to do something.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began, in a formal, squeaky voice. "I am surely glad to be here this morning. With your co-operation—"

She stopped. That was the same old cut-and-dried thing. She had heard it so often she hated it. She stood there, floundering, speechless. But everybody was waiting expectantly. The people on the outside were coming in on tiptoe and filling such vacant seats as were available, the others lining up along the walls, hands back of them.

"What'll I do!" Lena moaned to herself. Sheer, grisly despepration forced her down, down. With a last frantic gulp, she tried. "I'm going to leave the speech off!" she suddenly resumed. The faces seemed to light up. A movement crossed the room. "I'm going to tell you a story, instead!" Now the light was unmistakable. "I never made a speech in my life!" she hurried on, the unconscious wave of sympathy strenghtening her wobbling kness. "I hope I never will!" The people smiled outright at her heated hope. "Once upon a time—"

And she plunged with horrible temerity into the ancient and time-honored tale of Cinderella!

With a certain journalistic brazenness she amplified the tale, created detail and atmosphere, taking heart every moment by the singular intensity with which her audience hung upon her every word. Her voice lost its strangeness. Her mind did her good service by hurrying ahead of her and supplying an abundant fund of imaginative material. And a long time before the end she had found a moral application of this original school-opening talk. The prince charming that was coming to claim the bride was none other than Education, and the Cinderella was their own children.

"And," she concluded happily, we're not going to have to whittle anybody's heels to make the golden slipper fit, for learning makes all feet strong and shapely, and good enough for the golden slipper of life!"

"Well, now," whispered an old woman on the front bench as Lena sat down, flushed and panting, "that's sure so! But I never thought of it in that way before!"

It was the rarest compliment, Lena suddenly thought, she had ever received—she had taken an old story and made it new and original.

By the end of the first week Lena had grown accustomed to the new country and to her work. The terrors she had conjured up about discipline did not materialize. True, once

or twice Dan Brooks, one of the larger boys, had attempted something funny during school hours, but Lena headed him off. His audience evaporated like snow in the tropics when the teacher announced.

"Children, lay aside your lessons for a few minutes now, and I'll tell you a story." And she began, "Once upon a time—." In ten seconds the room was quiet; in two minutes even Dan Brooks, caught off his guard, was listening with wide open mouth.

It was shortly after this that Lena experienced something which amazed her far more than she had amazed her school. She boarded with old Grammer Mortland, who lived alone but for her thirty-five year-old son, James, and so had a spare room for the school mistress. Grammer Mortland had sons and daughtters in full plenty, and grandsons and granddaughters, and even great-grandchildren, to the extent of thirty or forty. In the soft twilight those living nearest—many just over the ridge, and some in cabins within a stone's throw of the natal dwelling—gathered at the doorstone, and the ancient granny told her queer, endless old folk tales. One was how great-grandfather Mortland had killed a bear, after wounding it, and the brute had attacked him, thrown him down ni the snow, and was trying to swallow his head, and he had used his long hunting knife to save himself. Another was how an Indian one day had come to the cabin and warned her, while she was just a little girl, of an intended attack, and how later it developed this was an Indian her father had found wounded in the forest one day, bound his wounds, taken him home and fed him, then given the red man sufficient parched corn to keep him going until he could return to his tribe.

As the old woman droned along with her story, her feeble mind not sticking to details she formerly had recited, voices would interrupt, "You left out about the way the Injun looked when he thought great-grandpaw was going to finish him off!"

"So I did, so I did! Little things gets out of my mind late years."

She added the forgotten item, then went on with her tale. After her came Uncle Eli Whittiker, who had musty stories of his own exploits, those of his kin, and stalwart men who lived long years ago in the neighborhood. His mind, too, had occasional lapses, and interrupting voices would hasten to remind him.

"Uncle Eli, that man Jeems Able was just turning twenty, instead of twenty-one!"

"So it was, so it was! Well, well, memory plays tricks with a body it do!"

"Miss Lena, now you tell us that story you told us the first day of school!"

Lena had to comply. She started out bravely enough. But soon saw an outraged gleam in Dan Brooks' eyes. He was too polite to correct her, but Lena flushed with the realization that she had changed the story. She stopped.

"What is it, Dan?" She decided she might as well acquire the techinque now as later, for the sooner she caught the knack the more famous she was surely to be.

"The golden slipper was for the

left foot, instead of the right!''

Heads both old and young nodded emphatically at this correction. The thing staggered Lena. If she saw aright, every one of these eighteen or twenty auditors not only remembered the high spots of that tale, but had noted every detail, even to the correct shoe.

She commenced again, this time doing her best to stick to those happy improvisions which had been so effective the first morning. More than once she caught vague expressions of disappointment on the faces of her audience, and at those times she prudently paused, asked someone to straighten her out, received the correction humbly, and went on. They knew her story better than she knew it herself. So the evening passed.

That was the beginning of an institution Lena started in connection with her school work—the story evening. When she first suggested it to her school board her very soul quaked with fear she might not be to put the innovation across. To her joy the school fathers not only agreed to push the thing, but even to tell their own stories!

''You'll have to tell that story about the gals with such big feet their maw had to whittle 'em down with a knife, then they wouldn't fit the shoe!'' beamed Uncle Steve Etty.

''All right, Uncle Steve,'' laughed Lena. ''You tell the story how you fell off the smokehouse into the barrel of soap, and I'll tell Cinderella.''

She took no chances with a memory tricky not from age but weak leaning on notes, carefully wrote out her story, read it to the school for omissions, then boldly got down in her room the day before the meeting and memorized it.

The night saw the school house filled to packing. The novelty of a story meeting, plus the perennial interest of the stories themselves, brought many who came out rarely except to preaching and protracted meetings. Intently, so quietly one might hear the proverbial pin, the audience listened. Story after story was spun. And though every one present had heard the tales once, perhaps many times, nobody apparently thought anything about that.

As Lena went home with those returning her way that night, she could but be deeply thoughtful. She suddenly learned something—something wonderful, something fundamental in life. She had learned how the folk tale gets its start, and how primitive literature came into being. For untold centuries her Cinderella yarn had survived in just this fashion. The highland ballads she heard mothers sing their babies to sleep with lived in the same curious fashion.

She had forgotten, in the intense interest she was taking in her teaching, her desire to make this a stepping stone to journalism. The joy of this thing sent her young pulses thrilling. Such troublesome factors as schoolroom discipline had never risen to worry her in the least. Though she had stumbled upon her weapon only by chance, it was none the less keen because accident had thrown her across it. Again, she was young enough to think as many of her people thought—people who, regardless of their years, never really left the morning of their thinking behind.

"I'm going to write this story of the folk-story up and send it somewhere!" she breathed, as she lay down to sleep that night.

She waited until after the second of the meetings, then wrote the article. She mailed it to the Sunday edition of the principal state newspaper, but forgot to wait impatiently for an answer, for Thanksgiving was drawing near, and she was deep in rehearsing a play for the occasion. So when a check for ten dollars and a note of appreciation from the editor arrived in the mail the day of the evening the play was to be presented, she received a genuine thrill. It was the first thing of her own which should ever see the light of print, much less warrant being paid for. But after the play that night she had a larger thrill, for the program had gone over, as it is said in journalese, "with a bang!"

"We want some more details about that story-hour thing of yours!" came the editor's demand. "That was mighty good stuff. We have a number of letters from people interested in folk lore and others interested in adapting education to local needs and odd experiments in education, and some of these I am forwarding for your notice. You seem to be one of these young school marms who aren't making rural schools a stepping stone to higher things—as if there were only higher things. Write us another article and hurry it along in time for our big Christmas edition. Don't forget some kodak prints of your school house, and one of these meetings."

Lena gasped when she read it, and the communications the editor had enclosed. She learned several other startling truths all in one moment. She wrote the story requested, getting the pictures during the same week. Instead of sending a print of a meeting, however, which would have been impossible, since they were held at night, she photographed Grammer Mortland, Uncle Eli Whittiker, and Uncle Steve Etty, with the caption that here were the elect and faithful, who had all the stories.

When school was out in early May, after the program that Friday afternoon, the school fathers, hemmed her into a corner.

"We been hearing you was going away off somewheres and writing stuff for the papers," accused Uncle Steve Etty. "We ain't going to let you! You got to come back and teach school for us next year! Miss Lena," he added earnestly, "you hear a lot of talk about stepping stones. But school teaching ain't no stepping stone! Why, it's way up on at the top of the ladder! If you step up, you step slam off—like I fell in that smokehouse in the barhel of soap!"

Lena's eyes were veiled with a film of mist.

"I'm coming back, Uncle Steve," she promised. "I'm going to normal this summer and enter as a special student and work off what I lack in high school, and be back here the first thing in October!"

But she didn't tell him she would pay her expenses with part of the payment she had received from her journalistic writing. The stones had done their own stepping.

FUNNY FACE.

By Marion S. Doyle.

This is the story of a clown; a lovable clown; a furry, four-footed clown, whose name was Funny Face. He was given this odd title because Gene and Mary Lou, who owned him, had never since their first sight of him been able to look at his lovable little face with its mischievous, comical expression without bursting into peals of laughter. After Funny Face had learned to know and love his human playmates he would join in the laughter himself; putting his black head down between his furry front paws, stubby tail high in the air, he would shake his funny fat body and draw his lips back from his sharp white teeth in a grin, while his eyes seemed to say:

"I may be only a roly poly black bear cub, but I have a sense of humor, too."

And he did! The cunning tricks he played on the other animals of Gene's and Mary Lou's daddy's farm were countless. One of his favorites was to bounce suddenly into a group of horses, cows, or fowls, and go through such a series of antics that the unwilling spectators would dash away in a frenzy of fear.

However, the geese were his Waterloo. They soon became used to him and his clowinish tricks seemed only to annoy them. One morning Mary Lou heard a noisy rumpus in the fowl yard; running out of the house she saw old "Grandaddy Gander" in full pursuit of Funny Face, who in his great haste and absurd wobbling was soon overtaken. "Grandady Gander" gave him a complete flogging with his long strong wings and he crept shamefacedly to the back porch and lay down in the warm sunshine. When Gene came by, Funny Face began to whine so pitifully that he brought him along into the kitchen and gave him some bread and honey, which was a sure cure for all the little fellow's troubles. He would stand upright on his hind feet and hold the large slice of bread in his two front paws as the children had taught him to do, eating slowly and almost daintily, for fear of a stinging small slap on his muzzle should he "gulp."

Funny Face had many lessons to learn, just as Gene and Mary Lou; the gander episode was only one of many. The bees also taught him a thing or two. He had been on the farm only a short time and, of course, he was just a tiny bear and hadn't been taught much yet; but there was one thing he did not need to be taught and that was the fragant, tempting odor of honey.

He sniffed the air for a second or two and then trotted confidently behind his nose until he came to the bee hives, one of which he upset, and in a cloud of angry bees, unheeding, started to eat and eat and eat until the honey was all gone! Then still surrounded by the vengeful bees he trotted under the hedge, where he sat down and wiped his face with his paws, then carefully licked his paws for fear he should lose one taste of his favorite delicacy. Of course, the bees could not sting him so very badly on account of his heavy fur

coat, but he seemed to have had plenty as it was, and after Gene had punished him by locking him up in solitary confinement for several days he thereafter gave the bee hives a very wide berth.

Funny Face was quite a fisherman, too. At the foot of the meadows ran a small clear stream in which Gene, Mary Lou, and Funny Face often fished for chubs, "sunnies," and silver sides. Funny Face was really the best fisher of the three, and could he have spoken he would, no doubt, have told many a fine "fish story"—even as you and I. He would stand on the low banks and gaze into the clear water until a fish came along, then quick as a flash he would slide his paw under it and toss it onto the bank, where, after he had caught several, he would have a fine feast.

Gene taught him to wrestle with him just as if he were another boy. He would snap and growl and look as if he meant to devour his partner, but it was all in a spirit of play and he never gave Gene even a serious scratch, for all that he could not sheathe his dangerous looking claws.

Funny Face was a gallant little fellow and never showed any partiality between Gene and Mary Lou, although the whole family felt that his heart belonged mostly to Gene. He would often visit Mary Lou in her nice large playhouse, and she taught him to pull back the doll's bed covers with his teeth, creep into the bed and pull the covers over him.

But all things must end—even happy childhoods and "cubhoods," too. Gene and Mary Lou moved to the city and had to part with their furry friend, but they sometimes see him still, for he was presented to one of our national parks, where he is yet, and perhaps **you** may sometimes see him, too, who knows?

WHERE MEMORY HELPS.

Fifth floor, sir?" asked the elevator boy of the man who had just stepped into the elevator.

"Fifth floor it is," was the smiling answer, "but I wish you'd tell me how you knew I wanted to go to the fifth floor. This is only the second time you've taken me up. Do you remember the floors of all the guests who ride in your elevator at this hotel?"

"Yes," was the cheery reply. "Most of them, anyway. It's easy when you try—and it pays."

Memory is an invaluable asset to success. Doubtless we should all be better off, not only materially but morally and spiritually as well if we gave more attention to its cultivation. We forget so easily—the debt we owe to our parents, the patience and kindness of teachers and friends, and above all, the numberless blessings we owe to God. Better memories would inspire deeper gratitude, and deeper gratitude, greater devotion.—Exchange.

THE WHOLE MESSAGE.

(Forward.)

England was waiting in doubt and dred; no one knew how the tide of war was going. London was wrapped in fog and in the deeper gloom of depression, when a signal message reached the city which read, "Wellington defeated." The great city mourned and lamented. But the fog lifted, the light grew clearer, and it was discovered that the message had two additional words. It read, "Wellington defeated the enemy."

So runs a story of Waterloo. It is a story of life as well. It makes all the difference in the world whether we look at our dangers and difficulties through the fog of gloomy hoplessness and unbelief, or through the clearer atmosphere of faith and courage. Few messages of misfortune are so entirely and finally evil as we think. They often have some added words, if only we stand our ground and wait for them. This world is not a place for weakness or for the spirit that gives up easily.

A young business man was manager and part owner of a large concern which was entirely distroyed bl fire. His friends waited anxiously for his account of the disaster; when it came it was brief and dealt chiefly with the future. "The fire was fierce, but it is over," he wrote. "We have moved into quarters not far away, and are going on as well as we can. The old building was inconvenient in some ways, and we shall remedy that in putting up a new building; so what has happened may prove a blessing."

The world has little room for weakness and cowardice. If it had, it would be a poor place to develop strong, resourceful, courageous manhood and womanhood. Whatever else we are here to do, it certainly is not to fail, and our lives cannot be useless while we keep faith and do our best. We cannot always see the result of our efforts, or understand the meaning of all the hindrances and defects that come to us. When the gloom seems too thick to be pierced, when but a fragment of the message reaches us, and we feel that defeat is upon us, then is the time for the highest courage that sees the future through the eyes of faith and refuses to admit defeat. If lamenting and mourning London could have pierced the fog it would have known that it had no cause for its gloom, and it is still the same with many of the happenings that we fear spell defeat and loss. We are reading but part of the message. By an by, in a clearer light we shall see that things which were hard, were not so much to our hurt as we thought, and the words we missed may make success instead of failure.

"Is he a go-getter?"
"No, a have-it-brunger."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

A number of the work force boys have been pulling potato vines during the past week.

A shipment of shoes has been received at the institution. They will be distributed among the boys soon.

J. A. B. Goodman, of Mooresville, and Dr. Smith and Prof. Hackeman, instructors at Lenior-Rhyne College, visited our School last Sunday afternoon.

We were all glad to see Mr. Corzine, a member of the night watching staff, back on his "beat" last Monday night, after a spell of sickness.

A collection of old "bottomless" chairs was made and they were carried to the carpenter-shop. There are a couple of men putting in new bottoms. This will be more comfortable and also cuts expenses.

The Sunday School lesson last Sunday was a review of the quarter. In this period we studied about the early Kings of Israel, from Samuel to Jereboam. It was a very interesting quarter.

Miss Helen Myers, of Concord has been painting pictures, flowers, etc., on the tables and other things which Mr. Carriker has prepared for exhibition at the Cabarrus County Fair next month. She does fine work, and it is interesting to watch her.

Several of the boys are looking forward to the basketball season, now that baseball is "out of style" for a while. We all have hopes of having a better basketball team than last year.

We were glad to hear that Clyde Bristow, a former boy of this institution, has secured a position with The Concord Daily Tribune. We all wish him good luck, and hope to see him often, now that he is so close.

Miss Smith, Cabarrus County nurse, came out to the institution last Tuseday afternoon and vaccinated about sixty-five boys for smallpox. Before very long we will be hearing them going around complaining with sore arms, but—well, those of us who have had it can sympathize with them.

Instead of having the usual spelling, declamation, or other contests, the Barnhardt Prize for the past quarter was awarded to the boys having the highest general average. The winners are as follows:

Room No. 1—George Stanley.
Room No. 2—Robert Glassgow.
Room No. 3—Lincoln Burgess.
Room No. 4—Guy Thornburg.
Room No. 5—Allen Johnson.

HALF-BAKED GREETINGS.

By Irene Avery Judson

Jean Holland paused near the entrance to Worden's Department Store, feasting her eyes on the dainty fabrics so artistically draped in the window. As she stood there, Rose Casper came through the great swinging doors ouu into the sidewalk.

Jean looked up, delighted. She and Rose were old friends, but owing to the great distance between their homes they did not see each other often.

"Hello, Rose," she greeted heartily.

Rose Casper smiled. She inclined her head a very little bit, her lips moved slightly and she passed on in silent dignity.

"Well, I declare," gasped the astonished Jean, turning back to the window. "If she doesn't want to speak to me she need not, but if she does, I wish she'd do it so I could hear. I don't like half-baked greetings."

All through the day the memory of the incident kept recurring to Jean.

"I'm going to make sure that she isn't offended about anything," she decided toward evening, "though I don't know what it could possibly be. For fear something is wrong I'll call her up."

At the phone she waited anxiously for the familiar voice.

"Rose? This is Jean. I just wanted to ask if I have offended you in any way?"

"No, indeed," the voice expressed great surprise. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because you spoke so coldly today."

Jean was trembling a little. There was no answer for a moment. Then the voice came again, very humbly.

"Forgive me, Jean," it said. "I didn't mean to be cold. I'm awfully sorry, really."

But Jean couldn't see the painful flush in Rose's cheeks as she hung up the receiver.

I guess it isn't very stylish and aristocratic, after all," she concluded wisely, "to pass folks with just a bow. Come to think of it—I—don't line to be spoken to that way myself."—**Girls' Weekly.**

REFORMER

By Bright W. Padgitt

Since I have emptied out my pockets, now
What more is there for you to take from me?
This freedom that I know has ruffed my brow
And filched my honest laughter by degree.

There are no golden dreams for you to lose,
And those that I have loved you blight and brand;
Though changed, the paths I walk are ones I choose,
And I shall laugh the same . . . behind my hand.

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OF

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EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, [illegible] 8, 1927. No. 38

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WATCHMAN?

"We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nation glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE TRAIT WE OVERLOOK.

"Man is an extremely suggestible animal," writes a modern philosopher. "Many time he follows the suggestions of his eyes and ears and does his thinking afterwards."

There is much truth in this statement. It explains why we spend too much money when we are playing with a lot of spenders and perhaps say a lot of things we never mean when we are in the company of the gossipy and garrulous. We are just naturally "suggestive animals"—"copy cats" as the children often put it.

But it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Why not make our tendency to suggestibility help us instead of hinder us? What is to prevent our associating with people who know the value of money, who are industrious and ambitious, and who are honestly concerned about the finest things of life? Why not turn that trait of suggestibility to good account?

—EXCHANGE.

TRUSTEES MEET.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in the Directors' office of the James William Cannon Building, on Tuesday.

In attendance the following members of the Board were present: Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham; Mrs. I. W. Faison, of Charlotte; Mrs. R. O. Everett, of Durham; Herman Cone, of Greensboro; P. C. Whitlock, of Charlotte; and J. P. Cook, of Concord.

For the many years which numbers his membership on the Board, this

is the very first time in his career that Mr. D. B. Coltrane could not be present on account of pressing business that called him away. His absence was particularly noted with regret by those present.

Pesides the consideration of routine matters, the Board was engaged in the consideration of plans and bids for the installment of a sewer disposal plant. It is a knotty question that confronts the Board because of so many voices outside of those who know the needs of the institution must be heard—all causing a troublesome delay. This, however, is the price of statutes that govern in these days.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A DISTINGUISHED BODY.

Concord has entertained a number of ecclesiastical bodies but this week it had the entire official synodical body of the state. This body represented every Presbyterian church, organization and commission engaged in the work connected with this faith. It was, of course, the largest assembly of church workers ever gathered in the city.

Human nature is a wonderful study, and it aids in good judgment. Mayor Barrier wore a smile and said all is well and safe; Recorder Palmer has gone a-fishing and the police officers are forced to loaf on their job. Nobody seems to entertain fears of trouble when a town is occupied and given over to a host of men who have dedicated their lives to preaching of the gospel of the lowly Nazarine—even the openly wicked move about in low gear.

What a pity this superb influence could not prevail all the while. The truth of the matter, it is impossible to segregate the wicked—the sinners themselves like to live among an orderly people. Have you not noticed that a lawless fellow seeks to squat among dignified and orderly folks?

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WE HAVE 'EM TOO.

Ever since mortal man was created there has been included in his daily life some element of dissatisfaction and discontent. He has grumbled and growled and has heaped abuse upon the existing order of things.

Looking over Pepy's Diary of two hundred years back we find in its record that fifty per cent of the populace was expecting ruin to be visited upon them at any minute. Every generation has had its cynics and satirists, its skeptics and pessimists.

The world has been trembling on the verge of destruction ever since

the first day. And yet today we stand in the midst of a mighty civilization whose progress has been gradual and material until the highest plane has been seemingly reached.

We must not allow ourselves to fall into that class of cynics and pessimists who are forever condemning and exclaiming that the world's all wrong. We must be contented with what we've got and assume that a better future lies beyond.

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AN EXHIBIT OF IGNORANCE.

An English girl was present when this connundrum was asked: "How do you make a Maltese cross?" the answer of course being, "You pull it's tail."

The English girl did not smile. Finally she said: "Well, of course, it's because I'm English and all that, but really I cannot see any similarity between a Maltese cross and a pullet's tail."

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PROFESSIONALS.

The daily press manifests quite an interest in a supposed evangelistic preacher, who is accused of marrying six widows, and has been brought to law. His picture in and out of jail has been paraded. That's more than a man would get for the doing of a great public deed and spending his time in orderly places and in good society.

This Rev. Jordan is most assuredly "crazy," as the language of the street would express it—the marrying of six widows in succession in so short a time is fine proof. But we have referred to this miserable affair as an introduction to a sensible article in Young Folks, which is:

Professional athletes, such as baseballs players of the national leagues, afford pleasure to the thousands who watch them. They have achieved skill as individual players and have learned how to work together to produce a fine result and win games. In every game played there are exceptionally fine plays made by different players, each receiving merited applause. But one of the oddest things is to hear the jeering of the crowd when a player, perhaps noted for his own fine record, makes a mistake that embarrasses his team and lessens its chance to win. As a professional no blunder is overlooked. He is supposed to play with such precision that he has no errors marked against him. The onlookers are uncharitable in

criticism. They laugh when he is punished for his mistakes. They howl as if if delighted should he be taken from the game and another substituted for him. Crowds always emphasize extremes heroizing the winner and hooting the loser. Professionals may expect this treatment from the crowd.

In no uncertain sense Christians are professionals. They have taken a stand before the world as belonging to Christ. Their words and habits are suppposed to exemplify unworldliness. They are expected to be righteous. The world watches as they live their religion. There is approval when they live unreproachfully. But if there should be a blunder, if a slip into unrighteousness, if a detected fraud, the whole attitude of the world changes. There is loud emphasis put on the mistake, and the entire record is besmirched by the unrighteous act. Papers parade the errors of the Christian. Attention is called to his failure to be perfect. All this because the Christian is a professional for Christianity, and the world anticipates nothing short of the ideal Christian. Hence the need of care that there be no causes for hooting and jeering by the onlooking world.

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JUNIOR THIEVES.

Recently our attention, observes Young Folks, was called to the fact that a few "bad boys" had broken into a school building where, during the day, there had been on display books and emblems for sale. The occasion was a general meeting of an organization of the church. There was no thought of special guarding for these things during the day. It was at night, with the building locked and everything supposedly safe, when the boys did the stealing. No clue was found to trace the thieves to their lair. Just what disposition they could make of the things stolen could not be guessed. The books taken were religious in character, hardly the books such boys would select for private reading. The emblems taken were distinctive and could not be used by non-members of the organization. Then, why did the boys steal them? That would be hard to answer. Maybe it was merely a yielding to the impulse to steal. Maybe these boys had not been taught the sin of stealing. Maybe they were not as much to blame for their thievery as were the persons and environment in which they grew up.

These were junior theives. They were not experienced criminals. But they were putting their feet into the path that leads to all sorts of crimes. The saddest part about it all is that a taste of such easy stealing may suggest a continuance in the ways of crime. One wonders about their

parents and their schools and their surroundings. One goes farther in wondering and asks what is to be done for the boys and girls of the junior years to start them safely away from such practices. Whose responsibility is it that boys and girls get into evil doings? It would seem that the way to prevent a crop of mature criminals is to allow no seeds of evil to find lodgement in their minds while they are still young. We must prevent the first step.

It is truly a clarion call back to home training.

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THAT LITTLE CHAP.

A careful man I would like to be,
A little fellow follows me;
I do not dare to go astray
For fear he'll go the self-same way.

I cannot once escape his eyes;
Whate'er he sees me do, he tries.
Like me he says he's going to be
The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine
Believes in every word of mine,
The base in me he must not see,
That little fellow who follows me.

—*Author Unknow.*

W. C. DOWD.

(Monroe Journal.)

Mr. W. C. Dowd, owner of the Charlotte News, died suddenly of heart disease at his home in Charlotte last Friday morning.

Mr. Dowd was only 62 years of age. That is young for a man of his robust physique to go. He was a football player in college, and for some years past he had been a devotee of golf, spending his summers in the mountains and his winters in Florida and playing daily. He should not have died so young.

The deceased was a very fine man. His success as a publisher was marked though not unusual under the circumstances. His first love was politics and he no doubt got into the newspaper business with an idea of making that an adjunct to a public career. But publishing grew bigger than politics. After he had attained sufficient prominence he desired to go to Congress. That was his ambition for many years.

Then somewhat slowly he woke up to the fact that he had built up for himself a bigger job. After politics he was endowed with business instincts. It took application of the intense kind and good ability too to bring the Charoltte News from nothing to its considerable success of a few years ago. It was harder to make it worth the first twenty-five thousand than to run it from that to its present value which may be half a million. A growing city makes a newspaper if the publisher has enough strategy to keep down competition till a certain point is past, when there can be none.

Mr. Dowd was not an editor in the usual sense, but a publisher. He did not write. It was cheaper to hire writers that would do. Of course no big publisher, or a man who has the ability to be a publisher, ever writes. Publishing is a business, not a literary activity. Mr. Dowd wsa a natural money maker. If he had not adopted publishing he would have made money at something else.

In every phase of life's activities Mr. Dowd cast a wholesome influence. In his early days he was a champion of all those measures which marked the rising tide of popular influence. He was always on the popular side because he was temperamentally a popular rights man. His ardor may have cooled in later years with the coming of financial success, as it does in most men, but he was always straight, honest, square and above board.

Mr. Dowd began his newspaper work as business manager of the Charlotte Observer when there was no great business to manage. That was before J. P. Caldwell took the Observer. Then, when Jerome Dowd became a teacher, W. C. Dowd bought of him the old Mecklenburg Times, a weekly, then in opposition to the weekly Democrat. He flung the Times into the free silver fight from the start and went to the legislature on it. Pretty soon he bought Wade Harris' Charlotte News, a little daily which Mr. Harris was making single handed.

It illustrates the difference in men when they meet an opportunity. Wade

Harris owned the News and had as much money to run it as W. C. Dowd, that is to say, none. But had Harris had the publishing instinct rather than the writing instinct, he would have owned the News today. The growth of Charlotte made the News more than anything else, that is, it could not have been made at all without the great growth of the city.

Mr. Dowd made a considerable personal success and had a wholesome public influence. He was able to practically retire and begin playing golf at an eglier age than John D. Rockfellow. Yet the silver cord snapped at 62. How transitory!

Make up your mind that, no matter how you feel, you will look pleasant. The smile on your face will react upon your own heart and make it lighter.—Selected.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

(Exchange.)

Success in life means accomplishment—whether it be the amassing of millions, or the uplifting of the oppressed, or the advancement of science, or the carrying through of political and social reforms. A successful individual has done something of benefit to himself and to others. Henry Ford has a remarkable record as a money getter. Colonel Lendbergh has achieved success in trans-Atlantic aviation. But Professor Langley, who was a laughing stock when his aeroplane fell into the Potomac in 1907, has been proved a success by the later work of others. Robert E. Lee was a success although he lost Gettysburg and despite the collapse of the Confederacy, and his life will be an inspiration to all times. When in retirement at St. Helena, Napoleon Bonaparte said that he was prouder of his legislation for France than of his twenty great military victories. The names of most of his battles are hardly remembered, but the Code of Napoleon is still in operation and of vast usefulness. Woodrow Wilson closed his second administartion in defeat and disappointment, and yet his work as President will go down in history.

Success in life varies with individual temperaments and ambitions To those with social aspirations leadership in fashionable society is success. The amassing of money is satisfying to those who crave wealth. The care of the sick brings satisfaction to the heart of a philantropic physician. Influencing men's minds toward religion is the goal and the joy of the devout clergyman. A mother's life work is the upbringing of her children.

"CONSTRUCTIVE ECONOMY."

(Charlotte Observer.)

Speaking informally yesterday afternoon and apparently with no thought of its political effect, Governor McLean gave utterance to a few thoughts which only a practical statesman of great proportions could think. While attending a luncheon given in his honor and with only a few intimate friends gathered around him, the Governor explained that he, like all other true Scotchmen, had been misunderstood. Especially had he been misunderstood by the people of the State, Governor McLean said, in regard to his stand on "Constructive Economy."

He pointed out that it was entirely an erroneous opinion which prevailed in many sections that he did not believe in spending liberally for such improvements as will mean an asset to the State. He further pointed out that it was his opinion that much attention should be paid to benefits other than material. "It is the intanglible things, such as education, which really means most to to North Carolina," said the Governor, "and my idea of economy has been and is to curb expenditures where they are not actually needed in order that we may have more money to spend for the greater benefits."

In his typical practical manner of doing things, Governor McLean reminded his friends that his stand on the question of "Constructive Economy" could best be illustrated by a true story of an incident in the life of Thomas F. Baker, the veteran New York financier and banker. A few months ago, Governor McLean was in conversation with a vice president of the First National Bank in New York City, of which Mr. Baker is the head. Within a few minutes the aged banker entered the building and seeing lights burning over many desks which were not then occupied he went by each one and turned it out.

Becoming curious at the spectacle of a man of many millions turning out lights in order to cut down on the light bill, Governor McLean asked the vice president with whom he was talking for an explanation. It was explained that during the early boyhood days of Mr. Baker his almost penniless condition demanded that he form habits of the most rigid economy and that those habits had remained with him throughout his life, despite the fact that he had acquired one of the largest fortunes in the world. The incident would perhaps have been forgotten by Governor McLean were it not for the fact that the next day the New York newspapers carried the news of a gift of $5,000,000 from Mr. Baker for educational purposes.

Turning off the lights in order to save fuel and at the same time giving away $5,000,000!" That," concluded the Governor, "is my idea of 'constructive economy'."

And his hearers could not very well get away from the fact that the present Administration is being carried on in much the same manner. He has been careful, just as he should have been. Recent action tending to

demand that State officials give an itemized expense account in advance before going on trips and that unnecessary telephone messages be done away with are splendid examples of turning out useless lights in order to keep the light bill down to a minimum.

Governor McLean's fears that the people of the State have misunderstood him doubtless are exaggerated. It is hardly conceivable that any intelligent citizen could reach any other conclusion than that the present Administration has been wisely economical.

THE SUPERB VIEW.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

The story, recently published in **The Baltimore Evening Sun**, tells of Miss Almenda C. Adams, blind since she was six months old, and of her recent tour of Europe, alone and unassisted.

"Unaccompanied," says the story, "she toured Europe for a year, traveling thousands of miles and trusting to passers-by for any necessary help. This 'old maid singing teacher,' of Cleveland, Ohio, brings home with her not only memories of honors never before given any human being, but also a strong faith in humanity. In twelve months of wandering in strange lands had never one second of danger, she says, and very few disagreeable experiences."

Her self-reliance and enterprise are explained.

"When she was only a baby, her mother asked her to bring her a dish towel.

" 'I can't,' she told her mother.

" 'Why not?' asked the parent.

" 'Because I'se blind.'

"A smart cuff on the ear followed, and her mother said:

" 'Don't you ever again let me hear you say that you are blind or that you can't do anything that any one and every one else can do. You are not blind, and the world owes you nothing. You owe the world a double amount of service yourself.'"

Stern and Spartan stuff; but better than the coddling and pitying which might have taken all the backbone out of the child and caused her to grow up whining and demanding always much from others.

"And the little girl," the story continues, "wsa never again afraid, sorry for herself, or willing to admit that she couldn't do everything that every one else can do.' "

While she was abroad Miss Adams took in all the "sights." She climbed Mt. Blanc roped to a guide and thrilling at the view. She flew from Paris to London and back again, these rides being the topnotch experiences of the tour.

"The view from the aeroplanes was superb!" she exclaimed.

That remark tells the whole story of this happy and successful blind woman. It tells the whole world of every living human being:

Take a superb view of life, and life immediately is superb.

DOES THE BUILDING MEAN ANYTHING?

(Monroe Journal.)

We are quite busy building school houses and will continue to be busy at it. What does a school house mean? What does it stand for in the community and how should it be looked upon? The other day they dedicated a new school house in High Point and Mr. T. Wingate Andrews, the superintendent, made a speech and pointed out in beautiful and impressive language, especially to the youth, the meaning which they should find in the building. What he said is good enough to be repeated every time a new school building is erected. Mr. Andrews said:

"What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its foundation, laid deep in living rock and solid concrete, suggests that Truth is the only foundation on which you can build an enduring life.

"What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its superstructures, over-arched and under-girded with steel, teaches you that Character is the only thing that will hold your life together and enable you to stand 'four-square to every wind that blows.'

"What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its interior, beautiful and immaculate as it is, persuades you to keep free from all stain the white-walled corridors of your own heart

"What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its symmetrical whole, revealing the clear purpose of those who conceived and built it, reminds you that a noble purpose, nobly executed, and this alone, will make your life both beautiful and useful.

If I could rise above 'the smoke and stir of this dim spot that men call earth,' and drop you a message from above the clouds as you leave this auditorium to inspire the building, it would be this: 'Except the Lord of Truth, and Beauty, and Righteousness build the house, they labor in vain that build it,.''

Can you think of words more beautiful and more true? The high concept of the school which is given in these words may well make us stop and think a bit about our schools. Are they what they should be, not only to the young, but to the whole community life? We have had a good deal of emphasis put upon schools as the agency for increasing the productive efficiency of the young. That is well. No people can be very much in any way unless they are primarily good producers. But that is not the sole mission of public education. Far beyond that idea is the one so forcibly stressed by Mr. Andrews, that the school house must be more and more the agency of culture and character building.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him.—Benjamin Franklin.

HOW NORTH CAROLINIANS INSURE.

(News & Observer.-

A. M. Scales, Greensboro lawyer and business man, with over two million dollars of life insurance, leads the North Carolina list of large policyholders in the current issue of the "Prominent Patronage of Life Insurance Number" of the Spectator, a weekly insurance periodical, published in New York City.

Mr. Scales is one of the 195 listed by the Spectator as carrying more than a million dollars worth of insurance. The list of "prominent patrons" is headed by Rodman Wannamaker, of New York, with $7,500-000 of life insurance.

Charles Cannon, prominent cotton mill man of Concord, is listed by the Spectator as carrying $500,000 in life insurance. T. R. Byrd, of Asheville and S. C. Williams, of Winston-Salem, are also listed as carrying a half million dollars each.

Mrs. B. N. Duke, of Durham, is listed as having $358,590 of life insurance. C. T. Linebach, of Winston-Salem, is put down with $400,000 as is Julian Price, of Greensboro, president of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company. Charlotte has several big policyholders, among them being the following: John H. Cutter, $700,000; M. L. Cannon, $600,000; Joe B. Efird, $425,000; J. W. Efird, 365,000; Paul H. Efird, $380,000; J. H. McAden, 300,000; W. H. Webster, $200,000; W. H. Wood, $200,000.

J. H. Separk, of Gastonia, carries $300,000. B. N. Duke, of Durham, is listed as carrying $300,000, and Julius W. Cone, of Greensboro, as having $250,000. H. G. Chatham, of Winston-Salem, has $250,000 of life insurance and $50,000 business insurance. Benard M. Cone, of Greensboro, has $200,000.

Others carrying $200,000 of life insurance, according to the Spectator, are: F. E. Lypes and Fred L. Seely, Asheville and J. O. Cobb, Durham.

Those from Raleigh listed by the Spectator with amounts are as follows: Daniel Allen, $50,000; R. T. Allen, $50,000; J. W. Bailey, $52,-000; B. W. Baker, $55,000; Dr. Z. M. Caveness, $90,000; Albert Cox, $65,000; E. C. Hillyer, $50,000 and John Park, $70,000. The name R. T. Allen appears to be a mistake in initials.

"What is the dear little boy going to be when he grows up?"

"I don't know," replied the weary mother. "Judging from the wall paper and everything else he touches, I think maybe he'll be a finger-print expert."

"THE LITTLE CHAP-"

By Proctor Lincoln

"That's really one of the cleverest pieces of writing I've seen in many a moon, Burt. There's a throb in every line and a tear in every paragraph. Who wrote it?"

"Dawson. You may know him. The tall, rangy fellow with blond hair and the perpetual smile, rather silent with strangers but talkative enough when he is well acquainted."

"Dawson! The name does sound familiar. Let's see. He isn t the former office boy, the little chap—"

"That,s the fellow. He's developed into our star reporter. The paper couldn't very well get along without him now. He's almost a fixture here and yet is wasn't many years ago that he was discharged by the—"

Burt Hopkins halted, hushed his voice and pointed. The next office belonged to the Big Boss, the owner of the newspaper, who also dictated its policy. The boss had a mercurial temper, as fickle as March weather.

"I never knew that. Isn't it rather strange then to see him back here?"

Burt nodded. "Sure is. And yet the Old Man thinks more of Dawson than of anyone in this building at this moment. Strange what twists life has for us all, unknown turnings which lead us we know not where!"

"Sure is," repeated the other, as he turned and went to the window looking down on the street, partly deserted now as it was after eleven o'clock at night. A few stores were still open but the majority were in darkness, their windows like blank, staring faces in the glare of the street lights. Groups of persons were moving swiftly along with somewhere to go—home.

A gentle moon shone down on the scene and the stars twinkled, as if winking upon humanity on Earth.

James Marshall, who is an engineer with many large projects to his credit despite his youthful appearance, was much attached to Burt Hopkins since college days. Many an evening he had dropped into the office of the Daily Journal to see Burt, and through these visits he had picked up something of a romance of of those who gather the tangled mass of news and produce a composite whole which is a daily newspaper.

Through conversations with Burt he had become acquainted by hearsay with practically every man on the the paper; he knew them and yet he had never seen them.

"You say, Burt, that Dawson was once fired?" repeated Marshall as he turned away from the scene in the street and made himself comfortable in the chair beside Hopkin's desk.

"Oh, it was a small matter, but probably as big a calamity to Dawson at that time as the story of the boy he wrote tonight that you have just admired. '

Marshall slid down into a more cozy position. He sensed a story, a heart story, was coming.

"Dawson was a peculiar kid, as I remember him in those days," went on Hopkins, as he sketched a head or two absent-mindedly on the pad before him as he talked. "He's tall now but he seemed even taller as a growing boy for he was all legs,—

like a young colt. His mop of hair was straw color and it hung in a bang before his eyes. To top it all he had freckles, thousands of them, centering on his nose.

"He was nothing to look at from a sartorial point of view, as our best rewrite men might say. But he had a heart, that boy. I heard of him giving his last few pennies to a poor man who stopped him on the street and he had to walk home. It was raining that night, too. And he was industrious!"

Marshall nodded, becoming more absorbed in Dawson's climb up the success ladder.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he did two boys' work in one. He was always on the go, almost a perpetual motion machine, from the time he came in until he went home, and always he was smiling. You and I, Jim, know it takes some courage to smile when things are not going well. But how could one suspect that things were not going well with Dawson, the office boy? He never told anyone his troubles; they were hidden behind his smile.

'One day I met him by accident near his home. He was leading a a blind man by the arm. He smiled as he saw me, and I was about to nod back and pass on when he waven to me to come over.

" 'I want to introduce you to my father, Mr. Hopkins,' he said. It seems that Dawson was supporting himself and his father on his small earnings on the Daily Journal. He had never told any of us that. We couldn't surmise that this awkwardly slender youngster was toiling eight hard hours and then returning to his home an caring for his blind father.

"I began to have considerable respect for him, Jim, and I ve tried to lighten the work for him, but if I stopped one source he would find more work to do in other lines, so finally I gave it up as a bad job."

Marshall mover closer to the desk and placed his elbows on the edge. "Did he show any ability to write then "

Hopgkins laughed. "You are getting ahead of the story. About this time things were not going any too well with the Daily Journal. The Boss was fretful and turbulent to an extreme. It was about this time, too, that the City of Gloucester was was wrecked in a storm off the Cape. It was a tremendous story.

"And the Boss alighted on it as a means to increase the circulation. You might remember that night—a blizzard with a gale howling around sixty-five miles an hour off shore. The City of Gloucester's captain had been warned not to leave port but he was stubborn and did. Rounding the Cape the gale blew the vessel against the rocks. It was a great story, Jim; one that breaks only a few times in a lifetime.

The Boss took it upon himself to get out the edition that night. It was a mad house around here, an inferno of bustling, shouting, typewriters clicking, calls for boys.

"In the midst of it all someone shouted for a copy boy. It might have been myself. I don't know. Few of us knew exactly what we were doing. Dawson jumped to his feet and grabbed the copy. He was told to bring it down to the composing room instead of dropping it

down the chute as was customary.

"A few minutes before that the Boss had rushed downstairs to the composing room. But as I understand it, Dawson in his haste to get the copy downstairs happened to bump into the Boss as he was coming upstairs, spilling some papers he had in his hand.

"The first we knew of it was the Boss' shout, 'Fire him; fire him! He's fired.' It took some moments for us all to get out bearings as to who was fired. Just at that moment Dawson came back, still smiling. 'There's the young scoundrel, now. Boy,' he beckoned, 'you're fired.' Get out—now!'

"Dawson looked bewildered. His freckles nearly disappeared from his pale face and the smile vanished and into his eyes came tears. We heard his sobs as he left the office, although several of the boys tried to comfort him. It was a hard blow to Dawson and a harder blow to his poor blind father.

"But in the excitement of the shipwreck we soon forgot Dawson's misfortune. It was a great paper the next morning, a big three-column cut on the first page showing a diagram of the wreck for, of course, we couldnot get pictures at that time of night. But it was graphic.

"That night was the beginning of the **Journal's** rise to its present prosperity.

"When things calmed down the next day we all felt sorry for Dawson. His life had not been any too gay and to lose the few dollars cast his way by the Journal was a real blow. Perhaps it was two or three weeks later I thought I would visit him and help him along.

"But when I went to his home I found a 'To Let' sign upon it. The boy and his father were not there. Neighbors told me about it; Dawson's father had died. The boy was an orphan but no one seemed to know what had become of him. He had only wiped his tears away, the neighbors told me, and then had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up. I searched for several days without success and then gave it up."

"Life certainly wasn't very kind to him," spoke Marshall. "But how did he come back?"

"About two or three weeks later, perhaps a month or more," continued Hopkin, "the city editor, Jameson—he's not with us now; got a better job—found on his desk a folded piece of paper with writing upon it. It was written in a scrawly hand in lead pencil and was the story of a fire the night before. There was a rescue in it, a thrilling rescue, too, and a dog played a leading role.

"The story was so excellently pieced together, so absorbing, that Jameson read it over two or three times. There was no name signed to it, nothing to give it identity. Anyway, Jameson verified that it all happened and then put a headline on it and sent it down to the composing room. As I remember it, he placed a freak head on it, something to attract attenion.

"When the first edition came up that night the Boss's eager eye fell on that story, right on Page One. 'Say, Jameson,' he bellowed.' That's an excellent story. Did Clancy write it?' Clancy was our best man at that time.

"Jameson shook his head. 'To be

frank,' he said, 'I don't know who wrote it.' The Boss flamed up. 'You don't know who writes for your own paper?' he shouted. 'Well, I'll find out.'

"The Boss went down to the proof room and got the original writing and how he found out I don't know, but he must have eventually compared the handwriting of Dawson signing his pay envelope with the writing of the story.

"One day, not a long time after that incident, Dawson appeared. He seemed to have grown a foot taller in the meanwhile and have grown thinner. There was a sad look in his eyes, one of sorrow.

"We thought he was coming back as office boy, And we surely were all glad to see him. But instead of running copy the Boss brought Dawson into the city room, made a little presentation speech and told us all that he had found a new reporter who was to be a star some day.

"The Boss's prediction has come true and Dawson is the star reporter of the **Daily Journal**, the cleverest writer in the city, as you'll agree, Jim."

Marshall arose and walked to the window. The clock on the tower a block away was tolling sonorously the midnight hour. Only a few passersby were now wending their way down the street. The city was asleep.

"Do you know, Burt, my firm would like a man like Dawson to become their publicity agent—a big salary, ideal hours, an office of his own."

Hopkins laughed. "You couldn't buy Dawson away from the Boss with a million, Jim—not for two millions and an office of gold furniture."

GOLDENROD.

In the long October days,
When an amethystic haze
Steals across the upland meadows and the rills;
When a wealth of beauty glints
In the rare autumnal tints,
Showing 'mong the tangled hedgerows on the hills:
Queen of all the flower faces,
Dimpling with their own sweet graces,
Is the feathery, fringy, flaunting goldenrod.

When the crickets shrilly call,
From their lair in grasses tall,
And the leaves are gently falling all day long;
When the bees go buzzing over
The late aftermaths of clover,
And the brown thrush sings a mournful little song:
Dearest of all wildwood flowers
To these wearied hearts of ours,
Is the feathery, fringy, flaunting goldenrod.

—*Fannie Sprague Talbot.*

WOMAN'S PRIVILEGES AND MAN'S.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Out in the rough-and-tumble world, woman, they tell us, is now man's equal. Enter the busy marts of trade and you will find women selling bonds, receiving stolen goods and even operating dressmaking establishment for ladies, a prerogative hitherto reserved exclusively for men. We have female attorneys, female prohibition agents, and hence by an easy transition female millionaires, and we have only to cross the Atlantic once to find that the smoking-room of an ocean liner is now her favorite stamping-ground. Back in the days of man's innocence he once cherished a theory—nay, more, a rule of life—that he owed woman the duty of protection, but the wheels of time in their revolution have now brought us to the point where we have all we can do to protect ourselves without bothering our heads about one who is a little more than able to look after herself. The boot is on the other leg now; on the highway of life she takes with a strong hand the right of way which we once gave her as a privilege, she has thrown off the mask and she will presently be forced—always supposing that she can be forced to do anything—to give up her seat in the street-cars. She has invaded our barber-shops, she sits on the democratic throne of our shoe-shining emporiums, where the nimble Greek does her bidding and leaves us miserable and forlorn to wait our turn, and she conquered our last stronghold when she took to sitting in the bleachers at the baseball games.

This is her present situation in the world at large, but there still remain quiet backwaters which the waves of progress do not yet disturb. Woman, it is drummed into our ears, is now everywhere man's equal, yet the age of chivalry, although moribund, is not entirely dead and we are glad to see that in Asheville no stranger can butt in and call a lady a liar and get away with it. One tried it here the other day, and it cost him twenty-five dollars, and if he tries it again—but we're sure he won't try it again. Let him learn once for all that when he sees a lady driving a car in Greater Western North Carolina it's up to him to keep out of her way as best he can, and let him not think to ecsape the consequences of a collision by calling her a liar when she patiently points out to him to it was all his fault. Here in Asheville we count it as a privilege to be run over by a lady; she dosen't do it to every one and if she picks us out for the experiment we properly look on it as a compliment.

The pessimist, says the Washington Post, reminds us that the lily belongs to the onion family, while the optimist reminds us that the onion belongs to the lily family.

SCISSORS GRINDER FOUND FORTUNE IN GEMS.

By C. R. Sumner.

Diogenes can turn off his flashlight and give up his search. An honest man has been found.

The story really ought to begin by telling how to sharpen scissors and fix lawnmowers, because that is what Seymour Haney, who lives at 346 1-2 Tiernan street does and the story is about him. He is no stranger in Asheville, for hundreds of housewives who struggled over a recalcitrant bit of sirloin with a dull knife remember his visits. He sharpens knives, scissors, scythes, lawnmowers or what have you and does it well.

"I reckon I know more about lawnmowers than anybody in town," he admitted honestly and there was no element of bragging in his statement. He knows lawnmowers, all their tricks and peculiarities and he can tell by the sing of the blades whether one is cutting properly or just pretending to cut.

It is hard work fixing lawnmowers. Mr. Haney walks miles and miles every day—that is when he is able to walk for he suffers with asthma and is only able to work part of the time. He vsits homes and coaxes rusty old contraptions into behaving like keen-bladed, well oiled machines. It is nice work, because it keeps him out in the open and when he gets his fingers on the bolts and cogs of a good lawnmower he is happy. He whistles while he works—not much of a tune but just a little piping air that sounds like he is happy and contented to be the best lawnmowers fixer in seven states.

Somebody that does not know might say that his existence is drab and monotonous. That is not true. Hard it is sometimes and trying, but through the long years of lawnmower fixing and scissors sharpening Lady Romance has flirted outrageously with Seymour Haney and Old Man adventure has crossed his doorsteps and ruffled the even calm of his life. Once such a break came when the future looked darkest, and as Seymour Haney tells of it his eyes sparkle and he chuckles to himself. He has an abiding faith, has Seymour Haney, and he believes that the Great Adventure in his life came in answer to his prayers, when his wife was sick, when he was unable to work and when life was a grim and terrible jest.

He had been up town, walking in spite of the pain and struggle that it caused him and he was returning to his home. As he passed along the street he saw an object that had apparently been dropped from a passing automobile. As he approached it turned out to be a woman's handbag, of expensive make.

When he picked it up it was heavy and he opened it with his fingers trembling just a little, with excitement. When the catch finally gave and it came apart a dazzling, glittering handful of jewels exposed. He

glanced around. The street was deserted and he stuffed the handbag into his pocket, hiding the fascinating glitter of the jewels. Even to an untrained eye, the value of the contents of the handbag was apparent, but just how much that value actually was he had no idea.

As he walked home, he began to reflect on the find. How was he to locate the owner—for it never occurred to his honest heart that he could keep the treasure.

Finally he reached his house, his steps hurried by fear that the presence of the handbag in his pocket would be discovered, that he would be robbed before he could return the valuables, or accused of stealing the jewels.

After talking the matter over with his wife he decided to examine the contents of the handbag more closely. Guarding carefully against interruption he poured the sparkling gems on the kitchen table. First came two pearl necklaces, then a diamond studded platinum wrist watch, several diamond rings and other jewels, representing in all a huge fortune.

"I figured that they were worth at least three or four thousand dollars and I was worried because I did not know how to find out who lost them," Mr. Haney said in telling his story. "Finally I saw a name engraved on the back of the wrist watch. We looked in the society column of the paper and saw where a lady by the name was visiting in Asheville. I put the jewelry in the bottom of my trunk and locked it up. My wife stayed there to watch while I went out to hunt for the lady."

It was a simple narrative that he told, without adornment and without frills. He did not mention how lacking carfare he walked on foot searching for the house. He did not tell of the weary miles that he dragged his tired body hunting for the address.

When he finally found it he had the woman whose name was on the back of the watch describe the jewels. She told him of the necklaces of the watch, the engraving on the back and of the other pieces equally as valuable.

"It's yours, all right," he told her, "and if you will come with me to my house down by the Depot, I will give it to you."

At this point the question of reward was mentioned. He told them that he did not set any price, that he charged nothing for returning their property, but that he was sick, that his wife was sick and that they would be grateful for any gift she might care to make.

Then the brother of the woman interrupted stating that if the jewelry was intact he would pay five hundred dollars.

The party climbed into the taxicab and started, the brother insisting that they go by the bank. There he cashed a check and, returning to the taxi, displayed a roll of currency and the trip to the Depot section continued.

When the jewelry was finally recovered and checked up, Mr. Haney signed a paper indicating that he had found and returned the gems and was handed the five hundred dollars in cash.

What did he do with it? He put

it in the bank of course, and in the dark days that followed it stood him in good stead. The rest of the story can be told in his own words.

"She certainly was a fine woman," he said speaking of the owner of the jewelry. "That five hundred saved our lives I guess and I did not know that the jewelry was worth $75,000. It would not have made any difference because it did not belong to me. She told me that if I ever needed anything or got in hard luck to write her and she would send me some money. She gave me her address and name, but I have forgotten that and I don't even know what her name was now. Beats all how a fellow will forget "

The three most difficult things are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.—Chilo.

ELECTRIC CURRENT DOES NOT KILL?

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

Denouncing executions by electricity, and especially the United States for its "electric chair barbarity," certain doctors of Denmark are declaring that the electric chair does not kill its victim; that the prison doctors are the real murderers because they refuse to revive the condemned after he has received the prescribed charge. Hence death results for lack of resuscitation method. The Danish doctors go on to cite evidence to sustain their contention that electric shocks are not fatal, that death from electric shock is only apparent. The victim can be revived by application of proper methods. They assert that 50 per cent of the persons seemingly killed by electricity since 1923 were successfully revived, one being a Swiss engineer who was revived after receiving 35,000 volts. He was brought around after three hours of artificial breathing. Interesting if true and most comforting to the numerous people who take chances with death by electricity outside of the chair designed to end the existence of those whose death has been officially decreed.

A word for the prison doctor. He isn't there to revive the occupants of the chair. It is his business to make sure they are dead. If he were to establish a life saving station he would be thrown out. But this theory of the Danish doctors offers a glimmer of hope to those condemned to the chair. If after they have gone through the ordeal they have friends of kin who would restore them that might be accomplished by quickly removing the body and applying the methods of restoration. If after being officially pronounced dead the victim is restored to life it is assumed that he would be free. He would have paid the penalty of the law.

THE OLD TIME DOCTOR.

(Stanly New-Herald.)

"The modern physician has a plenty of scientific knowledge, but lacks the horse sense which his predecessor of fifty years ago had," declared Dr. L. B. Wilson, head of the Mayo Foundation, in a lecture before a large group of physicians and surgeons, assembled in Rochester, N. Y., one day last week. "The doctor of fifty years ago," he said, "had comparatively little knowledge of the science of medicine but a large amount of 'horse sense' and knowledge of human psychology. Today they have a wonderful knowledge of the sciences of medicine and surgery but too many of them have little horse sense."

That the old time doctor was a marvel for his knowledge of human nature and his practical "horse sense," all will agree with Doctor Wilson. He may not have been versed in surgery, anatomy, and materia medica and the other branches so familiar to the modern physician and surgeon, but he did have a whole heap of good "horse sense." He was practical. He was tactful. He was humane. He was a great man. He knew human nature and could easily recognize when a patient needed only a bread pill or a little colored water to make him think that he was being treated properly, and the old timer took advantage of this knowledge of human nature to "heal." his thousands, who were well to begin with, but did not know it. If his patient needed nothing but make believe treatment, the old timer administered harmless potions. If his patient needed a good rousing dose of castor oil, the old time doctor administered it.

The old time doctor was a wonder in his day and he served his generation well and faithfully, for he was self sacrificing and unselfish, as a rule. Indeed, he could be used with wonderful results, even today.

THE FELLOW THAT'S DOING HIS BEST.

You may talk of your battle-scarred heroes
  Of martyrs and all of the rest,
But there's another I think just as worthy—
  The fellow that's doing his best.

He doesn'twear gold braid and tinsel,
  Nor ride on the wave's highest crest.
But he's always where duty demands him—
  This fellow that's doing his best.

No trumpet blare tells of his coming,
  For fame he is never in quest;
But he's always a hero of heroes, this fellow
  Who is always doing his best.

—*Dallas News.*

STATE KILLS THE MOST.

At the Kiwanis club weekly dinner at Pinehurst recently, Hon. Robert N. Page told of one place in which North Carolina leads the United States, and it evoked no applause. "I come with no boast, but with the deep humility that this discovery forces on me to tell you that our State holds the record of killing and injuring more people in proportion to the number of automobiles licensed in the State, than any other state in the Union. I have just returned from a 1,300 mile drive through the states of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and West Virginia, and my experience has been a revelation. I noticed that outside of North Carolina orderliness and law are observed. In our State the speed law is 45 miles an hour, and this I think is a great mistake. In Virginia and Maryland it is 35 and in Pennsylvania 30 Pennsylvania with more than four times the number of cars, and with foreign traffic from the other populous states adjoining handles the traffic of infinitely greater density than we do at a speed limit of 30 miles, and handles it with perfect satisfaction.

"Before I got out of North Carolina on my trip to the North I met half a dozen reckless drivers who tried to pass me on curves or on hills and other places where they could not see the road ahead of them. In the two Virginias, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York I did not encounter a single case of this kind. But on coming home I was not a mile over the North Carolina line until a fool trying to run around me on a dangerous curve nearly got me.

North Carolina pays no attention to traffic laws. That we have more accidents in proportion to our number of cars than any other state is not a joke. It is a bloody tragedy, terrible in its seriousness.

State supervision of our traffic law seems to me the only solution in making our highways safe for travel, and that is absolutely necessary for safety. We all do as we please now and get away with it. If the Kiwanis club can inaugurate a movement that will procure safety on the roads, it will accomplish more than anything it has yet undertaken. We can save hundreds of lives and thousands of injuries every year if we bring about an enforcement of the law as I found in other states. What we need is a State police system under State supervision to put the fear of God and the law in the hearts of the indifferent and reckless fools who bring about the deluge of blood and carnage that the papers tell us about in all sections of the State every morning."

Strength of character consists of two things,—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence,—strong feelings and strong command over them.

—F. W. Robertson.

HELPED TO COMFORT.

(Young Folks.)

All the world seems to be taxed to provide us comfort. We are debtors to many for the ordinary necessities of life. Food and clothing and shelter and transportation and protection and progress, all of which pertain to our well being and comfort, are not of our own making. We are dependents for more things than we suppose. Take an ordinary ride on a train and try to list all the persons who have helped secure our comfort and safety. From the surveyor of the roadbed to the driver of the locomotive, with all the countless individuals who have put their thought and labor into making possible the running of the train, there has been a continual contribution to our comfort. Think of the paper you read and consider how many labored to put the paper into your hands. From the gatherer of the wood out of which the paper was made to the news-boy who brings the paper to your door, with multitudes of other toilers who have done this and that, there has been a constant flow of human strength into the making of paper you read. So with almost every comfort we enjoy, it is ours because of the myriad of helpers. Some of the helpers we pay for their labor directly, as when we give the news-boy two cents for our paper. Some of them we cannot even think about, for we have no way of knowing who they are. For most of us it would be a genuine surprise if, for instance, we had a list of all the individuals who have had something to do with giving us sugar for our cereal. True it is that all of us are so much obligated to everybody for our comforts that none of us can afford to belittle anybody. Besides, since we owe so much to others, it might well be our ambition to make the make the best use of our strenth and diligently employ our time so as to do a little something towards helping others have the comforts they need.

BEATS KINSTON.

A large rattlesnake which imbedded its fangs in the tire of an automobile was blown up and exploded by the air pressure, a construction gang working in the swamps near Julietta, Ga., reported.

While the men were engaged in putting in posts for a power line through the swamps the snake struck the tire of an automobile used by one of the workmen, they said.

BROTHER PETERSON RESENTS SLOP.

(Chatham Record.)

If a fellow with a bucket sloshes some of its contents upon you and you discover that the portion sloshed upon you is swill, you can swear that it is a swill bucket and contains swill and only that. Similarly if a man comes into your presence and sloshes a dirty story upon you, you may readily know that he is full of filthiness, a mere slop bucket, and one who should be compelled as the lepers of old to cry out "Unclean, Unclean" as they go through the world. On the other hand, if you like to have his swill sloshed upon you, it is a fair assumption that you yourself are a hog. Whether you like it or not, the filth bucket evidently assumes that you do. But how can a slop-bucket know that it isn't held in the best repute? Well, a real slop-bucket cannot know, but the slop-bucket kind of man can be made to understand. And this is written to let any such reader know that a gentleman would just about as lief have him spit upon him as to have him pour his dirty conversation upon him. Wonder if that is plain enough for such a character to understand? If not you try to make it plain for us, bringing it down to the comprehension of the filth pot.

A PREDICAMENT.

If anyone chooses to enter the front door of a predicament he had better see that the back door is left open for a possible escape. If the dancer in the following story had thought of that he might have kept off the floor.

The story goes that a starnger in a certain neighborhood had been brought to a dance at the local deaf and dumb hospital.

"How on earth can I ask a deaf and dumb girl to dance?" he asked a trifle anxiously.

"Just smile and bow to her," replied the doctor.

So the young man picked out a pretty girl and bowed and smiled, and she bowed and smiled, and away they danced.

They danced not only one dance that evening, but three, and he was on the point of asking her for another when a strange man approached his partner and said, soulfully:

"I say, darling, when are we going to have another dance? It's almost an hour since I had one with you."

"I don't know, dear," answered the girl, "but I don't know how to get away from this deaf and dumb fellow!"

POETRY SHOULD BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

By Jack Edwards.

"Poetry is fine but it should not be taken seriously."

So begins the opening ode of the July number of an exchange

Perhaps the writer meant that, all important as poetry is, even it should not be taken seriously—that nothing should be taken seriously. In this I concur to a generous degree. Serious thoughts play havoc with digestion, and serious people have lean and hungry looks. And of what resplendent benefit is a pronounced desire for food if the assimilating plan is awry?

But I do believe that if anything should be taken seriously, ppoetry should be.

Is there any worth while thing in life that isn't of the essence of poetry? If there is, I've failed to observe it, and I've spent most of my life mingling with and observing life.

Why do even the most sordid of us work? Isn't it that by such endeavor we hope to acquire enough independence to be able to enjoy poetic things—poetic living—more abundantly? Or isn't our work itself poetic? We work for one or both of two main reasons. Either we regard work as a means to an end, or as an end in itself. From the one we hope eventually to enjoy more complete satisfaction; from the other we hope to enjoy satisfaction as we go along; from both we hope to secure the most of the best procurable—happiness. And happiness is poetry.

Poetry is beauty. Without beauty what would life be worth?

There is poetry in the sunrise, in the sun of high noon, in the sunset. There is poetry in rain. There is poetry in birth—in the coming of new form of life into the world; there is poetry in life itself—there is poetry in death—in the changing of one form of life to another form or to other forms.

There is poetry in accomplishment, whether that accomplishment be the bridging of great streams, flying the Atlantic, or constructing quatrain or sonnets.

There is poetry in religion, and in prize fights—in the taper lighted, incense laden atmosphere of old cathedrals—in the well aimed, swift and resound smack of an unkind fist against lathered human ribs. There is poetry in shoes and ships and sealing wax.

Nearly all of us at heart are poets, but we hide our poetry for fear of being thought sentimentalists. The sentimentalist is not a poet. He's merely weak—a subject for a nerve specialist, a psychologist. Poetry is strong, and will out at unguarded moments in spite of ourselves.

Most of us enjoy poetry vicariously. We get it from the stage, the grandstand, the side lines of the gridiron or the field meet, from newspapers and books, from the "movies."

Why do we applaud the noble deed or the noble phrase? Because we ourselves at heart cherish that deed

or that phrase as our very own. We recognize both as the expressions of intimate repressed longing we fearfully, shamefully have kept secreted in our own minds, own heart, own souls.

Every one of us would be some higher form of poet than he now is if he had the courage of his convictions. But most of us lack that courage. We're fearful of the sneers or laughter of the other conformists. And we soothe our inner voices with the sleep producing pseudo reasoning that at all costs we must respect the conventions. Respect the conventions! What an alibi! Did Columbus respect them? Or Shakespeare? Or Lindbergh? The conventions! Some of them of course, have stood the test of time and are pretty good guides. But many of them are nothing more than flimsy little fences set up by timid people to protect themselves from other just as fearful.

No one ever did anything outstandingly good by doing things about the same as most others do them. Conformists move along in a narrow little groove. The only trail they follow is an ever deepening rut. Genius often scoffs at precedent and delights in shattering conventions. And even the conformists themselves eventually applaud his his refusal to remain as they.

Yet poetry is insecapable. It is everywhere. And it should be. It's the only thing in life worth a whoop. (Even whooping can be, and often is poetic.)

What have all the ages that preceeded our own passed along to us? Not a thing that is not poetic. Time, the severest critic, has culled all lesser things, and only poetry or poetic things remain.

There is poetry in the creation or in evolution, as we will. There is poetry in history. There is poetry in the thought of the millennium, or in ultimate nothingness.

There is poetry in action, in loafing, in sleeping.

Take all ppoetry out of the world, and we'd have nothing but a heap of ashes, too, for even those would be poetic. But with the ashes removed, and not even time and space and relativity remaining, there still would be poetry.

Even certain books of poems have a touch of poetry.

Let us look again at the statement made by our contemporary: "Poetry is fine but it should not be taken seriously."

Isn't this fallacious statement in itself poetic?

I'll wager a neat little volume of poetry that the man who penned the statement is a poet. In fact, I know he is, and so do many others who enjoy and will continue to enjoy his writings. He himself would be the last to insist that he really meant this disputed statement.

He was writing poetry.

O'Murphy—"Oi just had me ancistry thraced back t' an Oirish king."

O'Connell—"Shure, an' that was aisy. The poor feller's dead and couldn't defend himself."

CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY.

(Lesson Illustrator.)

A young man graduated from a scientific school. His home life had been sweet and beautiful because of Christian faith and love. He was a member of the church, and his parents, brothers and sisters were God-fearing. On graduating, his desires turned toward a life and career among the western mines. Full of courage and hope, he turned his face toward the setting sun. On the journey he fell in with older men in this line of work. They liked him for his frank manners, and his air of manly independence. On the way they stopped over Sunday in a border town. The young man's principles would here be severely tested. On Sunday morning one of his fellow travelers said to him, "Come, let's be off for a drive and see the sights."

The other men fell in with the idea, and it was not easy for the youngster member of the company to stand alone. They would doubtless ridicule his particular notions, as they would call them, and go on their way with a laugh and a sneer. But he bravely said:

"No, thank you. I'm going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to continue to keep it."

The one who had given the invitation looked at him for a moment, then slapping him on the shoulder said:

"Right my boy: I began that way and I wish I had kept on. You have chosen well. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words and you will win out."

The boy went to the little frontier church, while his companions went on their drive. But the young man gained their confidence and won their respect by his avowed choice of the right course of action. His faithfulness was also rewarded in his secular work, for sooner than he expected he won great success. The world is waiting for young men whose choices show them to be trustworthy.

"Let others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death, the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins."

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

The boys of the carpenter shop have been repairing potato crates lately.

Mr. Hayden Talbert and a number of boys have been cutting hair during the past week.

Letter writing day came around last week, and all the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

A bunch of boys, about six in number, had their tonsils and adenoids removed last week. The operation was performed at Charlotte.

Cotton picking season is here now. The majority of the work force are doing it. The boys of Mr. Simpson's room are assisting with the work.

All the boys are making their plans for the fair next week. We are expecting to go next Tuesday the opening day. All look forward to a fine time.

Mr. Hobby and a few boys gathered some walnuts from the pasture last week. They are pretty good eating, but it seems like to much work for what little you get out of them.

Last Monday we had a regular storm here. It rained practically the whole morning, with a fierce wind. A number of the flower-beds around the print shop was damaged. We will not be surprised to hear of more damage in this vicinity.

At last we have secured a job press feeder in the afternoon print shop. He is Edgar Rochester, a member of the eighth cottage. He works slow at first, but "practice makes perfect." We hope he will soon be an "A" number one pressman.

This seems to be a "possum season" around here now. Practically every night there is some hunter around here. Several of the officers have been, and have caught several nice ones. Only the other night this writer saw lights of two parties in the woods that adjoins the dairy barn. From the way their dogs were howling, they must have been successful.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He spoke of the different characters of the twelve Apostles. Whenever we name the Apostles, Peter comes first and Judas last. He told why each was placed where he was. The sermon was a very good one and enjoyed by all present.

"Elijah on Mount Carmel" was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Here Elijah built an altar and pour-

ed water over it and the sacrifice. Then he prayed for fire to consume the offering. A white flame descended and burnt the alter, sacrifice and even the water in the trench around it. When the people saw this they cried: "The Lord, He is God, the Lord, He is God." The Golden text for this lesson was: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

—A—

Rex Allen, Harold Crary, Paul Hager, Luther Kallam, David Swanner, Henry Bowman, James Beddingfield, David Fountain, T. L. Jackson, Charles Loggins, Clarence Maynard, Horace McCall, Don Scroggs, George Stanley, Douglas Williams, Noland Woodford and Elwood Webb.

—B—

Thurman Baker, Mack Henderson, Joe Johnson, J. L. Murray, Milton Mashburn, Woodrow Padgett, Edgar Rochester, James Stewart, Mark Ward, Carl Warner, Lee Wright, Obie Bridges, Byron Ford, Talmadge Frye, Ramsey Glasgow, David Julian, Clawson Johnson, Clyde Pearce, Ernest Rohr and Guy Tucker.

Room No. 2.

—A—

Lawson Beasley, Glenn Enloe, Lawrence Fisher, Robert Kermon, Rhyne Lowder, Elmore Robertson and Woodrow Mitchell.

—B—

Burch Drake, Edward Futch, Herert Floyd, Bert Murray, James Pearce, Ernest Cobb and Edward Williams.

Highest average for month of Sept. was made by Glenn Enloe.

Room No. 4.

—A—

Thomas Whitten, Louis Pearce, James Scott, Archie McNeill, John Tunstall, Wendell Ramsey, Cleveland Shaw, Jefferson Albarty, Eugene Lewis,, Harry Price and Carl Kimsey.

—B—

Fuller Moore, Paul Sapp, Ivan McComb, Leroy Tompkins, Daniel Sanders and Roy Lyerly.

Room No. 5

—A—

Lebron Vause, Rupert Strickland, Emmet Levy, Claude Carden, Hubert Grimes, Ben Chatten, Charles McMillan, Wylie Moore, Charles Norton, Roy Seagroves, Eldon DeHart, Robert McClain, Tom Tedder, Dan Wilson, Raymond Lowery, Earl Faulk, Leonard Stinson, Robert Sprinkle, Theodore Troxler and Robie Gardner.

—B—

Howard Owen, Henry Burke and Herman Kissiah.

Room No. 6

—A—

Ernest Davis, Leroy Alldred, Lester Younts, John Nixon, Clyde Kivitt, Robert Moore, Julius Lamdeth, Herbert Munn, Brady Helms, Robert Munday, Lealdon Campbell, Ernest Farr, Odell Loy, Percy Long, Archie Holt, Carl Shoaf, Vance Thomas, Edmond Hodge, Egbert Wall, Ernest Walters, Ernest Pleasant, Allen Johnson, Walter Ricks, Leonard Powers, Walter Quick, Hurbert Hines, Arnold Cecil, Clarence Warren, Lester Wall, Franklin Smith, Johnie Daughtry, Cecil Vause and Joffery Narron.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p364

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 15, 1927. No. 39

TWO PICTURES.

The other day we saw two pictures. The first depicted a busy man at his desk surrounded by bank reports, stock market sheets, daily duties. A busy man with the Saviour approaching and saying, "Follow me." "Too busy, I cannot do it now." replied the man, and he continued with his work.

The second picture, the same desk, the same sheets, only larger balances, death approaches and says, "Come with me." ' Too busy, I cannot do it now," but he goes. The desk is open and the chair before it is empty. There is no delay, he refused the first, none can dodge or delay the second. Obediently we follow but to what? Such is life, may life's end find us ready.—*Exchange.*

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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To be good is not enough; we must be good for something. Unfortunately weakness is often mistaken for goodness because it is harmless and brainless. Ability, ambition, achievement—these must be added to give goodness true value. Combined they spell service. And service is no longer a mere word.

It is a work.—Dearborn Independent.

RESUME OF KING'S DAUGHTERS' CONVENTION.

A good friend of The Uplift has furnished the following resume of the recent Convention of The King's Daughters, held at Henderson, N. C.

The 38th Annual Convention of The North Carolina King's Daughthers entertained at Henderson, by the Whatsoever and Helping Hand Circles, closed Friday evening, October 7th, after a very interesting and profitable session.

The first day of the Convention was taken up with welcome addresses, committee reports and the message of the retiring president, Mrs. J. P. Cook. The North Carolina Branch, under its constitution, very wisely limits office-holding to a term of three years, thus dividing the responsibilities of the Order among a larger number of its members.

Mrs. Cook's message covered the genesis, the aim and the purpose of the Order, which was both informative and inspirational, urging the Daughters on to do greater things in the future.

The report on the Chapel, which has engaged the Daughters for seve-

ral years at Samarcand, for wayward girls, was given by Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn and revealed that the debt incurred in the Chapel erection had been cancelled and a comfortable sum unspent. This report was received with an expression of great joy, and the entire Convention arose and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Mrs. T. R. Manning, of Rosemary, the Central Council member, gave an engaging report of the meeting of the Central Council.

The discussion "Modern Methods of Recreation" was a new feature on the annual program and the papers read by Mrs. Henry Perry, of Henderson, Mrs. J. H. Norman, of Raliegh, and Miss Virginia Henderlite, of Salisbury, were full of wholesome thought, and the Convention expressed a wish that the papers be distributed in pamphlet form, with the hope of creating a sentiment in the state for saner and cleaner recreation.

The address by Rev. I. W. Hughes, rector of the Episcopal church of Henderson, was received with great profit, and regarded as one of the most timely addresses with which state King's Daughters Convention had been favored.

"Shall We Continue To Build?" engaged the Convention in an enthusiastic discussion. It was unanimously decided to return to the Jackson Training School to enlarge the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel which the Daughters erected some years ago. It was shown to the Daughters that the Chapel ceased to function because of being too small to accommodate the student body. The Executive Board was authorized to proceed with plans and specifications at an early day.

Mrs. R. B. Lawson, of Chapel Hill, conducted the "Quiz Box," a feature of the Convention that always brings out the matters of moment confronting the Order. Among the points stressed was the faithful reading of the Silver Cross, the official organ of the King's Daughters, thus equipping the Daughters with full spirit of the work.

The last evening of the Convention was given over to Supt. Boger and three of the Training School boys. Mr. Boger brought a cheering message that bears upon the work; and the boys, under the guidance of Miss Vernie Goodman, received a most hearty welcome in their rendition of songs and recitations. They added materially to the fullness of the evening's pleasure and profit.

Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's Cabinet, and one of the state's most distinguished citizens, was the guest of honor. Mr. Daniels made a forceful address on the subject of "Service to our fel-

lows." The Daughters felt complimented by his presence and profited and was encouraged in their service in the state by the speaker's inspiring address.

Upon the completion of the election of officers for the coming term, the tellers, Mesdames Ebb White, of Concord; W. A. Fulford, of Durham; and I. W. Hughes, of Henderson, announced the result as follows:

President, Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, of Greenville;
Vice President, Mrs. R. G. Kizer, of Salisbury;
Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Bridgers, of Henderson;
Treasurer, Mrs. B. T. Frye, of Kannapolis:
Council Member, Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, of Durham.

The Executive Committee for the year 1927-28 is composed as follows:

Mrs. H. G. Harrington, of Raleigh;
" J. R. Jones, of Wilmington:
" Clyde Duckworth, of Charlotte;
Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham;
Mrs. James P. Cook, of Concord.

The 1928 Convention will be the guest of St. Luke's Circle, of Raleigh.

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HINDRANCES.

More and more we see the eternal virtue of State's Rights. More and more as state governments ape after national procedures, the more and more we detest the abitrary butting in by outsiders, in the form of commissions and spies, and examiners. Clothing a man with the power of office and authority falls far short, in many instances, in finding the truth and the facts.

Taking this fellow Davis, the Examiner sent to the state to investigate the reasonableness of the P. & N. Railway in completing its lines, as originally planned, is an example of picking a man totally unequipped to measure up to the importance of the matter. Davis is probably smart in his way; but he knows or cares no more about the future of the growth and development of North Carolina than a jack-rabbit. We resent him.

If this butting-in into the affairs of men charged with the oversight of great interests, industries and institutions goes on unchecked, it will not be long before some fellow from Maine, or Montana, may be clothed, under law, with the power to tell you where to get off in matters that concern native voters and taxpayers.

Already this butting-in propensity has reached a point where incompetency

may tell you how to build out-houses. This consumate foolishness and dictatorialness may yet stop the building of cotton mills, the erection of grain mills and dictating the breed of cattle and hogs that may be kept on the farms.

Lots of things are done under the name of economy, but the final result is annoyance, inconvenience, hindering progress and causing less real efficiency on the part of trusted employees. Stopping the construction of the P. & N. looks fishy, if not worse, to the average individual in North Carolina.

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WHERE THE ERROR LIES.

Probably no normal person attaches commonness to any kind of labor. When the first great sin on earth was committed, the penalty was imposed in that man was "to earn bread by the sweat of his brow." And through generations upon generations history finds this correct.

Some work is dirtier and harder than other work—but the disgrace, if there be any, lies in the fact that it was not met boldly and with a spirit of doing it well. Labor is honorable.

A time comes sometimes in the lives of people when the job of work is not quite so strenuous in making the tongue meet the buckle. No harm in this—no disgrace if you please. It is just the end of faithfulness and energy and planning. He who has accomplished this feat deserves the applause of his fellows.

There is another side. It is the bad side. To be ashamed of the bridge that carried one over; that aided in righting a situation so that the sunset may be approached with ease and comfort; putting on an arrogant and haughty attitude toward those who are passing through the sweat-mills of existence—that shows up the smallness of the soul and the littleness that some people are happy to possess.

The little bare-footed girl, pleasing in her gingham dress, carrying her basket of eggs to sell, may become the child of fortune, bedecked with jewels and a sensation in social circles; but if she despise not those, who are fighting along the same struggles, she is great—if she plays the Maggie part in "Bringing Up Father," she is small and may meet her Waterloo.

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A DOUBTING THOMAS

Prof. Peterson, of the Chatham Record, protests against pointing to the

burning record of Sherman in his march through the South. He says that he has never seen any evidence of Sherman's disposition to burn his way through the South.

The occasion for this ccomment lies in the fact that The Uplift, some weeks ago, borrowed from Mrs. Lassiter, of the Smithfield Herald, the cuts she used in the story of the "Celebration of Bentonville," together with the captions and foot-notes.

Editor Peterson declares in his Record: "On the contrary, we have lived in four southern states but somehow or other no one has ever pointed out to us the site of a home burned by the Yankees, and we do not believe there was any such site in the cummunity in which we lived, though we have passed through Columbia, S. C., which was burned while Sherman occupied the city."

You should have stopped in Columbia; the evidence is there; even the brutal old war fiend left his card on the end of the state capitol building.

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THEY ARE COMING BACK.

Now for a number of years the beautiful Chapel, which The King's Daughters donated to the plant of the Jackson Training School, has been too small to accommodate the student body of the school, and hence has not been in use.

This beautifully designed Order, having completed their work at Samarcand, at its annual convention in Henderson, last week, unamiously decided to return and put the Chapel in use. Very wisely they have instructed its executive committee to make a survey, plans and specifications, looking to the enlargement of the chapel in such a manner as not to marr its beauty but make it of sufficient size to accommodate the entire population of the institution.

Of course, we are all delighted; and we most heartily welcome the return of this wonderful body of earnest, achieving women to our aid.

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ONE-WAY COURSE.

The thoroughfare of life is filled wtih human wreckage, called failures. They are the men who defied the rules of the road and who laughed at the one-way regulations. To them a haphazard course seemed more desirable than a one-way course, because anything that seemed like restarint

was repellent to them. As a result, they were swallowed up in the congestion, crowded into the gutter and crushed.

The next time you come to a one-way street where the traffic is particularly heavy, just stop and see how smoothly the thraffic flows through it. Then imagine the danger and confusion that would result if the tide was flowing in opposite directions and everyone was permitted to go as he pleased. Apply those conditions to human life, and you will understand how you will save yourself much difficulty and trouble and, perhaps, real disaster, if you permit the one-way ideal to regulate your progress.

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LOCATES A DISCREPANCY.

R. R. Clark, in his comments in the Greensboro News, taking note of the coming out of Raleigh that North Carolina's "Main Street," No. 10 barring the Iredell-Catawba section, questions its accuracy. If the figures and data at hand are to be relied upon, Mr. Clark is correst in claiming that on No. 10 "there remains considerably more than 100 miles of the line to be explained"—that is, he is unable to find, in his calculation, where 100 miles of the Main Street has been hard surfaced.

Editor Clark is usually correct, and if he is bold enough to assume the "from Missouri" attitude.

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG.

(Charlotte Observer.)

President Hindenburg! It was only a short time ago that one spoke of him as General Hindenburg. And at that time if one had ventured to predict that Hindenburg the militarist would some day be the head of a great Republic, such a prophet would have been classed with those who spoke only in absurdities.

Yet it is a fact. And in order to emphasize just to what extent he has been a success as a President of a Republic one need only think of the great ovation that was given him on the occasion of his 80th birthday. It is estimated that a million people lined the streets of Berlin to get a glimpse of the veteran warrior and that they cheered him as no other German has ever been cheered. This was followed by a meeting of 100,000 school children who paid him tribute.

Hindenburg has done well as a ruler. He has showed many evidences that he is a great statesman. He has not been as spectacular as some of his contemporary European rulers but when it comes to constructive service he has done prehaps more than any of them. Germany is well governed, is rapidly recouping from the destructive effects of the war and is once more assuming an important place in world affairs. Undoubtedly, Hindenburg deserves much of the credit for this achievement.

And his success is regarded as being all the more remarkable in view of the great contrast in types which his life represents. Only a decade ago he was a militarist and one of the most belligerent who ever lived He looked the part. Every grim, determined feature of his facial expression radiated fight. He was hated throughout the world by the people who believed in the type of Government which Hindenburg now rules. The students of Government said that one who had been schooled so thoroughly in the principles of Prussianism could never succeed as a popular ruler.

But Hindenburg has fooled them all. He still carries that rugged, determined look on his face and he still looks the part of the heartless, Prussian soldier, but his term of office has been handled in such a way as only a believer in a republican form of Government could have handled it. Unquestionably, Hindenburg must now believe in a democracy. Whether he always believed in those principles and merely followed the Kaiser because of his loyalty or whether he has changed since the days of the war, no one can tell. Certainly there has perhaps never been a man who was such a perfect example of two antithetical types. It is this feature about Hindenburg which has made him such a picturesque character. The manner in which he has carried on the very principles which he fought against during the greater part of his life is an accomplishment worthy of all the tribute that the German people can give.

THE HERO'S PLACE.

(Oxford Friend.)

Why is Mr. Jack Dempsey more popular than the most distinguished educator or the most learned philosopher? Mr. Dempsey has almost the power of dynamite in either hand and can "make the birdies sing" for the toughest pugilist extant. Why is Mr. Bambino Ruth, better known as "the Babe," the idol of the baseball world and much territory outside? The distinguished Mr. Ruth who, like Mr. Dempsey et. als., has no pretentions to nor evidence of the possession of intellectual dynamite, nevertheless has a big long bat with which he can pole out more home runs than any other batsman living.

Some more why's: Why do thousands and thousands of women rave over "matinee idols" and clever dancers and the likes of them? Why is the man or woman keen enough to get plenty of publicity paid high and bowed to low while their equals and betters whose names and faces do not frequent front pages of newspapers and magazines scarcely get a howdedoo or hardly enough to keep the wolf from the door?

The psychologists have the thing figured out. They have the answer ready for the asking. Hero-worshippers, they say, worship themselves in a roundabout way by piling attention on Messrs. Dempsey, Ruth, and others who stand forth boldly in the public eye. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hero worshipper, and little Miss Hero Worshipper and Master Hero Worshipper too, care scarcely a rap for these gentry or for the movie star of the day. Brother Hero-Worshipper in a mental sort of way uses the prowess and personality of the man who can "knock the stuffing" out of another tough one and imagines himself punching somebody else (and by dint of fact accomplished) basking in the sunshine of the public applause. It is much cheaper, much surer and far less costly to get thrills that way. The man who follows the colorful career of his great hero is not concerned with the great emptiness in the dome found there sometimes but he is eminently satisfied if the hero can do a physical stunt impossible for any other man, let the stunt take place on gridiron, diamond or housetop. He sees courage, skill and other athletic qualifications he admires but is a little short of and gets them mentally by watching the hero and swapping personalities with that worthy.

Madame or Miss Hero-Worshipper (dangerous ground here) says the psychologist belonging to a certain section of thought cares precious little for Mr. Hero net, but manipulates him in her mind in the role of gallant who adores her and thinks the world was made expressly for her benefit. Master and Miss Hero-Worshipper, like the Two Little Bears, get their respective kicks in their respective ways of viewing things.

This is what some of the thinking gentry allege about the hero problem. Some of what they think is probably so; some of it is surely not so.

Next time, neighbor, you go to a

football game or sit in the grand stand of a ball park and yell like a wild Indian over the exciting play that gets you all "het up," ask yourself if you are cheering the fellow who pulls the play or—if the psychologist is right about it.

Wonder if the psychologist, as he cunningly probes the minds of the great hosts of ordinary folks like "Me an' you," is not slyly passing along to himself salvos of great applause for his astuteness and wisdom superior to that of other men.

PA'S KIND.

By Douglas Malloch.

I'll say this much for Pa—he's kind,
A lot of han'somer men you'll find
Than him of course. But dear me suz,
It's han'some is as han'some does.
And so I'll say this much for him;
When darnin' made my sight get dim,
He drove me into town one day
And got me glasses right away.

He's just that thoughtful all the time.
He says that our clo'es are just a crime,
A woman's clo'es. If he should see
Me fixing up a dress for me.
He says, "That's purty hard on you,"
And brings me something else to do,
Brings somethin' easier of his.
He's just that thoughtful, Father is.

Why, only just today he found
Me pullin' out the weeds around
My roses in the garden. Then
He said, "You'd best go in again,
Inside the house, I've got a hunch
It's cooler there. And git some lunch."

A lot han'somer men you'll find,
But I'll say this for Pa—he's kind.

GOOD ONES TAKE POLISHING, NEVER MIND THE OTHERS.

(Oxford Friend.)

Books are the recorded fruits of studious minds. Civilization did not get far from the starting-gun until the making and reading of books began. The law says finally that the written word stands. The written word carries conviction when the words spoken by the author fall on unattending ears.

"Book-learning" is indespensable. Many affect to despise it because of the failures who have dabbled in books and made a mess of it. A cocksure student whose down has not yet changed into honest beard that gives the barber his living is contrasted unfairly with the nature knowledge of some execeptional old-timer who has gone through the experience of life with a good head and a willing hand. While the perentage is low in the vast population, enough individual cases exist to give color to an assertion that book-learning is far from being all that it is cracked up to be.

But while there is an extreme in this direction it is as easy to go to the extreme on the other end. We can err just as far in underrating the man without "book-learning" as some people do in making a silly underrating of education. It is too often forgotten that a fine mind, trained or untrained, educated or uneducated, will in some way manifest superiority. Similarly a trifling mind will not take anything from the best books under the best of instruction, nor will withholding books and instruction from it decrease by an iota its weakness. The good mind is invariably improved and rendered more capable through educative experiences; the poor one is never by any means hurt. The assertion that So-and-so was ruined by being sent to college and having a lot of money spent trying to fill his head with something he didn't want or didn't appreciate, begs the question. However incapable he is, he would be still more incapable knowing less, and it must be admitted that the veriest dolt is bound to absord something when made to reside in good environment. There are some hopeless cases, it must be admitted, and these should be sought out and treated accordingly.

At a district Masonic meeting with a rural lodge recently there was gathered as fine a body of men as often get together. There was little high school or college experince in the entire gathering. In the sense of extended "book-learning" there was little, but there was plenty and to spare of good hard common sense. The presiding District Deputy asked several questions of Masonic importance. One of the most concise, most comprehensive definitions was given by a man who said as he arose that he had no "book-learning" and doubted if he could express his idea. Then he dived right in his subject without further preliminary or preparation and in about fifteen words gave an expression of thought that for vigor and directness any writer or speaker of parts might be proud. But this man and the other men assembled were not the kind to decry

"book-learning." Having intelligence and the native stuff of which men are made they appreciate their own lack of opportunities in the educational world and are the very ones who stand so staunchly for the spread of eduaction for rising generations.

Book-learning or education has no power to change a one-candle power mind into an arc light. It cannot do much if anythng with a diseased mind. Scientific curricula and expert faculties are helpless before morons. Education and books cannot manufacture minds as bricks are made, but with good and fairly good minds wonderful results are possible. Aladdin with his magic lamp could do no more than high schools and colleges do every year through the polishing of the innumerable teachable minds in the masses of the population.

Let it never be forgotten that when a dozen poor minds are tested out thoroughly and finally prove to be melancholy failures the failure is more than compensated for by the perfecting of one good man. While every man works or is supposed to work at least a little, the best work, the most efficient work, and by much the larger part of the world's work is done by a small minority. Work in general, that done pro bono publico, and the private work that excels, is done by the few. The lazy man never does anything worth-while. There is an ancient adage to the effect that if you want anything done and done well give it to a busy man.

THE DOG LIKES THE BOY.

He is only a yellow dog of the common garden variety. But he likes boys, and they show a juvenile interest in him. Where he came from, nobody seems to know; and he, being all dog gives no indication that he ever enjoyed other quarters than these.

Some days he looks hungry, and seems tired and worried and his tongue lolls out as he walks with a weaving gait He seems utterly dejected. On other days his sides bulge like the misplaced chest of an elderly man. But empty or filled, he constantly displays a frown of interest on his doggish brow, and his interest in school yard games is never at anytime diminished. He seems to find in his boy friends a prototype of the small boy a circumstance in biology with which his breed is linked.

His interest chiefly is centered in those who play "catch." He will make as many trips from player to player as the ball is thrown. Once in a blue moon he gets the ball—the ball that has been wild thrown or dropped, and then he is well remunerated for the energy expended in the uneven contest. The unfairness of the contest seems never to daunt him. "Off-the-yard" bugle call he does not understand. A friendly, quizzical look follows the "shut-ins." He does not know why they leave him. He lies panting, ears rising and falling in hopeless antipicipation of their possible return. With the play-yard cleared for the night, he knows that his friends of the day have "deserted" him, and he ambles away, a prey to his canine thoughts.

AN AGE OF STEEL.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The present era is one of steel, which now more than any other material, even than wood, enters into daily life. The comparative youth of the modern steel industry may be shown by the fact that the late Judge Gary was born before it came into being. He contributed a great deal to ushering it in.

The metal age extends back to prehistoric times, when it represented the age of stone. The ancient Egyptians learned to smelt copper ores on the peninsula of Mount Sinai and then in the course of centuries improved on copper utensils by producing bronze through mixing copper and tin. The Assyrians were the first great people of history to use iron and their marvelous conquests were largely due to the superiority of their iron weapons over the copper and bronze ones of the people whom they subjugated. From then on the use of iron spread in the ancient world. But for long centuries the process of smelting iron ores and producing iron and steel were crude and the output was necessarily small and costly. Charcoal was the fuel used down to the eighteenth century.

The use of raw coal to smelt iron ores began in England about 1750. Thus blast furnaces began to be constructed in that country and were later built in Continential Europe and America. Yet Great Britain led the world in iron and steel production for over a century. But the English iron industry shifted from the southwest to central and north England, with Birmingham as its center. But iron production also developed in America, especially in New England and Pennsylvania. In the late eighteenth century the Hill and Hayne Iron Works in York District, South Carolina, near the North Carolina line, was a model plant.

Modern steel production began about the middle of the nineteenth century. At Centre Furnace, Kentucky, William Kelly was the first to decarbonize iron by a blast, which made possible a large scale output of steel. Then, Sir Henry Bessemer perfected the process for producing steel by bringing air into contact with an extensive surface of molten crude iron. In 1856 at his plant in London, Bessemer turned out steel ingots which were rolled into steel rails without hammering. This enormously increased the output of steel. Judge Gary was eighteen years old before the Bessemer process was in use in America.

Today steel dominates the industrial world. This material is used in ship construction, in airplanes, in railroad service, in building construction, in warfare, and in the manufacture of numerous other commodities. The millions of Carnegie, Gary, and the other magnates have been built up thereby. A simple farmer boy was back of all this and he won more wealth and power than any being. The red gleam of great blast furnaces at Pittsburg, Birmingham and other centers testifies to the predominance of steel. The strength of modern nations is measured by their output of iron and steel. In

this the United States leads, but England, France and Germany are also active competitors. The world has therefore been rendered happier and more active.

No doubt many persons are ashamed of their poor penmanship. These should be reassured, for Dr. William Root of the University of Pittsburg says that as a general rule persons of low mentality are good handwriters. ''Intelligent people,'' acording to Dr. Root, ''think 20 times faster than they can write and, therefore, the arm is so far behind the activity of the brain that the result is poor writing.

PREPAREDNESS AND PEACE.

(Columbia Record)

The General Synod of the Church of England in Canada is to be highly commended for its temperate, but none the less effective and logical refusal to compply with the W. C. T. U., to oppose military training in the public schools of Canada. The reply of the Church to this motion is worth posting and recording for those who manage to keep their feet on the ground betwen rampant militarists on one side and intemperate pacifists on the other. Says the Church answer:

We believe that there are times when it becomes the duty of Christian men to take up arms in defense of the sacred principles of liberty, truth and righteousness, as the British Empire did in the case of the late World War. For this reason, we regard necessity and are unable, therefore, to associate ourselves with the W. C. T. U. in its protest against the maintenance of officers' training corps. So far as cadet corps and other similar institutions are concerned, we see in them no necessary connection with the spirit of that militarism which the W. C. T. U. condemns, while, on the contrary, we believe that they are doing much to inculcate in the boys of our nation the spirit of discipline and self-denial.

There is no room for debate on this unequivocal stand, and there is little room to debate as to the Church having gone to the root of the question of citizenship. The inculcation of a spirit of discipline and self-denial is worth all the cost of preparedness in the chools. There never has been a time when these two lessons were not needed in the world. Moreover, these are times, and nobody has had better proof of it than this nation, that it is necessary for Christian men to shoulder the gun and buckle on the sword for the defense of the right. The military school, or the substance of it, as exemplified in all minor military training schools, tends to serve as a wholesome corrective and it improves both the moral and the physical side of its beneficiary. Those who oppose the plan appear to have taken a mistaken view of the whole subject.

A PLEA FOR MORE CULTURE.

(Jacksonville Times-Union.)

"Underneath all the sordidness and unrest of our time is the craving for beauty," asserts Dr. Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt university, in a lecture delivered to students of Davidson college, in North Carolina, the other day. Dr. Mims, it will be recalled, not so long ago aroused a very great deal of appreciative attention by his deliverance on "The Advancing South." In his later address, to the Davidson college students, Dr. Mims made reference to the very general inclination in favor of specializing in certain lines, in which the goal is material achievement, with the spiritual and the cultural very generally lost sight of, or at best given slight consideration.

According to Dr. Mims the specializing above refered to "is in line with the American emphasis on material success as the great aim of life, with the standardization and mechanism of modern life and thought." To this the speaker added that "There is a very definite idea that no one can succeed in any of the professionals who is not an extreme specialist, giving all his time and attention to professional advancement." Going along in this line, according to Dr. Mims, has a tendency to crowd out the finer things of life, unless, while material success is being sought, there is attention to the cultural. By way of illustration, Dr. Mims says: "A study of the men who have attained success and fame in many lines of endeavor convinces one that there are many men who have added to their achievements in special fields a certain culture that has enriched their lives and made them more interesting and significant personalities." Dr Mims also might have said that those who have added culture to their material achievements have benefited their fellow men as well as themselves. Of this fact there are many illustrations.

Dr. Mims, referring to those who give themselves entirely to specializing in certain lines of endeavor, asks: "What are we going to do with our leisure? What inner resources do we have to fall back upon when the material values of life began to wan? Then he says:

The love of beauty is one of the essential elements in every normal human being. There are so many ugly buildings in the world, ugly noises ugly lives that we need to realize individually and as a nation the significance of symmetry, of profection, of art. The mediocrity and commonplaceness of so much of American life has been the theme of our most significant novels and poems.

Culture, then, is the way by which we shall combat extreme specialization, and all the tendencies to make of a man a machine in a universe without spiritual values. It is a mighty ally of true religion. Liberal culture also implies right thinking and the art of thinking is one of the essential elements in the art of living.

What Dr. Mims has to say, as indicated in the brief quotations from his address, is very timely, when there is so much of thought and

work on in behalf of the material things of life, to the entire exclusion of the cultural and the spiritual; when there is so much of commercializing of everything, of striving to get out the dollar value in preference to the heart value or the soul interest, notwithstanding that the latter have enduring qualities that are not possessed in the purely financial or monetary.

The religious man is not satisfied to stand on the headlands of scientifically mapped knowledge and looking out toward the sea of mystery; to let an eternal interrogation point be his substitute for God. Knowing that the synthesis of living is larger than the analysis of science, knowing that life has a more powerful logic than reason, he launches forth beyond the shore of certified fact. It is not enough for him to say, "Science leaves room for a God." He craves the consciousness of established relationship with that Power Beyond.—Bertrand Russell.

DR. DOUGHERTY'S ELOQUENCE.

(Charlotte Observer)

There are many prominent men in North Carolina who glory in waxing eloquent when it comes to describing the wonders of the land of Tar Heelia, but there is no one who can do so any more conscientiously than Dr. B. B. Dougherty, President of the Applachian State Normal School. And the beauty part about Dr. Dougherty's speeches is that he usually knows what he is talking about. No man in the State, perhaps, is more familiar with every side of North Carolina life than the distinguished mounta'n educator. And, much as he loves North Carolina, Dr. Dougherty loves Watauga County and Boone a little better. He is the typical Civitan, Kiwanian, Rotarian, Lion and Monarch all combined in one. Not long ago the Civitan Clubs of Boone and Abingdon, Va., had a good-will joint meeting. As is usually the case when he is present, the crowd had to have a speech from Dr. Dougherty. According to the Watauga Democrat, Boone's own newspaper, the speaker spoke of his State and county in these words:

"The State owns the largest cotton mills in the world, the largest pulp mill in the world, the largest tobacco factory in the world. North Carolina paid more revenue to the Federal Govrnment in 1926 than South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia and Tennessee all combined. Wautaga County owns over 6,000 milch cows, over 152,000 chickens, over 50,000 turkeys, and beef cattle is one of our greatest assets. Our beef cattle are so great in number that it would take them a period of two days to parade through the City of Knoxville. And at last, when Gabriel sounds his trumpet on the judgment day. Boone, Watauga County, will be selected as the final place of abode when the roll is called of the good Civitan members and saints."

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

By C. C. Daniels, in Dearborn Independent

An honest, fearless public official deserves the respect and honor of the people whom he serves.

Criticism and fault-finding are always current. When officers work for the good of the public (as most of them do) they are entitled to feel occasionally some of the warmth of approval.

The line of demarcation between the faithful and the faithless public official should be clearly drawn so that each may be known for what he really is, not for what he seems. One of the most capable men to hold office in a great state was put on trial a few years ago in a strange city by the United States Government for criminal conspiracy. He was arrested, indicted, humiliated and required to pay thousands of dollars to meet and refute an unjust charge.

Somebody evidently thought they had the 'drop on him,' in the vernacular of the West. The evidence produced at the trial showed that this high-minded, patriotic lawyer, instead of being guilty, courageously advised and vigorously sought for observance of the law and preservation of the highest ideals. He was indicted, however, along with others who were in fact found guilty.

He was attorney for the organization but instead of being in sympathy with its illegal conduct he advised against the action complained of and exerted his influence on the side of the law. This could at any time have been ascertained by the use of ordinary judgment. After the evidence was all in, the court promptly directed a verdict of not guilty. He was, of course, discharged but he had been irreparably and unnecessarily injured in estate and reputation. A grave injustice was done in the name of the law and the man had no redress.

* * *

Another native-born American lawyer, of national reputation, was made defendent in a civil action for breech of promise to marry an unprepossessing woman, of whom he had never heard until demand was made for the payment of money.

The only reason such a charge was made against him was that he was of the same name as the man she claimed had promised to marry her. This lawyer refused to submit to blackmail. He was resourceful and had friends who aided him in ferreting out the scheme and uncovering those responsible. Some of those connected with this litigation were tried and convicted and the lawyer was successful in his counterfight against those who sought either his money or his destruction. The cost to him, however, was the equivalent of a small fortune and his time and attention were so taken up with the litigation that a large practice drifted to other offices.

He lost money and reputation by reason of his courageous refusal to 'buy his peace' and went to his grave before his time as a result of the terrific strain under which he had labored. One of the lawyers appearing in the action against him emerged

from oblivion to the front pages of the newspapers, and thereafter became the candidate of one of the two great political parties for an important state office.

* * *

A doctor who gave to his practice years of earnest investigataion and research, as well as conscientious service, was wrongfully charged with mal-practice. Upon refusal to 'come across' with cash, he was sued The headines of the newspapers featured the blatant allegations of the complaint and he was thereafter discredited in the minds of those who read them and who accepted the assertions that he was unskilful and untrustworthy, if not worse.

When the case was tried it was shown that the doctor was entitled to praise rather than censure for his work. But the public had read the attack and his reputation was irretrievably injured. The fact (overwhelmingly shown by the evidence) that he was a skilful, conscientious doctor, entitled to confidence and respect, was not 'news.' His vindication was never read by the people who had read and accepted the unfounded charges glaringly set forth in the headlines.

One of the remarkable things about the violation of the tariff law by the rich, returning from pleasure trips abroad, is that most of them smuggle in jewels and fine apparel and yet most violently advocate and defend the 'protective' tariff.

A man worth millions who had contributed largely to the doctrine of protective tariff was caught smuggling jewels valued at thousands of dollars. Instead of being put on trial for criminal violation of the law he was permitted to settle outside of court and thus satisfy the demands of the law. The 'soft pedal' was put on the newspapers about his 'lapse of memory' when he came to make his 'declaration.'

Not only are courts used as instruments of injustice to innocent people, but government commissioners and administrative officers are too often instruments of irreparable injury, for which no remedy is provided.

The experience of those forced to deal with the various boards and commissions set up by the federal, state and city governments has brought this fact forcibly home—and wise ones look up those having 'influence' with the members of these boards and commissions instead of relying exclusively on the righteousness of their cause.

* * *

The reputation of a business selling its securities to the public is fragile. Unfounded suspicion and malignant gossip often inflict more actual injury than do the sneak thief and the burglar.

Sometime ago a successful corporation selling securities to the public became the target of competitors. An employe of a commission in one state in control of licensing the sale of securities made unjust and unfounded charges against it. These were broadcast through the newspapers and carefully transmitted to other commissions and industriously repeated by competitors. After full investigation, the commission officially determined that the charges were without foundation and gave the corporation a 'clean bill of health.' The employe who made the charges

sought employment elsewhere.

Of course, such publicity causes injury, the effect of which cannot be estimated. The whispered word of doubt, the shrug of the shoulder, the raising of the eyebrow, are seen and heard and leave impressions far more indelible than outspoken statements. Peddlers of worthless stock trying to pull down reliable securities revel in such.

Most commissioners honestly try to protect the public against worthless securities and the higher their reputation, the greater the injury inflicted when they were misled, or act on malicious or ignorant evidence supplied by those having a sinister purpose.

On the other hand, the more carefully these investigations are made and the more nearly justice is approximated, the greater service is rendered the public. The public demands impartial and unbiased judgment in protecting the honest as well as exposing the dishonest.

The action of the commission of one state is transmitted to the commissioners of other states, and charges even though discredited are revitalized and revamped before a new audience with added prestige. To meet these chargs costs money; takes organization and necessarily slows up business. If repeated often enough in different states they may bring about the destruction of the strongest financial institution.

It is a known fact that many perfectly solvent and well-managed financial instutions have been destroyed by the ignorant or malicious gossip of knaves or fools. People are often like cattle and when stampeded, trample upon and destroy even their own.

The injury inflicted by unjustified assaults or rumors about financial institutions can never be corrected. This character of reckless disregard of their rights is made indictable in some cases.

The court of the commissioner, however, who recklessly or knowingly allows himself to become a drainpipe for transmitting the refuse and filth of hate or private interest into the official stream of publicity, to the unnecessary injury of another, deserves to be put under severe jurisdiction and recognized as a purveyor of things obnoxious.

Has not the time come when the lines should be tightened, if not by law, then certainly by public sentiment.

We are so constituted that we have to exist quite a while before we discover how to live. I suppose each of us could write an extended list, out of his experience, of things not to do; a catalog of mistakes or a chapter of regrets. We might easilly shock ourselves, thinking how many times we have played the fool, and played it well. We much prefer, however, to think of things which inspire happiness instead of humiliation. I believe the great aim and purpose of religion is to make us happy, not only here and now, but anywhere later. If that is not so, then I do not understand either practical religion or the essential teaching of the Bible.

—Dr. Karl Reiland.

RUSSIA FROM THE INSIDE.

(Louisville Courier-Journal)

Sixteen representatives of American trade unions, after a month's tour of Russia, are back in Warsaw much impressed with the Soviet experiment, if the head of the delegation voices the sentiment of the party. "After hard experiences and many shocks," declares James H. Maurer, "Russia is recovering under the present regime, which is introducing new methods to replace the extremely backward system of the old regime." Mr. Maurer is impressed by the fact that workers are given free tickets to the theater every night, by the libraries in the factories, by an almost empty prison in Moscow.

Such favorable comment presages a similar report on conditions in the Communist country. There will no doubt be an appeal that American capital invest in the potentially wealthy nation, that American loans be advanced to further Russian industry, for it was on this subject that Josephus Stalin laid the greatest emphasis in his talk with American Visitors, declaring that Communist Russia needed the aid of capitalist countries, just as capitalist countries needed the field of investment that the vast expense of territory in Europe and Asia offers.

The striking thing about Mr. Maurer's impressions are that they are old. They are, in fact, the impressions of most of the labor delegations that have gone to Moscow in the past. French and English trade unionists have been similarly impressed. The reason is simply that the investigaual, but everything was arranged for them in advance. Communism had put on its best front to welcome the foreign visitors. The Soviet administration was spic and span for the particular notice of the workers from other lands.

No doubt Russia is not as bad as it has been painted, nor as roseate as some of the labor delegations have made it appear. It presents two faces and these two faces show the hypocrisy of the Soviet regime. It flirts with capitalism while vowing fiidelity to Communism. It furthers private ownership among the peasants while attempting government ownership of industry and commerce. It breathes hatred for the capitalist State while coming cap in hand for aid. It asks for loans while repudiating former debts. It seeks admission into the society of nations and at the same time tries to cause trouble wherever it is received.

Perhaps no body of union men knows Russia from the inside as well as the outside better than the British workers. They have visited the country. They have had representatives in their organization. They have fraternized with Communists of every stripe, and they have come to the conclusion that the whole aim of the Soviet workers was to disrupt the system of British trade unionism.

The comment of Mr. Maurer on his visit is, therefore, not impressive.

OUR WEEKLY SERMON.

By Dr. J. W. Holland, in Progressive Farmer.

We

The little pronoun "I" often gets in way of a larger pronoun "we." "I" is necessary; "we" is absolutely essential.

Listening not long ago to an egotistical man speaking, I found that he used the pronoun "I" 30 times in five minutes.

While we must not depreciate the fact that before a man can see clearly he must use his "I," it is also true that before he can become a builder he must learn the value of "we."

The framers of the Consitution of the United States began the immortal document with this thrilling word, "we."

When General Pershing and his doughboys came to the grave of Lafayette, he spoke a sentence that will not die, "We are here."

No human being in many centuries has caught the fancy of the multitudes as has Charles Lindbergh, the flying ace. He has published a book, telling of his flight. The title of it is "We." He knew that we did not work alone.

Too much of this "I" business will wreck any home. A bride and groom come to the altar as two "I's." They should go away from it a "we." "I, my, and mine," have to yield to their larger values, "we, us, and ours."

Read the story of the Pharisee and the publican who went into the temple to pray. The Pharisee used the pronoun "I" several times. People who think that they are better than other men, are likely to be inflated in the "I."

Over emphasis on "I" tends to make men narrow and bad. Religion becomes my religion. All other views are wrong.

Dr. Edward A. Steiner, the world citizen, and one of the foremost Americans, said recently:—

"I have felt the great thrills of life. I have been in the mountains, at dawn, and dusk. I have traveled on the seas. I have had such friendships that I was willing to give and not receive. I have known love at its best. I have been called husband and father. But no thrill of life can so move my heart as that when I look abroad upon all mankind and say the divine word, 'We'."

Jesus said, "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister and mother."

It takes a good deal of grace and love to look out over a community either in town or country, and from the heart say, "We, the people."

One of North Carolina's driving laws is that "It is unlawful for the driver of an overtaken vehicle to increase its speed after receiving a passing signal from the vehicle overtaking it."

But supposing, for the sake of argument, the guy wants to pass in order to make you "eat his dust?"—Monroe Enquirer.

CONTINGENT FEE.

(Spartanburg Journal)

Charles H. Tuttle, United States District Attorney of New York City, in a recent address attacked the exploitation of the "contingent fee in accident and kindred cases" as a prime cause for the congested court calendars, and a menace to the legal profession as well. In the large cities as he pointed out, complete organizations were set up and worked smoothly, efficiently and effectively to the end of exploiting the contingent fee, with the result that frequently the poor man was "ruthlessly plundered." He is quoted in The Times as saying:

"In England the tradition that the practice of the law is an honorable profession is preserved so strictly that the contingent fee is forbidden. No compromise with its commercializing influence is permitted. Yet in no other country is the man of slender means more assured of full and impartial justice.

"In America there has been a tendency on the part of some members of the legal profession to imitate the ways of business and of trade, and to borrow the arts of salesmanship and promotion. This tendency found rich material in the exploitation of the possibilities of the contingent fee; hence, in our larger cities and behind the mantle of the legal profession, there have sprung up complete business organizations of which the stock in trade is the natural, human willingness to place a wager on the truth of the wheel of the law when there is everything to gain and nothing immediately to lose.

' Such organizations have in their employ trained solicitors, experts in opinion evidence, master craftsmen in the fine points of negligence law, and talented artists in the use of the dotted line. The time has come, I believe, when the corrosive effect of this sort of thing endangers the high position of the profession in public estimation, and unless the profession finds a means to expel it the community may find a means to cut it out."

AFTER THE HIGHER-UPS.

Judge Stack in Wake court yesterday held that merchants who sell malt products for the manufacture of home brew are liable for prosecution as are railways which haul the same material. The Judge said he had directed the Solicitor in Wilkes county to indict the Southern Railway for hauling such material.

"We ought to go to the root of the matter," said the Judge, "and not spend so much time on the little fellows who have a pint."

The law should be enforced to the letter.—News & Observer.

PRECIOUS SUNLIGHT.

(Johnson City Staff-News)

The daylight saving period is over, by the calendar. Daylight-saving communities swing back to the winter schedule. Organized society is on the old basis again, going by standard time or suntime just as it did before anybody thought of changing the clock with the seasons. It seems to be assumed that daylight is not worth saving during the fall and winter. Yet as every observing person knows, we are just entering upon the time of year when daylight is more worth saving than ever, because there is so much less of it and people need it so much more.

This, however, is a problem for the individual. The wise person begins at once taking the matter into his own hands and arranging his own time to get all the daylight and sunshine he can for the next six months; whether anybody else does or not.

Sunlight means health, strength, sanity and life. Every one owes it to himself to spend all the time he can outdoors, especially on bright days. To children or invalids this is imperative. The human battery tends to run down between the fall and spring equinoxes, for lack of contact with the sun. Switch on the cosmic current even though it be for only a few minutes a day, or a few hours once a week, and let the great solar dynamo recharge the battery.

GOOD PHILOSOPHY.

The London Spectator offered a prize of $20 for the best philosophy of life that could be written on the back of a post card.

Here are the results:

This entry which was said by the editor to be a "simple philosophy of life which seems to have just the right proportion of ease and brevity, while being at the same time workable and sincere," won the prize:

"Love, Trust, Dare, And Go On Doing It."

Some of the other entries follow:

"Make life worth living for itself.
Make life worth living for others.
Make life worth living for ever."

"The philosophy of life involves a particular set of values by which we endeavor to obtain the development and enrichment of life: bringing thereby into complete harmony the facts of the spiritual and material world of which we are a part, so that neither the one nor the other should preponderate to the detriment of our intellectual balance."

'What's the end of life? A halter, said the criminal.

What's the end of life? Death, said the fool.

What's the end of life? The beginning of wonder, said the wise man."

"Swim with the stream of life."

"Forget the past, make the best of the present, and don't worry about the future.

COMING DOWN MY CREEK.

By Harry Stillwell Edwards.

Old Unc' Amos was leaning against his one-horse wagon wheel down by the old gin house when I passed and saluted him. He was not one of the ante-bellum slaves, had never driven for George Washington nor had he ever saddled Marse Robert Lee's horse but he was plenty old and wore his gray whiskers unbobbed still.

"Hows the crop, Unc' Amos?"

"Well, sah, po'ly; mos'ly po'ly sah! Des made fo' bales dis year sah!"

"Four bales? Why, that's rather short for a one-horse farm. You used to make eight to ten when you lived at Holly Bluff!"

"Yes, sah, an' I wisht I was dere now! Dis here farming' on sheers I'm doin' now don't pay. No sah, hit sho'ly don't pay nobody!"

"On shares? Why' I thought you owned your stock and land! What do you mean' farming on shares?"

"Well, sah, when I was wid you all, I farmed on sheers, one-third an' two-thirds, an' I done putty well, but since I got my lan' paid for, an' run myse'f. I ain't done much! Me an' de boll weevel is farmin' on sheers now, half an' half! He gits his fust, an' mine don't weigh out right!

But judging from Amos' laugh he was not worrying over it. A man somewhere in town was doing the worrying.

Here and there in this State a big land owner with capital on credit conducts a cotton farming business on a large scale, hiring his hands or farming on shares, the risk all his, but that style of farming is on its last legs. More and more, the small farmer is raising the cotton and learning how to break the weevil. Small tracts, heavily fertilized, seems to be the solution of the weevil problem An active colored farmer, with his family, can successfully contend with the weevil over a five-acre tract of cotton, but with more than that he is giving too great odds. On reasonably good land, using a thousand pounds of fertilizer to the acre, five acres can be made to produce eight bales. The increase is gained by heavy fertilization and frequent cultivation, combined with early planting. Many will doubt this, but it can be done. A better system, even, is to call cotton a garden crop. Plant not more than two acres, but put all the compost and stable yard fertilizer and a thousand pounds of commercial fertilizer on the two. This gives the rest of the farm to corn, small grain, hay, potatoes, peas, beans and cane. The cotton yields the ready money and should amount to at least four hundred dollars for lint and seed.

An old Chinaman, delivering laundry in a mining camp, heard a noise and espied a large brown bear sniffing his tracks in the newly fallen snow. "Huh!" he grasped, "You likee my tracks, I makee some more."

—Selected.

THEODORE HARRIS.

(Asheville Times.)

Theodore Harris was one of the best reporters and city editors of his day, in the South or anywhere else. And the South and journalism lost a gifted spirit when at last he had to yield in the long battle he had waged with ill health.

Many reporters can keep their enthusiasm as long as they have good "breaks" on "big news." Mr. Harris overtopped most of them because he found, even in the routine news of a community, in its everyday affairs, something alive and appealing, the stuff of life itself. The daily story of what men and women are doing in school, church, business, pleasure; the bright and colorful in events; the drab, common place or the sordid—all of it was to Mr. Harris a picture of human existence which he never tired of painting.

On the Asheville newspapers, he was in some respects a pioneer reporter. He taught the public the value of news; taught it to see that, even in matters which seems to be of no consequence, there was a meaning that deserves careful exposition. description, interpretation, from the standpoint of a reporter.

After saying this, it is superfluous to say that he loved his work. And it is not surprising that his love for it often, in his later years, took him to his typewriter when he should perhaps have been in bed. To the last day of his physical capacity to work, he kept up his special assignments.

Mr. Harris read much and widely. He was a companionable, a "good mixer." a good conversationalist. He was in his later years a close student of politics local, state and national. His untimely death, a grief to all who knew him, is a poignant loss to those who were associated with him in the gathering and writing of the news of the day.

There are but two ways of shaping your career. One is to drift with the tide; the other, to have a definite goal—to steer for the mark on the farther shore. The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going, but it jostles the dreamer and the drifter to the sidelines. It is your attitude towards the present moment, your realization of its possibilities, that count more than vague imaginings about the future. Be thorough. The first step towards success is to do the work on hand with all your might. An ounce of determination, applied to a definite purpose, is worth a ton of talent without the guidance of character or ambition.—Exchange.

LIVING COSTS.

(Raleigh News & Observer.)

The whole State will be interested in the outcome of the discussion of the cost of living by the League of Women Voters at Chapel Hill on October 25. They will pitch their discussion on waste and extravagance in production. The Elizabeth City Independent gives some things that has come under its observation which explain, in part, the high cost of living. It says:

"We make silk hose in Elizabeth City and ship them to Indiana. An Indiana hosiery mill maintains a regular agent in Elizabeth City to take orders for hosiery made in Indiana. Elizabeth City sends to Suffolk to buy peanuts that could be grown at Elizabeth City and Suffolk sends to Elizabeth City for cabbages that could be grown at Suffolk. Here in the Elizabeth City territory we produce millions of pounds of pork. We ship the bulk of our pork to Richmond and Baltimore to be finished. The freight rate to Richmond and Baltimore is added to the cost of the pork. The finished pork is shipped back with additional freight or express costs added. And yet we can buy a North Carolina ham cured in Baltimore with two transportation charges tacked on it for 10 cents a pound less than we can buy the ham finished at home. And the Baltimore ham has less waste in it."

When a man allows a ten cent argument to lead him into a ten dollar bet, he deserves to lose.—Kiwanis Magazine.

CHRISTIAN REID.

(Salisbury Post.)

Could anything be more fitting than that this community should erect a suitable memorial to the late Christian Reid? Here she was born lived, died and was buried. Here she was best known, most highly appreciated and most greatly beloved by a large circle of friends and admirers. It is most appropriate that the memorial should stand on Rowan soil and that her home people should be engaged to further the undertaking to erect such a memorial. We have been far too slow to do these things in the South. We have been tardy in recognizing the genius of a neighbor and also in setting up memorials to those who wrought well in their day. This undertaking should go forward with energy, every one of us should aid and support those who are desirous that Christian Reid be properly honored in her own State and that a fitting memorial should take form in her own home and among her life long friends.

GALLI-CURCI ON WINNING PUBLIC.

Nervousness is an essential for the singer who wishes really to move his audience, according to Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, writing in Psychology Magazine on the method she has found effective in winning and holding audiences.

She says, "Of course you cannot expect to banish all nervousness, nor is it desirable to do so. The person who does not get the least bit nervous at the prospect of stepping on a stage will never move an audience to wild ecstacy. It takes a sensitive person to awaken emotion in others. I do not know of a single concert artist who is not nervous before being exposed to countless eyes at a concert. I am always just a little nervous before making my appearance, but once I begin the program this nervousness soon vanishes."

Mme. Gallic-Curci has found the singer's attitude toward the public to be very important. "The moment you step upon the stage," she writes, "that attitude should be most cordial and gracious. Of course, you pleasure at greeting an audience must be genuine. You must actually like the people before whom you appear. If your attitude is artificial, or if you are a little superior, the public will quickly sense it and repay you in kind. But if you establish intimate relations, can make your audience believe that you are not above them but of them, one of them, that you are eager to please each and every one, you will have gone a long way in winning that audience. And if you are inspired, if your heart speaks, the great heart of the audience will respond. In short, it is only necessary to be yourself, without mannerisms or stilted pose, for the public is quick to sense any sort of artificiality."

According to her, an audience must be wooed and won at each appearance. She can usually sense how the audience is reacting by the quality of hushed silence and expectancy with which the song is received. If there is a sort of bated-breath silence in which she can almost feel the pulse beats en masse then she knows the song is being received kindly. She says, "An artist usually gets the 'feel' of an audience very quickly and if that feel is one of tense interest, it calls forth the artist's very best."

Mme Galli-Curci stresses the need of an abundance of confidence for, so she points out, nearly everyone who gets up in the public is afflicted more or less with stage fright. She herself, she says, has never been troubled with acute stage fright because she was accustomed to appearing before people from childhood. From her sixth year on she was singing or playing for friends and acquaintances constantly.

True friends are the whole world to one another, and he that is a friend to himself is also a friend to mankind.—Seneca.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

A number of large boys in Mr. Johnson's afternoon school room helped unload a car of coal last Monday.

Last Sunday afternoon the boys of the first cottage went down to the pasture and gathered several sacks of walnuts.

Rain interfered with the boys' work last Wednesday. They retired to the cottage and amused themselves playing games and reading.

Owing to the bad weather last Wednesday, several boys were disappointed by not receiving visits from their home-folks. Maybe next Wednesday we will have better weather.

The boys went to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon, but it started raining as soon as they got there. Some of them returned to the cottages, while the rest went in the grandstand.

"Elijah Hears God's Voice," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Elijah had wandered away into a cave. Before starting on his journey, he fell asleep. An angel appeared and told him to arise and eat. This he did, then fell asleep again. The angel appeared a second time and commanded him to eat. Elijah did and then he traveled forty days and forty nights on the strength of that food. At the end of his trip, God asked him why he had left home. Elijah told Him that the people had forsaken Him, torn down His altars, and had slain all His prophets, and that he was the only one left, and they sought to take his life. God told him to return to Damascus and anoint Hazael to be king of Syria. The golden text for this lesson was: "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."—Psalm 27: 14.

Last Sunday was Rev. Trueblood's time to talk to the boys, but he surrendered it to Rev. Myers, a former preacher here, but now a resident of Wilmington. He told the story of how David killed Goliath. We have giants to kill, but not the kind that David had. When we stop any of our meanness or overcome the temptation of telling a lie, we have killed a giant. The sermon was a fine one and enjoyed by all. Everyone was glad to see him and hope that he will come and visit us again soon.

Last Tuesday (the 11th)) all the boys and officers went to the Cabarrus District Fair. We left about nine o'clock. The trip was made on foot, as that was the best way, especially for 430 people. Our dinner and supper was carried over on the wagons. We first rested when we arrived there. Then we went to the shows, through the exhibit hall and then walked around the midway. After dinner we rested for a short while and then went in the infield of the race track. There we remained most of the afternoon, enjoying the

horse-races, dog-race and the free acts. The most interesting part of the free acts was the dogs jumping. One went as high as thirteen feet, which is certainly extra fine for a dog. Last of all was the high-dive of seventy-five feet. After supper we had a few "rides" and then returned to the infield for the night performance. It was about the same as that of the afternoon, but the boys enjoyed it just the same. Then came the fireworks. Everyone enjoyed it all the way through. Just think, $500 worth of fireworks burnt up in about ten minutes! All of this did not cost any of us a thing. We wish to thank the management of Fair for their trouble and our pleasure.

SUCCESS.

It' doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man,
It's figuring how, and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming little, and doing much,
It's keeping always in closest touch,
With what is finest in word and deed,
It's being clean and playing fair,
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair,
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth
It's serving and striving thro' strain and stress.
It's doing your noblest—that's success.

—Tyler Keystone.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

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"TWIN DEMONS."

Fear an Suspicion are the twin demons which have caused ninety per cent of the misery and suffering and strife in the world.

They are the offspring of ignorance and superstition and be exorcised only by truth and understanding.—Lord Robert Cecil.

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The Uplift

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THAT WORD "REVEREND."

What a word it is when it gets the least bit dirt upon it! Right at once it goes to the front page of the dailies in big "scare" headlines. And as a good many people suppose that the size of the letters in the headlines determined the news value of the story they become alarmed at the immediate prospects of a complete overthrow of the Decalogue.

An instance that serves to illustrate what we are driving at is that of the old rake who had carreid from place to place the word "reverend" as a prefix to his name and at the same time attached too many foolish women, but in addition to the "reverend" and the women, he was suffering, according to the expert who testified at the trial, from arterio-sclerotic demetia and senile psychosis, which would cause lapses of memory and alternating amnesia. Nobody knows what those words stand for, but the old man, we guess, was in a bad fix.

Yet he managed to get on the front page and the news writers took him very seriously. We ought to all know better than to make such an ado over a worthless rake.—Greensboro Christian Advocate.

SURPASSED ITS OWN FORMER RECORD.

The public has come to expect the Cabarrus District Fair to make a "home run" in its annual performance. The recent Fair surpassed all going before. Not only the attractions were up to the average, the means of entertainment very much enlarged, the exhibits of a high order, and the attendance marvelously large.

The opening day saw an immense crowd; Wednesday was a heart-saddening day with torrential rains that kept back the crowds; but Thursday

was a perfect day, and with it came near unto 40,000 paid admissions. The attendance at nights were unusually large.

There are reasons for the gratifying success of the local institution: chief among them is that the management neglects no opportunity or expense to make a worthwhile season of pleasure and profit; effort is employed to have the conduct of the crowds all that the most exacting demands; the whole program so arranged and filled to meet the tastes of the multitudes; and the genius behind the advertising is a captain in the business; and finally—.

The directing heads, who take pride in the successful conduct of everything with which they are connected, are in themselves geniuses and perssonally popular throughout the state—President Joe Cannon and Secretary Tracy Spencer could draw a great crowd at a Fair if staged anywhere in the state.

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ONE OF THE STATE'S FINEST.

Intensely gentle and modest in his attitude toward the general public; but when a principle is involved and danger confronts the country, he displays the finest type of courage and force. We are talking about Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington & Lee University. We are North Carolinian first, and American next; and it is this urge that we step aside to say that Dr. Smith is a natively reared North Carolinian.

The state is proud of the distinguished and able scholar, whom through necessity the state had to loan to Virginia in her educational cause.

The other day Dr. Smith made an opening address to his student body. It's fine and so helpful. We are reproducing it, because it fits into our idea of what should be preached to the young men, boys and to us all as we butt up against the world. The beauty about the principles which this address carries is that it reveals the moving spirit in the life and living of Dr. Smith himself. He is one of the great men of today who practices what he preaches.

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A SORRY SPECTACLE.

Some politicians in both parties are very much exercised over the possibility of Gov. Al Smith receiving a presidential nomination. Volunteer, organized and paid opposition to such a possibility is perfectly evident.

It is forgotten that one of the greatest Chief Justices of the U. S.

Supreme Court was a Catholic; it is forgotten that very few of our presidents were shining lights as advocates of the Protestant religion, and some of them held a poor affiliation with Chrsitian agencies—one did connect with the church over the telephone when a death elevated him to the presidency; it is overlooked that our present Chief Justice is practically without religion, being a Unitarian; and it is forgotten that our Constitution contemplates no particular religious affiliation on the part of a President or a candidate for such.

It is forgotten that no president could afford or would dare ignore Constitutional mandate; it is forgotten that Gov. Smith in his personal life is clean and absolutely sober; has made an enviable record as governor of a great state; is intensely popular and esteemed a man with high ideals of justice and honor. Then, why all the persecution, even blackguarding.

Abuse oftentimes makes friends and followers of men—the planners of Gov. Smith's defeat better take warning.

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SUNSET SERIOUSNESS.

Men sometimes engage in levity when speaking of sacred things, commenting about church matters and the accepted plan of salvation, and the hopes of religiously-inclined men and women.

The great majority come to their senses as the sunset of life approaches or extreme illness points a hand-writing on the wall. We have seen this change of attitude in scores of individuals—it is natural. Men, in spite of their courage, their alleged independent individuality, their liberal thinking and their scientific knowledge, have a habit, if given a warning and the time, of acknowledging God. But think of the harm they do while they show this eccentricity.

We are brought to think of the foregoing by an interesting news item sent out from Chapel Hill. The foregoing is not applicable, we make sure, to the principals in the parties mentioned in this story from the University town. Who can tell but that Dr. Winston,, formerly a leading educator of the state, brilliant and fearless, sought this plan, through his brother, Judge Winston, to emphasize a truth for the benefit of others, who in scholarly and scientific moments seek to point a way other than the Bible way?

This is the Chapel Hill item:

George T. Winston, who was president of the University in the

nineties and now lives in Atlantic City, wrote recently to his brother Robert W.: "I am sending you one of the most interesting books I know anything about, and I want you to read it carefully." When the judge took the package from the postoffice and opened it he found a Bible.

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A UNIQUE AND VALUABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The women have scored again. They have a habit of doing this very thing when once they set their heads; and, we may add, when they do set their heads on a proposition that ends the use of any argument.

The Daughters of the American Revolution—the D. A. R's—is a persistent bunch of earnest, brilliant women, who can never be lost in their undertakings. They play some politics at times—who dosen't? But when they get together, agreed on a piece of work, there is no let up until a final achievement.

The North Carolina body of D. A. R's undertook to issue one number of The New Bernian, carrying the histories of their chapters, scraps of local history and much valuable information about the state. That issue came out last week—it is actually a gem of achievement, and it is worthy of filing away for future reference and information.

Think, too, of its endless service as it goes into every quarter of the nation where the D. A. R's have organization—what a boost it gives the livest and best state in the whole galaxy of states that makes up the grandest country on the face of the globe! By and by the world will have an appreciable knowledge of us.

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JUDGE ROBINSON.

Monday morning Ex-Judge W. S. O'B. Robinson, a leading citizen of Goldsboro, passed away at the age of 75, after several months illness with heart trouble. His funeral was conducted from the Catholic church at noon Tuesday.

Judge Robinson was a Superior Court judge for eight years; was noted for his mercy, for he had a great, good heart; in him was developed a sense of disgust and hatred for little, mean things, personal, social or political.

He was a republican from principle and not with a hope of reward. He was so eminently clean and honorable that his political allignment

never affected his friendships anywhere or to any extent—it was the real man in him that all recognized, and admired. His passing is a source of sadness to hunderds and hundreds, who had come to know the genial, lovable character.

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"HAS DUTY TO MAN BEEN FORGOTTEN?"

Thornwell Haynes adopts this question in an admirable article which he contributes to the Asheville Citizen upon the anniversary day of Christopher Columbus' arrival on the Western Continent—October 12, 1492.

His review of the material progress of North Carolina, her industries and her agriculture, makes one swell with pride. In fact, his great piece would make a most informative speech for some of us when we fill an engagement to address an audience in another state; but when he asks: "Has Duty to Man Been Forgotten?" he puts the serious-minded to deep thinking.

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"SAD AND UNNATURAL SPECTACLE."

Bishop Manning declares:

Man without faith in God is a sad and unnatural spectacle; a woman without faith in God seems even more so. Any teaching which says that we have no definite moral standard is false to Jesus Christ. The law of God does not change. Murder, theft, lying and adultery are sins against God and against human life no matter what our clever and immoral novelists and playwrights and professors of psychology may choose to say.

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Col. Lindbergh has visited the state; and great honors were accorded him. So far as has been reported, he escaped being kissed. The fact that the brave, courageous young fellow does not suffer with "big head" after all this recognition, is absolute proof of his genuine manhood.

"COMPETENT DISCIPLINESHIP."

(Oxford Friend.)

Dr. E. C. Branson, of the University of North Carolina, in the **News Letter**, has a very timely editorial on "Competent Discipleship" with a slant that few citizens seem to get. Here it is:

"Very great emphasis has been laid on the importance of competent leadership, but competent discipleship is not less important in developing communities and commonwealths. It is a sorry choice between followers without leaders and leaders without followers.

"Nobody better than Napoleon knew the importance of competent discipleship. Said he, It is not a handful of nobles or rich men that make a nation, but the mass of the people; Let the leader despise all parties, let him see only the mass; He who moves the masses changes the face of the earth; What do I care for the opinion of drawing rooms and babblers? I recognize only one opinion, that of the peasants.

"North Carolina is not suffering for lack of competent leaders. Our greatest danger lies in the lack of competent followers. A civilization cannot be safely lifted unless the levels of life for sweaty toilers can also be lifted.

"Once upon a time, jackscrews were put under every building in Chicago and the whol city lifted six feet above the swamp land of its early days. The furnace man in the basement was six feet higher up, but so also was the gentleman in the drawing-room and his wife and daughters in their boudoirs above."

Dr. Branson mentions an aspect of citizenship that not many like to touch except with tongs. Everybody wants to be a leader; everybody would like to have the highest seat and be observed of the multitude, but when it is a question of following—Oh! who wants to be a dumb-bell!

But here is exactly where it is all wrong. There is indeed a lack of competent followers, as the editorial quoted says. It is far more symptomatic of dumb-bellism to spurn the practical and invaluable virtues of following than it is to accept and utilize them in interest of the general good. One of the surest signs of incapacity is insistence on being allowed to play the role of leader or not play at all. Not a few people have an idea that leadership means brain work and taking the lion's share of the good things as perquisities of leadership, as if leadership were a form of graft. As a corollary of this stupid conception it is considered confessed inferiority to play up to the leader.

Real leadership is no sinecure. It is hard work; it means sacrifice; it metans sustaining great responsibilities. Leadership of the highest kind comes nearer to being a form of slavery than its complement of discipleship. Only the false leaders, the demagogues and shysters, those who mislead instead of lead, those whose first care is for self and whose last care is for the general good, find even relative freedom in leadership.

A second-rate general, supplied

with a large force of soldiers well equipped, intelligent, brave and thoroughly trained, can whip the greatest military genius living who has in his command only a small nondescript mob of men. Competent leadership without competent following is an impossibility.

Who is it that usually refuses to follow the plans laid down in any movement? Is it the man who is an outstanding leader in other movements. No, indeed; that sort of man make the readiest and the most competent disciple. "Just tell me what you want me to do," is about all he will ask, and he will do it. The man who wants to chew the rag and paw over the plans is the party with the least capacity for taking the lead in anything.

It is almost axiomatic that the man who can be trusted to lead is the one who has had the best success as disciple to leadership. Only such a man knows the responsibilities and the technique of putting things across for the public good. The fellow who insists on playing boss always belongs at the tail end of the procession and will not be missed if he drops out of the procession entirely. He is a proteneial source of trouble always. If, like the peevish little girl at outs with her playmates, he wants to "pick up his doll rags and go home," home is the best place for him. He has no business abroad gumming up important movements.

Intelligent disciples need never worry about leadership. Any time they can select from their own number some one to function as head very acceptably. Intelligence and willingnses acting together are always capable enough to function safely. A great leader might as well be handcuffed and tied to a stake as to try to work with a mob having no intelligent idea of discipleship.

It is far better, it is even more dignified, to be a good follower than to be a poor leader.

HAVING REFERENCE TO P. & N.

The fight, it is said, has just started, by the petitioners. In the meantime we recall what a noted Methodist preacher once said about the conditions at Marion when the Clinchfield and the Southern were at loggerheads about stopping at the junction there and the Interstate Commerce Commission refused to grant favorable action with reference to the convenience of the traveling public. The minister is quoted as saying "there are two things I have never seen the need for, one being the Interstate Commerce Commission and the other being the front seats in a church."—Mooresville Enterprise.

COMPLAINTS OF IMPORTED TEACHERS.

R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

A reader of this column, resident in one of the eastern counties asks that something be said about the "enormous number of teachers" from without the state employed in the public schools of North Carolina, while many of "our native born and home prepared teachers" are without positions. "Our own young men and women," it is further asserted, "educated at our own home instutions, with just as much character and just as fine training as those employed from outside the state," and "in many instances better prepared" for teaching, are without positions in many localites, because of the coming of so many teachers from without the state Belief is also expressed that in some instances teachers from without the state are accepted without restrictions while home teachers going to other states are resuired to show credentials. It is assumed, however, that teachers coming from other states would not, generally speaking, be accepted at face value, given such glaring preference over home talent.

It is understood in some of the summer schools this year the number of teachers coming into the state was a subject of remark among the home talent, who are of course concerned. It is also said the out-of-state teachers are attracted by the higher salaries paid in North Carolina. Of course objection can not be made to non-resident teachers simply as such, any more than objection could be made to members of other professions—doctors, lawyers, preachers, engineers, etc.—or to business men, simply because they come from other states to find a place with us. Moreover in the teaching profession many people hold that it is better for the teacher to take work outside the home community. One of the ablest teachers in our public school work, now dead, who left a splendid record of performance, avoided in so far as possible the employment of local teachers in the school of which he was long superintendent. If a non-resident teacher proved unsatisfactory, he held, a change could be made without trouble. But dropping a local teacher, with the influence of family, friends, and maybe the politicians, brought to bear, was next to impossible. This had reference, of course, only to resident local teachers. It is not necessary to go out of the state to get a non-resident of the community.

Our correspondent suggests "North Carolina teachers for North Carolina schools." Judgment here is that that is extreme and inadvisable. But if non-resident teachers are being employed in large numbers, as alleged, while equally competent home talent is left without work, there is no argument. The practice, the principle, is wrong. All things being equal, the natives should have the work. But this practice of employing strangers in preference to home folks, of sending away for things that we could get at home

often to better advantage, is as old as the hills and seems almost impossible of eradication. It is the same thing as buying from the mail order houses, or from other towns, the things we could get from the home merchant. Distance lends enchantment and that which comes from a distance, whether a suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, or a school teacher, strikes our fancy and we pass the things and the people, of equal or better value, to which we are accustomed. In the same way a stranger can sell us barrels of phony stock, or lots on the mountain top or under the sea, while we ignore the home enterprise managed by people we have known all our lives.

It's all wrong, of course. Everything being equal, as a matter of business policy and as a matter of justice, the home folks should have first chance; and pains should be taken to make certain that we can't find in home territory what we want before we accept something from abroad, instead of proceeding on the idea, as is our custom, that that which comes from outside is better.

North Carolina should get the best teachers obtainable for the money, no matter where they come from. But if the issue was raised we would declare about unanimously, and with emphasis, that we produce the best teachers to be found anywhere; or at least that they are equal to any. That being so, it is absurd to employ non-resident teachers simply because they are non-residents, which is no doubt the controlling motive in most cases, while home teachers go without work or are compelled to go where the non-residents come from and take their places. We are all familiar with the stories of the many North Carolinians who have won distinction abroad. Most of them probably went elsewhere because the home folks were not disposed to give them a chance to show what they had.

WELCOME VISITORS FROM JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

We had as visitors last week Mr. Charles E. Boger, Superintendent of Jackson Training School, Concord, Miss Vernie Goodman, Mr. W. M. White, of the stock room, and three bright young students of the institution, Guy C. Tucker, Everett M. Carter and Bill Goss. The boys were fine looking lads and presented a well-groomed, well cared for appearance. Their natty uniforms, with brass buttons, made a big hit with our boys.

Supterintendent R. L. Brown carried the visitors about the buildings and grounds of the Orphanage and they evinced a lively interest in our institution.

The Jackson Training School is doing a wonderfully fine work for 440 boys. The student visitors were surprised to find girls at the Orphanage, for the Training School is exclusively a boys' institution.

Orphanage folks were delighted to form the acquaintaince of Superintendent Boger and his party.—Oxford Friend.

HAS DUTY TO MAN BEEN FORGOTTEN?

By Thornwell Haynes.

Columbus discovered America on October 12th.

It is called Discovery Day.

It is also called North Carolina Day!

Hon. Herbert Hoover many moons ago, after a visit here, said, "North Carolina has made more progress in the last few years than any other state in the Union."

And later some one added, "The transition from an agricultural to an industrial state is just beginning."

Forbid that agriculture should even cease to exist in North Carolina! If we love the whir of the spindle, much more do we love the rustle of a cornfield!

But one must confess there is some poetry about industry. The best of steel and the throb of the engine—something therein is akin to us. I do not know that the charm of old Circero passing from vine to vine while purning his vineyard would be less if he had carried a newly patented pruning knife, nor that the flavor of the vintage would have been changed. There is poetry in the flare of the light-struck smoke of a midnight locomotive carrying its cargo of material and human wealth.

Getting The Thrill

The fact is, some of us must find something finer than the dollars made from these things else we will be very miserable. But it is not a difficult search and the rewards are not scanty. To have our emotions stirred more deeply than Shakespeare ever stirred them—to have a little thing like gasoline do it—we have only to recall Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic. In reading his book, "We" I was tempted to stop to wonder longer over the pictured skeleton monoplane which carried him across—longer perhaps than I would over Shelly's Skylark or Rodin's Thinker.

You may differ, but what I insist is that we must love something about this throbbing noise of industry else we will become prematurely weary with its hardness and harshness.

And in industry we have done many things! The value of North Carolina manufactured products in 1900 was $85,000,000. In 1926 it was more than eleven times that much, or over a billion dollars; If expressed in dollar bills and placed end on end, there would be a line of money reaching—how far? From one end of the state to the other? Its extreme length from east to west is 503 miles. Would a billion dollar bill reach it? My friend, they would reach two hundred times as far. They would reach four times around the earth, and still farther. Or, they would extend half way to the moon!

Expressed In Lumber

To match every dollar of North Carolina's annual value of manufactured products, there is cut in the State every year approximately one foot of lumber, the figures being 1,050,434,000 dollars and 1,040,735 feet of lumber respectively. The value of farm property ranks along with these figures: $1,050,227,562.

How many pounds of tobacco do

you suppose North Carolina gives to the world annually? A little more than 130 pounds to every man, woman, child and billy-goat in the State! Have you received your share? If you do not believe this, count them. There was a yield of 393,190,000 pounds in 1926, at which time the number of human souls was given at 2,858,000 and the number of goats—well, goats are not given, not the four-legged fellows; but you know there were nothing like as many goats as sheep, and of these there were 77,-000. Even allowing this many, the assertion is still found true; 130 pounds of this plant of the nightshade variety to every man, woman, child, and billy-goat ni the State!

In fact, North Carolina's annual yield of tobacco is enough to furnish nearly one-fourth of a pound to every human being on the globe—this is, reckoning the inhabitants at 1,600,000,000, the figure at which the number is often estimated. And this was all raised on 574,000 acres.

Manufactured Products

The value of cotton products manufactured in the state is now annually over $300,000,000. The value of furniture manufactured reaches over half a hundred million.

The aggregate banking resources of the State are more than half a billion, the exact figure for 1926 being 505,-891.000.

Nearly $50,000,000 was expended ni 1926 for good roads. Nearly the same amount was spent in 1925.

Something like 3,000 separate and distinct products are manufactured by North Carolina's 6,000 factories.

Undoubtedly, the State's industrial advancement has been marvelous! Has its growth in art, culture, morality, and spiritually been as great? Are our men and women nobler? Is love more prevalent, goodness more general, sympathy stronger, morals finer, and tolerance more abounding? Individually, are judges more honorable? lawyers mors upright? preachers more loyal? teachers more circumspect? In a word, are our leaders more exalted? Institutionally, what about our churches, colleges, newspapers—are these producing a knightlier citizenry?

Before these questions, on this North Carolina Day, it behooves us to stop—to stop and lift a prayer. Have we too much pride? On Armistice Day all the world stopped. Shall not we? Shall not we on our own North Carolina Day? Stop amid all our good roads, amid all our good crops, our mineral productions, our millions of dollars worth of manufactured products, our boast of history and heritage, our pride of the best in the Union—shall we not stop reverently, thankfully, and gratefully and lift a prayer? Every 12th day of October, every activity, every man woman and child in the State from Kitty Hawk to the Great Smoky mountains, should all for a given moment stop for such a prayer.

Yes, Where Are They?

Vainglory and boasting! Yours and mine! Shall we not put them awa ? I recall a speech once made by Governor Charles B. Aycock. Said he: "We have in the South today our Hills, our Lamars, our Becks, our Vests, our Vances, and our Hamptons—all of these products of the period before the war. But no man can go through the country and lay

his hand on the head of any single child and say that here is a Lamar, here is a Vance, or a Vest, or a Hill, or a Hampton, or a Beck!''

Well, why can't he? Our school buildings are bigger and better and costlier. Our yield of tobacco is more. We can hear farther over the radio. Play better football and more of it. Curl our hair in more different ways. Dance more dizzily. Get killed quicker.

What is the matter there are no heads of such children upon which a man might lay his hands? Is not youth smarter? Are not old men shoved aside sooner? To father and mother and all the sages before, is not the son a Solomon?

Alas! Has not youth become our great Giant-Killer? But despite his ability, the locomotive wins at the crossing every time. Not only have the young failed to learn, but many of the older generation have failed to learn the simplest of physical and spiritual laws, namely, that it is not in natural resources, economic and industrial achievements that we will win a greater State and greater North Carolina days!

What Will Win?

It will be the human resources which will win! The machine cannot be bigger than the man. When, in our estimation, it becomes so, we are lost! Every nation has made its exit from the stage of action through this door! The Greek worshipped too much his statues; the Egyptian too much his Pyramids; the Roman too much his law and luxuries; the German too much his sword!

Only a pen, but in the hand of a Shakespere! Only a rod, but in the hand of Moses! Only a sword but in the hand of Lee! Only a violin, but in the hand of Kreisler! Not the pen or statues or Pyramids or law and luxuries or the sword or the violin—not these! In themselves they not be bad. Just as highways and maufactured products, just as mineral and machinery, when in their proper places, are good and glorious!

The earth's and heaven's work is not done by the thing that is held in the hand. And this recalls the remark of Boreham, the great and gentle Australian divine.

''Frank,'' he said to a small boy, ''I want you to run a mesage for me. You will need to take this money, so you must be very, very careful.''

''All right,'' said the boy. ''I'll shan't lose it. I'll hold in in my hand all the way.''

As North Carolinians are proud of the past, careful of the present, and hopeful of the future, we should adopt the same expedient. ''A purse,'' says Boreham, ''may be committed to pocket or handbag; but when something very particular is to be carried, it is held in the hand all the way.''

In God's Hand

So when Richard Baxter lay dying, his friends, pitying his pain, comforted him by speaking of the good he had done by his writings. ''No,'' he said, ''I was but a pen in God's hand, and what praise is due to a pen?''

Things are useful, but Man is divine; the things we see are valuable, but only as they point us to unseen things which are of count-

less value—countless above all things! By the seen things we become possessed of the unseen. Cotton is very wonderful. In ability, perhaps the most wonderful plant known to man. In making it into the garments for the world's wear we come into contact one with another. We may talk and laugh—perchance shed tears in the production and the weaving, the buying and the selling and the wearing of it; but from such contact with our fellow man and friend come the invisible values, the supreme and worshipful graces of love and honor and truth and sympathy!

And so in the making of roads, the running of trains, the management of a city, and the building of a State! Any religion except Christianity can exist with God and one man; but Christianity—nothing less than God and two or more men. For the royal and best, both of this life and that to come, springs from the brotherhood of man!

Hunger To Be Led

It would be the bravest of badges to be a North Carolinian then—then when we recognize and acted these truths. And there is every reason why it should be done. Not one why it should not! For the righteousness and dignity within us, why should we not obey? In their heart of hearts men hunger to led. They do not hunger for coronets or crowns. In the unknown, secret recesses of our complex natures we crave the imperious. "Give us a king" is secretly every man's cry. He will not acknowledge it. But he is always the happiest when obeying. The king may outrank him in wealth, social position, or culture. Or, he may outrank the king. It does not matter. Our allegiance is not called forth by these things. Life's lofiest authorities are seldom ever enthroned.

If only the ideal of a culturally and spiritually perfect State could be that which we obey—could be our king—then what a wholesome and sane enjoyment we might have amid our industrial playthings!

It is related of James Hannington that he found himself sitting by the dying embers of his last campfire in Uganda, heroically awaiting the savage blow that so soon ended his brief pathetic life, he scrawled on a tattered scrap of paper a last message to his friends in England.

"If," it reads, "this be the last chapter of my earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly."

To be like that! If all North Carolinians were! Then not only the 12th of October, but all of North Carolina's days would be the first days of the heavenly!

IF HE CAN FIND HIS FAMILY AT HOME.

And when a maan is at home and happy with a book, sitting by his fireside, he must be a churl if he does not communicate that happiness. Let him read now and then to his wife and children. These thoughts will grow and take root in their hearts.—J. H. Friswell.

TAKING NOTE OF TOBACCO CONFAB.

Tom Bost is always interesting. It's a mighty dry subjecct into which he fails to weave a human-interest coloring.

Quite a number of tobacco farmers, distressed over the prices they are receiving. held a meeting recently in Winston-Salem. They are alleged to have invited a number of prominent speakers to meet with them. Mr. Bost takes this occasion to do some observing and making his characteristic comments. This is Mr. Bost's story, as it apppeared in the Greensboro News:

Max Gardner behaving beautifully in Shelby and not "meanin' of no harm to nobody in the world," finds himself more talked about today than cotton and tobacco, two of the biggest Tar Heel fools in the whole United States, if not the everlasting globe.

For Mr. Gardner without doing anything more than making a religious speech at Davidson college, giving a $1,000 to the Baptists in Cleveland, or leading his Bible class in the First Baptist church of Shelby, is always in the public mind. He is doing his best to round out his work as farmer and lawyer in Shelby so that when he comes to Raleigh to govern he will have nothing but governing on his mind. He craves to be known as the "friendly governor," not because that sounds good, but because he knows of governors who are reputed to be a little shy on warmth. And then he knows other governors who have had heat enough without the friendship. Anyway, Gardner is trying his best to be undisturbed by politics until he gets into the serious business into which politics has hurled, or will in time, have catapulted him.

Gardner's clever telegram to the farmers who were to gather at Winston-Salem recently and resolve against low priced tobacco got him maneuvered into a position which nobody else had to take. There is Josiah William Baily, for instance. He is master of phrase, but he uttered none. There is Governor McLean, who had just come from Winston-Salem. He was there the night of Lindy's big show and all that he had to do was to go to bed. But Governor McLean doesn't make everybody marvel. Gardner does. If there is a strike while he is lieutenant governor, it is his misfortune to be saddled with the settlement when he has not been given the responsibility. If there is a woman suffrage issue and he goes with the world, it is his luck to be kicked in the provinces that will have none of his heresy. If there is an Al Smith question up, somebody is calling for a statement from him about that. And if tobacco tumbles, the Shelby statesman is called on that.

But one of these days there is going to be a story of Gardner which will tell a good deal about him. Most of the things written about him have been based on football which he played in college, or speeches that he has made since he left the academic at-

mosphere. The narrative wont be very personal, it will be a general sort of sketch which concerns him largely as a product of Cleveland county. The community will be the real subject and Gardner just a product of it.

That history will of course tell how Gardner leaving college and going to work with a debt of nearly $2,000, and without father and mother went to work at the law and the farm, and 20 years later has become a rich man, much wealthier than he ever tried to be. There will be a good deal written about his interests in tobacco stocks and cotton and silk mills. There will be many inferences that he has capitalized upon his vast friendships and built fortune on them. But the Cleveland county neighbors will tell the world that Gardner has made his wealth among them and that his county has been big enough to grow a great many more like him.

Gardner never told anybody in the world this story, so far as anybody can recall; he certainly never told it to anybody on the Daily News. But the neighbors who speak up for Gardner tell it. The friends of Max Gardner has been Charley Blanton, president of the First National Bank of Shelby, a gentleman whose touch is golden always. That banker is kinsman and everlasting friend. Gardner is just one of a hundred whom this kindly man, always man before moneylender, has set up and held up until standing was possible. When the history of Gardner is written there must be a chapter on Charley Blanton.

And, of course, on Shelby and Cleveland county. Take that Blanton bank. It has $250,000 capital, it has $250,000 surplus undivided profits. It has $5,000,000 resources. That is a big bank for any sort of town, but for Shelby it is enormous. And with all its wealth it probably goes away as often as any of them to get money for the needs of Cleveland. Gardner is a director in that bank. He got there by making it elsewhere.

And banks don't fail in Cleveland. If there ever has been a financial collapse the citizens have forgotten it.

Bottomed on agriculture, they have the fundamental excellences. Their agriculture always has been prosperous and their small towns are rich and overflowing. Nobody in Shelby carries grouch or grievance. And when one of the boys runs for office everybody whirls in and votes for him.

One driving through Cleveland at night sets the sensation of passing through a great city when it is at bed. There are more than 900 country homes which are lighted by electricity. You can't get lost in that county by night or day. Gardner is a development of Cleveland. It is not exactly fair to him to make him the exotic plant of Forsyth or Cabarrus or Fairfax.

Don't sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to back up and be milked—go after the cow.—Elbert Hubbard.

PLACE FOR ANNUAL CONVENTION SELECTED.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina Sunday School Association, held in Greensboro on Tuesday night, October 11th, an invitation was accepted to hold the Annual State Sunday School Convention in Concord on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, April 10, 11 and 12, 1928. This invitation was presented by F. C. Niblock, of Concord, on behalf of the Sunday School workers of that city. The invitation was concurred in by members of the Concord Ministerial Association, Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club, and also the Chamber of Commerce President, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and the President of the Cabarrus County and Concord township Sunday School Associations.

Attending the meeting of the committee in Greensboro on Tuesday were L. W. Clark, Spray; C. M. Van Poole, Salisbury; J. W. Atkins, Gastonia: C. F. Finch, Thomasville; F. F. Myrick, Greensboro; F. C. Niblock, Concord; W. L. Ward, Asheboro; R. G. Vaughan, Greensboro; Mrs. H. A. White, High Point; and D. W. Sims, Raleigh.

According to the report sumbitted to the committee by D. W. Sims, General Superintendent, considerable progress is being made in the work of the North Carolina Sunday School Association. The report covered six months, from April 1 to September 30, and showed that in the six months eighty-nine counties had held County Sunday School Conventions in which a total of 1,351 Sunday Schools had been represented by an estimated attendence of 20,301 people. Among those attending the conventions were 343 pastors, 650 Sunday School superintendents, and 3,175 teachers and officers.

The report showed further that in the six months 229 Township Sunday School Conventions and Institutes had been held, and that this number was 20 more than reported for the same period in any previous year.

WHAT POWER?

"Has Congress power over oil?" asks a financial writer.

Why not? It has power over drink. Why not over fuel? Why not over oil, milk, clothes, or anything else generally consumed. But the question is not as to the power to Congress over oil. The question is as to the power that erexcises power over Congress.—Reidsville Review.

MANLY SELF-CONTROL.

Dr. Henry Louis Smith, President of Washington and Lee University
A Frank Talk to Young Men.

In order that man may maintain his individual existence, preserve the continuity of his race, and develop an ordered civilization the all-wise Creator has endowed him with three elemental, universal, and necessary instincts or hungers.

These are bodily appetite or Food-hunger, the mating instinct or Sex-hunger, and the love of individual possession of Property-hunger.

These divinely implanted and universal instincts are not only necessary to the perpetuation of the human race and its civilization. They are also in themselves essentially wise and beneficial. Rightly used they immeasurably advance the happiness and welfare of the race.

Each of these instincts is not only natural and divinely created, but also beneficial and in no sense sinful or degrading. Each of them, when refined, controlled and spiritualized, may prove the red-clay soil out of which grow into blossom and fragrance the fairest flowers of hospitality and chivalry of the noblest personal character, of social charm, and of Christian brotherhood and self-sacrifice.

The missuse of these elemental instincts or their uncontrolled mastery of the human animal unchains every devilish instinct, undermines and destroys the home and the home-circle, turns human beings into beasts of prey, fills our jails, hospitals, and insane asylums with human wreckage, and extinguishes every trace of the divine in human nature and in human behavior.

Surely for a young American like yourself, standing on life's threshold, whose whole future career depends on his use or missuse of these elemental instincts, there can be no study in all the realm of human knowledge more important, more insistent, more immediately practical than a careful examination of his individual relationship to these God-given, destiny-creating, all-impelling instincts, these imperious and imperial individual hungers.

Let me briefly recall and review them, leaving each youthful mind and heart to think the matter through or reach unshakable convictions of personal duty, and then with iron resolution to transform these fixed convictions with daily habits and noble personal self-mastery.

Temperance

The first of these instincts is food-hunger, the body's instinctive craving for food and drink.

This craving is universal, honorable, wisely implanted, and necessary to human existence. It is man's greatest incentive to fruitful activity and daily labor.

With wise control and proper gratification, bodily appetite gives the human being growth, health, grace, vigor, happiness, long life, and freedom from a thousand pains and weaknesses.

When idealized, spiritualized and refined, this same animal instinct and habit of feeling the body becomes the

chief social bond of the home-circle, the source and insipration of hospitality and friendship and generosity of self-forgetful social intercourse. Eating food together, thus spiritualized becomes the very pledge of mutual loyalty and of self-forgetting fidelity.

This same bodily desire, if set free and unguided, is like the blessed hearth fire when turned loose to devour the home and dstroy the home-circle. Uncontrolled animal appetite creates the glutton, the drunkard, the dope-fiend, the raving maniac, the devil in human form. The wild beast snarling over his prey, attacking all who approach, untamed, selfish, unwilling to curb and guide and control hs natural longing for food and drink. Let every young American, in his whirlwind era of self-indulgence, learn to control and spiritualize his bodily hungers before they control and degrade and devilize him.

Continence

The second of these divinely-implanted instincts is the Mating-instinct between men and women on which the preservation of the human race depends. As food-hunger maintains the life of the individual, so sex hunger is the divinely-chosen method of preserving the life of the human race. Without it our human family would soon become as extinct as the mammoth or the mastodon of earlier geologic eras.

There is no human instinct more imperious than love between the sexes, and none more wisely ordained for the happiness and welfare as well as for the perpetuation of the human race.

Although rooted in the rank, red clay of our animal nature, the mating instinct is not itself degrading or sinful or unworthy or unfortunate. It may develop and flower into all that is richest and highest and sweetest in manhood and womanhood. When rightly controlled, guided, and spiritualized, it is the fruitful source of home joys and the home-circle, of parental love and filial devotion, of chivalry and poetry, of music and art and romace, of spiritual hope and faith and aspiration, of the complex loyalties and traditions that weld the warring individuals of the human race into a close-knit social whole.

This same all-powerful instinct when uncontrolled and unguided tramples all human culture and courtesy and self-restraint into the foul mire of man's brute nature. When warped or psychologically perverted it makes him a degenerate more loathsome than any beast, more cruel than any imagined devil of the pit.

It cripples the human body with horrible diseases, whose fatal effects on home and children and innocent womanhood, now hidden from public knowledge by universal lying and so-called professional "ethics," make the much advertized ravages of tuberculosis seem almost negligible in comparison. It is the overwhelming and universal curse of modern civilization.

Young America on the threshold of manhood, our criminal conspiracy of universal silence under the screen of social "propriety" has proved a ghastly failure and our whole land is filled with human wreckage, blighted homes, and blasted hopes, creat-

ed by this home-fire when it escapes control.

Let me warn you that the only safe path of morality, of safety and of stainless honor amid these perils is rigid and self-controlled chastity, reserving your own manly purity for an equally virgin mate in the founding of an ideal home and the rearing in such a home as the product of such a blessed union a group of unblighted young Americans to become leading citizens of the better America of Tomorrow.

Let this be your impelling purpose, this your cherished ideal, this your inflexible determination.

Honesty

The third of these elemental and univesral instincts is Property-Hunger, the desire of personal ownership, the passion for acquisition. It is the impelling motive-power which drives the vast and complex machinery of individual and corporate labor. It is the underlying basis of our whole modern civlization, of our art and architecture, of our manifold activties, of our inventions, manufactures and machinery. Wisely guided and controlled, it preserves the treasures of the past, inspires each toiling generation to add its due proportion to the accumulated riches of the race, and thus tends to banish poverty, and want and to make the average human being happier, more comfortable and richer with every passing generation. This is the effect of the ardent desire for property when it is controlled by justice and morality, when it is glorified by love and brotherhood and public spirit.

When uncontrolled or perverted this same desire poisons and degrades the individual and undermines the whole fabric of moral character and material civilization. It is the most formidable and appalling problem of our present complex American lfe. It has filled our land with policemen and detectives, with jails and penitentiaries, and with an elaborate system of courts and trials and lawyers and law-machinery.

The uncontrolled desire of other people's property turns men into beasts of prey. It is the source of two-thirds of all our lawlessness and crime and poverty and human misery. It is the chief originator of every form of human oppression and human slavery. It everywhere forces the weaker to the wall and grinds the life out of helpless women, defenceless lower classes, and dependent children.

Let every young American in this age of unbridled luxury and business competition firmly resolve that every business engagement he makes shall be honorably fulfilled, every debt fully paid, every transaction, not merely legally, but justly, morally and honorably carried through.

Such Christian living in the world of business would proclaim Christ wtih trumpet tongue to influential citizens whose mind and heart no preaching evangelist could ever reach. Not creedal theology but practical, every-day Christianity is the call and need of the 20th century.

These are the three divinely-given instincts that sway and swing and mould and transform our immortal characters and our social circles.

May each of them rightly valued and utilized become to you and to me not the devilish master of a beastly slave but the loyal and effective servant of a regal manhood.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart: Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.—Henry VanDyke.

LUNAR SCENERY.

(Thomas R. Henry, in Washington Star)

The conception of visits to other worlds, which long has exercised the imagination of scientific romance writers, is considered in accurate detail in the forthcoming report of the Smithsonian Institution in a paper prepared by Lucien Rudaux, celebrated astronomer.

The first point the voyager would visit, he points out, would be the moon, 239,000 miles away. The astronomer knows a great deal of the landscape of the moon and the traveler probably would find little that he could not have been told about before he started. He would be in a land of high, steep mountains not greatly different from the rougher mountaineous regions of the earth, and of great monotonous gray plains, utterly devoid of life, broken here and there by immense fissures whose gigantic proportions have no parallel on earth.

If he landed in the lunar daytime, he would look upon the circular disk of the sun shining in an ink-black sky with all the stars clearly visible around it. But these stars will not twinkle. He would see every detail of the landscape, near and far as his eyes could reach, with the same sharpness. There would be no softening of the view in the distance, because there is no air on the moon.

If the voyager was there at sunrise he would witness a far different spectacle than that familiar to the inhabitants of the earth. First would appear above the horizon a radiant band of light, the sun's corona. Next would come giant rose-colored flames and then the disk of the sun itself.

In the sky there would be one great disk of light thirteen times larger than the moon appears from the earth—the earth itself, which is the moon's moon.

HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

By C. C. Hermann, in Young Folks.

Frank Morrison sat silently before his open desk, his chin resting in the palm of his hand, his elbow holding down a sheet of paper which would otherwise be blown across the little office by the stiff breeze which came in the open window. The typewritten words on that sheet of paper were cruel words. They stood out in bold relief, due to the double spacings and the free use of capitals, yet to his tear-bedimmed eyes they were hardly visible. At last he raised his face to the top of the desk. The worried look disappeared form his face, the tears cleared from his deep blue eyes. A smile crept over his manly features. With a hand but a moment before trembling, now firm, he brushed the straggling locks of brown hair from his forehead.

"Well, Mumsy," he said to himself, as he gazed at the picture of his aged mother, "I guess that means you and I'll have to move. Funny how we are forced about from time to time, isn't it, Mumsy? First Chicago, then Omaha, now Detroit. What city next, Mumsy? Name it and we'll go at once."

The picture seemed to smile down upon him and he arose to pick it up and implanted a kiss on the wrinkled cheek. Mrs. Morrison had left Frank a year before. It was a terrible blow to the struggling photographer. He was was located in Chicago then, had just opened up a little place in the suburbs. I wasn't much of a shop but it took every cent Frank and his mother possessed. Likewise it took every cent the little shop could bring to lay his mother's body in a decent manner by the side of his father who had preceded her by five years. From then forward Frank had been buffeted about from one job to another but he ever took with him that photograph of his mother which he had been privileged to make with his first set-up as a professional photographer.

"I tried hard, Mumsy, to please them here. I liked the place but it seems it was not for me. Everything was all right until that department store job came along." Frank was in the habit of confiding everything to his mother and now that he could not enjoy the direct privilege he was wont to go over his daily troubles while standing before her picture. The tears came once more in the blue eyes as he said, "But, Mumsy, I couldn't do it. No man living could have done the thing he wanted. Why! He call me for an apointment at six-fifteen and expected me to take six light sets in fifteen minutes. The best I could do would be one in that length of time. It takes a lot of time to set the lights in a crowded basement and take a picture. Of course Mumsy we can't expect everybody to know all about this photography business, but the owner of this shop should have known. He knows as well as I that it would have been impossible to do the work in that time. And there the department store manager had held all his clerks

overtime. It would have taken at least one and one-half hours to take the pictures and he wanted them taken in fifteen minutes.

"He got real insulting, Mumsy, when I told him I could not do the work in that time. You know, Mumsy, that the owner of this shop is the mayor of our city. Well, he called today and said M. Ward had put in a complaint. I told him the conditions and said that if I had taktn the pictures the way Ward wanted them taken they would have been no good. I thought everything was settled until this letter came, Mumsy. And now Im fired. I'm not manager of this photograph shop any more. I'll have to move again and I'll take you with me, Mumsy." He sat down again before the desk. The injustice of the whole thing appalled him. But he was helpless. His time would expire the first of the month and that was two days off.

Frank arose, slipped into his street clothes and locked the shop. He stopped at a lunch counter in a nearby side street where Joe Butters and his sister Grace served ham sandwiches and other light foods. "Hello, folks!" he called as he entered.

"Hello, Frank!" called Grace from her position before the griddle. "What'll it be, Frank?" she added as she turned the hamburger and sliced onions.

"Oh not much, Grace. Just a hamburger and a cup of coffee, I guess," said Frank.

She turned to look toward him. Noticing her action and not being sure that his jovial remark upon entering had covered his innermost thoughts he turned his head as though to look out the little window.

"Well land sakes! Have you caught another cold?" she asked.

"No! Why do you ask?" said Frank.

"Your voice sounds like you've either caught a cold or you've been crying," she replied as she once more turned to her work.

He laughed or attempted to do so and failed. "A cold I guess," he said aloud.

"Not much," said Grace, as she faced him. "Come clean, Frank. Haven't Joe and I known you long enough and been friends good enough for you to share your troubles with with us. Now tell me what's up."

"I'm fired, Grace," he said, and then proceeded to explain how it came about.

She placed a dimpled hand on either rounded hip. "Well of all things. You're not worrying about that sort of a job, are you? I'm sure I wouldn't. I'd be glad to have found the old fellow out."

They both laughed and Frank felt better.

"Well, I'll run along now. I'll need to keep my eyes peeled for another job now," said Frank as he opened the door to go.

"Say! Why don't you buy that place just below here, Frank? It would make you a good place and no doubt you'd make money there," said Grace.

"Me buy a place? Say! I'll do well to have a meal ticket after Saturday," said Frank.

As he passed out upon the street and headed homeward he saw an

aged and bent form standing on the curb, hesitant, uncertain, waiting for the traffic to pass and allow her to cross.

"Well' Granny, are you stranded?" asked Frank as he came up.

"Yes, son. I don't know how I'm going to get across," she answered, in a feeble voice.

"You're rather far from home, aren't you?"

"Yes. I came down to get a quarter's worth of potatoes, but somehow I lost the quarter. It was all the money I had," she said sadly.

"Wait a minute, I'll get the potatoes for you, Granny," said Frank as he hurried back to the grocery store on the corner. He returned in a few minutes with the package and then taking the old lady by the arm helped her across the street and to her home a block distant. As she turned in at her gate he handed her the potatoes and pressed a bill in her hand.

"Thanks, son," she said and smiled up into his face.

Her smile made his heart glad and he forgot all about his own plight in the pleasure which came from helping others. Later in the evening he walked the three blocks which separated his boarding place from the city park. Here he lay on the grass gazing up into the star filled dome of heaven. Tears gathered in the clear blue eyes as he wondered if Mumsy were watching him as intently as he was searching the heaven for her. He ran his hand into his pocket and withdrew a half-dollar, all that existed between him and poverty with the exception of his photograph of Mumsy and he withdrew this from his shirt bosom and lay it on the grass, open before him. He could see the smiling features of his mother by the light of a distant street lamp and they seemed to sanction all that he had done. After a while he arose and returned to his room and to bed.

As he came down next morning his landlady informed him that Old Lady Saunders was waiting for him on the porch. He went out at once and greeted the old lady. "What's wrong, Mrs. Saunders?" he inquired as he stroked the wrinkled hand.

"Bob's very sick, son," she replied. "The doctor asked me to get some medicine but I hain't got the money."

"How much will it cost?" asked Frank. Ordinarily he did not make such inquiry; however, his treasury was nearly depleted, as his inventory of the previous evening had disclosed.

"Fifty cents," reteurned Mrs. Saunders.

Without hesitation Frank withdrew his last fifty-cent piece and handed it to the woman. "Hope Bob gets along all right," said Frank.

"Thank you, son. Thank you," as she hobbled down the steps and in the direction of home.

Frank watched the bent form disappear around the corner of the house and then made his departure for downtown. He walked the entire distance and opened the studio without having had breakfast. Not that he was not hungry, but because he was now without money and he did not wish to ask for credit at Joe's stand.

The day wore steadily away. He

went without dinner and as the sup per hour drew near he felt a steady gnaw in his stomach. "Well another day and then I can go out and locate a job which will at least pay me enough to live on," said Frank. "If I had not signed that commission contract I would have been in better condition financialy now," he mused.

The evening paper was thrown into the office by the newsboy and Frank turned its pages idly until he came to the classified section. He scanned the help wanted column but found nothing in the photography line. As he was on the verge of closing the paper he came across an ad offering a photograph studio for sale. Out of curosity he read the ad. It was a very inducing offer, according to the ad. He closed the studio and went out upon the street. Unconsciously he walked in the direction of the advertised studio and as he came opposite it he stopped to look it over.

"Not a bad place" he admitted to himself. "I wonder how much they would ask for a place like that?" He looked up and down the street, too. I wish I could afford a place like this, but no chance. Well there's no harm in making some inquries anyhow," he said as he passed within the studio.

An elderly woman came forward as he entered the studio.

"This place is for sale?" inquired Frank.

"Yes," said the old lady. "What name, please?"

"Frank Morrison," he replied, "late of the Fifth Avenue Studio."

"Will you wait just a moment?" she said and dissapeared into another room to the rear. A few moments later she returned.

"You would like to look the place over ?" she asked.

"Well, yes," said Frank, hesitating.

"This way please," she said and Frank was shown about the studio. "How do you like it?" she asked as they entered the sales room again.

"Fine. Everyting one could wish for," said Frank. "And now the price?"

She eyed him closely. "The price," she said , "is two hundred dollars. But," she hastened to add, "I am willing to give you plenty of time to take care of that." She accented the later part of the remark and he looked up very much interested,

"I don't understand," he said. "You will give me, a perfect stranger, plenty of time to take care of the payments. Is that in the nature of a bribe?"

"Not at all. I happened to know considerable about you, Mr. Morrison," she replied.

"She knows considerable about me,"repeated Frank to himself. "I wonder what she means." Aloud he said , "But do you know me well enough to trust me to that extent. Of course," he added. "there is the equipment as security, unless I should suddenly sell it and skip," he smiled.

"I know enough about you to know that you would not do that," she said.

"Then she must know considerable about me," thought Frank. Aloud he said,"I'll take the place. When can we arrange to have the necessary papers drawn up?"

He received another surprise in her answer.

"No papers are necessary, Mr. Morrison. I am trusting you entirely. Furthermore, I am sure that my trust is not being misplaced."

Frank was soon ensconced in his new place of business and business was brisk. Frank stood in front of the studio one morning a few days later. The world seemed bright indeed to him. Some of the best people of the city were his patrons. The cash was flowing in a steady stream into his till.

"How's business?" inquired his neighbor on the right. It was Tony who operated a silk hose shop and who was enjoying an immense business.

"Fine! Fine, Tony," said Frank. "How's everything with you?"

"My business is better since you came over here,," said Tony. "Before you came my trade was just fair but with all the rich people who come to your studio that makes my business so much better."

"How was business with the studio before I took it over, Tony?" asked Frank. Queer that he had not thought of making such inquiry before.

"Oh, that man, he was no good," said Tony.

"But I bought the place from a woman," said Frank. "Mrs. Ellison.'

"Oh, yes. She buy the place the same day she sell to you," said Tony.

That was news to Frank. He became inquisitive. "How much did she pay?" inquired Frank.

"Well, let me see? As I remember Jordon said she gave him six thousand dollars for the entire place, business and all."

"Whew!"said Fank as he turned and disappeared within the studio.

The day was an extra busy one and it was late when Fraank closed the studio and appeared at Joe's stand for his cup of hot coffee and sandwiches.

"Well! How's business, Frank?" queried Grace as he caame in.

"Rushing," said Frank. "I've been busy every minute of the day."

"Good! I'm sure glad to know that luck is turning your way, Frank," she returned."We've had good business, too, lately."

Frank drank his coffee and then departed for the home of Mrs. Ellison. He had decided that he wanted several matters made clear to him.The news Tony had given him had aroused his curosity. At last he reached the large brown stone building at the head of Forty-ninth Street and a servant answered his ring He handed in his card and was ushered into the library where Mrs. Ellison soon made her appearanace.

"Mrs. Ellison,' said Frank, slightly nervious. "I heard something today which sounded rather odd to me and I thought I would come ont to see if you would explain."

"Why certainly," replied Mrs. Ellison in a kindly tone that placed him at his ease.

"What is it?"

"Tony the fellow who has his bus iness next door, told me this morning that you bought the studio from a fellow named Jordon the same day you sold it to me," said Frank.

"Why, yes, I did that," said Mrs. Ellison.

"But I don't understand why you should pay over six thousand dollars

for the place and sell it to me for two hundred,'' continued Frank.

''That is a long story,'' replied the kindly woman. ''However, since you request an explanation I shall try to satisfy you. I happened in the Fifth Avenue Studio the day you were telling your mother about your being discharged. You did not see me enter or leave. Your faith in your mother inspired me to do this. I felt the urge to help you, that is all my boy.''

''Large tears stood in Frank's eyes as he took the outstretched hand of hin benefactor. ''I certainly appreciate what you have done, Mrs. Ellison,'' said Frank. His further thanks were obstructed by a lump which appeared in his throat.

''There! There! I am glad that I could do something like this for you,'' said Mrs. Ellison in her motherly way.

''But you must allow me to pay you the full price you paid for the studio,'' said Frank after a brief silence.

''Don't let that bother you just now, Mr. Morrison. You can take care of that later,'' she replied as he shook her hand in parting.

Late that evening Frank entered his room at the boarding house and by the light of the moon shinning through his open window he looked with loving eyes on the picture of his mother. She smiled that same unfading smile up at him, and as her features dimmed through his tear filled eyes, he said, ''Well, Mumsy, I guess we won't need to move anymore''

TRIUMPHANT TRUTH.

Truth never dies. The ages come and go;
The mountains wear away; the seas retire;
Destruction lays earth's mighty cities low;
And empires, states and dynasties expire;
But, caught and handed onward by the wise,
Truth never dies.

Though unreceived and scoffed at through the years;
Though made the butt of ridicule and jest;
Though held aloft for mockery and jeers;
Denied by those of transient power possessed;
Insulted by the insolence of lies—
Truth never dies.

It answers not; it does not take offense,
But with a mighty silence bides its time;
As some great cliff that braves the elements,
And lifts through all the storms its head sublime.
And never dies.

—Unknown.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Joseph Johnson, a member of the tenth cottage, was paroled last week.

The winter shoes and socks were distributed among the boys last Monday.

Mr. Carriker and a number of boys have been repairing and replacing the stoves in the cottages lately.

The finishing touches are being appiled to the new receiving cottage, which we hope will be opened soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carriker have gone to Florida, "The Land of Flowers," on their vacation. We all hope they have a fine trip.

Owing to the absence of Mrs. Hobby, Mr. Black has been teach-the boys of her school room.

Football season is here at last! The boys who go to the ball ground after school are now enjoying this game very much.

Mr. J. H. Hobby has gone on a trip to Memphis, Tenn., to a cattle show. Mr T. H. Talbert now has charge of the dairy force.

Many of the matrons worked hard lately to get their flowers fixed up for the cold weather which came so suddenly last week. We hope that they do not have bad luck and lose them all.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Black are the latest addition to our "officer and matron staff." They have charge of the fifth cottage during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Carriker. We are glad to have them here and hope they will like their "new job."

The weather has turned considerably cooler here lately, in fact the boys have brought forth their blankets and jackets. Most of the boys are glad to see it colder, as they can work better than in the summer.

Owing to the cold weather and fear of frost, a number of boys gathered about twenty-five or thirty bushels of green tomatoes and distributed them to the diffenert cottages for the use of making "chow" or allowing to ripen, as they choose.

Judge W. M. Yorke and Mr. McCoy, of Greensboro, were visitors of the institution last Thursday afternoon. They were escorted over the buildings and grounds by Manning Spell, one of the office boys. They complimented on the finery and neatness of the School. We were glad to see them and hope they will pay us another visit some time in the future.

Last Tuesday morning we had a surprise. The management of the Star Theatre, Concord, gave us a picture. We have been seeing one every Thursday night, but this was an "extra." It was entitled "What Price Glory?" It showed many war scenes, soldiers and the Marines in different parts of the world, and others of

interest. It was a twelve reel picture, quite a long one, as well as interesting. It was enjoyed by all the boys and officers. We wish to thank Mr. Means for making it possible for us to enjoy this great picture.

"Elijah in Naboth's Vineyard," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. It seems that Ahab wanted to enlarge the grounds of his summer palace at Jezreel, but discovered that a certain vineyard stood in the way. It was owned by a sturdy citizen, Naboth, who refused to sell it, because it had been in the family for many generations. Ahab, like a child, returned to his palace, threw himself face downward, and refused to eat. Under the queen's direction the land was taken by force. The golden text for this lesson was: "Be sure your sins will find you out."—Num. 32:23.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Is anybody happier
  Because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
  This day is almost over
And its toiling time is through;
  Is there anyone to utter now
A kindly word for you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting
  To the friend who came along?
Or churlish sort of "Howdy.'
  And then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple,
  As you passed along the way?
Or is someone mighty grateful
  For a deed you did today?—Selected.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., O[illegible], 1927. No. 41

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THE LITTLE THORNS.

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
  The little pricking thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair;
  The twang of truths well worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain;
  The darling plan o'erturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
  The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care, dear Lord, today,
  Lest all these fretting things
Make needless grief, oh, give us, pray,
  The heart that trusts and sings.

—*Selected.*

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"GETTING EVEN."

Some of the finest friendships of the world have been ruined by the desire to "get even." There is an animal hunger in us that calls for revenge, but revenge has no place in love, especially in the hearts of Christians.

There is a divine way of being human. It will enable people to live happily together if they will practice it. I will state it thus: Endeavor to out-do each other in doing good to each other!

There is much in every home that calls for forbearance. Some time each day you and I ought to forgive and forget. If a polecat gets into your cellar, you are in two difficulties: (1) *It is unpleasant to have him there, and* (2) *you do not dare to drive him out. The best thing to do is to leave the door open and allow him to walk out.—Dr. J. W. Holland.*

"ODIOUS."

The findings and recommendations of Examiner Davis, made to the Interstates Commerce Commission, are pronounced by the advocates of the completion of the P. & N. Railroad as "Odious." That's a very mild characterization. Davis will not do. He lacks ability to understand, or, lacking courage, he plays into the hands of powerful interests that doubtless felt certain during the hearing of this matter in the Charlotte meeting that "nothing would be doing."

Any organization, or council or commission that would accept a report that thwarts the just desires of the representatives of two great states, prevents development of industrial growth and insults the dignity of laudable endeavor, would merit impeachment.

More and more the nuisances arising from too much commission form

of government are becoming apparent and a liberty-loving people have reasons to resent it. It smacks too much of the nature of a monarchy and kingdom.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

W. S. LEE.

Immediately after the close of the Edison Celebration, Friday evening, the Charlotte broadcasting station introduced Mr. W. S. Lee, the head man of the Southern Power Company, to the audience which was enjoying the unusually entertaining and instructive electric development program of the evening.

Mr. Lee is a mighty asset to the South—in fact one of the outstanding abilities of the late James B. Duke was demonstrated in his selection of able men to put into action his great plans.

Mr. Lee's address is so informative and breathes the spirit of hope for the future that we find it good to pass on to our readers, who were not able to get it first-handed over the radio. It appears in another column of this number of The Uplift.

Very able himself and a tireless worker there is reason to believe that Mr. Lee will not entertain a let-up in the great hydro-electric development, which the great Duke in his life time made possible. They may at times be hindered for a season by interference by numb-skulled commissions, who at times get drunk on a little lodged authority.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

NO SHORT CUTS TO FAME.

It has been, observes the Richmond News-Leader, a great year for attempted short cuts to fame. A quiet, gentlemanly young air mail pilot interested a few St. Louis people in a trans-Atlantic flight, raised $13,500, flew to New York, crossed the Atlantic, and since that time has declined business offers of at least $2,000,000, and has been acclaimed as war-heroes never were in the greatest cities of two continents. Emulous of him and of Byrd, and far more anxious than they to acquire fame overnight, a goodly company essayed the same journey or else challenged the broad Pacific on flights to Hawaii. Their names, their fate, their quarrels, their peculiarities, even the lip-stick of one of the number, have been on the front page.

Some of that company may be remembered for a generation and then will find a place in the foot-notes to history. These are the men who

thought more about results than about glory. The rest will be forgotten before the year's end, because they have proceeded on a false premise. They have assumed that a deed makes a life. It does not. It is the life that makes the deed. Lindbergh's twenty-five years of life in the logic of high endeavor to the moment when he took off for Paris. Dick Byrd schoole himself for two decades before he undertook the expedition to the North Pole. They succeeded because of their mental discipline, as surely as because of the excellence of their equipment or the adequacy of their preparations. It is so with every man who mounts upward, whether he climbs to the heights or walks the humbler ridges of achievement. Any man can screw up his courage to one great attempt, if the prize be large. Every man is emotionally capable of one sacrifice. Only a coward fails to show manhood in a test, where right and wrong are clear and spectators look on. Rarely is a life shaped by these things. It is by the daily exercise of the will, by the hourly discipline of the mind, by the constant communion of the heart that a great life is made. The measure of real success is the standard of daily performance.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

GOODNESS IN ACTION.

The great human heart must bow to the acts of kindness and mercy which men do through life. In another part of this number you will find an interesting story by Virginia Terrell. She has visited a factory maintained by Mr. Seely, of Grove Park Inn fame. Mr. Seely himself has been a man of fortunate association.

Men do their acts of personal kindness in different manner and by various means. Mr. Seely is devoting the profits of his factory in the interest of crippled childhood.

Mr. Duke established a Foundation that promotes hospitals for the treatment of the indigent; he provided for aged and worn-out preachers; he is building the greatest educational plant in the South, if not in America. Mr. Benjamin Duke, still in the flesh, is aiding materially educational causes and other worthy objects.

Mr. Charlie Johnston put up a splendid building at Barium Springs Orphanage; and quietly he's doing other superb deeds of helpfulness that the world knows nothing about.

Mrs. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, is never without an object of her love and concern to which she liberally contributes.

Jas. A. and Bowman Gray gave to the Orphanage at Winston-Salem a much needed building—remembering with love the devotion their sainted father bore them.

Mrs. J. W. Cannon, when disaster through fire reached the Jackson Training School, cheerfully gave $50,000 for the erection of our administration building; and not content with this some fo her children furnshed said building most handsomely at a cost of near unto $9,000. All of these were cheerfully done.

Mrs. Cameron Morrison donated a splendid building to Queen's College —done gracefully and making no great to-do about it.

Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, we understand in a round-about way, is building an ideal camp at Blowing Rock for the benefit of certain Y. M. C. A. boys.

The foregoing are just some of the recent benefactions that we recall off-handed, which Miss Terrill's article suggested. There are others, of course, but these be enough to permit The Uplift to make a comment which is uppermost in our system at this moment. It is this: Men and women, whom God has blessed, and whose genius has led them into affluence, are having a big, jolly time in doing deeds of mercy and kindness to causes in the interest of humanity.

Goodness today, in spirit, is at a greater speed than ever before. We glory in the prosperity of our fellows—for every time prosperity overtakes an indvidual, an agent of mercy and helpfulness springs into action.

Down-right selfishness and miserliness are losing out—there is no room or need for croakers, pessimists and grouches.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

FITTING RECOGNITION.

Friday night of last week carried an event that was pleasing. By the action of forty-three outstanding broadcasting stations uniting to put on an Edison Celebration afforded millions of Americans the privilege and pleasure to do honor to a great American—Edison.

The short interviews which Edison submitted to over these radios was fascinating. The grand old man admitted promptly that he wouldn't object to living over his life again and that he thought it useless to deal too much advice to the young—"they don't care for being ruled."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

That little saleslady, who balked at telling a story to the effect that a certain garment was "imported" when she knew it was made in the es-

tablishment where she worked, is pure gold; and her employer, though somewhat freakish, soon sized her at her true worth. In this number you will find the story wherein a needy person withstood temptation and won. It pays everywhere.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

We are personally fond of Editor Clarance Poe, of the Progressive Farmer, and we admire him for his splendid contribution to human progress and his most wonderful achievements; but we protest against further use of a supposed likeness of the editor now in use. We demand that he secures one that does justice to him and one, thereby, that his hosts of admires can recognize without seeing the name.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A ride into the country, in any direction, at this season affords one the privilege of seeing gorgeous pictures on all sides—free and not made by hand. The woods are obeyng the annual mandate of nature. They are singing the glory of the Creator.

PASSING THE BUCK.

(News & Observer)

At the first examination in nearly all colleges and universities quite a number of students, admitted on certificates from high schools, fail to obtain the necessary credits and are sent back home. Naturally the parents feel that somebody is to blame.

The college authorities say the trouble is that the high schools give certificates to nearly any student who attends the classes, not requiring mastery of the course. The high school authorities reply that the student at the colleges and universities are turned loose at the higher institutions without any discipline, direction or real instruction, receiving only lectures and the like, and that the trouble is with college methods. They say that if the plan urged by Woodrow Wilson for some preceptorial direction in his "quad" system were adopted, the youths with certificates would be able to make the grade. This one passes the buck to the other, and there is a modicum of truth as to both. In the meantime parents and young men and women feel they are the victims of a lack of the right policy and practice somewhere.

In his alumni address at the University of North Carolina last week, Dr. Fredrick H. Hanes, of Winston-Salem, declared that students are now making a futile attempt to gain too broad an education and that students should be examined and assigned to courses suitable to them.

Dr. Urban T. Holmes, of the University faculty, discussing Dr. Hanes' criticism, is quoted by **The Tar Heel** as saying:

There are two factors that prevent our undergraduates from absorbing a liberal education. One is the secondary schools and the other lies in the mediocre interest of the vast majority of them. For some 20 years at least the secondary schools over the United States have been lowering the bars and softening up in the name of progress. Progress with many of them is in learning to play a piano without sharps and flats, and thereby the easier for the great multitude. Here and there a few privately owned schools and the school systems of certain States have held out against this tidal wave. Generally speaking the present day universities would be wiser in giving a review of both elementary and high school subjects, instead of confining themselves to the high school subjects as they now do. We give the students a quarter of a year's worth of work which should have been pursued in the secondary schools and then we jump them into deeper water where there is much floundering and too few drownings. An undergraduate who has a very hazy idea as to the identity of Julius Ceaser studies the history of political theory and one to whom Jean Jacques Rouseau is not even a name begins sociology or the history of French Romanticism. How does the average freshman know whether he

can do history, if he has never pursued it in the high schools?

The second factor involved is due to a misconception, general throughout the country, of the meaning of democracy. In the first place of giving each man a chance to acquire what he wants and what will be useful for his future career, we encourage him to demand and get, in the name of social equality, what he does not need and what his parents and his future associates will label as "buck." Do you need a liberal education to count buttons in a button factory? No, but the future button counter has his rights with the best of them and, as we now work it , the diploma that should be handed to him on graduation day should be made of tin, not sheepskin, for his is certainly a tin degree. He can study all around every department without soiling himself with an education or buyng a single book. He does not neglect his ticket of admission to the athletic games.

Is not the answer the adoption of the principle urged by Woodrow Wilson at Princeton for all the students except those of the graduate department? Or the acceptance of students only upon the demonstration of fitness and preparedness, or both?

Passng the buck gets us nowhere.

THEY SERVE WELL.

We pension the man who fought to keep the negro in bondage and the man who fought to make him free. We pay homage to him who fought to make the world safe for demorcracy and failed. We throw up our hat for the politician who refused to keep faith with those who sleep in Flander's Field. We stand uncovered in the presence of mediocrity and offer diadems of glory for physical daring and animal prowess.

But those who go down into the valley of ignorance and open the eyes of the blind, still the pangs of superstition, and inspire a vision of a new heaven and a new earth, we reward neither with homage nor economic security in their declining years. She who can quicken a soul or inspire an intellect is greater than he who can take a city or direct a corporation.

Here's to the common garden variety of school teacher who seeketh not her own nor behaves unseemly, but who sees vision and dreams for others and finds her happiness in their success. Amen.

Mr. M. L. White is quoted in North Carolina Teacher in saying the foregoing. It is beautiful and true except his statement "fought to keep the negro in bondage." That isn't so. It amounts to slander, unintended we make sure, on the Confederate soldier—he fought out of patriotism and for a principle.

"FELLOW" A DOG.

By Robert Fuller, in Smithfield Herald.

This is the story of a dog.

A dog five years old which understands innumerable orders without the aid of vision cues and who executes them with the apparent intelligence of a child of eight years and with the poise, grace and willingness a little too perfect to be human.

"Fellow" is his name, a German shepherd dog owned by Jacob Herbert of Detroit—who brought him to New York this week, to be submitted to an intelligence test before Professor C. J. Warden's psychology class at Columbia University.

Fellow is five years old. True, he has been a show dog, and has appeared in the movies, but, the tests to which he was put at the great university completely eliminated any possibility of a stunt performance —or in other words, a regular routine bag o' tricks done over and over until second nature.

It is estimated that Fellow understands between 300 to 400 words, according to his owner, who also contends that all well-bred animals are a great deal more intelligent than their owners suppose and they will respond as Fellow does if treated in an understanding manner.

One Hour Test

For one long hour Mr. Herbert issued instructions to Fellow, usually in a common conversational tone and part of the time from behind a screen where the dog could not see him. To all of which Fellow responded promptly and willingly.

The instructions were in the following vein:

"Go to the table, Fellow. Put your head on it. Put one foot and your head on it. Now, you can jump on the table. Sit down—all the way. Now stand up."

Here Mr. Herbert arranged Fellow in a pose and told him to hold it, which he did until told to move again. The dog has posed as a model for thirty minutes at a time, his master added. He then continued his instructions, as follows:

"Jump down on that side. Look out the window. Turn your head the other way. Go over to the lady in the corner. Put your head in her lap. Now, suppose you go to the front door. No, never mind (after Fellow had started). Stand up against the wall instead. Now go on the outside and wait for me."

Mr. Herbert then told Fellow not to let anyone approach a certain lady sitting in a corner. The dog followed his instructions so implicitly that he would not let his own master come near.

"He will bite me to protect any one I tell him to," Mr. Herbert explained. "He has been taught to follow instructions to the letter and he does it regardless of consequences."

Professor's Opinion

That Fellow understands words in the human sense was doubted by Professor Warden and Dr. Lucien N. Warner, in charge of the animal psychology laboratories at Columbia and New York universities, respectively, who had examined the dog

previously.

"Animals may obey commands as sounds rather than words," they explained. "Personally we are of the opinion that the dog has learned to associate certain sounds, rather than words in the human sense, with the proper objects and commands. However, the large number of associations clearly mark the dog as extraordinary."

"With dogs as with children," said Mr. Herbert, "the first lesson to have them learn is to love their teacher. I never said anything to Fellow without a purpose and never punished him or rewarded him except by saying 'what a shame' or 'good dog'."

Fellow's audience appeared more more than willing to stay all day.

Mr. Herbert says he has refused an offer of $250,000 for Fellow.

REFERRING TO I. C. COMMISSION.

It is a great thing to have the power of a giant but when this power is employed like a giant would use it there is usually a reaction that classes it as tyranny. This reaction will result in finding a way unless we are bad guessers.—Lexington Dispatch.

ENDS HER NINE LIVES.

(Marshville Home.)

Last Friday night, while everything was calm and silent and serene, no thunder storm in hearing distance and apparentaly no reason why electric lights should refuse to shine, all of a sudden everybody in Monroe and Marshville found themselves in absolute darkness, reading, sewing, card games and all other kind of work and diversion stopped. Just why the lights should act in such a manner was a mystery, but K. Grady, local manager for the Southern Public Utilites Company, enlightens the public as follows:

Last Friday night the champion "ratter" of the Southern Public Utilites Company's sub station at Monroe ended her nine lives in a blaze of glory, but the blaze was high voltage electricity loosed by Tabby's proximity to its covelectors.

It is alleged that while searching for sustenance for her offspring, she had sighted vermin on the switchboard in the station. Up she leaped to catch what she thought to be her prey—where just a few stray kilowats played—but, alas, she had connected with the main power switch.

So destructive was her demise that it took the station men half an hour to repair the damage and restore service.

CRIPPLED TOTS HELPED.

By Virginia Terrell, in The Citizen.

All over the country there are men and women today wearing Biltmore Homespun suits—but few if any of them know that the check they sent to the largest Homespun factory in the world, and one of the two or three in the United States, paid for some orthopedic treatment for some child whose parents could not afford to have him treated.

Nor do the mountain women, who twenty-five years ago, formed the nucleus of the present Industries, realize that their part in the organization years ago was a perfect example of casting bread upon waters —for their work has grown to commercial proportions and the proceeds have come back to their children and grandchildren.

The Biltmore Industries one can scarcely call it a factory, for where would the traditions about the poor working girl and woman go, if the five lovely buildings that look more like a college, overlooking one of the most beautiful views around Asheville; set in a forest of pine trees, and topping a golf course, were called a factory?—exist now, under the ownership of Fred L. Seely, for the treament of crippled children. For years Mr. Seely has contributed toward the relief of the children but in the past few years, since he bought the Industries from Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt, he was turning the proceeds from the weaving and the carving and cabinet work to relief purposes, and Asheville boasts, perhaps not only the largest Homespun factory in the world, but the only factory of any kind that turns its wheels daily that children may start life with the proper equipment for health and happiness.

The story is told that Mr. Seely's interest in children started years ago when he found a deformed child in a mountain cabin, and the parents refused his assistance. Since then with the assistance of Dr. W. R. Herbert and Dr. Edward King, he has gone quietly about the work, and when the Industries grew to such proportions that it required five buildings to house them he directed the financial returns to the children.

Not only do the crippled children receive of the bounty of the Homespuns. Many orphans of the state, through Mr. Seely's kindness, wear the homespun dresses and suits that wealthy people all over the country make trips to Asheville to buy!

It is particularly interesting that Mr. Seely chose an industry that is so outstandingly a product of the section to give back, in an advanced form, to the people of the mountains. With 45 workers, 28 looms, 2 great carding machines, a dyeing laboratory, and every other modern method of manufactury, the Biltmore Homespun Industries are carrying on with the improvements of the machine age, the weaving that was done, until Mrs. Geo. W. Vanderbilt became interested in it in 1901 by the women of the mountains in the same crude fashion that it had been drove by their ancestors for generations.

At that time Mrs. Vanderbilt had established a small industrial school

for the children of the Biltmore Parish school, which included classes in cabinet making and wood carving, taught by Miss Charlotte Yale and Miss Eleanor Vance. two social welfare workers from Chicago who had come South to live. Mrs. Vanderbilt wanted something for the older women to do, and in looking about, found that six women on the estate had hand looms on which they were weaving cloth for the family use. With the use of hand cards, old fashioned spinning wheels and homemade looms, they could sometimes make as much as three yards of cloth a day though the housework, the field work, and the children did sometimes slow them up.

Taking these six women, who lived in widely scattered sections of the tremendous estate, Mrs. Vanderbilt established a salesroom and had the material brought in where it could be sold and the money turned over to the women. The demand grew rapidly, and soon the six women with all of their home duties, were unable to meet it. Mrs. Vanderbilt then had looms set up in the shop directed by Miss Yale and Miss Vance, and the children in the classes brought the material to the warp stage and this was carried to the six women for completion. For a long time the trips were made on horseback by Miss Yale and Miss Vance, with the assistance of some of the boys, carrying the unfinished material through the mountains and returning later, for the finished product. To expedite the circuit services of motorcycle was soon added but still the demand could not be met. So Mrs. Vanderbilt increased her looms to four and began the manufacture of the homespuns in Biltmore Village, as a part of the Industrial School work. Improvements were made in the looms by the boys in the cabinet shop. Shuttles were made to throw with a cord which increased the speed of the work. Carding and spinning machines were purchased, and proper dyeing methods adopted.

Then the school began to take in the crude wool, wash it, dye it by hand with fast dyes, card and spin it, and make it into the warps that were sent out to the mountain women, and were brought back to be sold to tourists. The Industry grew too much to remain a school. The boys and girls who had started in the weaving and wood carving classes were growing up. One became a sculptor; another won the gold medal for hand carving at an Expedition; and the Biltmore Homespun Industries won a gold medal.

It became clear to Mrs. Vanderbilt that the work should be given more room for growth, so in 1917 when she was giving her entire time to war work, she sold the Industries including the weaving and wood carving to Mr. Seely, who moved it from the small building at Biltmore to the grounds of Grove Park Inn. There are now five large buildings, covered with ivy, in a setting of pines, just behind the Inn. Because of the interest in the weaving as it was done in the old days, Mr. Seely has kept a hand card, and an old hand loom, but is was impossible to find anybody in the shop who knew how to hold the card to make a picture! Such will twenty-five years do to a time-honored industry.

In one building the wood carving is carried on, with nine boys at work. One building houses the 28 looms; another contains the offices and packing rooms; another has the dyeing room, the washing rooms, the carders and the spinners.

On a slope above the golf course of the Asheville Country Club, the material of every shade is hung on tender hooks in the sun to dry. The weaving is all done by native men, and native women put on the finishing touches.

When a man ain't got a cent, an he's feeling kind of blue,
And the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o'way!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

INDUSTRY IN EAST CAROLINA.

(Charlotte Observer.)

An article by S. E. Boney, of Raleigh, on "The Electrification of Eastern North Carolina" has attracted considerable attention throughout the State since its apppearance a few days ago, because of its convincing revelation of a beginning of an industrial progress in the eastern section of the Tar Heel State, a section formerly regarded as almost exclusively agricultural. The extension of electrical transmission lines, backed by ample generating capacity to take care of all prospectvie demands, have made possible and encouraged this start which Eastern Carolina is making in what is hoped will be an era of real industrial development. Piedmont Carolina will watch with interest the new economic movement in the eastern part of the State and will earnestly hope that section may share to as large a measure as possible in the greater prosperity that comes from a well-balanced economic development where farms and forests, minerals and streams furnish the raw materials for industry and where cities and towns and communities built up by industry in turn furnish a market for all farm products, including the large quantity of food products, consumed by an industrial populaton. The industrialized Piedmont wishes Eastern North Carolina well in the new movement not only because of a natural feeling of brotherhood and community of interests and because this section will feel the impetus of greater markets created by industries that may be formed in the east, but also because industrial development in that section will give the State as a whole a closer community of interests in the legislative halls at Raleigh, from economic, social and other standpoints.

RELATES EXPERIENCES.

(Hickory Record.)

Shivering slightly in the cool breeze of an early autumn morning, D. M. Knight, 89 year old veteran of the Civil War and a Baptist minister for nearly three score years, paced to and fro under the shed of the Southern depot in Hickory today waiting for the train which would carry him to his home in Hudson.

Accosted by a newspaper man, "old man Knight," as he smilingly called himself, related the story of an interesting career covering a span of years that exceeds by 19 summers and winters the allotted period of human life. Mr. Knight, although bent, white headed and wrinkled, does not impress one with the idea of great age; he is active, alert and cheerful and his memory is very acute.

"I lacked only five months of going though the entire War Between the States," he stated, "and I fought on for several days after Lee surrendered. Lee laid down his guns on April 9, 1865, but the force in which I was serving fought until May 12, of the same year. Our officers heard of Lee's surrender but they could not believe it at first, so we fought on for nearly three weeks."

"I was with the Southern Army of the West, and Bragg, Johnston, and Hood were my commanders-in-chief. I was present in the battles of Fort Donnelson, Chicamauga and the battles of the Clouds around Chattanooga, but the toughest fighting I encountered was at New Hope Church. On this mountain field at the close of the battle you could walk on dead bodies for a mile. Trees four feet in diameter were cut to the ground by the fire of musketry.

"I was wounded in the fighting around Atlanta, prior to the burning of that city and the subsequent march of Sherman to the sea. A Yankee bullet ploughed its way into my bosom just an inch or so below my heart, and for 12 days I was out of my head. But as luck would have it, I was picked up on the field of battle by a North Carolina doctor by the name of Huff, then practicing in Atlanta. I was carried to his home and cared for like one of his own family, and my wound healed splendidly. When I came to myself, I was frightened to find myself in such a nice home, but was reassured by the kindhearted doctor who assured me that nothing was too good for a soldier of the dying cause, especially a Tar Heel. When I was well again, he carried me to the depot in his carriage and pressed a ten dollar bill into my hand. Afterward I tried to pay him back, but he would not allow it. Ever since that time until the present, I have reverenced the name of Huff as that of a knight in the halls of Valhalla."

Mr. Knight began preaching after his return from the ill-fated fortunes of the lost cause and has remained in the ministry ever since, having held the pastorate of four churches in his community for over 40 years. "Last New Year's week," he said, "I visited over three hundred sick families in Western North Carolina. I intended to con-

tinue preaching and helping folks to live right as long as I am able to get about at all, and I believe that I am good for several years yet.''

He has reaised 12 children and he stated that he has 32 descendants and near relatives in one Tennessee city, Knoxville.. He has hopes of living beyond the century mark. ''I always have been a fighter,'' he smiled, ''and I intend to fight right on.''

THE WORTH OF THE AVERAGE MAN.

If a planet suddenly sweeps into the heavens all eyes are aloft at once. It is something unusual, something exceptional. But who ever stays for moment to look at the steadfast stars that are always there? And it is fairly frequently the same in human life. If a five-talented man suddenly sweeps within our sight all attention is fixed on him at once, but rarely do people pause or stay for a moment to consider the value of the average folk. ''The backbone of the army,'' said Rudyard Kipling, ''is the non-commissioned man''—in other words, the average man—and it is a growing conviction with me that the backbone of life in every sphere is the average man. I am firmly convinced in my own mind that it is the contented consecration of the man with two talents to his job in life that makes for strength and stability, whether in the home or in the nation or in the church.

—The Rev. B. Bernard Beard.

IT'S "MEANEST THING."

The weekly luncheon meeting of the Statesville Rotary club as featured by an illuminating and timely address by W. D. Turner, veteran member of the Statesville bar and former lieutenant governor of North Carolina.

Governor Turner spoke on the subject assigned to him by the program chairman, W. E. Webb, namely, ''The Proper Writing of Wills, Settling Estates and Disposing of Property.''

The speaker emphasized the importance of having wills clearly worded, so that no trouble may be had by the beneficiaries in finding out what is meant. Often lawsuits result from improperly worded wills.

Administrators and executors should be named with capacity, honesty and ability. ''Seventy-five percent of administrators do not keep a record of what they receive and what they pay out,'' the speaker said.

In speaking of the man who wills property to his wife, as long as she remains a widow, Governor Turner asserted that that was the meanest things he knew of. ''We men do not wait for more than six months after our wives die until we are looking around for another,'' and the speaker asserted that it was not right for a man to refuse to give his widow the same chance.

MR. LEE ON EDISON NIGHT.

"Electrical development aids human sufferers; adds to home comforts; meets the needs of man and furnishes employment in order that he may secure the necessities of life." declared W. S. Lee, vice president of the Southern Power company, speaking over radio station WBT, of Charlotte, on "Edison Night," the 48th anniversary of the invention of the incadescent lamp.

Mr. Lee confined the major part of his remarks to the rapid and valuable development of electrical energy throughout the south and throughout the piedmont section so as to offer greater facilities for the manufacturing interests of the Carolinas.

The Climax

"Man's mission in life, at the beginning, was to provide for himself the necessities of life. He began to seek some way of increasing his manpower, so he harnessed the ox and the horse and began to use the tides, the winds, and the waterfalls. Finally he came to the climax and today he uses electric energy.

"Now each horsepower developed by mechanical energy is the equivalent of the power of eight men. In the southern states the textile industry has been the most progressive in the use of electrical power.

"In the early 90's the first cotton mill was equipped electrically at Columbia, S. C. It was only a short time after that that electrical equipment was installed in the Pelzer mills at Pelzer, S. C. It was there that Captain E. A. Smyth, that dean of the textile industry who will celebrate his 80th birthday on next Wednesday, began the developpment of new cotton mills in which he had installed mechanically driven apparatus on the Saluda river and operated part of this mill with electricity.

Small Grow Great

"It was through the use of electric power that small industries were started and grew into big industries; and small men grew into big men in these industries.

"The electrical growth is simply prodigious. We estimate that in the next eight or ten years that we will develop practically the entire resources of southern power from Mississippi to Virginia.

"It has also been impossible to tie a group of power companies together in a way that allows one to assist the other in case there is a deficiency of rainfall in one territory or the other.

Duke System

"The particular company in which I have been most particularly interested has been the Duke power system. We have the co-operation and assistance of the late James B. Duke in the buildng of this system and then after the system was built, about a year prior to his death, Mr. Duke placed his holdings in this company in the Duke endowment, so that the earnings of this company go into many charitable and educational institutions.

The greatest of these are hospitals and orphanages. The hospital fund is spreading so in the two Carolinas that I think in the course of two years they will have funds enough

to take care of every poor person who now has no opportunity to go to a hospital.

"This endowment is also taking care of a great many educational institutions to a certain degree. It is now building Duke university at Durham.

"It is gratifying that Mr. Edison is still living and that we are telling him what impetus has been given to the electrical industry by the efforts which he expended, and it is a great pleasure to do so.

HEROES.

Not he alone who gladly dies
To win his country's fame
For some great, unreckoned deed,
Rests 'neath an honored name—
But he to whom the hand of Fate
A bitter portion gives,
Who daily battling fear and pain,
With smiling courage, lives.

—Charlotte Becker.

YOU OWE MORE THAN TAXES TO YOUR COMMUNITY.

In a recent address on "Civic Leadership, Development and Responsibility," Samuel Insull, President of the Commonwealth Edison Company, of Chicago, said:

"I hold that every man owes something besides his taxes to the community in which he lives. The more he has been favored mentally and materially by fortune, the more he owes. In discharge of that debt, he is under obligation to do for the community something that he does not get paid for, something that he does not make money by. His obligation to do this is not just a once-in-a-while obligation; it is a continuing obligation, and what he does in discharge of it should be limited only by his ability and his opportunities.

"A true sense of civic responsibility springs from recognition of their obligation. Individual response to it produces the civic leadership that assures continuous, well balanced, symmetrical community development—the development that provides for social and spiritual needs, so to speak, as well as for the physical and material needs of a community.

"It is to the men of constructive vision that we owe the welding of this continent into one homegeneous whole—the greatest amongst the modern creations of empire. It is to this constructive class that we owe the development of our great communities and our great businesses, and from them you should draw your inspiration for taking your share of civic responsibility and community service."

MODERN BUSINESS.

By A. B. Rose.

"Modern business," said Miss Maby, "demands absolute obedience from employees. You may as well understand, Miss Barton, that as the manager of this department I shall expect your co-operation in every particular."

Celia Barton stood neverously twisting her handkerchief between her fingers. Her face was slightly pale, but there was about her mouth and chin a square, firm sort of look that gave her an expression of determination out of proportion to her size. The older woman was eyeing her with a cool, artificial smile, and when she spoke again her voice had a cloying sweetness to it.

"Well, Dearie, do we understand each other now?'

"I—I'm afraid not," said Celia slowly. "If you mean that I am to obey your future instructions about selling whether or not I think them ethical according to my code—I'm afraid I can't do that."

"According to your code?" Miss Maby lifted her brows. "But you must not forget that this company is not necessarily run by your code. There may be some differences between your code and that of modern business."

"Perhaps," admitted Celia. "But does modern business demand misrepresentation of merchandise in order to succeed?"

"Misrepresentation?" Miss Maby waved one slender hand in a mildly depreciating gesture. "My dear girl, you greatly exaggerate this thing. All I asked of you was that you work off this line of Style X coats as imported goods. Surely the misrepresentation involved is very slight. For all we know, the cloth may have been imported before our store bought it."

"But those coats were made in our own shops, Miss Maby. They were not imported."

"And can't you understand, girl," said the older woman sharply, "that that part of it is none of your business? I give you those coats to sell as imported coats because that's what the people want. They'll never know the difference, I assume all the responsibility, and so you have no grounds for complaint."

"You mean—you want me to lie about them?"

"Lie?" A sharp flush of anger burned on Miss Maby's cheek for a second, and then she smiled that smooth smile again. "Lie—it is such an ugly word, dearie. Really it's not so bad as that, you know. Everyone expects those things and there is no harm done. For the past three years I have been with a very large metropolitan store and I can assure you that I am fairly well acquainted with modern business methods of salesmanship."

"I'm sorry, Miss Maby," said Celia wearily, "but if that is the basis of modern business success—I guess I'm out."

"Oh, dont take it so seriously. You musn't be so squeamish about these little things, Miss Barton. They are really not worth so much fussing

about."

Celia Barton faced the older woman squarely, her eyes flashing.

"I'm sorry, Miss Maby, but I am not yet ready to discard my code of conduct, ancient though it may be. When it comes to a question of what I consider dishonesty, no matter how small, I shall continue to be squeamish."

"Um-hum. I see." The department manager tapped lightly on her desk with a highly polished finger-nail while her eyes narrowed slightly. For a moment she sat thus, eyeing Celia's resolute face with calculating insolence. Then she spoke, clipping her words—

"Of course you realize, Miss Barton, that I am the head of this department. And although I have no authority to alter the personnel, the managers' suggestions are usually followed without question by the office."

"Yes," agreed Celia in a small, tired voice. She needed this job very badly, and she was thinking of the difficulty she would experience in finding work if she should be discharged. "Yes,, Miss Maby, I realize that you could have me discharged if you wish."

"Of course you realize that it would be difficult for me to work with you in my department if you refused to take my instructions. Such an attitude on your part would, of course lower the efficiency of the whole sales force. Efficiency, after all, is largely a matter of morale.'

"And not—morals?" inquired Celia with a faint smile.

"I am not accustomed to impertinence, Miss Barton," snapped the other woman curtly. "I do not wish to appear unfair, but open defiance of authority is bad business. Do you still refuse to accede to my wishes in the matter of those coat sales?"

Celia stood very straight and rigid. Perhaps one reason she stood so resolutely was because she was so very near to yielding. After all, everyone else did things like this! But she did stand very firmly, and although her voice had a tiny quaver back of it, her words were none the less resolute.

"I am sory that you have not understood me clearly, Miss Maby. I am perfectly willing to co-operate with you in the department in any way possible so long as it does not mean the losing of my own self-respect. As for selling under false pretenses—I refuse. That is final."

"I see—quite so," said her superior, cooly. She bowed toward the office door. "That is all, Miss Barton. I'm sorry that we are not able to work together. You will probably hear from the head office within a few days."

* * * * *

As Celia Barton went slowly back toward her rows of coats one of the salesgirls hailed her cheerfully.

"What's eating you, old dear? Been up to the Old Bear's office for a bawling out?"

"No, Marty," said Celia disconsolately. "I've just been talking to our new department manager."

"That old crab!" exclaimed the other girl with an angry stamp of her foot. "She called me up there yesterday morning, too. Gave me a

long talk about modern business methods. Modern business! That woman's idea seems to be to label everything as something else and then expect the people to jump at it. You know what she told me to do? Pull off all the Chicago labels on those hats and mark them as imported panamas. Honest, kid, if I hadn't held on to my temper I'd have thrown her out the window!''

''But, did you promise what she wanted?''

''Did I? I'll say I did! I know what side my bread is buttered on, and I have to earn a living.'' She laughed a bit grimly. ''Job's aren't going to be any too plentiful this winter.''

''No,'' said Celia, looking away. ''I—I'm afraid they aren't.''

Something in her voice caused the the other girl to glance at her sharply. ''Celia—do you mean that Miss Maby asked you to do some fool thing like that and you refused?''

''I suppose you'll think me an awful fool to be so silly about a little thing like that, Marty,'' confessed Celia miserably. ''But I just simply couldn't do it.''

''Well, you poor kid!'' Marty shook her head pityingly. ''I admire your nerve, but not your discretion. Miss Maby will probably get you fired for that.''

''I'm afraid she will, Marty. I need the work, too. But I—I guess it will turn out all right.''

''Well, in a way I guess it's your own fault,'' said the other girl judicially. ''It wouldn't have happened if you'd done what she told you. My dad used to say that Providence helps those who help themselves.''

''And my father used to say,'' murmured Celia with a game smile, ''that it depends altogether on how one helps himself whether Providence interferes or not.''

* * *

Mr. O. B. Martin, general manager and owner of the store in which Celia worked, was regarded among his associates as an old-fashioned business man. Starting with a small general merchandise store, he had gradually built up the business until it had become a large concern employing over a hundred people. Success had not visibly affected his mode of life. Although he was sixty years old, he was always in his office by nine o'clock; and while there during his full eight hour day he transacted personally, in his notoriously haphazard manner, an enormous amount of business.

He was short and rather fat, extremely bald, and he had a booming fog-horn voice which he used continuously. His office staff maintained that he never used a call bell if he could make himself heard by shouting. Because of this continued rumbling growl which came from his office, it had been claimed that the O. B. in his name stood for Old Bear. Whatever the justification, the title stuck.

And so, when Celia Barton received a notice to report to the general office, she did not anticipate the interview with any great sensation of pleasure. She had met the proprietor casually on his occasional tours of the stor, and she had thought he

looked like a very kindly old gentleman. But she knew very well his reputation for firing members of the sales force who could not co-operate with their department managers. Rather timidly she opened the door to his recepton room. She was greeted cordially by the young secretary of Mr. Martin.

"Oh, hello, Celia. Do you want to see the boss?"

"Well, I suppose so. He—sent for me."

"I see." The other girl glanced quickly at the call slip which Celia proffered. "Hope it isn't anything bad?"

"I'm afraid it is," Celia answered. "You see, Dell, I had a quarrel with our new department manager. I suppose it's about that."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" the stenographer exclaimed impulsively. "But honestly, Celia, I can't give you much encouragement. Mr. Martin is an old dear—but you know how he depends almost entirely on his managers' reports."

"Yes—I know." Celia stood fumbling her handkerchief helplessly between her nervous fingers. "Well, shall I go in now?"

The other girl nodded toward the private door from behind whose frosted glass was coming a steady stream of grunts, ejaculations and mumbling comments.

"He's alone now," she said. Just checking over some invoice papers. He always talks to himself like that, and you may go right in."

Celia tiptoed to the door and tapped lightly on the glass. There was no response from within save the continued murmur of the voice. The stenograhper smiled." Open the dooor and go in, Celia. He wouldn't stop if you broke the glass in!"

As Celia stepped through the door into the private office a little automatic bell tinkled over her head. Mr. Martin glanced up from his littered desk and greeted her with a fleeting, vacant stare.

"Oh, hello," he said, and turned back to his work.

"Wh-why hello," said Celia weakly.

"No system—no system!" gurgled Mr. Martin, as with one pudgy hand he patted his bald head and with the other one pawed over a stack of invoices. "Never can find a thing when—Oh, here we are at last!—Um. Twelve gross at forty-five. Two gross at—um—er—Rubbish! Too much altogether!"

He glanced up and his roving eyes focused on Celia, standing very still beside his desk.

"Oh, yes," he mumbled. "Who're you?"

"I'm Celia Barton—from the coat department."

"Um," said Mr. Martin recommencing his feverish pawing for papers. "Yes, yes. Quite so. Sit down."

"Thank you," murmured Celia faintly. "I think—I will."

After another moment of muttering, confidential conversation with himself, her employer once more observed that someone was in his office beside himself.

"Oh," he said, with an air of one who is disagreeably surprised. "Did you want to see me?"

"You sent for me, Mr. Martin."

"I sent for you?" He regarded her with a mildly puzzled squint.

"Well perhaps I did. Hum—You're not the girl who wanted to see a football game this Saturday?"

"No. I'm Celia Barton from the coat department. I—I think probably Miss Maby asked you to see me."

"Miss Maby—Oh, yes. One of the new managers, isn't she? She was in here just this morning talking something about a girl who obstinately refused to follow selling instructions. Let's see. Um." He slapped his leg triumphantly. "She said the girl's name was Barton! Always had a good memory for names."

"I am Miss Barton," said Celia.

"Eh?" The old man looked at her face closely, and then shook his head with a complacent smile. "No, my dear. I've been reading faces too long for a mistake like that. No. This Miss Barton, I understood, was rather pig-headed about it. Wouldn't sell some coats that Miss Maby asked her to sell."

"I'm sorry—but I am the one."

"You are?" You mean you refused to sell those coats?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the matter with them?"

"Nothing, Mr. Martin."

"Nothing!" The man at the desk made a strange croaking sound. "N-nothing? Then what was the idea of refusing, eh?"

"Probaly Miss Maby would tell you, sir. I don't care to discuss it."

"Say, listen her, girl! Do you think I have time to go chasing all over my store for a woman I've only seen once—and that when I hired her? Now tell me why you refused to sell those coats."

"I didn't," said Celia feebly. "That is—not quite. I just refused to sell them the way she wanted me to do it."

"Now," remarked Mr. Martin with satisfaction, "we are beginning to get at it. How did she want you to sell them?"

"Well, she wanted me to sell them as imported coats. She had an idea that they would sell better that way. I guess she was probably right. She's had expeprience in several big stores."

"Umph!" said Mr. Martin, and if Celia had not been so busy looking out the office window and trying to keep a silly wobble out of her voice she might have seen the twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"And what is your objection, Miss Barton, to selling imported coats?"

"W-why it isn't that, Mr. Martin. But they weren't imported. They came from our own shops, and I happened to know it. So you see —well, I couldn't call them imported coats."

"A little thing like that wouldn't bother most people," her employer observed dryly.

"I suppose not, Mr. Martin," Celia tried to force a smile, but it was rather a lame attempt. "I guess I'm not much good in modern business. I don't seem to see it—like others."

Mr. Martin suddenly lumbered to his feet and began puffing up and down the length of his office, all the while muttering to himself concerning varous unintelligible things. Once he stopped squarely before Celia and stared at her face. Celia faced him

directly, almost defiantly for she was perilously near to tears. He shook his head: "No, not with those eyes!" and resumed his tramp back and forth. Of a sudden he launched into speech.

"Modern business! To hear some people talk of it you'd think success was merely a matter of skinning the other man before he gets your hide. Not so! Crazy! Fools!—I say they're a bunch of fools!"

"No, sir—I mean yes, sir," stammered Celia.

"All wrong—all wrong!" Her employer continued his growling tour of the room. "Honesty best policy. Always said so—always will say so. Hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't listen to fools. Modern business—Ha! Not modern business—old-fashioned business, success!"

Celia was helplessly silent. Even Mr. Martin's wife had confessed on several occasions that her husband's conversation at times was a bit difficult to follow.

"Old-fashioned!" he snorted. "Look at me—old fashioned as an ox-cart and most successful business man in town. Look at other successful business men—Nash, Ford; believe in honesty, fair play, good values. Modern!"

He stopped his pacing and looked at Celia with almost pathetic pleading. "You don't think I told that Maby woman to have the girls sell stock under false labels?"

Celia smiled.

"Well, that's all right then," he said, relieved. He lunged at his swivel chair and plunged his hands into the stack of papers on his desk. "How much you getting now, Miss Barton?"

Celia told him, half fearfully. It wasn't much, but she needed every penny of it.

"Not enough," shouted Mr. Martin, scribbling something on a scrap of paper. He thrust the note at her. "Take it to the cashier—twenty dollar raise."

"W-why thank you, Mr. Martin," stammered Celia. "But what shall I do about the coats—Miss Maby—"

"Miss Maby?" the old man rumbled the words ominously in his throat and a grim smile played about his lips. "Queer name, Maby! If you see her, send her up to the office. Want to talk to her. Maybe Miss Maby will accept my suggestion and seek a new position."

"Yes sir," said Celia. There really was nothing else to say.

"Umph. Never liked the woman anyhow," murmured the man bitterly. "Ought to have know better than to hire a woman that combs her hair as slick as she does."

He flopped one hand toward the door in a gesture of dismissal. "G'bye. Get out," he said. He began again his search among the papers on his littered desk. "Um—no system! Can't find a—Oh, here we are. Two gross at eighty—um—one case at sixteen—Robber! Not worth half—"

Your friend is the man who knows all about you and still likes you.
—Elbert Hubbard.

EUROPE FILLED WITH HATE.

(Shelby Star)

The hearts of 125 Kiwanians swelled with gratitude for being privileged to live in America when they heard Max Gardner speak on Thursday night at the Isothermal hotel in Rutherfordton at a gathering of Kiwanians from Shelby, Marion and Rutherfordton. "The acid of hate has corroded the heart of Europe" he told his listeners when he made a contrast between America and Europe as the most outstanding observation on his trip. Said he: "I tried to study the basic causes of European hatreds, and I reached the definite conclusion that they result largely from geographical isolation dating back uncounted centuries.

"The reason for this is that they never knew each other in the formative period of their racial existence. The Alps mountains and other great barriers prevented transportation, communication, social contacts and friendly intercourse.

Each settlement, said Mr. Gardner, developed a different language and a divergent philosophy.

"These differences rapidly developed into antagonisms, hatred and wars. Today the frontiers of each nation from little Switzerland, that has not suffered a war in 600 years to Russia, that empire of misery, abristle with suspicion, distrusts and bayonets.

"Switzerland, which is about the size of ten North Carolina counties is divided into three regional groups one speaking French exclusively, another German and the third Italian. How grateful, I was reminded, we should be in America that we are free from such dangerous geographical and social divisions.

"We have our prejudices and they are keen. We are not free from intolerance and bigotry, but our fondness for hate, thank God, has never been fully developed.

Such conditions in Europe, Mr. Gardner pointed out, are largely products of history and environment. America is likewise the result of the identical forces, he added operating on "our national life."

"If America had been discovered in 1092, instead of 1492, I am convinced that we would not know the meaning of what we are happy to call the United States of America," Mr. Gardner continued.

'The easterners would have spoken one language, those of Texas, California and the great west another, while New Orleans would have been the intellectual and business center of still a third people, not related by blood or marriage to the others.

"We can not fully appreciate America until we visit Europe. Just suppose that every time you took a trip to South Carolina, Virginia or Tennessee, you had to be stopped at the border, searched, suspected and detained. Yet that is what happens every time you pass from one small state in Europe to another, and this relates to commerce as well as to persons."

No one ever became a star by staying out at night.

TODAY, OR TOMORROW.

By Dr. Holland, in Progressive Farmer.

Bill Jones' great word was "tomorrow." Early in life he began to develop the procrastination habit. Every duty shifted to some later time.

When Bill's mother asked him to run an errand for her he said, "Pretty soon."

Bill grew into a young man. He polished his shoes, had his hair cut, or started to learn something new—tomorrow.

Bill dropped out of school when he was 13 years old, and fully expected to "start in next fall" until he was was past 20 and then he gave up any further education.

There was a group of young people about Bill's age who joined the church one winter, but Bill said, "I'll wait till the excitement is over and join in the spring." Spring never came; yet Bill lived and died expecting to join the church.

Mary Smith was a sweet, lively girl who liked Bill. He courted her in his slow fashion, and came mighty near losing her, because he put off proposing till she began to look elsewhere. He did forget to buy the wedding ring until the day after the wedding.

Bill never bought a farm, although his energetic wife urged him to do so. Bill figured that land would be cheaper tomorrow, and so he paid rent all his life.

Three lovely girls blessed the marriage of Bill and Mary. The mother wanted Bill to take them to Sunday school and church. Bill intended to as much as anything. It would be a shame to bring up his children without some religious trainng and life, so he thought. The facts are that it was put off and off until the poor, tired, overburdened mother taught them all they knew about God and the Bible.

Bill's intentions were intense.

Bill grew older as we all do. He became a little more stooped each year. The snow came to his temples and stayed. A sort of a scared look came to his dimming eyes. He shuffled his feet a trifle as he walked, but now and then he would straighten his shoulders, his eyes would brighten, as he thought of something fine and heroic that he would "commence next morning."

Bill's mother-in-law said, "Bill is a kind-hearted man, but he is the most put-offing-ist creature that God ever made.

Two neighbors met on the road near Bill's place. One said, "Had you heard that old Bill Jones is dead?"

"No, when is he to be buried?"

"Tomorrow, I guess. I heard that Bill asked his wife not to have his funeral till 'tomorrow.' "

Tomorrow came, and the kind-hearted neighbors gathered in the little church at the cross roads, and were touched at the grief of the poor, lone widow, who had spent her life with a "tomorrow man."

Had the minister told the truth that day, he would have said, "Here

lies the body of a man who had enough good intentions during his lifetime to transform the conduct of the entire township."

Most of the promises in the Bible are in the present tense.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD.

To love abundantly is to live abundantly, and to love forever is to live forever. Hence eternal life is inextricably bound up with love. We want to live forever for the same reason that we want to live tomorrow Why do you want to live tomorrow? It is because there is some one who loves you and whom you want to see tomorrow, and be with, and to love back. There is no other reason why we should live on than that we love and are beloved. It is when a man has no one to love him that he commits suicide. So long as he has friends, those who love him and whom he loves, he will live, because to live is to love. Be it but the love of a dog, it will keep him in life; but let that go and he has no contact with life, no reason to live. He dies by his own hand.

No worse fate can befall a man in this world than to live and grow old alone, unloving and unloved. To be lost is to live in an unregenerate condition, loveless and unloved; and to be saved is to love; and he that dwellith in love dwelleth already in God. For God is love.

—Henry Drummond.

SAME WAY ELSEWHERE.

(News & Observer.)

In the discussion of the need for more superior court judges, the verdict depends upon whether cases can be tried promptly. It is not sound to depend upon the statement of the number of cases on the docket. Many of those docketed will never be tried. For example there are six hundred cases on the Wake docket, but when the calendar was called it was found that every case ready could be tried in October and cases can now be tried within twenty days after the filing of answer if the lawyers desire to have them promptly tried.

Justice delayed is justice denied. But there is neither delay nor denial if litigants and their lawyers file cases and then do not wish to bring to trial. Judges should grant reasonable time, but if not tried within the year, when there is opportunity, the judges should rule them off the docket. There is no reason for crowded dockets when the situation is such as it is in Wake. The Governor does well to make an investigation of the situation before naming any additional judges. If justice is dened by delay another Emergency Judge should be appointed. We say this though The News and Observer has never liked the Emergency Judge method. If there are no unnecessary delays, there is no need of another judge.

102 YEAR-OLD WOMAN PICKS COTTON.

(Shelby Star)

When you do anything for a quarter of a century with a few added years thrown in you should become adept at turning out that particular work.

Caroline Arnold, 102-year-old colored woman, has been picking cotton well over three quarters of a century and at her advanced age she can still hold her own with some of the youngsters.

Last Thursday the aged negress picked 145 pounds of cotton in one day.

The "old mammy" of ante-bellum days is visiting her son Andrew Arnold near Shelby, coming with her daughter from Chattanooga, Tenn. While here she decided to try out her hand in the white cotton fields near the city and established what must be a record for one of that age. Several rests were made during the day, it is said.

Just how long she has been picking cotton the time-worn negress does not know. She started picking 'many many years back yonder' as a pickaninny on an old Southern plantation. One guess is that she might have been five years old at the time —they started pickaninnies early in the plantation field—and if she did she has been picking cotton for 97 years, or three years shy of a century.

TIME TO BE NATURAL—

Hon. Chas. Ross, who spoke at the Community Fair here Saturday, struck a note that needs to be sounded again and again until all our rural people—and we in the small towns are all rural—have heard the sound. He urged us to be natural and quit aping the larger ctiies. In the old days country social life set the pace and Mr. Ross would have it so again. Old fashioned gatherings with fried chickens cut up into salad and "served" with wafers. He thinks we are wasting our time and money on things that are artificial and that we are pas sing up nature that is all about us, and simple pleasures that everyone may enjoy.—Smithfield Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Mr. Walker and a number of boys have been fixing up the flower beds around the campus lately.

Dr. Caldwell and Miss Smith, of the County Health Department, took the blood of ninty-one boys to be tested last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carriker and little daughter, Dorothy Jane, are spending some time in Florida. Mr. Carriker writes us of real summer weather and an abundance of fish.

The shoe shop boys have been out of the shop during the summer while the boys were going barefooted. They are now back on their "old job" now, repairing the winter shoes.

The boys of the afternoon school section go to the ball ground every afternoon after school. As basket ball season is here, they have erected the goals. They now enjoy the playing of this game very much.

Mr. Hood, who has charge of the shoe shop and the pumps, put into use the old air pump, which puts air into the tank and forces the water out. This makes a higher water pressure, which is convenient in many ways, mostly in case of fire, for the high buildings.

Last Thursday night we had an unusually long picture show, thirteen reels. Just as the sixth reel was about finished, the machine stopped dead still. It could not be moved forward or backward. As we have only one machine (all theatres and large places have two) we thought there would be no more show that night. The boys returned to the cottages. The operator, Mr. Fisher, began "monkeying" around, and soon had it running, but as yet he doesn't know what the trouble was or how he fixed it. As it was then too late to finish the show, we saw the rest Friday morning. We all thank Mr. Fisher for his trouble.

"The Call of the Prophet," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. When Elisha was called, he asked permission to go kiss his father and mother. When Amos was called, he answered that he had not had training. He was not a prophet, neither a prophet's son, but a herdman and a gatherer of sycomore fruit. But when the Lord said: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us," Isaiah replied: "Here am I, send me." This lesson was under the theme: "Answering God's Calls." Isaiah answered God's call promptly, while the others made an excuse. The golden text was: "Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send; and who will go for us? Then I said, Here am I; send me."—Isaiah 6:8.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. G. B. Watkins, a young lawyer of Charlotte, was the speaker. He spoke to the boys on

"Visions of The Youth." Most everybody has sat down and thought of what they would like to be. Abraham Lincoln had a vision. Lots of our prominent citizens of today once had a vision, and worked themselves into that vision. Some may ask: "How can I become that which I would like?" First is character. We get nowhere nowadays without character. Second is a good name, and third is the taking in of Christ. A lady from Charlotte sang a selection. The talk and music was enjoyed by all present. We hope to see Mr. Watkins again, soon.

A LITTLE STUDY-CAP EXERCISE.

A Norfolk, Va., subscriber, daffy on working out littles puzzles and making some herself offers this. The Uplift will go for one year free to the first correct solution reaching us by mail. Here is the little teaser:

A — — — — — — sat in his — — — — — — gray,
Watching the moonbeam's — — — — — — play,
Low on a log in the bushes he lay,
And thus was heard to sing:
Thou — — — — — — the weak,
Thou — — — — — — the strong,
To thee the — — — — — — of great battles belong;
The leaves with a — — — — — — took up a song,
"John Barleycorn is King."

The following is the instruction: Find a word of six letters, which by transposing will make an appropriate word to fill each blank—a different word in each case, but using the same six letters.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Gp364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 5, 1927. No. 42

THE CREATIVE.

It is much easier to invent a makeshift for shadows, than to find the real. Most of our worries are because of myrages far on the distant horizon, imaginary troubles that keep moving ahead as we advance, or disappear entirely.

Today is the keynote of the song of life, beautiful with memory of the past, and thrilling with hope for the future.—Arch Huneycutt.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A man is just like his car. His ability to get there depends on what's under his hat crown. There's often a lot of stuff under the sod that ought not to get there. After all's said and done you're worth what's under your hood. Become mentally inert and you stagnate. Allow the "isms" and the "ifs," and the vileness of the times to flood your mental carburetor, you'll choke the engine on the most crowded corner. The man who succeeds must keep verlastingly fit. He must constantly care for what's under the hood. Many a time he'll have to do what he doesn't want to do. But doing that well only makes a man of him. Small fry never do anything except what pleases. Men of big mold do many things distasteful to them to help others. In the end they are happier for it. So be a man of progress. Pay attention to what's under the hood and keep the mental machinery well tuned to its task.

LIVING UP TO CAMPAIGN PROMISES.

When a gubernatorial candidate Mr. A. W. McLean, by invitation of the Concord Kiwanis Club, made an address during Thirft week. Among other very sensible utterances and very practical observations, the speaker said:

We should realize that we cannot have real thrift in government unless we watch the tax spenders as well as the tax collectors.

The balancing of the budget to the end that current operating expenses of government, whether it be national, state or local, shall not exceed current revenues.

There should be an elimination of all duplication in government departments. This is perhaps the most prolific source of a lack of thrift in the management of our public business, and is due most often to our uneconomic system of government. where bureaus and committees are too frequently to be found. There should be in every

government department a modern system of accounting, equal in all material respects to that maintained by the best managed business concerns, and this system should be so set up that the public can always understand what their government is costing them, and particularly the sources of income and how the money is spent.

Now that Mr. McLean is governor, he is making a great and honest effort to live up to his pre-election views. That's lots more than many politicians and statesmen do or even attempt to do.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ONE OF OUR FRIENDS LEAVING.

It is with real regret that The Uplift hears of the resignation of Rev. W. C. Lyerly, who after more than nine years of devoted service as pastor of the Concord Reformed congregation is leaving this faithful band of Christians to take up work with several churches in Catawba County.

Mr. Lyerly has achieved monumental success in the pastorate which is now coming to a close; he's a folksy man in touching elbows with the general public; he's sound and firm in his view upon righteous conduct—he may know how to straddle a horse, but never a principle; he's an earnest preacher and dutiful shephard—these are attested in the development of the congregation, along spiritual lines, the building of a handsome new church, and a commendable score in contributions to church activities.

Mr. Lyerly has preached often for us at the Training School; and the whole story can be summed up in these words: the boys like him greatly, and regret his leaving. Boys take the measure of a man.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

JUST WHISKEY MEAN.

We hear of many tragic deaths today, but they are caused principally by automobiles; yesterday years the tragic deaths were principally caused by the craze which whiskey put into men.

The other day what we are led to believe to have been a promising career was eternally stopped by a pistol bullet. A sister in defense of her sister-in-law and her own life put an end to the life of a young lawyer. He was drunk. Sober, we are told, he was likable; drunk, a perfect devil.

The victim of this tragedy was just a few weeks ago let off lightly, by the mercy of professional associates' sympathy and the great merciful heart of a just judge. The judge has been severely critized for his leniency; and possibly that judicial mercy after all made it possible for

the young lawyer to dig his own grave. Otherwise he might have been brought to his senses. But the judge was trying to save a young, promising life. He failed; but where be the thoughtful heart, seeking to save another, has not been disappointed because the object of his mercy could not in the face of temptation stand up.

We pity the sister; and the young wife has born a burden that not many could withstand. A merciful and just court will wipe this terrible thing from the calendar—it is enough to have to carry the sting of a tragedy thurst upon innocent women through life. The Lord will shield the shorn lambs from the bitter winds—not man. The gossipy tongue will wag through generations.

Whiskey did it all.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WE WISHED FOR SHERIFF POWLER.

The Monroe Enquirer quotes a Mr. Williams as having trouble with trucks. If he wishes a witness one is near at hand. The Uplift was traveling this same road last Thursday enroute to Monroe. We met truck after truck laden top-heavy, splitting the road in the middle and raising a stiffling dust. Every one of them forced us into the ditch.

Returning from Monroe in the afternoon, we met the same trucks on their return and unloaded—still they occupied the middle of the road. They are the king, for who would dare contest his rights with a heavy truck, manned by a driver that has not learned the first letter in road courtesy.

We wished for Sheriff Fowler or some other sheriff who has the nerve to do his duty by the public when lawlessness runs rough shod over the rights of others.

But here is the charge which the Enquirer makes:

> H. W. Williams, who comes to town over the Concord road, makes complaint that truck drivers are "hogging the road." Especially is this true to the haulers of cotton. Mr. Williams states that the heavily laden trucks keep to the middle of the road which necessitates lighter automobiles and wagons "to take to the ditch."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

OVERCOMING HIS HURTS.

The public which has enjoyed and profited by his writings in the News and Observer, and the profession, including the reporters and the columnists, with whom he is a favorite, will rejoice to know that Ben Dixon MacNeill

is reported out of danger. Mr. MacNeill collided with another car in the town of Smithfield recently, and was reported most seriously injured. The state does not possess a more brilliant writer, nor a more charming character.

MacNeill as a columnist and reporter fills his own distinctive world in newspaperdom.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE LAW OF THE PROPHET.

Dr. C. Fred Williams, South Carolina alienist, declares that enviroment is a greater factor in the breeding of crime than heredity. No doubt he is right, says the Hickory Record. Heredity does play a part in producing criminal elements, for no child can act right morally who is defective physically and mentally.

There is no question but that bad blood produces many libertines and that morons commit crimes on account of their inability to compete with an average healthy man in the business of making an honest living. But environment ruins both the diseased and the healthy. The purest soul that ever winged its way from paradise could not keep its purity twenty-four hours in the fetid atmosphere of many an American's city's underworld.

Environment . . . . can the rose bloom and thrive in the coal yard? The lily sprout in a cattle pen? In a country where the virtuous and the vicious are next door neighbors; in a country where every nation under the shining sun has poured out its bums and loafers to become our best citizens; in a state that ranks forty-third in education out of a total of forty-eight; in a nation where even the highest think more of the honors of office and fame than of their immortal souls; in a country where hypocricy is the greatest and most honored old virtue; what wonder that children grow up as young heathens with not the faintest conception of manhood or womanhood. Can we be astonished that young girls insist on "being their age" and "doing as they please" as many of the supposedly educated one will tell you now under sufficient provocation?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE TWINS

The annual meeting of the directors of The Advocate (Greensboro), the organ of the two Methodist Conferences of North Carolina, was held last week.

Rev. T. A. Sikes, the business manager, tendered his resignation, so as to return to the active preaching field.

The immediate direction of the editorial and business managment for

the coming period have been placed in the hands of Twins. This is interesting, for who is not always interested in twins of any kind; but twin preachers excite one's admiration. They both have been pastors; both have been Presiding Elders; and both are able and handsome.

Revs. A. W. and M. T. Plyler are their names. The former has been the able editor of the Advocate for quite a while; the latter succeeds Rev. Sikes, going to this position from the office of Elder in the Raleigh district. Each become editor and business manager—so after years of separation engaged in different localities, they come together in a most important work of the church.

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, of course, was re-elected chairman of the Board. To him is due much of the credit for saving The Advocate at a crisis, leading in carrying it from poverty in an attic to a handsome home revelling in hope and prosperity.

At best, however, a religious paper has rough sledding, for too many readers are attracted to news of the wild world and her ways.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WERE IT MORE MARVELOUS?

By Bessie Pryor Palmer

Think how through all Time's shifting centuries
The world was filled with floating melodies
And voices sounding firm philosophies,
Unchecked by mighty mountains or by seas—
And yet, we could not hear!

Were it more marvelous if God should raise
The mist from blind eyes, seeing in amaze
The azure strangely filled with forms that daze
Our new-born, where fall the sun's bright rays—
That now—we cannot see?

GOVERNOR McLEAN AT FOUNDER'S EVENT.

(News & Observer.)

Today was Founder's Day at Flora Macdonald College and among those participating in the exercises was Governor McLean, a staunch friend of the college. The exercises opened in the college auditorium at 11 A. M. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. T. McM. Grant. Dr. C. G. Vardell, president of the institution, presided and welcomed the large numbers of alumnae who were present, Governor McLean and other visitors.

Mrs. Sara Gray McCormick, president of the alumnae association, gave an inspiring address characterizing the college as an institution of Christian education and urging the alumnae to get a better hold on the college and assist in developing a greater influence for the school's welfare.

Henry A. McKinnon, Esq., introduced Governor McLean. He spoke of the many achievements of the governor and declared that he was the logical successor to the president's office. The governor was greeted with tumultuous applause.

Governor McLean said in part:

Governor Speaks

"I esteem it a pleasure, as well as a high privilege, to lay aside temporarily my official duties and come to this beautiful, restful spot, to join with you in the celebration of Founder's Day. It is not my purpose on this occasion to rehearse at length the history of Flora McDonald College, but to consider with you, the alumnae and friends of the college, some of the things which have made it a great institution. I believe that its remarkable development is due to the fact that it has never lost sight of spiritual things. It has progressed materially, and in the upward struggle it has known periods of depression and discouragement, but it has constantly and consistently "put first things first." Therein lies its true greatness. Had you yielded to the purely human urge to build up a great plant, regardless of spiritual values, your labors would have been in vain. Had you based your curriculum on the pursuit of cold knowledge alone you would have neglected the factors that have fostered your worthy endeavors. I believe, as I am sure you believe, that Flora McDonald College has been fortunate in having at its head from its foundation a man in whom the student body and others familiar with his life of consecration and service have great confidence. I refer to Dr. C. C. Vardell, whose peculiar fitness for the position he has so long occupied here is recognized by the friends of this institution and by our educational forces generally.

"There is no end to the good that has been and will continue to be accomplished through the religious education of womanhood. Men have their important duties to perform and should, of course, be educated, but we all know that the father's influence over the lives of our young

people can never be commensurate with that exercised by the mothers. They function as spiritual instructors in the home; they teach in our public schools and in our colleges and in all movements for civic betterment they play an important part, challenging the best efforts of man in all respects and surpassing them in many points. I do not mean that the father, for example, is not responsible for the spiritual well-being and training of his children. He cannot shirk his duty in this respect and I would not excuse him for any spiritual delinquency of which he might be guilty; but somehow, God, in His divine plan for nurturing children has worked through mothers to a much greater degree than He has through fathers.''

''All things come to him who waits,
But here's a rule that's slicker—
The man who goes after what he wants
Will get it a whole lot quicker.''

CONSIDER THE HEN.

(Louisville Courier Journal.)

American hens collectively lay 760 eggs a second, the department of agricultural experts declare, looking up from a calculation that must have covered a great many sheets of scrap papers. That is a good deal like taking a 24-hour traffic count. American hens must do better than 760 eggs a second during working hours to get 24,000,000,000 laid in a year, for they all shut up shop when they go to roost.

The hen is a small producer, but she gets away with a lot of cackling over one diminutive egg which occupies a relatvely insignificant space on even the humblest farm. Nevertheless, it is a shapely product, neatly done up—an attractive article of commerce—and the department of agriculture credits the hens with 16 per cent of the value of all livestock products in 1926. Ony the dairy and swine industries excelled them.

There is a lesson in this for all small producers. They are as a class too modest; too careless of the appearance of their product, perhaps, to have any pride in it. Yet comprehensive statistical informaton invariably reveals the small producers as in reality the big producers. The diffusion of wisdom, the distribution of wealth and the inclusive pervasion of human happiness are advanced chiefly by acting on this knowledge.

No wonder the hen cackles. She is elated to get another day's laying done so perfectly.

JUST A GOOD MAN.

Mr. R. E. Price, editor of the Rutherfordton News and County Welfare Officer, writes up an interesting and remarkable couple—a preacher and his wife. It is entertaining. Besides showing a faithful attention to his duties, self-sacrificing and full of good works, Price discovered that Rev. Zack Harrill "has not missed a regular appointment in his whole ministry, has not taken a dose of medicine in thirty years. He does not smoke or chew. He has never been drunk; never drank a bottle of coca cola; never attended a picture show or a circus."

That's a wonderful record, but it lacks the thrill that some of the modern evangelists harp on—that they wallowed in drunken stupors and all such unbecoming conduct. Some men can preach the pure gospel—and there are lots of them—who have qualified themselves to preach effectively and to the glory of God without trotting the gait of worldliness and then boast of it in their sermons.

The late lamented Judge W. S. O'B, Robinson said that a "man should spend a term in the penittentiary before he went upon the bench"—it is not necessary for a man to explore the land of wildness to become a preacher like Rev. Harrill, or any other true servant of the Lord. But listen to Price talking about his fellow citizen:

Rutherford County has many remarkable citizens. It has none more useful and upright than Rev. and Mrs. Z. D. Harrill, of Ellensboro. Rev- "Zack" Harrill, as he is popularly know, is the oldest active Baptist minister in Rutherford County, if not in the entire state. He is in his 77th year and is the pastor of four churches. His life hasa been one of service. He has not preached for "money."

Mr. Harrill has been an active minister of the Gospel for the past 45 years. He has baptized about 1650 people. It is estimated that he has been instrumental in saving around 2,000 souls. He has married around 435 couples and buried from 1600 to 2,000 people, over 400 at one church, Walls, where he has been pastor for 23 years. Mr. Harrill has kept a list of the churches and number baptized at each church during his pastorate of 45 years. He has always kept records of his work. He has the name, date and amount paid by the 435 couples that he has married. Many never paid one cent, while several hundred paid $1 each. A very few have paid $10.

Never Fails When Called

Mr. Harrill has helped to conduct more funerals than any other man living in Rutherford County. When he is called to conduct a funeral, he always goes. He has not failed to go in over thirty years. He has supplied churches in McDowell, Burke, Rutherford and Cleveland Counties. He has preached in every Baptist church in Rutherford County, except three. He was moderator of the Sandy Run Baptist Association for 23 years, over half of its existence. He supplied Walls church, near Ellensboro, for 23 years, Sandy Plains church for 14 years, 10 years at Piney

Knob church, Rutherford County; 10 years at Zoar Church, near Shelby; first Broad nine years; Mt. Harmony nine years; Fairview nine years, Concord, near Forest City, eight years; Floyd's Creek nine years and Sandy Run nine years. He preached at a church, once a month for a year for a total of $6.25. From $50 to $75 per year was big pay when Mr. Harrill started preaching over 40 years ago. His time was full for 45 years except one year on the First Sunday of each month. This was due largely to a mistake.

Mr. Harrill has supplied six country churches at one time. He is pastor of four churches now. viz: Bethel, at Ellensboro, twice a month, second Sunday of each month and Saturday before and the four Sunday nights; Florence Batpist church, Forest City; third Sunday at 11 A. M., and night and the first Sunday night; Bethany, near Forest City, first Saturday and Sunday of each month and Mt. View, near Rutherfordton, fourth Saturday and Sunday morning.

Does Full Day's Work

"Uncle Zack" can do a full day's work. When the writer visited him he had spent the day harvesting his corn tops, etc. He has not taken a dose of medicine in over 30 years. He has had measles, mumps and whooping cough. He has not missed a regular appointment at any of his churches in over 30 years, except to attend a funeral. He does not smoke or chew. He never drank a bottle of Coca Cola, or any other soft drinks in his life. He was never drunk and has never attended a picture show, or a circus. He was born and reared three miles from Ellensboro, where he now lives. He has never lived over three miles from where he was born. He has been pastor of his home church. Bethel, for thirteen years. His home people love and have the utmost confidence in him. He was born and reared four miles from Walls church and has served that church as pastor, longer that any other, 23 years. He always worked and never dissipated when a boy. He grew up after the war between the States and got very little education. He has read much.

Has Large Family

Mr. Harrill is the father of nine children, eight of whom are living. He has fourteen grandchildren and thirty great grandchildren living.

The children are: Messrs. J. C. Harrill of Granite Falls; M. O. Harrill, A. B. Harrill and G. Fred Harrill, all of Ellensboro; Mrs. J. W. Horn, Lattimore; Mrs. C. E. Hamrick, Misses Carrie and Zuda Harrill, all of Ellensboro. Rev. and Mrs. Harrill were married Sept. 14th, 1871.

Mr. Harrill attributes his long and active life to hard work, temperate eating and habits. He always gets plenty of sleep. He rarely ever worries. He enjoys fruits and vegetables and likes to work with them.

Mrs. Zack Harrill was 80 years old Sept. 10, 1927. About 500 relatives and friends gathered at the Harrill home and enjoyed the day and a bounteous dinner, spread under the trees in the yard. All of the children were present and most of the fourteen grand children and thirty great grand children.

Mrs. Harrill was the daughter of the late George Green, before her marriage. Her maiden name being

Miss Rebecca Green. The Harrills have been married fifty-six years. They are both contented and happy. Mrs. Harrill has never been sick. She does much of her house work and can work all day. She rarely ever misses a service at her home church, Bethel. One dollar will pay their doctor's bill for the last 33 years. They have had one hospital bill to pay in 23 years for their daughter, Miss Carrie. Mrs. Harrills eats anything she desires and goes where she pleases. She has always been a good neighbor, a kind mother and a devoted Christian. She has been a great help to her pastor and husband in his long pastoral career and has always co-operated and rejoiced with him in his great work.

In all things throughout the world, the man who looks for the crooked will see the crooked, and the man who looks for the straight will see the straight.—Ruskin.

PROFANITY.

(Selected)

"Profanity is used by poor talkers to fill in blanks in their conversation when their brains are missing fire. By the aid of profanity a man with a one candlepower brain can talk steadily for a long time."

Lord Byron said that men used profanity and obscenity because they did not possess a vocabulary of good English to properly express their thoughts.

The profane and obscene man is rarely a ready or forceful talker. His brain does not function quickly enough to bring forth lucid and impressive expression. He has not the necessary command of language to say what he is thinking, provided the profane and obscene person ever really thinks, so he resorts to profaneness and filth to provide what always seems to be the primary object of little minds namely, noise. Over and over again he spews forth the rottenness that is in his heart, wallowing in a cesspool of slime like the hog that he is. His arguments are mere reiteration, couched in the language of the pigsty and the gutter. He is the personification of the contention that no creature on the face of the earth can fall quite so low as a man when he sets out to show what he can really do in this line. Profanity is ineffably tiresome; obscenity is downright disgusting, and the real man or woman scorns to be besmirched with such uncleanliness.

One cannot touch pitch and remain undefiled; one cannot fill one's mouth with obscenity and remain untouched in spirit: the soul is befouled, one's thoughts are contaminated; there is a lowering of ideals, a loss of fineness as the inevitable results.

The use of profanity and obscenity denotes laziness, stupidity, and a lack of common decency. Rottenness of heart shows itself in rottenness of expression.

THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE.

By George H. Heald, M. D.

If it is a typical American home, the chances are that in winter it is overheated, and as dry as the Sahara Desert. A little investigation may reveal in this fact the source of many of your winter troubles.

Jonas Nettleby, well clad but chilly, on seeing an Indian attired in a breach clout and a feather, but evidently enjoying the snappy air, asked the latter why he did not suffer from the cold.

'White man's face cold?' asked the Indian, after a pause while he looked Nettleby over.

'Why, no,' admitted Nettleby, somewhat surprised at the question.

'Injun all face,' was the sententious comment of the Indian.

Our sense of warmth or cold is to a large extent dependent on the temperature to which we have been accustomed. Stated by an example: Tap water usually feels cold to the hand; but if the hand is first held for a while in ice water, the tap water will feel quite warm. Again: The water in summer seems chilly when we enter it for a swim, but after we have been in for a while, it may feel so comfortable that we may remain in for hours without inconvenience.

A person has it in his power to accustom himself to a cooler temperature, so that the cold does not make him feel uncomfortable.

Few people keep their houses so warm in winter as do most Americans. Possibly we proudly regard our superheated apartments as evidence of a better standard of comfort—or luxury—permitted by our increased prosperity. The truth is that such abnormal conditions of heat are not more comfortable, except to those who have trained themselves to enjoy such temperature.

Americans visiting Europe in winter find the hotels and homes comfortless, chilly, lacking in the 'cozy warmth' that characterizes the American home or hotel. Our boys in France are said to have felt the cold much more keenly that the soldiers of the other allies. On the other hand, people from Europe often complain of our overheated rooms.

Why should Americans perfer a tropical climate in winter? It was not so in the early days of our country. A hundred years ago, the temperature of the American home was much lower than the present average. For homes, it was about 55 degrees. Hospitals aimed to keep the temperature between 50 and 60 degrees. What has changed the American taste to prefer a temperature averaging 70 or more? In other words, what has caused the comfort temperature to change from below 60 to 70 degrees or more?

It would seem that the comfort temperature changed after the change from the radiant heat of the fireplace to hot-air heat. Stoves, baseburners, latrobes, hot-air furnaces, and hot water or steam radiators all heat the air of the rooms. Fireplaces, on the other hand, maintain the comfort of the people by direct radiation without very perceptibly warming the air. Rooms heated by a fireplace, though comfortable for

those seated around the hearth, have a much lower temperature than rooms heated by modern methods.

We Americans, by changing from the direct radiation of the fireplace to warm-air heating, have been compelled, on account of the dryness of heated air, to have the air heated still warmer in order to get the required comfort. The warmer we make the air, the drier we make it, and so the process goes on until sometimes we have our houses at ridiculous temperatures, such as would cause us to use a fan in summer.

The effect of living habitually in such an atmosphere is cumulative, and those who are accustomed to such a life cannot be content with cooler rooms, even though they are more moist.

Especially in offices where girls are arrayed in summer attire in midwinter, and where those who are most scantily attired usually dominate the temperature standard, and where it is very difficult to provide sufficient moisture, the problem of having a more reasonable temperature is far from satisfactory.

Those who are interested in conserving health and fuel in the home may accomplish something, even with the present heating system. Thermometers should be provided, and it is also desirable to have some device for registering the humidity, the wet-and-dry-bulb thermometer being much more accurate than some of the others, but more troublesome, and hence less likely to be used regularly.

BELIEF IN GOD

An incident is related of an eminent astronomer which shows how men, in the name of reason, are guilty often of the most irrational conduct. The great scientist had a friend who strenuously denied the existence and power of God. The astronomer had with much care constructed a concave in miniature, upon which he represented all the planets and stars in their places, together with their evolutions and courses. One day this friend came to see him, and noticing the ingenious piece of work, asked, ''Who made that?''

''Who made it?'' repeated the astronomer. ''Why, nobody; it came by chance.''

''Nonsense!'' said his friend. ''Really, who made it?''

''Nobody,'' came the reply again. ''It came by chance, I tell you.''

''Don't be absurd,'' was now the response, in irritation. ''Someone must have made it. Why don't you tell me who it was?''

Then the astronomer, turning to his friend, said: ''This poor miniature which I have made to represent what God has created in the universe, you say cannot have arisen from an irresponsible cause; and yet you tell me that the wonderful and mighty works around and above us are a mere fortuitous combination of atoms. How do you explain your inconsistency?''

USE BIM'S BILLION.

(News & Observer.)

"If Uncle Bim had turned over to me a billion dollars to alleviate the ills of poverty, I would put every cent in a hospital foundation to be named in honor of Uncle Bim and use the money to insure that ill health should not compel the distress and sacrifice it now imposes on the average family," said Josephus Daniels, of Raliegh, N. C., who spoke at Muskegon, Mich., recently under the auspices of the Hackley Hospital Auxiliary.

"I am very much afraid," said Mr. Daniels, "that my good friend Andy Gump will lack the wisdom to expend Uncle Bim's beneficence in the way to bring most relief and blessing to the unnumbered poor for whose benefit the billion dollar fund has been set aside. Uncle Bim would have shown sounder judgment if he had selected me as his almoner. My experience with the necessity and value of naval hospitals at home and in Europe during the World War gave me a new conception of how broken humanity can be mended shattered nerves restored and shell shocked minds returned to normal by prompt and efficient medical and surgical attention. In civil life, in my own city, where my wife is president of the Board of Trustees of Rex Hospital, I am somewhat familiar with the problems which you are solving in your Hackley Hospital—familiar by marriage to a noble woman. In fact, I owe most to her for all the good things that have come my way.

"Hopital treatment in our modern life hase become general and necessary. It is not serious in the cities for the very rich or the very poor. It is a burden that often breaks the backs of men with average compensation, men who do not wish to accept what is commonly called charity and are not rich enough to pay the large bills under present conditions. The need in America to alleviate the situation as to the very poor and those with limited income is for hospital care as free and as good as education is provided for children in the public schools. The day is not far distant when this will come here in Michigan, in North Carolina and in all communities with the right conception of the duty of government to its people.

"If, therefore, Uncle Bim had turned over to me a billion dollars to alleviate the ills of poverty , I would have no trouble in deciding what to do with it. I would put every cent in a hospital foundation to be named in honor of Uncle Bim and use the money to insure that ill health should not compel the distress and sacrifice it now imposes upon the average family."

"You can count the seeds in an apple, but no man can count the apples in one seed."—Exchange.

HIS GREATEST SERMON.

(News & Observer.)

"No poor preacher ever tried harder to raise his boys right than I did," said the Rev. C. M. Robinson, pastor of Mt. Olivet Baptist church in Catawba county, after being called to Charlotte on account of the unfortunate killing of his son by his daughter in protection of herself and of the dead man's wife when he came home crazed with drink.

The minister spoke words of truth without a doubt. He had tried, oh how he had tried, to make the way better for his boy than it had been for himself. He had looked forward to the day when his boy would occupy a position of honor in the world. There were many days when the way seemed so dark ahead that no ray of light could be discerned. In those dark hours it was the thought of his children who would carry on that gave him strength to go on.

Parents do not despair of themselves. They are ready to face disaster—for themselves. It is disaster for their children that gives them concern. Parents do not fear death, if only their ideals may be exemplified and personified in their children. Sacrifice brings its own reward of satisfaction and happiness.

The Catawba county minister has not lived in vain. He has preached his greatest sermon. Not his son stands indicted in the city of Charlotte, but every man and woman who aided and abetted in bringing him to disaster and death. From all accounts it was liquor that started him on the road to the tragic end. Liquor made by some moonshiner, liquor sold by some bootlegger.

Others knew about the manufacture or sale. Others bought or sold the stuff. Others, many others, were indifferent to the manufacture or sale of the stuff. They walked by on the other side of the street. They felt themselves too good to bother with such things. They were just indifferent. Enough for them to attend to their own business. No matter if others should be tempted beyond their strength to bear.

"I would be glad," said the clergyman, after he had given out the text for his sermon, "if the young man who is standing outside the door would come in and make absolutely certain whether she is here tonight or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch or so and thereby exposing the necks of the people in the back row to a current of cold air."

NEW COMISSIONER OF INSURANCE.

Stacy W. Wade resigned the office of Commissoner of Insurance. Gov. McLean promptly upon receipt of Mr. Wade's resignation appointed Mr. Dan Bonney, an assistant in insurance office, to the position of Commissioner.

Tom Bost, in his story about this change appearing in the Greensboro News, has this prophecy:

Whether opposition would have arisen or not, there will be none now. Dan Bonney's few years in Raleigh have fixed him for the place. If there should come up a candidate the American Legion would annihilate him. So would the women. Mr. Bonney is everything that a public official should be, folks about the capital were saying today. He was shot all to pieces in the war, but with his one arm and one leg and a half he carries more radiance than perhaps any other public official and he knows his stuff. He is a super lawyer. His attorneyship in the department has been attended by success in every controverted issue, and there was universal rejoicing today when Bonney went up.

MY DAY IS TODAY.

(By R. J. Burdette.)

There are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday, Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot unsay a word that I said, on Yesterday.

All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the Mighy Love that can bring honey out of the rock, and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert. The Love that can make the wrong thing right that can turn weeping into laughter; that can give beauty for ashes, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with Yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as is its dead sister, Yesterday. It is a Day of God's. Its sun will rise in roseate splendor, or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that holds Yesterday holds Tomorrow. Save for the star of Hope that gleams

forever on the brow of Tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of Today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the same safe keeping of the Infinite Love that holds for me the treasures of Yesterday. The Love that is higher than the skies, deeper than the seas, Tomorrow—it is God's Day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself, then but one day of the week—Today. Any man can fight the battles of Today. Any man can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist the temptations of Today. Oh, friends, it is only when, to the burdens and care of Today, carefully measured out to us by the Infinite Wisdom and Might that gives with them the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we willfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities—Yesterday and Tomorrow— such burdens as only the mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened yesterday, the dread of what Tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's days. Leave them with Him.

Therefore, I think, and I do, and I journey, but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the Man's day. Nay rather, that is our day; God's and Mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on that day of Ours, God the Almighty and the All-loving takes care of Yesterday and Tomorrow.

A BOY'S PRAYER.

To a father who wrote to ask him concerning recreational reading material for a son the Rev. Dr. Cadman submitted a list of books that any boy would enjoy reading and added the suggestion that the lad might also memorize Beaching's little poem, "A Boy's Prayer."

"God who created me
Nimble and light of limb
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember him:
Take the thanks of a boy."

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

(Exchange.)

It is well that we examine any spirit we discover that we may know whether it be of God or of man. Sometimes a spirit has its origin in evil. It appears clad in sheep's clothing, and to the observer it may be taken to be other than it really is. It is very easy for one to be deceived by the spirit of a thing, or the spirit that is abroad in the land, or the spirit that actuates people. What then, is one to do in order to defend himself against the misinterpretation of a spirit?

Now we are told that the spirit of America is slowly but surely pervading the world. However, we are also informed that it is in competition with another spirit, even that of Russia. When we come to explain this conflict we find there are definite processes abroad seeking to Americanize the peoples of the earth. Opposed to these processes is another spirit seeking to Russianize the peoples of the earth.

To Americanize means to democratize; to Russianize means to communize. To democratize means to pull up and to balance down; to communize means to level down with no thought of creating a balance. One values human personality; the other, individuality. One values what a man is regardless of moral values; the other values man without taking into account his productiveness as an individual unit for the maintaining of the civilization of which he is a part.

The spirit of democracy, cultured and encourgaed by America, seeks to pervade all the stratas of society—the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned. Its purpose is to create a spirit among each and all in order that there may be no classes and grades, no artificial social distinctions, but every man recognized on the basis of his moral worth and the integrity of his own character.

Democracy values human elements. It declares they are common to all. It minimizes social distinction; it declares against titles and family recognitions given upon possessions, maintaining that at the last analysis human nature itself is never drained of its power to produce out of the most unexpected sources men of intellect and character who, rising from the bottom, come to the full flower of their genius in the highest altitudes of achievement.

This is not true of Communism. There moral values are secondary. The human personality is subject to the necessities of the individual. The individual may be practically worthless; he may be ignorant and untrained; he may be physically defective and morally undeveloped. These element of his make-up have nothing to do with his relations to his demands upon society, which must serve him with equal care as the highest developed and the most indispensable member of the human group. He determines society as much as the best By this process the course of nature is reversed and the pyramid of the world's ethic is made to stand upon its own apex.

Whenever the wicked and the moral-

ly incompetent become the deciding factor in social and political policies, then is a nation turning its course downward to ultimately end in wreckage and ruin.

The old-time international game was imperialistic. It was fostered by the great world powers. In its hands it discovered, annexed, and exploited the world's peoples of other races and seized their dominions with their wealth. Against this policy Soviet Russia is now opposed with a new philosophy, appealing to nationalism, race prejudice, and individualism. Among almost all subject peoples the propaganda of Russia is being spread. Those leading in it are seemingly endowed with a great spirit of philanthropy and self-renunciation. Approve it or reject it or condemn it, we are called upon to face the facts. Russia is out among the races of the earth possessed by a great missionary spirit in which she appears as directing the most portentious piece of enlightened international philanthrophy the world has known since the days when France helped to make America a nation.

Interpret it as we will, we are compelled to face reality. It may be another method of Russia to communize, to embarrass, and to oppose the capitalistic world. Nevertheless, the policy and the principle must be acknowledged and dealt with in no spirit of small concern. The only hopeful phenomenon we see on the world's horizon is the foundation of a new international game under the control of America, which is also philanthropic, conceived and directed by the Christian ideal in which it seeks to help other people to the level of self-realization and self-determination through the acknowledgement and the establishment of those principles of morals and government for the common good.

There are those who believe that the cultural revolt of mankind is making small place for democracy. They are declaring that Kuo-Mintang of China is significant of the spirit seeking dominance in the Orient. Self-determination, independence, or self-rule in the interests of nationalism must always drive democracy into eclipse. Nevertheless, those familiar with the spirit of the East declare that it is the whole voice of the people speaking as they seek to reform and maintain their political and national independence. They are not fighting for a throne, but for popular sovereignty. The same contenders assert that Facism in Italy, which has risen to such levels of efficiency, is another indication that at the last analysis in a crisis of a people's national life, democracy fails, while the dictator secures permanency of political institutions.

Sovietism in Russia is indicated as another evidence of the world's rejection of the philosophy of democracy. However, those who know something of the situation developed in that country know that the government there is by the strong hand of a highly specialized form of government. It is not the rule of the people; it is maintained by a form of dictatorship; which ultimately must pass away. The people of that nation have awakened. Their enlightenment has increased in the past decade one hundredfold. Their old despotism, with its ideals

of permanent subjection, has passed away. The spirit of democracy may be resisted there for an indefinite number of generations, but at last it must give way; for the voice of a people in the interests of the common good must at last prevail.

However, at the present time the two great policies are in operation. We must recognize them as being encouraged under the form of the Americanization and the Sovietization of the world. With us there is no question as to the outcome. The enlightened ideals of America must ultimately survive.

AUNT SARAH'S LETTER.

(Young Folks.)

Not long ago I heard some one say, "Oh, yes, it's nice enough to live in a small town; but I couldn't stand it if I didn't take a trip to the city at least once a year. I just want to get into a crowd about so often!"

Some years ago this would have been a prfeectly inexplicable saying to me. Of all things on earth, in those days, I hated a crowd. It was like some great many-eyed, many-voiced monster, trailing and thrusting along the city pavements or in its vast building. It was cruel, inhuman, terrible. It made me shiver and shrink, and long to run far away from it. I couldn't see how anyone could want to get into it, or feel a part of it. A trip to the city was a sort of nightmare to me, particularly if I had to go anywhere by myself in the crowded districts. I pitied, with a sort of wondering horror, those unfortunate people condemned to live in a city and mingle with crowds every day.

A few weeks ago I stood on a busy downtown corner in a great city, waiting for a car. Coming toward me from the opposite corner was a stream of people, broken now and then to let traffic go by, but always rushing across again at the policeman's signal—people and people and people, as though there were endless millions of them pouring out from some unseen reservoir, always renewed.

As I stood on the corner, I began to watch the people coming toward me—their faces, their bearing, their gait—and it struck me again, as it must have struck you many a time, that there were no two of them even remotely alike. Here was a portly business man; there a mother guiding her child across; old women hurrying boys, ultra-modern young girls, wide-eyed little folks, but all different from each other. And the odd part of it was that when I looked into their faces, and tried to guess who they were and where they were going, or somehow or other I had a sense of liking for almost every one of them! It wasn't until I had been looking for some minutes that it suddenly struck me, this was one of the crowds I used to detest.

What is a crowd, anyway? It is just a person like you or me, added to another person, plus another, and another, until there are a great many

of them. They are all different enough to be interesting to each other, and all alike enough in their hopes and fears and troubles and joys to be friendly to one another. As a matter of fact, most crowds are good-natured; I refer to the average crowd, not to a mob inflamed by some unnatural event. When you look the ordinary crowd in the face, and see it as separate faces, it loses its repulsion; it is not a devouring monster, but just folks!

This is one of the best cures for stagefright, if you have to face an audience—to try to lose the sense of the many in the recognition of individuals. It is the charm that makes all helpful and serviceable work possible; nobody, however, good and charitable, ever goes out to help a crowd, but to help men and women and children, with their individual needs. It is all so simple, if you only see them that way! Suppose you are in a crowd; do you cease to be you? Neither does any other person in all that multitude. Really, there isn't any such thing as a crowd; it is only people!

Of the One who came to be our Perfect Example, it is written that "seeing the multitudes, He was moved with compassion." That means sympathy. He saw them as individuals, not as a mass, and so He loved them. We must see them that way, too, if we are to serve and help our brothers and sisters in the world as He did.

TIME TO BE NATURAL.

Hon. Charles Ross, who spoke at the Community Fair here Saturday, struck a note that needs to be souned again and again until all our rural people—and we in the small towns are all rural—have heard the sound. He urged us to be natural and quit aping the larger cities In the old days country social life set the pace and Mr. Ross would have it so again. Old fashioned gatherings with fried chickens and all the things that go with it are much more to his liking than chicken cut up into salad and "served" with wafers. He thinks we are wasting our time and money on things that are artificial and that we are passing up nature that is all about us, and simple pleasures that everyone may enjoy.—Smithfield Herald.

MY MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD.

By Thornwell Haynes, in the Asheville Citizen

And these are knights.
And these their banners.
Wild red and gold!
All the mountains covered with madness!
It flings itself across the valleys
Reaches as far as eye can see.
Every stream sings the battle-cry: "To Arms!"
After all, it is yours and mine—The battle.
The insatiable hunger and thirst for life!
When the Ice-God blows his breath,
Every leaf is furiously a-flutter.
Fear and rage and resistance pour out on every autumn wind
The wild cry: "I will not die!"
Is it not ours, this cry?
Spirit clothed in flesh;
God struggling inside matter!
In reality, the suffering of God as well as our own!
We defy it.
We will not die!
To live forever!
The utmost of life!
What other way of existence is open to us?
When the cold stars look down on a leafless world,
How else but the life and death of a God upon the cross?
It is a tragic creed.
But in essence it is heaven!
Science lays down its weapons.
Faith takes them up.
Reality suffers in us and uses us.
But faith?
By it spirit transcends matter.
Despite our struggles,
Our libations of agony,
Our helplessness,
Our seeming death,—
Nay, by them, Springtime always comes!
As war-cries die,
As leaves fall,
As the soil is enriched,
So, by this tragedy is spring remade!
Always the birds sing and the flowers bloom!
In actuality!
In remembrance!
In Faith and Hope!
Always!
Without the battle,
The battle of red and gold.
There is no Springtime!
Without the Cross,
No crown!

THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS.

By Christine Gordon Wheeler

One of the merriest times of all the year is that which the poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, mentions in the lines about "The Pumpkin."

"When wild ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within,
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune.
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with rats for her team."

Just like the original pumpkin, the myth which connects it with Hallowe'en mysteries comes from India. A philosopher named Isnia was supposed to have lost an only son by death. He buried the lad in a pumpkin shell and placed that on top of a mountain. When the bereft father went to visit the odd burying-place to his amazement rivers and seas with fish gushed out of the pumpkin, being the beginning of such on earth. From that time the gourd-fruit had a part to play in what is referred to as "symbology," for it represented the god of waters in pagan times, and also the moon, the lantern of night, which causes the sea's tides.

In the poem by Whittier he speaks about the coach in which Cinderella rode to the ball. That is one of the oldest myths in existence. It belongs to ancient Egypt and the young lady is the dawn; the prince, who wedded her, the day; and the step-sisters are the dark clouds of night. The godmothers, who appears as on old woman, is no other than the goddess of the sky, named Denderah by the heathen Egyptians.

Much like the woman supposed to control the sky, and so revered by the Egyptians, was Freya, a goddess of northern Europe. Matthew Arnold and many other poets and writers describe her character fully. She was beautiful and beloved and wedded to Oder, the sun. Really, then, as can be seen at once, Freya, for whom Friday was named, stands for the earth. To describe the winter season the old mythologists said that Oder had wandered away from his wife; so, weeping golden tears, she went to seek him, finding the lost one in the southlands. That meeting is "spring."

It is this Freya, the goddess who was thought to bless true love, who is the witch of Hallowe'en. How she came to have that wierd character is an interesting story. It begins with the consecration of the Pantheon at Rome to Christian worship; and that was May 13, 609 A. D. The temple was so named because it was used for the worship of "All Gods." There were many pagan gods, one for almost each virtue and each need, so thought some people of the old-time nations, until they learned of Jehovah of the Jews and Christ of Bethlehem.

The name of the Pantheon suggested an excellent idea to the Christian leaders in Rome. They dedicated the old building to be a Chris-

tian church in memory of All Saints and Martyrs; for those from St. Stephen onward, had made it possible to turn the Roman's minds and those of others away from false gods. It seemed almost impossible to check them, and, also, the Christian converts at the north of Europe, in certain heathen rites each year. They always held one day, annually, as a festival in honor of each of their gods, and for seven of them there was a day of the week on which they were remembered. But, once a year, on the first of November, there was a great festival, and that one was for all gods. It was called, "All God's Day."

Taking a leaf out of the book of those who dedicated the Pantheon so to speak, the Christian leaders changed the date of All Saints' Day from May to November 1, in 834 A. D. They did it with a purpose; for, thought they, "If the people go to church on that day to take part in the Chrictian services, they will not have time to celebrate their old-time heathen ones; and in time they will forget them." That is nearly eleven hundred years ago, and many of those All Gods' rites are still customs. As the people could no longer hold that festival on All Saints' Day, they celebrated part of it on the evening before.

The word used in Briton for "saints" was then "hallows," or "Halo-ed Ones," and from them the name for the fete has come, instead of being "All Saints' Eve." In Scotland that day was known as "Hallowmas," and the night before as "Hallowe'en." That country, more than any other one, is responsible for the development of the customs of Hallowe'en and for keeping them alive.

Freya, who had been the greatest example of a woman's truest love, became a supposed witch in a strange and sudden manner. The Christian missionaries to the north of Europe told the Britons, Scots, Gauls, Norsemen, Teutons, Saxons, and others that their old-time pagan gods were sorcerers, or wizards and witches, and that they were not fit to be within the villages. "They belong in the wilds, out on the brocken, or heath they said again and again. From that time persons who continued to worship the old pagan gods were called "heathmen," or "heathen," by the converts to Christianity.

Out to the heath then went Freya, becoming a witch, and, of course, every bit of that in men's and women's imagination. The cat and the owl and the bat are all symbols of night, and so they became attached to Freya's train as companions and aids in the mysterious performances of the one-time love-goddess. The nuts and apples, now used gayly in playing games on that night, are symbols once chosen to honor another goddess, Pomona the Roman goddess of fruit. The Romans had conquered much of the north of Europe in the first century of the Christian era. They knew nothing of Christianity then, so they taught their conquered peoples about their own myth-gods. From that time, added to their own "All Gods," the Britons and others did homage to those of the Romans.

The French named the apple in honor of their adopted Roman goddess of fruit, *pomme*. Little by little,

through the centuries, the fruit and the nuts have been turned over to rites connected with Freya's mysteries, but in the first place they were symbols of thanksgiving for a harvest. The Jack-o-lanterns were a part of the worship of Shaman, the god of the sea, who was known as Neptune to the Greeks, and as Michabou to the Algonquin Indians of North America.

There was one part of Hallowe'en which grew out of the Christian teaching, and that was the custom of baking cakes for each member of the family and for friends who might be present. Those were called "soule-cakes," as they were eaten solemnly in memory of dead loved ones. The poor people would often call at the homes of the rich on Hallowe'en, begging for a cake so that they, too, might commune—as the old time Christians, still partly pagan, really believed. Shakespeare mentions the custom in his play "Two Gentlemen of Verona," where he speaks about certain gentlemen who went from parish to parish, "a-souling"; but those men like many others of their period, wore disguises on Hallowe'en. They were testnig the characters of their neighbors and friends to discover their charitable qualities. From that prank—disguised beggars—came the modern one of Hallowe'en costumes, and, too, the mischievous deeds.

In France, All Saints' Day is celebrated much like the American Decoration Day, as being in memory of the noble dead, and their monuments are decorated. Louisiana, once part of France's colony by that name, is the only state in the Union which makes All Saints' Day a legal holiday.

The words, "All-Hallows," as well as that of "Hallowe'en" strike a chord which thrills to the spirit of mirth, the kind of wholesome merriment of which Whittier wrote; yet, with that mood, there come thoughts of the brave martyrs for the cross remembered in the song:

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil and pain."

Two farmers met in town a few days after a cyclone hit the countryside.

"Yes, it did quite a bit of damage out our way," said one, reflectively.

"By the way, Hank, was that new barn of yours injured any?"

The other shifted his wad of chewing tobacco.

"I can't say, rightly," he answered, slowly. "I ain't found it yet."

—The Outlook.

ELECTRIC POWER IN HOMES.

(Asheville Citizen)

Professor Gus Dyer made a recent address on electricity and home life at a banquet in Chattanooga of the Southern Appalachian Power Conference. He stated that the home is the foundation of our governmental system. In recent years the home has been losing its influence.. But electric power is helping to remake it.

There is no doubt but that metropolitan life and modern industrialism have had a very injurious influence upon the home. The rush of business activities and the varied and often artificial character of city amusements are destructive to old-fashioned domestic life. The tendency for apartment houses to supplant family dwellings is ever on the increase. The difficulty of procuring servants develops a growing disposition to take meals in boarding houses or restaurants. And the youth of rural districts and small towns are constantly tempted to move into great urban centers, where opportunities for advancement and for diversified recreation are supposed, although often falsely, to be much better.

But the development of electric power is doing much to offset this. It is doing much to build up smaller communities and to afford them an industrial future as well as the great cities. Electrical energy gives the luxuries of metropolitan centers. Young people are enabled thereby to secure easy, comfortable, and profitable work, which reduces the attractions of the large urban centers. Radio equipment brings manifold pleasures and amusements to every door. The constantly improved transportation over good roads is increasing the charm of country life. Moving picture theaters in the smaller villages can offer exactly the same attractions as elsewhere. Also the countless labor saving devices operated by electricity are reducing the burdens of farmers and housewives.

We are evidently in an era profoundly affected by the generation of electrical energy. And this is just as accessible to rural districts as to large cities. Small waterfalls can be harnessed as well as large ones. Also power lines are stretching everywhere over the country from great central stations. All of this is influencing industrial activity and life of all sorts. Some authorities contend that decentralization of manufacturing enterprises of all sorts is coming as a result. Henry Ford has made interesting experiments of this nature in his automobile plants. And an offset is thus being produced to the congestion of population in great cities. The industrial revolution began with the application of steam power to manufacturing and transportation. And its effects all through the nineteenth century were startlingly manifest. But electric power seems to be more and more the dominant factor in the twentieth century. Its influence upon all civilization may be equally great.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

We were all glad to see John Faggart, a former boy of this institution, on the campus last Sunday.

Edgar Rochester, our new job pressman, has been busy lately printing envelopes for the different cottages.

Letter writing day came around the first of this week and all the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

Mr. House and the bakery boys were busy last Monday baking the cakes which were served the boys at the Hallowe'en party last Monday night.

Ernest Hicks, a member of the sixth cottage, has been given a position in the print shop recently. We hope he succeeds in being a fine printer.

The boys of the print shop spent Saturday morning and afternoon cleaning up around the shop. It improves the looks wonderfully.

A mechanic was here recently fixing clocks, sewing machines and talking machines. He had quite a job. He was here several days doing this work.

The boys made their usual Saturday afternoon trip to the ball ground last Saturday. The larger boys played basket ball, football and baseball; while the small boys played marbles and various other games.

Mr. Kiser, of the University, came to the institution last Saturday and brought a bunch of cards for the boys to fill out. As yet, we have been unable to learn the purpose of this. Anyway, we were glad to have him with us, and hope to see him again.

"Amo Denounces Sin," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson, which was the World's Temperance Sunday. We considered the stirring words of Amos as he warned his people against the vices of that day. First he foretold judgments that were to overtake cities in surrounding nations; then he predicted disaster on the lands of Ammon and Moab; last he daringly called attention to the wickedness of Judah and Israel. Amos lived a simple life and had little patience with thoses who lived in luxury and were given to the vices of "the idle rich." In warning his own people, he spoke of evils similar to those which confront us today, and challenge to comevery one who truly loves God and honors his laws of right living. The golden text was: "Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you, as ye have spoken."—Amos 5:14.

Ghosts and witches held high carnival at the School from seven to nine thirty Monday evening. At the new Receiving Building, which has

not been formally opened, a real Hallowe'en party was held for the boys. All rooms on the first floor were decorated profusely with autumn leaves, cut flowers, and doorways and windows were arranged in orange and black. Jack-o-lanterns glowed in spooky corners, black cats, bats, and witches hung suspended in mid-air and on the walls, and the whole scene was one of revelry and wholesome fun with enough "creepiness" to make it interesting. The boys were not masked, but the officers and matrons entered into the spirit of the occasion with so much enthusiasm that for the time being the boys found themselves associating with a strange company of people who fared forth as gypsies, bold pirates, ghosts, and all manner of fancy and weird folk.

Upon arrival the boys came by the "hot dog stand," that institution which is so dear to the heart of the average young American. It was a glorified affair on Hallowe'en night. Within an enclosure of tall corn a booth was strung with colored lights. Here, behind a counter, a genial colored uncle with a voice surprisingly like that of the assistant superintendent dispensed hot rolls and sausages, freely flavored with mustard. He had all the equipment, and operated the stand with the ease of an old-timer, ably assisted by a corps of youthful helpers.

Leaving the stand the boys were conducted to the basement entrance, being stopped on the way by two gypsy fortune tellers who read the present, past and future and gave the information out to the boys already printed on cardboard tickets. The greatest fun of the evening was the entrance to the building. Entering a door the boys found themselves in a region of total darkness, made hideous by unearthly din, and were made to "walk the plank" while a ghost on either side assisted progress. The plank was a long and narrow one, and ended suddenly when the victim found himself falling onto a fairly comfortable landing place, thence to proceed to the stairway leading to the upper floor. Strolling through the rooms, admiring the decorations and conversing with the strange people there, the boys found a witch presiding at the dining room table. A most accomodating witch, who passed around a plate of marshmallows to hungry boys. And all was well until grunts and grimaces and sudden laughter revealed that the marshmallows had been dipped in quinine!

Upon leaving the boys went through the kitchen where block cream, cake and peanuts were served, and there was not a joke to this part of the program.

The party was an unqualified success, and besides the people at the School who gave willing help the boys are grateful to Mr. Charles Ritz of Concord, who loaned the hot dog cooking equipment, and to Mr. Harris of Efird's Department store who furnished the cardboard fortunes, as well as to others who contributed to the evening's pleasure.

We learn not at school, but in life.—Seneca.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No 1

—A—

David Julian, Charles Loggins, Horace McCall, Smiley Morrow and Clyde Pearce.

—B—

David Fountain, Ramsey Glasgow, Benajah Sasser and Herbert Williams.

Room No. 2

—A—

Roby Clodfelter, Norman Ball and Lawrence Fisher.

Room No. 4

—A—

Malon Allen, Earl Mayfield, Tam Parson, Claude Carden, Wylie Moore, Olive Sims, Ben Chattin, Claude Whittaker, Charles Norton, Norman Bradford, Isaac Franklin, Laban Vause, Eldon DeHart, Fred Stillwell, Howard Owen, Lomas Valentine, Raymond Lawery, Ernest Carlton, Charles McMillan, Julian Tuck, and Ian French.

—B—

George Smith, DeWitt Duncan, Carl Shropshire, Arthur Higgins, Theodore Troxler, and Henry Burke.

Room No. 5

—A—

Carl Kinziey, Ceveland Shaw, John Tunstall, Charles Grissom and Fuller Moore.

—B—

Dalton Lanier, Harry Price, James Scott, Ralph Wright, Earl Faulk, Ray Seagroves, and Leroy Tompkins.

Room No. 6

—A—

Clyde Kivitt, Carl Griffin, Marvin Cook, Lester Younts, Ozell Willis, Leroy Daniels, Woodrow Whitfield, Bill Elliott, Ernest Davis, Victor Eavens, Julius Lambeth, Herbert Munn, Frank Harbert, Charles Beaver, Edward Purify, Marvin Barnes, Odell Loy, Ernest Farr, Percy Long, Archie Holt, Vance Thomas, Edmond Hodge, Egbert Wall, Ernest Walters, Ernest Pleasant, Alvin Roberts, Walter Quick, Arnold Cecil, Lester Wall, Walter Routh, Allen Wren, Lee McPherson, Cecil Vause, and Joffrey Norris.

Mrs. Robert Ktaz was looking for her husband, and not finding him at the village grocery, she went over to the barber shop. The proprietor met her at the door and inquired what she wanted.

"Bob Katz here?" she asked.

"No, madam, we do not," replied the barber as he closed the door.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., NOV[illegible] 1927 No. 43

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DOING GOOD.

He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in consequence but in every act of doing it, for the conscience of well-doing is ample reward.—Seneca.

PUBLISHED BY

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

A man who can remember faces and call them by name in a pleasant manner has no trouble getting a good job with good pay in a large hotel or other business concern dependent on the business of strangers and transients. Many a professional man enjoys no little of his healthy income to the tact and personality of his efficient secretary who knows how to smile away the impatience of a client clamoring for immediate attention.

Graciousness is an asset to modern business. Rough old birds become rarer and rarer birds because modern conditions are not kindly disposed to them. To greater or less degree everyone responds to considerate attention and will invariably "go somewhere else next time" after being subjected to rude or crude reception.—Oxford Friend.

EXCITING INTEREST.

Irrespective of denominational allignment, there is the liveliest interest in noting the last official act of a Bishop of a Methodist Conference. It is a worthy human interest. Some are anxious to know what was done with a friend or acquaintance; but it is, after all, the average person is deeply entertained by the movement of men.

If they whimpered, or grew sullen or acted "ugly" (to use the language of the street) when assigned to posts not to their liking, this great annual movement of men to fields of service would not much interest us. But they don't whimper and we rejoice with the spirit of service and duty which they manifest and in this is occasion for a general interest.

That wirey, active little preacher—little in size only—can't be lost. We always look out for him—he's our friend, Rev. J. F. Armstrong. They sent him away from this point, to our sorrow; then they sent him to Greens-

boro, and now he is headed for North Wilkesboro. That fine town in the bosom of mountainous foothills needs him.

It speaks well for the preachers and the congregations of Concord that no separations have been made. They all come back, to our gratitude. It is well. Their return pleases The Uplift, because they answer our calls at the Jackson Training School, where they have rendered most acceptable and able service.

We voice our pleasure in noting that Rev. W. A. Newell is transferred from a station in Mt. Airy to the position of Presiding Elder of the Shelby District. We'll have him closer to us; the inimitable genius and great worker will start good in his district to a greater stride.

It is worthy of note that a change occurs in the Mt. Pleasant Circuit of this county. Rev. Scott is sent to another charge, but in his stead the Bishop sent them Rev. Wolfe.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

FOUNDERS PASS BUT THEIR WORK GOES ON.

How often are we prone to feel that when a genius passes to the beyond that their inaugurations and projects will pass too. When a great inventor dies, sooner or later another one appears; when a great surgeon or medical man leaves us, another comes into view; when a great manufacturer has finished his earthly career, another has been developed and takes his place; and when a broad visioned benefactor answers his last call, we feel deeply the shock and sorrow.

Somehow, and it is not given us to exactly define, nature or the fates make provision for all these losses in producing, by the will of God, others to keep the causes going on their missions of service and the doings of righteousness.

As an illustration of these facts, we have about us in the land evidences where men have risen up to take the places of great geniuses and great factors, and the good work goes on. The other day a conspicuous person in a city in the state of New Jersey was called hence. She had made a place for herself in the lives of others. She was one of the original ten that founded The King's Daughters Order, which she lived to see encircle the globe in deeds of merciful consideration for distressed humanity.

Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, of Plainfield, N. J., was one of the ten women present when Mrs. Bottome conceived the Order of The King's Daughters and planned its work. She was the only survivor, for years,

of that little band of godly women that met back in 1886 and started a great work which has in different parts of the world made full justification of its existence by its life and deeds. Though the original founders are numbered among saints, the great cause lives and waxes stronger with the years. And it is entirely due to the fact that whatever they do, is done In His Name—this tells the whole story.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

JUST A LITTLE MIXED.

Of course all readers will understand how it happened, when the Charlotte Observer carried two pictures on the front page of its Section 2 of November 8, wherein it gave the likeness of Rev. W. W. Peele, the new pastor of the First Methodist Church and that of Mr. C. C. Coddington, the great Carolinas distributor of the Buick cars.

Part of the title to Rev. Peele's photograph belongs to Mr. Coddington. It read: * * * * "pastor of the country whose aggregate sales amount to approximately $140,000,000 each year." This, however, is not so very far wrong. What we hear of Mr. Peele's great ability, he could very well manage a business of large proportions; in fact he has the duty of pastoring over a congregation of about 2,500 members, who, if we get it right, will do a business touching into the millions.

We are sure Mr. Coddington will enjoy this fine company in which he finds himself, with the moguls engaged in distributing his kind of a car, and no less by appearing in print along with one of the first preachers in the Western North Carolina Conference and the first pastor of the combination of two of Charlotte's most conspicuous churches.

Funny things occur in our great papers without doing violence, besides Jiggs and "Can You Beat It."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

EDUCATIONAL REJOICING.

The old educational ship in Cabarrus seems sailing with new vigor, under her new captain. For a long time the well-wishers of the cause of the rural child have hoped for an administration of educational affairs that was not satisfied with a course "of the least resistence."

Mr. Hawfield, the new superintendent, seeks, if we understand the facts appearing in the Concord Tribune, to render a constructive service, to popularlize the schools, to lead the public into an understanding that Cabarrus has lagged behind and failed to keep abreast with forward-moving coun-

ties of the state.

He accepts as a fundamental fact that a Cabarrus child is deserving of equal privileges and advantages with those of other counties and even of the cities. For when did a town child get better than a rural child? And when did not the broken down places of the cities have to replenish their forces with country boys? To this end Mr. Hawfield, sustained by a sympathetic board, is trying with his might to take up the sag in the system, get teachers that are not simply graders rather than real teachers, and make combinations of districts so as to eliminate one-teacher and even two-teacher schools.

The truth of the matter is the idea of consolidation originated in Cabarrus and began here; and from the little start made impressed the late General Toon, then State Superintendent, in such a manner than he gave official endorsement of the idea; and had not sudden death claimed the brave old warrior-teacher he would have been given the honor of the greatest and wisest movement occurring in the educational endeavor of the state in twenty-five years.

Though conceived in this county as a necessary endeavor, by the irony of fate or something else, consolidation of districts has made one of its poorest county records in the state—not the idea, but the lack of vision, or the presence of indifference, or fright, or stand-pat-ism, or all of these, is the reason for the humilating lagging of one of the greatest and best counties in the state.

If Mr. Hawfield, in spite of decrees as to courses prescribed, can induce his teachers to emphasize reading, spelling and writing and get results, he will have accomplished much. It is painful to admit, but we have met up with a number of seventh grade pupils that actually can't read, stumbling over and calling awrong simple and every day words. Is the child to blame? The fault lies elsewhere.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHEN DOES YOUTH REACH STAGE OF MANHOOD.

Too often boys receive a notoriety that they do not deserve. Headlines in careless news reporting do them an injustice. The headline proclaims that "the youth did this, and that," when as a matter of fact, by reading the story or making inquiry, it will be ascertained that the subject is beyond 21 years of age.

This leads us to wonder when does a youth become a man, so far as age

is concerned. We see in a paper, referring to the man in jail at Raleigh for vagrancy and who is coming out from a "hunger strike," this heading: "Youth Breaks Hunger Strike." That fellow is old enough to have voted several times in his native state, if he has the necessary qualifications other than age.

This carelessness in fixing ages or stage of life of offenders of the law does harm to real youth and leads the thoughtless or the innocents to believe that boys are going to the devil in whole regiments. It is a specie of yellow journalism that is creeping into Southern newspaper office at times.

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EDITOR OVENS MAKES A SURVEY

Mr. David Ovens, the editorial editor of the Ivey News, is always entertaining. You don't have to agree with him; but when you read one of his observations you will hereafter see what he has to say.

In a recent number he makes a survey. He takes in more territory than the wild man of Chapel Hill, who took a train through the state and then solemnly declared that "North Carolina had 50,000 feeble-minded children."

Mr. Ovens sees a lot of people, who visit his store, who probably buy things that they do not need &c, &c, &c; and in addition to this observation he has made a survey of Clarence Keister's working aggregation about the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce. And now Mr. Ovens declares that the "human family is eighty per cent moron." Hear him:

> "Business tracts, mottoes, inspirational preachments, and other Rotarian stuff may be awfully trite and platitudinous, and all that; but they have their uses, and so long as the human family is eighty per cent moron, these are the things that will be the guiding lights to lead us out of the wilderness into the promised land."

That's a severe indictment of his fellow citizens; and probably he does not know Dr. Odom.

WHY THEY COME SOUTH.

(Asheville Citizen)

Writing in *The Yorkville Enquirer*, former United States Senator John L. McLaurin quotes D. A. Tompkins, of Charlotte, as having told him a generation ago that "Asheville or some mountain town, on account of health," was the best location in the South for a manufacturing enterprise. "Labor," Mr. McLaurin quotes Mr. Tompkins as saying, "can produce so much more. Malaria and kindred diseases lower the productive capacity of labor." Mr. McLaurin, agreeing that this was true at the time, thinks that conditions today are changed and sums up in striking fashion some of the reasons why so many of the Northern industries are moving to the South. He says:

"The Spansih War conquered to a large extent the parasitic diseases of the South while the bacterial diseases of the North remain the same.

"Malaria, pellagra and hookworm are easily controlled, while pneumonia. tuberculosis and kindred diseases are still unchecked in the North.

"Ten ears ago the ravages of parasitic diseases was 70 per cent and the last report I have seen is about 10 per cent; while in the bacterial diseases there is practically no change.

"In other words, the scourges of the South have been practically eliminated or can be, by proper hygiene, while the Northern diseases and cold climate still afflict and make more expense in living.

"Living expenses in South Carolina will average a third less than living expenses in Massachusetts. I saw a statement a few days ago on the cost of steel production. In Alabama the labor cost was only 14.9 per cent of the finished product, while in Pennsylvania it was 24.5 per cent and in other Northern States the lowest figures given were 22 per cnt.

"We have an asset in our climate that can not be estimated: it is fighting for us all the time. Living conditions grow better each year. The efficiency of any man is largely influenced by his his state of mind, which in turn is influenced by his surroundings."

This is interesting. It helps explain why in parts of the South industry was so slow in getting under way and also why it is now progressing so rapidly. There are other factors, of course, notably hydro-electric power; but Mr. McLaurin is right when he suggests that if it had not been for the conquests of medical science in the past generation the South would not have been in position to profit as it has done in the development of manufacturing in this section.

Nevertheless, while the stamping out of malaria, hook-worm and other parasitic diseases has opened new areas in the South to manufacturing it still remains the case that in the bracing atmosphere of the higher regions, in the mountains and in the foothills, climate offers an added advantage which is very great—an advantage which will always remain. The worker and who can be sure the year round of restful and refreshing sleep, sure of starting each new day with new vigor, can always produce a larger and better output.

WRITING ON THE WALL.

(Charlotte Observer)

Our people here in North Carolina will not be surprised at the announced purpose of Senator F. M. Simmons to introduce a bill at the approaching session of Congress for the repeal of that part of the Transportation act of 1920 which conferred on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to determine whether or not proposed new lines of railway be constructed. In fact, remembering the fear expressed by Senator Simmons and some other members of Congress, when the Transportation Act was under consideration, that this provision might result in hindering helpful and needed railroad construction, many people have been expecting such an announcement from Senator Simmons, or some other of those members of Congress who shared his sentiments at the time the act was passed.

Of course, point is given to Senator Simmons' proposed amendment by the situation with regard to the proposed completion of the "missing link" of the Piedmont and Northern Railway in North Carolina and South Carolina. The Interstate Commerce Commission has yet to announce its decision with regard to these extentions, but if the Interstate Commerce Commission should, in its decision, follow the recommendations of Examiner Haskell C. Davis, then just exactly what was feared by Senator Simmons and others when the Transportation Act was passed will have happened.

Just such a situation has come about as it was feared would arise, and because this is true the course of the Piedmont & Northern matter has been, and is being, watched with the keenest sort of interest in many sections of the country. As a matter of fact the specific case of the Piedmont & Northern and in the interest of the backers of this line, no longer cuts any figure in the situation. In the Carolinas and in the country at large it is now a matter of principle and the question that is being asked by statesmen and by business leaders in many sections is as to whether there shall be any more construction of railroads except by, or with the permission of, the existing large systems.

In this connection it is interesting to recall a point made in the brief filed by ex-Congressman Byrnes, of Spartanburg, represtenting South Carolina interests in the matter of the Piedmont & Nothern extension. Mr. Byrnes, in showing the purpose of the law, recalled the course of the Transportation Act through the House and Senate, one reference being as follows:

"When the Senator from South Carolina expressed fear that if an appeal was made to a board residing some distance from the territory affected and not intimately acquainted with its needs, that the influence of existing railroads who feared competition in service would prevent future construction, Senator Cummins stated:

" 'I do not believe, therefore, in the theory of the Senator from South Carolina, that if the people of a

State desiring to build a railroad should come to Washington and lay the venture before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Commission would deny the authority because the interest of some existing railroad might be served by refusing that authority. I cannot conceive of that happening.' ''

Senator Cummins was speaking for the sponsors of the bill and most certainly his word was accepted as defining the purpose of the act. And yet we have today a picture of two sovereign States, with the absolutely unanimous backing of the business interests, with the vigorous backing of their two Governors and of the Corporation Commission and Railroad Commissions, with the backing of counties, cities, towns, Chambers of Commerce, and other business groups, having their efforts and opinions absolutely disregarded and set at naught in the recommendations of the examiner who, on behalf of the Interstate Commerce Commission, conducted the hearing in the matter.

Senator Simmons' proposed stand will have the unanimous endorsement of the people not only of the Carolinas, which happen at this time to have a case in point, but also of many sections of this country which today have need of additional transportation facilities or which have any prospect of ever needing such additional facilities. There are also indications that he will not be lacking in support from his colleagues in all parties, not only from the sections which may be most vitally interested, but those from other sections who realize that injustice to other sections in resulting, or may result, through the interpretation by the Transportation Ast as it stands today.

This is an economic and not a political proposition and Senator Simmons' amendment will command a strong support from all sections and from all parties.

Perhaps, also, the Interstate Commerce Commission may see it a bit of hand-writing on the wall.

STANDING BY HOME.

No street in this town was ever paved with money sent away by our citizens for purchases from other cities, no school-teacher was ever paid with the money spent on mail-order goods, no payroll was ever met here with these absentee dollars. The home-town merchant is able to meet your every mood, his function is to be your purchasing agent, to stock the goods you require against the day you call for them. He is the man whose enterprise gives value as a tax and rent producer to the business district of your city, he is behind every movement for the good of the community. He is entitled to your patronage and it is unfair to your self and your city to withhold it.—Newton News-Enterprise.

IS IT INSPIRATION?

(Albemarle News-Herald)

What is that which makes the difference between the mediocre and the sublime in music, poetry, oratory and art? This question bobbed up as we had just listened to the phonograph play Irvin Berlin's "Russian Lullaby." There sometimes seems to be just a mere step between the meritorious and the sublime, and yet what a difference. One merely entertains and amuses while the other *plays on the heart strings like the wind on an aeolian harp.* Berlin wrote his masterpiece when he composed his "Russian Lullaby," that is, so far.

But just what makes it so superior to his other musical productions. Suppose he had omitted just a tone or two, would it have crossed that line which separates it from his other compositions, all of which are good?

Gray wrote many poems but had he not written his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," would the world now know of him or his works? We doubt it. And yet what is it which makes the difference? Just where was the line crossed which made Gray's name immortal? And how did he do it? Was he inspired?

William Jennings Bryan was known as *an orator,* but it was only when he delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech that he crossed over the line and took his place among the immortals. And what was it in that great speech which lifted it from the mediocre or the meritorious to the sublime? Suppose he had closed just before that glorious utterance, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," would he have even then gone to that degree of sublimity which at once made him the greatest orator of the western hemisphere?

In all ages men have written poetry, painted pictures, composed music, made speeches. Few there be who ever get beyond the point of mediocrity, and still fewer go beyond what might be termed good, but here and there one passed that unmarked line that unknown boundary, which places himself with the immortals. Some one has said that "The sublime is near the ridiculous, or the ridiculous is near the sublime," we don't recall which, but either expresses the idea that there is an invisible line or boundary, barely separating the sublime from the ridiculous. How does one succeed, therefore in passing the meritorious, reaching the sublime and avoiding the ridiculous? Can it be explained, save that there is such a thing as inspiration, or that something, which sometime, somewhere, may lift one entirely out of himself and into something bordering on the divine?

What touch of the brush, what line or curve was it, what sublime thing was it which lifted Raffaelle's "Madonna" completely out of a class with all other paintings of his day. What expression, if any, could the great painter have left off with-

out leaving that great masterpiece in the classs of meritorious or mediocre paintnigs?

Was it before the completion of his Childe Harold that Byron awoke one morning to find himself famous? So, where did that greatest Englisn poet cease to be mediocre and attain sublimity? Did he pen the first part of Childe Harold under inspiration? And can one reach the sublime in anything, *within his own powers, or shall he depend upon inspiration—that power which is not within one's command, but which comes from somewhere, and lifts one completely out of self and into the heights?*

"Tis not in mortals to command success; But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it."

Our greatest undeveloped resource is the odd looking spherical knob attached to the upper end of the spinal column of each American citizen.—Boston Transcript.

FATHER OF 25 CHILDREN MAKES 60 BALES COTTON.

(Shelby Star)

Boyce Bridges, typical colored farm- of the Patterson Springs rural neighborhood has a typical "Rooseveltian" family. According to Boyce's own statement he is father of 25 children. With a dozen or more at home to help work, he has made a bumper crop. Already he has sold 45 bales of cotton when the harvest is over he expects to make 55 or 60 bales. Boyce is not only the father of 25 children, but owns a farm of 194 acres which he bought from Hayne Patterson and the Lowery brothers at Patterson Springs.

When The Star sought Boyce out on the streets of Shelby yesterday to check up on his large family, Boyce had to stop to count awhile. He suggested that The Star go down with him to take a census, for really he had to count awhile before he knew himself how many he had fathered. He has been married just once and his wife who is the mother of the 25 is only 47 years old according to his statement. Boyce himself is 61 and was born on the Alex Wray plantation west of Shelby. He is a big strapping fellow of the prize fighting variety who could lift a bale of cotton if he took a mind to.

Here's how Boyce checks up his brood. There are nine boys at home, two are married and away, five boys are dead; then there are five girls living and one dead. Speaking of the dead children Boyce says three entered the home in a single year. The first of the year one child was born, followed by twins, a boy and a girl, the last of the same year.

GOVERNOR McLEAN MAKES PROCLAMATION.

Taking note of the anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11th, Gov. McLean issued the following proclamation:

"We, in America, along with other nations that participated in the greatest physical struggle ever waged, are again nearing that significant date known as Armistice day, observed as the anniversary of the day on which hostilities ceased in 1918.

"When the armistice was signed millions of soldiers laid down their arms and turned their thoughts toward home. Upon the shoulders of those charged with the affairs of the governments involved was suddenly thrust the responsibility of reconstructing a shattered world.

"Under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, our government played a conspicuous part in the events that followed. Many are familiar with the stumbling blocks that were hurled into his path. These, however, did not becloud his vision of world-wide brotherhood, but they bore down upon his physical frame and sent him to an invalid's grave, as truly a martyr as any who died bearing arms. His ideals were never realized by him, but there are many among us who have kept faith with the memory of Wilson and who look forward to the day when his principles will triumph.

"With the cessation of actual hostilities came new problems. New battles remained to be won, not with guns and sabres but with moral forces. The conflict between right and wrong continues; lawlessness stalks up and down the land and ignorance and vice still claim their victims. There must be no let-up in the fight against these elements of evils, no armistice, but a decisive victory, if this country is to progress as it should. None of these forces is invincible; each can be conquered but only through a display of real moral courage, inspired by the spirit of true brotherhood.

"In proclaiming Friday, November 11, 1927, Armistice day, as the laws of our state require me to do, I make an earnest appeal to our people that they make this more than a day of rejoicing in celebration of the victory that perched upon our banners in 1918. Let us reassemble our moral forces, place a higher value on spiritual standards and strive to achieve the higher things.

"In this fight let us call to the service men who faced death during the world war, to those who served in other capacities and to the younger generation. We will not be true to those who made the supreme sacrifiice if we do not seek to protect those left behind against the enemies of mankind; we will not be true to ourselves if we do not wage eternal warfare against the baser things that are constantly striving to undermine our civilization.

'There are peace time battles to fight. Let each of us go at the task with renewed vigor and on the forthcoming Armistice day renew our

pledge of service to our country and our God.

"Done at our city of Raleigh, this the fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven, and in the one hundred and fifty-second year of our American independence."

A REAL THANKSGIVING.

By Dorothy Hanford Woodward, in Young Folks.

The little shacks in Shanty Town shivered in the high wind off Lake Michigan that dreary day early in November. It had been a bad year for the fisher folk, and in most of the little homes there would be no special celebration on Thanksgiving Day. Times were never very prosperous with these hard-working people, but this year had been the worst they had experienced in many years. First, the preceding winter many of the fishermen had lost their nets when a sudden land wind had come up, blowing the fields of ice out into the open lake waters beyond. The fisherman had barely escaped with their lives.

Then, the annual run of herring had failed to put in an appearance that spring, so they lost that harvest of fish. The summer had been one of great hardship, brought on by violent storms which destroyed more nets, so that when they should have had a good season the fisherman faced an early winter with pantries bare of even the necessities of life.

Mary Williams stood outside the door of hte Williams' shanty shading her eyes as she looked far across the water, watching for the return of her father's boat. She brooded because she knew that her younger brothers and sisters would not have a Thanksgiving dinner this year. "I wish that we lived nearer a city so that I could get a job and help things out,' 'Mary thought to herself. "Since mother is gone I have to be here to keep our home going, or I would leave for the city," Then she saw her father's boat and sighing, she turned and went into the house to prepare the simple supper he could with what she had to do with.

Withni half an hour, Mr. Williams dragged tired feet as he entered the little home. "Well, sister, we had a little better luck today than we have had in weeks. At least we can order some sugar and butter when we get our supplies at the end of the week. We are really better off than our neighbors at that, but even if we have good luck the next few weeks, we can't make up entirely for our losses this past month.' '

Soon the children came running in. flushed from their play out of doors. Nine-year-old Harry looked at the food on the table and frowned a little as he said, "Mary, do you suppose we can ever have anything to eat besides fish and bread? I am getting so tired of it."

Mary smiled bravely as she answered, "Harry, we must be thankful that we have this much to eat. Some

of our friends haven't even this much."

Harry looked shamefaced as he answered, "I forgot about the others." They were all seated about the bare table eating in silence when the father suddenly looked up and said, "Oh, Mary, when I was weighing in the fish down at the store tonight there was a salesman there there from the city. He told of having seen a driftwood doll in the home of one of his friends and said that he wished he could find one for his little girl. I told him that you had made some and perhaps he could buy one of you."

Mary looked surprised as she replied, "I do not see how anyone could care for such a homely thing as a driftwood doll, I make them only for the children who never have had real dolls."

"Well," answered her father, "he is coming up to see you next week, when he comes. Maybe you can work up a trade of your own that way."

Mary put the idea out of her head and so, when the city man arrived a week later, she had forgotten all about what her father had told her.

"Are you Miss Mary Williams," the man asked politely. She said, "Yes I am. If you are hunting for father, he is out fishing and will not be back until sunset."

"I am looking for you, if you are the young lady who makes dolls out of driftwood. I want to buy one."

Mary flushed as she thought of those dolls. Then she went to the shelf over the table and took down three wooden dolls which were gayly dressed in bright pieces of cloth.

The city man's eyes lighted up with interest as he took a doll out of Mary's hands. "That is just what I have been looking for," he said. "How many have you on hand now?"

"I have six of them," Mary answered, hesitatingly, "but they really are not very good looking."

"They are just what I want, and what other people would like to buy for their children. Would you be willing to let me have these?" he asked.

"Why yes, take them along if you want to, I can make some more, only it is hard to find cloth just now to make clothes for the dolls," Mary answered.

'I'll give you a dollar apiece for them, before I come again next week I think that I shall have some more orders for you. You have done a fine job in carving these dolls and you show that you have a talent for such work."

Mary was so surprsied that she could not answer for a minute or two, then she said, "I can make several a week in my spare time and if I could sell them it would help us out a great deal."

"Well, you get to work on the carving and I'll have my wife send you some odds and ends of cloth that we have around our house. Maybe you can have some of the dolls ready for me when I come back next week," the salesman answered. He pulled out his billfold and handed over six dollars to the astonished girl. Gathering up the dolls, the man said goodby and went out.

Mary sank suddenly into a nearby chair. "Six dollars for just some homely wooden dolls, and I have a chance of making more," she said aloud. Then pulling herself together she got up. "For once, this family

is going to have a real supper tonight. Won't it be a surprise to them, and I did it all myself."

She hurried into coat and hat and started down the hill to the store to buy supplies. In a short time she was back again in the tiny kitchen and she rushed about with her cooking. She had meat for supper and some fruit. She set about making a cake, the first they had had in months. Mary was the happiest she had been in weeks. Finally, her preparations all made, she put on hat and coat again and went down to the beach to hunt for pieces of wood which she could use to make dolls.

When she heard the children coming home from school Mary went back to the shanty. They came in hungry and clamoring for food. She cut some bread and spread butter on the slices. The children stood round-eyed watching her. "Where did you get the butter, Mary?" Harry asked in surprise. "Oh, I think that a loving heavenly Father had something to do about it," Mary answered as she gave the slices of buttered bread into anxious hands. Then she told about the visit of the man from the city. The children stood about in amazement as she told the story.

"What can we do to help?" Harry asked. "Why if you children wish to help, you can search for small pieces of driftwood for me to work on." They dashed out, as Mary thought, "This is going to be a company affair, with the children helping me so."

Three days later Mary received a package in the mail and upon opening it she found several pieces of cloth. "He did not forget," Mary said as she started to gather shears, needle and thread. She had carved four dolls and was ready to dress them.

It was a busy week for the happy girl and when the salesman arrived she had found time to make and dress twenty dolls. The man greeted her smilingly when she answered the door. "I have orders for thirty dolls and can get more orders for all you can make. My friends are simply wild over those dolls," he said as he came into the kitchen.

"I have twenty ready now and can make more. I can't realize that people want dolls like these." Mary answered. She went across the kitchen and brought out a box in which she kept the dolls. The man exclaimed over them, saying, "I think these are even better than the first ones. I'll take these along with me and will give you my address so that you can send the other ten down as soon as you have finished them. Here is the money for them and keep right on with your work for I know I can sell all you can make between now and Christmas."

Mary thanked him and said that she would make the dolls as fast as she could. When the man was gone Mary whirled about, waving her arms in her excitement. "Now," she hummed, "we can have a real Thanksgiving Day celebration!" Then she stopped suddenly as she thought, "But what will our neighbors do? We can't be happy if they have nothing more than a fish dinner on that day. I will have to talk it over with father tonight, after the children are in bed."

So that night she told her father

about the Thanksgiving dinner they could have and asked what they could do for the other fisherfolk.

Mr. Williams thought a while, then said, "Mary, that is your own money to spend as you see fit."

Mary clapped her hands as she replied "Then we shall have a community dinner. I shall have money to buy chickens so that we can all enjoy Thanksgiving dinner together. With potatoes, bread and butter and some pies we can get along. As I can earn more money later, that will take care of Christmas time."

So, quietly and secretly, Mary started preparations for her big dinner. She decided not to say anything to the rest of the people until a day or so before the big day. The chickens came one night and she and her father spent the whole evening getting the chickens ready for baking. The next morning after Mary had sent the children off to school, she made the round of the other five shanties and gave her invitation. The tired mothers could hardly keep the tears of happienss and relief back for none of them had been able to see their way clear for any festivities on that day. They all offered to help Mary in any way they could.

Thanksgiving Day came at last and the sun shone brightly as the children raced about in excitement over the big affair. Mary kept them all out of the kitchen while she and the women worked. Kettles of potatoes were boiling merrily on neighborhood stoves and chickens roasting sent out alluring odors. It was a happy throng that finally sat down at the tables which had been put together by the men. There was no room to spare in the tiny home.

As they were all seated, Mr. Williams said, "Before we begin this fine dinner let us all sing the Doxology to show our appreciation for the benefits of this food on this great day." Everyone, even to the smallest child, joined into that song of Thanksgiving, then they started in to enjoy the dinner in the fullest measure.

So Shanty Town, in spite of the lack of money, enjoyed Thanksgiving in a more thankful spirit than the fisherman and their families had expected. Mary worked on during the hurried weeks before Christmas, making dolls as fast as possible, for she found that her market was larger than her supply. By Christmas there were many things in the home that they could not have had if Mary had not had this sudden opening of a business she could carry on and still keep her little family fed and well cared for.

As she finished up the last shipment of dolls before Christmas she said, "Maybe I can get enough work to do so that I can save money enough in a year or two to take some lessons in wood carving." She had the satisfaction of being a help, not only to her own family, but to the entire neighborhood.

"So you are the sole survivor of a shipwreck! Tell me how you came to be saved?"

"Well, you see, I missed the boat!"

DEFINITION OF A WORKING MAN.

(Ford's Page.)

Brains and brawn are inseparable and make up the world's motive power. The hand, no matter how dexterous, would be a useless piece of machinery were it not guided by the intellect. The partnership of mind and matter is one which has existed since the beginning of time and cannot be dissolved. If this dissolution took place we should have labor without utility, and intelligence divorced from toil. The result would be economic chaos. There must be harmony of intention in order to reach the common objective of accomplishment. The buyer of the product of this partnershp, himself a worker, is also an essential unit in the scheme, and the disintegration of this trinity would bring disaster.

What is a working man? Is he not a man who works? And if he is a man who works is it not equally true that he is a working man whether he works with his hands or with his brains or both? Yet the phrase, 'working man,' is almost always used to mean a man living by some mechanical or manual occupation.

In the ordinary course of things, hand and brain must work together to accomplish any results; to divorce one from the other would be like depriving a ship of its navigator and allowing it to run wheresoever it listed. The result would be disaster.

This combination of hand and brain is essential to success. The farmer prepares the soil and sows the seed, but even with the most propitious weather conditions the cultivation of the land and the planting of the seed would lead to poor results were it not for judicious selection and proper fertilization.

It is the same in the work of the engineer and builder. A steel girder may be a perfect piece of workmanship, but it takes the guiding hand of the engineer to place it where it belongs; a pier or buttress may be a marvel of strength, but is the architect who decides its position so that it may give strength where it is most required. Both engineer and architect have made a study of these things and their judgment is relied upon.

Give a man a spade and tell him to dig a hole and plant a tree. He may dig the hole and plant the tree, but it requires expert knowledge to tell him just what sort of hole to dig and what kind of tree to plant. He must dig the hole where the soil is suitable for the variety of tree he intends to plant, and if the tree is to be of any commercial value when it comes to maturity, it must be of a species which furnishes good timber.

There is also the danger of using the wrong tools. In addition to his spade the man might be given an axe, and in addition to his planting activities he might be told to cut down some of the mature trees for timber purposes. If it were not for the intelligence with which he is endowed and which directs him in his actions, there is a likelihood

of his applying the tools in the wrong way.

It is related that a gang of coolies in an Eastern country were once supplied with wheelbarrows to take away the dirt from an excavation. Now, it so happened that previously the dirt was put into baskets and carried away on their shoulders. The advent of the wheelbarrows completely puzzled them. They had never seen such things before, and to the coolies they were only so many containers in which to put the dirt; but the barrow was too heavy to carry on their shoulders in the usual way; one man took hold of the shafts and another seized the wheel, and between them they lifted it bodily from the ground, with its load, and dumped it just as they had the baskets.

Obviously this was a case of misdirected energy, an illustration of the hand working without the brain. However, instances of this kind are every day brought to notice in the unskilful use of tools even when applied to their legitimate use. The partnership of brain and brawn can not be dissolved without inviting disaster.

Therefore, the man who uses his brains as well as his hands in the performance of a given task, or the man whose intelligence fits him for the guidance and direction of others in the carrying out of his work, is as much a working man as any. He is just as truly a man who works.

And so it is in any profession, whether that of law, medicine, or the ministry; all who perform their duty faithfully are working men in as true a sense as the toiler in the woods, the fields, or the factory. All who are engaged in legitimate labor, be it with the hands or with the brains, are working men; all who are not idle have the right to be included in this designation.

Much of the trouble and turmoil that have upset the world from time to time might have been saved if the proper relation of the intellect to the hand, of the director of a task to its performer, had been fully recognized. There would have been less talk about 'capital' and 'labor,' about the 'bosses' and the 'workers,' about employer and employe. For that matter men who work all capitalists, all bosses, all employers, if they only fully understood it; all are equally essential to the general wefare.

The man who possesses health, strength and skill is a capitalist; if he can use his health, strength and skill to the best advantage he becomes their master and is therefore a 'boss,' and if he uses them as a means toward the betterment of his personal welfare and in promoting the happiness of those who depend upon him, he is an employer conscientiously fulfilling his destiny. He is assuming the functions to which he is legitimately entitled; he is taking his proper place in the order of things; he is the captain of his soul, not its slave.

After four centuries, the gardens built by Cortes, the conqueror, are still one of the wonders of Mexico.—Exchange.

FAMILIAR HYMNS AND THEIR WRITERS

By A. W. McNeil and William Thompson, F. R. G. S.

The instinct of worship developed in primitive man as soon as he realized that there were forces in Nature beyond his control. "The greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night" were proofs to him in particular of the existence of a Supreme Being.

The use of chants antedates human history. Martin Luther, in the early days of the sixteenth century, was among the first to realize that not only is "music the child of prayer, the companion of religion," but that spirited song is an impetus to all forms of religious endeavor. He composed those sonorous lines, sung for nearly four hundred years: A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

Old Hundred, the famed Doxology, was the work of Guillaume le Franc (William Franck, or William the Frenchman), who in 1541, founded a music school in Geneva. He set many of the Psalms to music. His death occurred in Lausanne in 1570.

Isaac Watts, a prolific writer, of the eighteenth century, was a native of Southampton, England. His father was a deacon of the Congregational church, and was cast into prison on many occasions for his unpopular religious views. The wife with her little son in her arms was in the habit of sitting on the prison steps, where she could be near her husband in physical presence as well as spirit.

From babyhood, little Isaac literally thought in rhyme, and was unable to speak without using it. His Father despising anything that pertained to the world, the flesh and the devil, was shocked that a child of his should voice "frivolous meter." He threatened severe punishment to break him of the habit, but without avail. Finally as he stood over Isaac with rod uplifted, the weeping, trembling little fellow with clasped hands, implored:

"Father, I pray you pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

The irate parent realized that this was no childish caprice but that the boy possessed a rare gift. Thereafter Isaac was free to speak and write as he chose. The untuneful hymns sung at the Nonconformist meetings were torture to the sensitive Watts. The church owes him much for his inspiring and melodious writings. Among the best known are: "Joy to the World; the Lord Is Come," and "O, God Our Help in Ages Past; Our Hope for Years to Come."

A classic of hymnology is "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," written by Augustus M. Toplady, who wore out his frail body with zeal. This was the favorite of Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert, who whispered it on his death-bed. General J. E. B. Stuart, dashing figure of the Confederacy, requested that it be sung to him as he lay mortally wounded in a Richmond hospital. The passengers on the steamer "London" which foundered in the Bay

of Biscay in 1866, sang it as they drowned; and Armenian Christians murmured it as they were being massacred in an uprising in Constantinople. It is related that Toplady was caught in a sudden terrific storm and sought protection in the cleft of a rock. This was the inspiration for the immortal hymn.

Charles Wesley wrote more than six thousand hymns of which the outstanding one is "Jesus Lover of My Soul." As he stood by an open window, watching a storm, a tiny bird buffeted by the angry elements, found shelter in his bosom. The first verse of the hymn shows the symbolism which the occurence held for him.

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds" is sung at many fraternal gatherings as well as at religious services. It was written by John Fawcett, D. D., born in Yorkshire in 1739. He received a call from his humble parish to a great London church and accepted. All his belongings were packed and he was about to bid farewell to the members of his congregation when their sincere grief and affection were more than he could endure. "I will stay!" he cried. "You may unpack my goods and we will live for the Lord lovingly together." At his earliest opportunity as the outcome of this experience he wrote the popular hymn.

"Onward Christian Soldiers!" was the inspiration that came to Sabine Baring Gould, an English rector. He introduced into England from Flanders, a number of carols with charming old music. It seems fitting that so great a composer as Sir Arthur Sullivan should have written the melody for this splendid martial hymn.

"Softly Now the Light of Day" is often sung to the strain of Gottschalk's tender "Last Hope." A woman friend who was an earnest admirer of Gottschalk's compositions urged him to write something dedicated to her. He found himself unable to, believing that nothing he could produce would be worthy. Her life was drawing to a close when she again reminded him of her desire. Seating himself at an instrument he had inspiration for "The Last Hope."

Fanny Crosby, born in 1823, wrote eight thousand songs and hymns. Blind from infancy, in her lifetime of over ninety years she was never once heard to complain. She married Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind teacher. Much of her work was in mission field in New York City when the slums flourished. On one occasion she made a plea for any boy who had wandered from home and mother's teachings to repent. Out of a conversion she wrote "Rescue the Perishing." Her "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" is sung at funerals in many lands and languages. During a visit at Northfield, the home of Moody the world famous evangelist, she was asked by him to address an audience. After a moment's thought she said that among her writings which had never been published was her "soul's poem." With face illumined as if she gazed upon a vision, she recited: "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break."

"Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!" is the sailor's hymn. The writer Edward Hopper, was pastor for 18 years of The Church of the Sea and Land and was much beloved.

A hymn that is soul-stirring and has an amazing history is "The Nine-

ty and Nine." The words were written by Mrs. Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, at Melrose, Scotland, in 1868. It was published in a religious periodical and appealed to Ira D. Sankey, the singer, who cut it out and placed the clipping in his pocket. At one of the great Moody and Sankey revivals held in Edinburgh, Mr. Moody turned to Sankey and urged him to sing something. Sankey suddenly remembered The Ninety and Nine, but it had never been set to music. He placed the words before him on the organ and the melody was at once suggested to him. Every person in the vast assembly was moved to tears. He described it as "the most intense moment in his life."

In 1861, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe visited the Federal camps on the Potomac. Returning to her quarters in Washington, cold and fatigued, she slept soundly but awoke at early dawn with the words of The Battle Hymn of the Republic pounding in her brain. The tune to which it is sung is an old camp meeting melody.

The greatness of Philips Brooks as a preacher was equaled only by the beauty of his character. As a boy he sang constantly in his home and by the time he went to college he had memorized more than two hundred hymns. He adored children. It was his ambition to spend a Christmas Day in Bethlehem. This was made possible. On a certain memorable Christmas Eve, he was in the very field where the shepherds were said to have heard the heavenly choir announce the birth of the Christ-child. "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" came from the fullness of his heart after this experience.

Bishop Heber wrote the Missionary Hymn—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains"—known in all countries and climes. It is stated that this was the greatest piece of advertising literature ever penned for the island of Ceylon, for every tourist draws a deep breath the moment he lands, for a whiff of "the spicy breezes."

Corporations are far from being soul-less. The United Gas Improvement Company of Philadephia recently bought an old stone house and was about to demolish it and erect a new office building on the site when the executives learned that it had been the home of Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Gilmore, in which he wrote "He Leadeth Me." The board of directors authorized the erection of a tablet to mark the birthplace of the wonderful old hymn which has been translated into many languages. The tablet has been placed on the Broad Street side of the building and is inscribed as follows:

"He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, Where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

"He Leadeth Me" sung throughout the world was written by the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Gilmore, a son of a governor of New Hampshire, in the home of Deacon Wattson, immediately after preaching in the First Baptist church, northwest corner Broad and Arch streets, on the 26th day of March, 1862. The church and Deacon Wattson's home stood on the ground upon which this building is erected. The United Gas Improvement Company, in recognition of the

beauty and fame of the hymn, and in remembrance of its distinguished author, makes this permanent record on the first day of June, 1926.''

In 1861, Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett became a resident of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, at the home of the composer, J. P. Webster, in order that they might collaborate in musicial works. Mr. Webster was subject to spells of depression but could be roused from them by being given a song or hymn to busy himself with. He was questioned as to the cause of one of these attacks of melancholia by Mr. Bennett, and replied, ''It is of no matter—it will be all right by and bye.'' Instantly Mr. Bennett penned the words of ''The Sweet By and Bye.'' As he handed it to Webster the latter's demeanor changed and he composed the notes as quickly as Mr. Bennett had written the stanzas. The fact that it was both written and set to music on the spur of the moment makes the hymn as unique as it is appealing.

The words of ''Nearer, My God to Thee'' were composed by Sarah Frances Adams, daughter of a newspaper editor in Cambridge, England. It is associated with many dramatic incidents. It was on the lips of President McKinley as he lay dying after his assassination in Buffalo. A man who had been a fugitive from justice for years, heard it sung through the opened windows of a country church and was so affected that he gave himself up to the authorities.

Tom Moore, the Irish Poet, wrote the grand old hymn, ''Come Ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish.''

On the Devonshire coast of England, Henry S. Lyte, was the young curate of a little church. He was desperately ill of tuberculosis and expected to die with none of his dreams realized; little of his work accomplished. He gave the world a supreme achievement — the hymn, ''Abide With Me!''

If the circumstances were known it is probable that facts just as interesting could be told of countless hymns that rank high in favor.

Some years ago a movement was inaugurarated to revise the hymnals and eliminate much that did not conform to present-day standards. The older generation did not sanction a change and the hymns continue to be heartily sung.

After all, it is their tunefulness that has much to do with the popularity of hymns, be they ancient or modern. The most finished literary product would lose much of its appeal without the pleasing musical setting to which we are acccustomed.

When Little Willie L— first heard the braying of a mule in the South he was greatly frightened; but, after thinking a minute, he smiled at his fear.

''Mother,'' he said pityingly, ''just hear that poor horse with the whooping cough.''

IT BOOTS A LOT

(The Robesonian.)

Under the caption "What Boots It?" the Raleigh News & Observer seems to argue that euphony is the thing in pronouncing names or in quoting familiar proverbs and that one need not be so superfluous as to quote correctly if some variation comes more trippingly on the tongue. Quoting The N. and O.:

Chief Justice W. P. Stacy suggests frequent misquotation of the familiar proverb: "All is not gold that glisters." Usually it is rendered: "All is not gold that glitters." In fact, that is the way it was taught to school children in North Carolina a score of years ago. It probably is taught that way still.

"It's easier to say "glitters" than "glisters," and for all practical purpose one word is as good as another. True, nobody ever saw gold that glitters, but that is of no consequence. Gold is not so common that many people either see it "glitter' or "glister."

Better to have a proverb right than wrong, of course, but how is the Chief Justice going to undo what the school teachers have done? The teachers have euphony on their side. That is a consideration not only for the children who may be tongue-tied, but also for the adults who haven't time to rehearse proverbs.

Euphony is not something to be sneezed at. Many a man owes his fame to the fact that he had a name that was easily pronounced. Hannibal for instance. There's a name that has the accent on the right syllables for easy pronunciation. There's rhythm in the name. And there's Napoleon, commonly pronounced Na-pol-yun. The name slips out of the mouth without effort. And so with a thousand familiar names that might be added.

Chief Justice Stacy has euphony against him. Gold will continue to glitter. What boots it?

Judge L. R. Varser, of Lumberton, a former associate justice of the Supreme court, does not agree. He calls The Robesonian's attention to the above, with the stipulation that he was not writing for publication, but what he says is so good that we take the liberty of passing it along anyway. Judge Varser writes:

"This is criticism of Shakespeare's English. I have always understood that he was a good English scholar. I cannot subscribe to the dogma that 'one word is as good as another'. I admit that some use one word for another, without apparent restraint. I assume the writer of this editorial 'practices what he preaches' and thus indulges in this free use of language.

"Why be educated if 'one word is as good as another'. Why not substitute 'euphony' for sense, and instead of saying what you mean, say that which is accord with euphony. This will, at least, have the virtue of sounding well.

"Does it become classic because it has been taught erroneously? Is there a statute of repose that sets all literary standards? There is much value in accuracy. Like mercy, it blesses him who gives as well as him who receives. Let's keep the English strain pure."

The Robesonian strings along with Judge Varser on this. Oliver Wendell Holmes or Carlyle or somebody pointed out long ago that a learned man is called a "man of letters" because he is not satisfied with being about right; he must get down to the very letter of the thing. Hence we do not call him a man of words or a man of sentences but a "man of letters". And by the way, it has geen pointed out that the correct quotation is not as Judge Stacy gave it nor as he said most people misquote it, but that it is, "All that glisters is not gold."

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

—Washington Irving.

THE MISSION OF SPRING.

John D. Freeman, in Onward.

"My thoughts turn back, this morning, to a little spring from which I used to drink in years gone by," he said. "It was born hundreds of miles from the sea. It first breaks into light under an old elm tree in a qniet meadow. One might think it would be content to live its life out in that peaceful place. Why need it roam abroad to lose its serenity amid the confusions of the world and risk contamination from the ways of men? Let it abide where it was born, amid bright ferns and grasses with nothing to disturb its sweet tranquillity. No sounds will intrude upon it here, save the lowing of kine, the shouts of playing children and the songs of happy birds.

"But the little spring pays no heed to my counsel of quiescence. It laughs my philosophy to scorn. Even as I bend to put my lips to it, I behold it smitten with the wanderlust. A rill of its transparent water is already making its furtive way through the grasses of the meadow. It is a born traveler and it has started on its long journey to find the sea.

"Presently the rill unites with other rills to form a brook. The brook hurries on to a river. The river flows into Lake Ontario. After much mingling and tossing of waters in that vast basin, there comes a seaward surge and lo! the majestic St Lawrence breaks forth on its run to the Atlantic.

"That little rill was wise in that it would not listen to me. Had it sunk down into the pasture where it was born, it would have missed the end for which it had been called into being. It heard the summons of the deep and knew it must obey. Every limpid impulse if its heart urged it away upon the great adventure. It was a child of the sea, begotten of the great father of waters, and it rushed away to the sea's embrace.

DR. FRANK CRANE SAYS: DON'T USE THE HEREDITY ALIBI.

Dorothy Dix had a good article recently on the heredity alibi. She pointed out that this is one of the most abused alibis in the world and one of which the weaklings are especially fond.

It seems to be limited to the weaklings. No man who is honest, upright, and has the other virtues attributes it to the influence of his grandfather. He always takes credit for such things himself.

But when a man is a drunkard and loose in his sex life or otherwise self-indulgent, very often he or his mother for him will attribute it to the influence of his father's uncle or some such person.

If a man has a hereditary leaning, for instance, towards liquor, why doesn't he leave it alone?

I know a man who is prominent in politics, himself the Governor of a state and his father before him a Governor. The father had been a great drunkard. For that reason his son never touched it. He knew the weakness was in his blood and he avoided it. This is the main thing for which heredity is good. It ought to teach us what kind of temptations to avoid.

Any man who goes to the devil is the maker of his own downfall. We never place a false stone in the edifice of our career unless we do it ourselves.

Likewise any man who achieves success is entitled to credit for it. Other people and events may have contributed to his venture, but they would have meant nothing without his co-operation.

The one thing that a successful man clings to is his sense of responsibility. He is the master of his fate and he ought to be the captain of his soul.

Our true heredity is from God and we all have in us the power to make something of ourselves.

The Orientals defy their ancestors, but all we use them for is to put the bame of our actions on them. If everything that is said about heredity were true this old world would steadily go to the dogs. As it is, it is growing better and it is improving because there is a continual crop of new babies entering into it and humanity is always starting again.

No matter what your father or mother or great uncles were, therefore, your should not be downhearted.

Dr. Johnson once asked a woman to marry him and she replied:

"Sir, I cannot because my condition in life is not equal to yours. Besides, I have two uncles that have been hung."

He answered: "As far as position in life is concerned, all men are born equal, and as far as ancestors are concerned, while I have no uncles that have been hung, I have several relatives that ought to be hung."

Next stop is Thanksgiving—the next is Christmas. Get Ready!

A SLIPSHOD QUOTATION.

(Wall Street Journal.)

In an excellent piece of reviewing, in The Saturday Review of Literature, a familiar misquotation is made, curiously enough, in correcting the author of the book reviewed. The phrase this writer uses is "It is false to say that money is the root of all evil." But the apostle Paul said something vitally different Here is the quotation, from the first epistle to Timothy, sixth chapter and tenth verse: "For the love of money is the root of all evil."

Money itself is a medium of exchange and exchange, which implies transportation, is civilization. But the love of it, in the sense of avarice or coveteousness, is necessarily evil, although with due deference to the Bible, there is plenty of evil which has no mercenary connection. No phrase is more commonly misquoted, and yet the popular form seems so obviously silly that the user of it might be expected to realize that he was talking nonsense. Rightly used, and using the term "money" as a symbol of credit, money may well be the root of most of the good in the world. Only a minor part of that good is represented in philanthropy. Hospitals, colleges, libraries, picture galleries, museums are valuable, and even indispensable. A properly conducted factory, employing thousands of workers under wholesome conditions, deliberately run for profit, is every bit as great a benefaction as a college dormitory. It is god to help people who are sick, or ignorant. It is better to help people to help themselves.

In the days of the New Testament, among Christians and pagans, it was crudely held that no man could be rich unless a large number of people were poor. That is the idea in Russia today, and our own milder Socialists imply as much if they do not actually say so. Nothing could be more untrue. It is impossible for a rich man, unless he turns his possessions into gold and buries the gold in the earth, to be rich without benefiting others. The rich man is not the cause of poverty; he is the cure. He is a highly ineffective cure the merest alleviation, when he only puts his hand in his pocket and drops a coin in the beggar's cup.

Indeed that sort of benevolence is something of a dope for uneasy consciences. Are our greatest benefactors those whose names are recorded in charitable bequests? They are men like James J. Hill or Edward H. Harriman, to whom wealth was a merely secondary matter, a necessary implement of their trade, men who grew rich and raised hundreds of thousands to comfort and even affluence in doing so. Their money was the root of nothing but good, and the least beneficient part of it was what they gave away.

There ought to be a penalty or forfeit for the slipshod writer who says that "money is the root of all evil" and never asks himself what the phrase could possibly mean.

And the next stop is New Year—This is real news!

BLIND BOY HEADS CLASS.

(New York Herald Tribune.)

Arthur L. Voorhees has been blind since the day he was born, but he went through school like any other boys and was graduated recently with honors from the Barringer High School, Newark, N. J., where he was president of his class.

Young Voorhees attended all class exercises in school, read his lessons and textbooks in Braille and answered examination questions by the touch system on a typewriter.

Now he has finished school and wants to make a place for himself in the world. His father died five years ago, leaving him to care for his mother.

He likes public speaking and short story writing, and wants a job as soon as he can find one with suitable opportunities for one with his physical limitations. Next fall he may go to Rutgers.

"I can do just about anything other fellows do except play football or things like that," Arthur said recently. "I go to dances all the time and recognize the girls I'm going to cut in on by the tone of their voices or the particular prefume they use. Mother's giving me a little party to-night and we'll probably dance to the radio. I go to shows, to. Not movies, of course, but I like vaudeville or plays."

Arthur does not need a cane or a whistle to find his way about. "They're too public, and I don't like to attract attention," he explained. He gets some passerby to escort him across busy streets and he can hear automobiles coming on the less crowded streets. The bus drviers all know him and he changes busses and alights at the right stop without a bit of trouble when on his way to school and back.

He has built five radio set himself, even drilling the panels and sawing the wood bases along a straight line. He wires his sets entirely by feeling the terminals of the instruments and he "never read a radio book in his life."

He plays cards, too, with decks marked in the Braille system. And he has a remarkable memory which helps him not only in card playing, but in remembering just where he leaves things so he can go and pick them up.

"You see, I'm just like any one else, and I don't see why I should attract such attention from newspapers," he said, but his mother added that she thought few boys with such a handicap could do so well.

TRUSTED HUBBY.

"How did you enjoy your travels?"

"I had a perfectly wonderful time!"

"Won't you tell me about them? Were you in Paris, London, Berlin?"

"I really couldn't tell you. You see, my husband bought all the tickets."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Winter jackets and underwear were distributed among the boys last week.

Quite a number of new boys have arrived here lately. They are getting "broke in" now.

We are all glad to see Mr. Clark back on the job. Mr. Clark has been away for a short time.

Mr. Russell has gone away on his vacation. Mr. Hudson will have charge of the laundry during his absence.

We had our first "hog killing" last Friday. A number of large ones were slaughtered. The boys all enjoyed fresh meat and sausage.

A large number of negroes are engaged in making a new sewer line west of the School. This is larger than the old one and better equipped As there is a considerable amount of work to be done, it will be quite a while before it will be in use.

Last Monday night the boys of the eleventh cottage had a "singing contest" under the direction of Mr. J. H. Hobby, presiding officer at that time. The boys sang various old-time melodies and familiar hymns. They are going to practice up a little and show us what a small group of boys can do when it comes to singing.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. This was Rev. Lyerly's last regular visit to the school, as he will leave Concord about December 1st., to take charge of a church in Catawba County.

Old Man Winter arrived last week on his yearly visit. All the boys and officers hauled out their coats, jackets and blankets. The theromometer has been around 35 and 40 degrees already, with a heavy frost and some thin ice. This is the first time the cold weather has come this early in a long while, so it caught nearly everyone unexpectedly. But now everybody is prepared for it.

"Amos Pleads For Justice," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Amos was a herdsman. As he watched his flock on the hill sides, he had time to think and form clear judgments. His addresses show the effect of his life among the wilds: life was serious to him, nature was stern, and God was severe. We may wonder how he learned to know so much about the ways of the rich and the character, strength and ambitions of the nations surrounding Judah and Israel. It is possible that his business of selling wool and figs frequently took him to the leading market towns in that section—Jerusalem, Bethel and Samaria. In this way he would meet men of other places and on the caravan routes. He had a watchful eye and a keen mind and weighed carefully what he

heard and saw. The contrast between the rich and powerful and that of the majority of people in Judah and Israel seemed to rouse his sense of justice. The golden text for this lesson was: "Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."—Amos 5:24.

Several new flower beds are being made and four thousand tulip bulbs and one hundred lilies were planted during the past week.

EXRACT FROM A SALUTATORY.

I have been called to become one in effort with the ever increasing number of those who have been a vital part of the Advocate household. It is a rather unusual and unique situation at this time to be associated with one who knew together the common experiences of baby-days and the same hard bumps of childhood's hours, who trudged the same icy trail to the old-field school and splashed together in the same old "swimmin' hole," who ploughed their first furrows the same day and preached their first sermons the same Sunday, who played together on the same football field and graduated from college in the same class. This is not an every day occurrence. The management has made the unusual venture of trying out twin brothers in the making of a paper.

—Rev. M. T. Plyler, in Christian Advocate

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 367

Thanksgiving Day---Nov. 24th.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., Nov. 19, 1927 No. 44

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

OMNIPOTENT.

He who makes the glory of the sunset,
  And gives the rose its wealth of perfume rare;
Sends to the earth the cool refreshing zephyrs
  To make it blossom like a garden fair;
He who forms the bright arch of the rainbow,
  And paints in various hues the many flowers;
He who sends the rays of cheering sunlight,
  Knows also when to send the needed showers.
He who guides the course of the winging song-birds,
  And sees where every beast has made his lair,
Knows full well the needs of His own children,
  And ever holds them in His tender care.
Why should we grow faint with apprehension,
  When He our falt'ring steps will daily guide,
Circled by His love that knows no measure,
  Aught to cause distress cannot abide.

—Mary Davis Reed

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

THANKSGIVING.

When the snap is in the air,
And the pumpkin turns to gold
And the leaves fall evrywhere,
out on the vine,
'Tis then I render thanks for the
good things that are mine
For love, for home and country too—
But most of all. for friends like you.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HERE'S A SOLACE.

What are you thankful for? If you are not thankful for the great state that nurses you, protects you and educates your children; for the unusually capable officers and clean government; for a few friends; for clothing to cover your nakedness; for the privilege of making contributions to orphans and the distressed and to other worthy objects; and for the thousands of unnoticed blessings and opportunities—then you

Can certainly thank heaven that the foot-ball official season ends on Thanksgiving Day; and that the papers will cease sufeiting you with prophecies about the outcome of approaching games and their explanations afterwards for erring judgment; and last, but not least, it must be a joy to all that the student body can go into normalcy and enter uninterrupted by excitement and discussion into that business for which their parents are sending them to school and college. Don't you think so?

HEROES AND HEROINES FOR A DAY

This striving for notoriety is becoming monotonous. It is a foolish practice of getting into the limelight. If it accomplished anything worth while, that is, contributed anything lasting to the benefit of the world, all this hulla-ba-loo might be overlooked.

Take for instance this craving for notoriety—and that is all that it is—by taking hazardous flights at sea, across the sea and to other continents, involves a specie of suicide because of the great number of failures and loss of life.

Lindburgh's name will survive because he succeeded in doing something first before anyone else attempted it. He has been declared a hero and will be accorded in history a lasting place. The foolish people following him may occupy the front page and be in the public mind for a period, but their heroism will soon vanish from the public mind.

Quoting a serious and able writer, there are heroes of a day who flit across the sky like a comet to disappear in the darkness beyond. The modern hero seems to be of this type, and she or he shines most brilliantly in the world of sport. Swimming the English Channel; being the star in football, baseball; or even in pugilism are samples of this fleeting hosannas!

There are heroes, however, who have changed the course of history; have wrought things that contributed to the world and have done deeds that shaped the destiny of a whole people—this kind of heroism survives centuries and receives the applause of a sane people.

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CULTIVATING THE FINE SIDE OF LIFE

The First Annual Flower Show of the Southeastern Florists' Association was held in Asheville, last week. It was beautiful, as flowers are beautiful; it was inspiring as beautiful and bright women inspire in us the best; and the setting in nature's flower garden—the mountains—was gorgeous.

The importance and glory of the occasion were such that a successful invitation drew the Governor to be present and start the show off.

Gov. McLean in his address said in part:

"The call of the flower has found its way to the hearts of men and women throughout the earth. Flowers constitute a physical necessity, we could not do without them and retain our physi-

cal vigor, but in their absence many a soul would be dwarfed and many a heart yearning would fail to find expression. They are our friends from the cradle to the grave.

"There is no habitable land without its flowers. God's gift to humanity; no people who do not utilize them for promotion of the aesthetic. They adorn the palaces of kings and are found in the hovel of the poorest peasant. Somehow, flowers seem to link the heart with thought of heaven as nothing else does and I hope the day will never come when we will not appreciate their value and spiritual significance. They are more than natural results of biological processes, nor can their true meaning ever be learned from books on botany. Their significance must be understood by the soul if it would catch the message of hope and cheer and comfort that they bring."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HE GROWS BIGGER WITH THE DAYS.

That article, entitled "Man Revisits North Carolina", by S. N. Boney is really thanksgiving stuff. This number has much about the Thanksgiving season and we find that Mr. Boney's article fits in very nicely along with the other sentiments.

It's a fine thing when a man truly lives after he is physically dead—it is a blessing to mankind if the man lives in the manner that illustrates what is accorded in truth and justice to the memory of James B. Duke. His one great act looms bigger and bigger each day, as men survive the wonder that overwhelmed them at the time with its suddenness and surprise. They did not surmise that Mr. Duke was thinking along the line which his benefactions revealed, and the act grows bigger with age.

We may not participate directly in his thoughtfulness for mankind, but in spite of ourselves and any of our blindness, we have bountiful reasons for giving thanks for the existence of the life of J. B. Duke and his living today, though dead, through the merciful operation of the Duke Foundation.

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WHAT KIND OF ENVIRONMENT HAVE THEY?

The other evening we saw three little school girls—probably nine or ten years of age—swinging to their bunch of school books. They were absorbed in the display of odd trinklets in a drug-store show-window.

We spoke to them, asking "Well, how do you like them?" They turned. One screwed up her face and looked imposed upon; another stared

as if she didn't appreciate the question; the third one exhibited a face of sunshine and answered, "Oh fine—they are interesting."

What kind of a home did each of these children come from? What kind of answers are they accustomed to at home? Does a real home-life of fellowship abide in the habitat of two of these children? We wonder. A little of it may be inherited—for instance the freckles on one's face; the homeliness on another's—but their mannerisms and manners are the result of training or the lack of that great agency in child rearing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WHAT'S THEIR BUSINESS.

Our favorite after-breakfast morning paper carries the picture of one whom it declares a "Pretty Sponsor." Further on it proclaims that she was the sponsor of a High School Football team. So far, so clear.

The thing that is puzzling is what are the duties of a pretty sponsor (and all are pretty) of a football team? What does she have to do? What is she supposed to do? Is it her business to nurse the wounded (it wouldn't be football without wounds); or in case of a serious accident to some of the sponsored, is she to mount the ambulance and hold the poor fellow's aching head while he is being rushed off to the hospital?

We are somewhat daffy, even at this age, on sponsors; they are necessary, if for no other purpose than to compliment some pretty and attractive girls, and the country is full of them and, the pity, there are not enough sponsorships to supply the demand—but why put a pretty girl on a job of mourning for an injured footballer or for a team with a probable goose-egg score?

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CLARENCE AFTER SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

We learn by the Charlotte Observer that the Queen City has the record of the greatest church-going place in the world, except one across the seas. And in the same article it is declared that Clarence O. Kuester, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, had difficulty in ascertaining "What became of Solomon's temple." Man after man flunked, to his astonishment and hurt, because Mr. Kuester had to have that information to embellish an address he is engaged in preparing.

Finally a doctor eased his misery, telling him the whole story about Solomon's loss. That is interesting; but still more interesting is what

Kuester can do with such information in campaign of boosting and oratory?

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THE Y. & B.

The public is informed that trouble has overtaken the "Y & B" Corporation, that had scoured the country for stockholders, even up to within a few months of going into receivership. We are sorry.

But we have no pleasure in this occurrence, but we make note of it to point to a patent fact. This corporation secured the interest and the investment of certain local people, who, we are certain, would not join their neighbors in a local development, by which they could be benefitted. Were you to approach some of them to join in building a community cotton gin or some other convenience, by which the community would gain a profit or convenience, most probably your answer would be: "Let George do it."

It would be interesting to know just how much good money even one county citizenship puts in "rat holes," like Fisheries Products and some other foreign schemes. The amount would be staggering. And were a similar amount be kept at home and locally invested, my, how the country would blossom!

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GOV. McLEAN AT LINCOLNTON.

Extracts from Armistice Day Address, delivered by Governor Angus W. McLean at Lincolnton, N. C., November 11, 1927.
Governor McLean said in part:

"Nine years ago today the world was thrilled by the news that an armistice had been signed, halting the most titanic struggle in the world's history. Many wept for joy, others received the tidings in a spirit of quiet reverence. The emotions that swept the hearts of our people were varied. Endless processionss moved to and fro along the streets of our cities while bells and whistles rang and shrieked. With lightning-like rapidity the news was carried into the remotest districts.

The motives that prompted the United States to enter the World War have never been seriously questioned. Even those understood to favor peace at any price laid aside their prejudices once their country had made its final decision. There were critics, to be sure, but these failed to hinder America's progress in that great crisis which followed the conviction that our entrance was necessary to bring about a lasting peace. With nations, as with individuals, suffering is often necessary to bring about freedom from suffering. America's motives were not selfish, propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding. It was not a war of aggression on our part. We had no selfish ends to serve. We entered that struggle because we felt we owed it to humanity to help stamp out the spirit of oppression and to use all the resources at our command to brings about justice to all people, both great and small. No man can say that America did not measure up; that it did not faithfully carry on during the months that this nation was actively engaged in fighting the battles of the World War.

Whatever may have been the results of this great conflict from a political, or economic standpoint, one thing is certain. It revealed America to itelf and demonstrated the futility of national and individual selfishness, teaching us all that only through the medium of universal brotherhood, based on principles of right and justice, can the world be lifted out of the sordid, physical things of human experience and achieve a permanent, lasting peace and consequent satisfaction. We should not be discouraged when we realize that all the fighting of the Armistice should have meant has not come to pass. Processes of the world development are often slow; means for bringing about conditions toward which we all look forward may seem inadequate at times, and selfishness often proves a stumbling block, but truth will prevail in the end.

North Carolina's part in the World War was truly in keeping with the part it played in previous conflicts waged for freedom and independence. It is needless to dwell here upon struggles that preceded this climax. Nor is it essential that we review the outstanding events of the World War. The breaking of the Hindenburg line, accomplished in part by North Caro-

linians serving in the Thirtieth Division, and other brilliant fighting on the part of our soldiers demonstrated the spirit that dominated the troops from this State. This was not a new spirit. It was revealed at King's Mountain, not so far from this very spot, when forefathers of men in the Thirtieth Division won such a remarkable victory over Colonel Patrick Ferguson, British Commander, and thereby hastened the end of the Revolutionary War. The record of our men throughout the World War exemplified the same dauntless spirit that has ever marked the citizenship of this State.

In this connection I pause to pay tribute to the splendid service performed by our women. While they did not don the habiliments of war, with the exception of those in active service with the Red Cross and kindred organizations, yet the work they accomplished was indispensable. Unselfishly they parted with sons, brothers and other relatives and, remaining at home, many of them took up the active duties of helping to carry on the world's business. At the same time, they kept the homes intact, ever looking forward to the day when their loved ones would return. They served in the camps, at the depots through which troop trains passed daily and in numerous other ways. Now that the war is over they are working, collectively and individually, in behalf of permanent peace. Women naturally hate war. It has, throughout the years, robbed them of too much for them to sanction or encourage it.

Although the World War terminated nearly a decade ago, there is no rest for the valiant who have seen the vision of greater things. To the men who have served in that struggle we must look for help at this time. The part our men played in that fight was commendable, but our labors in other directions must continue. Patriotism is needed today as much as it was in 1918.

Life is a great battle and veterans of the World War, having achieved fame and victory "over there," must continue to fight the no less important battles of peace times. They must wage relentless war against the common enemies of mankind, less bloody but more virile than the enemy they faced on the fields of France and Belgium. They must array themselves against the subtile forces that would break our citizenry and stunt out national growth.

I make this appeal to ex-service men because they constitute a preferred class. Before they were taken into active service ten years ago they were set apart, examined and found fit. The government did not pursue a hap-hazard method in choosing its fighters. It sought out and enlisted the services of the best. For that reason, men, you must answer the peace-time call to service, not to relieve others of the responsibility that is theirs but because of your peculiar fitness.

Ignorance, oppression of the weak, social and economic injustice, intemperance, disease and death and numerous other enemies of mankind must be successfully combated if we are to go forward along right lines. We must defend religion and the Bible, because in this Book of books is found the true chart after which we must fashion our lives and our conduct if we are to count for most.

We must maintain and defend the Christian Sabbath—must see to it that commercialism does not claim seven days out of each week, because it is necessary that one day be set aside for the body to rest and the soul to meditate on things divine. Intemperance robs man of his vital powers and ought, if for no other reason, to be outlawed. Disease can, to a large extent, be overcome through right living and the proper sanitation; the death rate, in consequence, can be made still lower.

In waging our peace time battles we must remember that we cannot count solely upon material things; neither can we overlook them. Regenerative forces must be brought into play and utilized and all true reforms must result from right motives. Yet, it takes a proper use of the material things to bring this about. We should not seek wealth for the luxury it will bring us but for the good we can accomplish through a proper application of that which we accumulate. We have progressed to a remarkable degree in our educational achievements since the World War. A recently issued bulletin, printed in South Carolina and referred to in some of the newspapers of our own State, credited North Carolina with having led the entire nation in the ratio of its increased expenditures for public education with having actually spent more than any other Southern State, with the exception of Texas. We have spent far more per capita than Texas. Why this record of achievement? I verily believe that it is because this State has kept alive and defended the finer things of life. We have grown wonderfully rich by utilizing our natural resources; but in the onward march for material progress we have not forgotten those dependent upon us for enlightenment and relief from suffering. Ignorance is hydra-headed. It has many sinister attributes. We must do more than defend education and support educational institutions. We must wage relentless warfare against the results of ignorance.

We hear much in this day about crime waves. The curse of lawlessness is one of the greatest enemies of modern civilization, both here and elsewhere. We must not be content with denouncing this menace. We must seek to find some remedy. We must constantly strive to enforce our statutory laws. But I am more and more convinced of the futility of human laws to govern the ugly passions of mankind. These laws must be enacted for the protection of society as a whole and violators must be punished who transgress them, but we can never overcome crime waves until men seek to do right for right's sake and because they realize they owe this duty to God and their fellows.

The prevalence of lawlessness among young people should give us much concern and inspire us to redouble our efforts to stamp out this curse. On a recent visit to Caledonia Farm and other prison camps I was forcibly struck with the fact that such a large number of the inmates of these institutions were young men between 18 and 25 years old. Many of these had been convicted of larceny and robbery and not a few were serving time for

have stolen automobiles. They had yielded to the temptation to take for their own pleasure that which they had not earned. Many, I found, had been given to idleness and would not work. These young men, branded criminals, were about the same ages you ex-service men were when your country called you to the colors. The contrast between your lives and theirs is pitiable. Will you not give this problem your serious consideration and resolve anew to fight the conditions that led them to their present plight?

I have referred to social and economic injustice, to the oppression of the weak. No man has the right to prosper at the expense of another or to thrive on oppression. The rights of the weak, irrespective of their station in life, should always be respected. Right relationships must be stressed, standards of brotherhood must be set up and staunchly maintained if equity is to be administered in our social and economic life. If we permit oppression to exist we will not be true to ourselves or to the traditions of our State, which was founded by God-fearing people and has always frowned upon tyranny in any form. There are various forms of injustice. Some of these can be corrected by human laws. Others cannot but must be settled through right relationships, through the law of proper spiritual values. Legal procedure cannot reconstruct the hearts of men. Only the recreative forces of the Supreme Being and those who seek to do His will can do this.

The thought that I would leave with you today is a plea to re-dedicate yourselves to the service of your fellows rather than exultation over the material victories you achieved during the World War. Should war be declared at this time it would become my duty, as Governor of the State, to call men to arms. I hope I shall not have this duty thrust upon me. But as I stand before you today I issue a call to higher service and I enlist with you for that service. We must present a solid front against the subtle enemies that are ever making war upon mankind; we must wage continued war-fare against those forces that are seeking to destroy the faith and ideals of our people; but, above all we must dedicate our own lives to the cause of altruistic service if we are to provail in the fight. We must utilize the material but we must not depend prevail in the fight. We must put "first things first" and must see our duty through the eyes of faith. If we will do this, we can attain to the higher levels of usefulness to ourselves and our fellow men, and real victory will be our reward.

We've sown for a harvest of golden grain,
We have plowed great fields for our industries;
We've worked with our hands and toiled with our brain,
And we've reaped a plentiful great reward.

—*Selected.*

THANKSGIVING DAY PAST AND PRESENT.

By Earle W. Gage, in Young Folks.

Thanksgiving Day is older than the authentic records of history. For victory won, for calamity survived, and for good hunting man was assuredly giving thanks long before he knew how to classify himself in the world in which he lived.

Since earliest times and throughout all nations, there has been and still is observed some sort of festival in celebration of the ingathering of grains and fruits of the soil. Moreover, religious services of some sort have always had a prominent part in the festival. As in ancient times the people offered sacrifices and gave offerings to some special deity in gratitude for the present and supplication for the future, so also in these days the sacrifice of praaise and thanksgiving for the blessings of the present and a prayer for their continuance in the future are offered.

The Old Testament is filled with exhortations calling the Jews to bring their "first fruits," to adorn the temple with boughs and palm branches, and continue the feast and rejoicing for seven days. The ancient Egyptians offered sacrifices and gave offerings of corn and wine to Neith, mother of the sun. Although, for the most part, present-day thanksgiving celebrations are connected with the ingathering of the crops, the festive observance in many countries is still made with the "first fruits."

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto thy name, O most high." So sang the psalmist of old, and, too, the pagan lands through the ages have held their festivals. Almost every nation today has its counterpart of the American Thanksgiving. But America, land of pioneers and adventurers, who won their fruitful lands from the wilderness by their courage and prowess and patient labor, who have prospered by their own efforts and yet have been conscious of the higher power that has guided their distinies, America has imparted a certain distinctive quality to the fundamental need of thanksgiving which all peoples have felt since the beginning of human history.

Mingled with the devoutness and the awe of man's dependence on the bounties of Providence there is in the American Thanksgiving Day a quality of militant assertiveness to distinguish our own festal day from that of other lands. The turkey, the distinctive American bird that the Pilgrim father won for the first feast through his prowess with the blunderbuss, and the cranberry which he found growing wild in the salt marshes, may be considered as material evidence of the heroic in the American Thanksgiving.

And thus Thanksgiving as commemorated in America is distinctively an American institution. The day

finds its birth in that first Thanksgiving observed by the doughty Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony in the fall of 1621, who were justly grateful for the first harvest in their new home in Massachusetts. Governor Bradford appointed three days of thanksgiving and feasting. He dispatched a company of hunters into the forest in search of game, and fishermen along the beach to secure fish and oysters, while the women brought forth the best of their stores. Chief Massasoit and other friendly Indians were bidden to the feast, and brought with them four dressed deer.

As we of this day look back across an interval of more than three centuries to that first Thanksgiving Day in America, it would seem to most modern comfort-loving people that the Pilgrims had little cause to be grateful.

Those Massachusetts colonists were not only far away from their native land, but more than half their number had died during the previous bitter winter. At one time famine and disease had prosprated all save six or seven of the grave one hundred men and women who started in 1620 from Leyden, Holland, where they had first sought the religious freedom denied them in the land of their birth.

In the spring of 1621 the settlers toiled hard and planted twenty acres of corn and six acres of peas and barley. After the seed was sown it was watched most anxiously, for well did the colonists realize that upon the harvest of these crops depended not alone the prosperity of the struggling little colony, but the very lives of the laborers and their families.

To the great joy of all the harvest gathered in the fall was most bountiful. After the crops had been stored Governor Bradford ordered that the three-day festival, religious in atmosphere, be carried out, the idea probably being after that of the English harvest home ceremonies. While the men searched for wood, water and material for the feast, the busy housewives labored faithfully with their primitive cooking utensils to prepare all the delicacies possible under the circumstances. Special mention is made of the fine barley loaves, corn bread and vegetables, and also the lightness of the dumplings.

Fortunately for these brave pioneers, they could not know the severe hardships before them, or realize that the year 1622 was to be filled with a series of misfortune for the colony. A gloomy winter passed, and then the spring of 1622 came around. The settlers finished their planting in April, but a severe drought set in during May, and the growing crops were withered and almost destroyed. July came, and still the drought persisted and continued.

For relief in their need a day was appointed for special fasting and prayer. We can easily imagine the great joy of the Pilgrims when at last they saw clouds spread over the sky, from which descended the following morning, a gentle rain that revived the corn and brought renewed hope into the hearts of the colonists.

But a few days later Captain Miles Standish, returning from a voyage he had undertaken in the hope of

obtaining provisions, was able to bring not only food, but also the glad news that a ship had been sighted bearing in the general direction of the harbor. In acknowledgement of all these blessings the grateful colonists held a public service of prayer and thanksgiving.

In 1820 in the little town of Plymouth, Mass., was held the bi-centennial celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. A state dinner was given upon the occasion, and as each guest took his place he was surprised to find beside his plate five grains of parched corn—no more, no less. This was an appropriate and touching reminder of those heroic men and women who dared famine and slaughter for their principles, who first won plenty from the uncultivated soil of America, and yet who were often in sore need of a morsel of bread. It recalled the time when the first harvest planted in the new world was still far from ripe, and the leader one day awoke to the grim fact that there remained but a single pint of corn in all the settlement. A sorry outlook was this, and well might they exclaim, like the disciples of old, "What is this among so many?"

Little enough, to be sure, since the days of miracles were supposedly past! However, from the seven little log cabins nestled near the shore the people were summoned together, and the slender stock of provisions was impartially divided among them—five kernels of corn being their share, for each man, woman and child in the colony. These lines from Governor Bradford tell the story:

Famine once we had—
But other things God gave us in full store,
As fish and ground-nuts, to supply our strait,
That we might learn on Providence to wait;
And know, by bread alone man lives not in his need;
But by each word that doth from God proceed.

Three or four months passed away before they again tasted either corn or bread, and meanwhile they were forced to live on shell-fish, berries, ground-nuts, acorns, and other edibles that the wilds provided.

It may well be imagined how anxiously the settlers watched the ripening of the golden corn. At length, in due season, the harvest was gathered in, an ancient report telling us that "the corn yielded well and the barley was indifferently good, but the peas were a failure, owing to drought and late sowing." Barely satisfied, however, was the little colony, and Governor Bradford sent out the hunters for meat that the company might "after a special manner" rejoice together.

William Stoughton, grim old Puritan, in 1688, sententiously said: "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into the wilderness." The founders of America were not restless soldiers of fortune, attracted by promises of plunder in the new world; they were not traders attracted hither by the prospect of inordinate profit. They were not poor people seeking to improve their economic conditions. They were drawn from the best elements of the nation from which they came—landed proprietors, yeomen, merchants, religious leaders—a large portion of them universiay gradu-

ates, the progressives of their day, who had the courage of their convictions and were ready, needs be, to die in a strange, wild land for them.

These people came to the savage American wilderness to establish homes for themselves and their children, where they could be free from the cramping restrictions on religious faith and forms of worship that had led many of them to leave old England and seek sanctuary in Holland.

To establish this colony in America, founded on their ideals of religious and civic rights, they braved the perils of the stormy, uncharted Atlantic, the ferocious red man, the privations and sufferings of pioneer life in a land whose soil is "not sterile unto death nor fruitful unto luxury"—a land which nevertheless appealed to them as a veritable New Canaan.

The very names "Puritans" and "Pilgrim" summon a vision of stern men and brave women, battling against nature's relentless rigors through the cold winters, in daily peril from savage denizens of the forest—industrious, God-fearing, independent, aggressive.

Today their figures stalk across the pages of history in song and story like giants and saints—Bradford, Roger Williams, Priscilla Mullins, the brilliant Anne Hutchinson, the scout-soldier Miles Standish. These are the brave spirits of the past, faced with famine in a strange and menacing land, who yet had the faith to look into the face of their Creator and establish the first American Thanksgiving Day!

Were similar conditions to prevail this year, it would take no brilliant prophet to proclaim that complaints rather than supplications would reach high heaven, and that millions would doubt the watchful benevolence for the few possessed with thankful hearts. Yet, in face of many discouragements, when men knew not where the next meal was to come from, our purely American festival, Thanksgiving, was established in the forbidding hills of New England.

Too few Americans of this generation really appreciate the true significance of the historic voyage of the Mayflower in the fall of 1620, which marks the beginning of a new era in the world's social, political and religious development.

The Pilgrims sailed by night with the north star and the "pointers" of the Little Bear as their only guides of direction. As they watched those constant companions, a man in Leyden sat before a window that opened to the north and dreamed of the Mayflower, plowing westward to the unknown land. John Robinson was the figure of orientation for the little band that met the first winter in Plymouth. For several years, at Leyden, he was the dominant form in the Separtist group, it was in his house that the last day in Holland was spent by the Pilgrims.

The Mayflower voyage appeals strongly to the imagination. A cockle-shell of 180 tons, crowded with a hundred Pilgrims, it was tossed about like a cork on the wild Atlantic. Saved in mid-ocean by a big iron screw when a cracked timber threatened destruction, the Mayflower was driven hundreds of miles

out of its course. Instead of landing in Delaware, the snow-shrouded coast of New England was sighted on the 9th of November, 1620.

In Provincetown harbor the battered Mayflower cast anchor, and here Dorothy Bradford met her death by drowning, and Peregrine White, the first American white child, was born. Here also the famous Mayflower compact was written and signed, that historic document which proclaimed to the world that "We, whose names are underwritten . . having undertaken . . . to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia; do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politick for our better ordering and preservation."

Although the year 1622 was frought with even more misfortune than was 1621, nevertheless, again Governor Bradford declared and the Pilgrims observed Thanksgiving. Later the idea was taken up by other colonies, such as Boston, Salem, and Virginia. The State of Connecticut did much to foster and encourage the annual celebration of Thanksgiving Day, and by the first quarter of the following century the fall festival had become well established throughout the New World.

The Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam (New York) had brought with them memories of thanksgiving days in Holland, where, indeed, the Pilgrims had also been initiated into the Dutch manner of observing such festivals. The annual Thanksgiving Day in Holland fell in October, when the people went to church to thank their Creator for their deliverance from the Spanish; for the Dutch in the 17th Century cast off the yoke of the Spanish, just as our forefathers later threw off the yoke of the British because their rights were invaded and they were taxed without their consent. In New Amsterdam the first Thanksgiving proclamation on record was in 1644, in gratitude for deliverance from the Indians.

We've delved in the earth and we've weighed the stars
We have plumbed the depth of the unknown seas,
We've unlocked all doors, we've broken all bars
And wrested from science her secrets hid.

—*Selected*

GOD IN EVERYTHING.

(Albemarle News-Herald)

Again the golden autumn is with us. The delightful "Indian Summer" season is here with its calmness and with a silence which one can even hear. The crops are ripe, the leaves are turning red and gold and falling to make a brown covering for the earth. The mocking bird may still be heard here and there, but ere long he, with the other birds which migrate southward in Autumn, will be drifting with the sun in its gradual passing toward the Equator.

Autumn is the season for meditation. Dull indeed must be the soul of him who can take a walk out into the fields and woods when Indian Summer is at its zenith, without a feeling of solemnity. Who can go out into the forest alone, sit down and listen to the heart beats of Nature at this season and not be caused to meditate on thoughts bordering on the sublime. To listen to the drone of a thousand insects, the slight ripple of the wind as now and then an autumnal zephyr passes bringing down the red and gold leaves, with an acorn here and there to break the silence of the forest, and then agan that silence which is indescribable, is like a kind of divine music issuing from some other world. There is nothing else just like ti.

The voice of God may not be in the earthquake, nor the fire nor the storm, but what else can that be, which one hears, and yet does not hear, when far out and alone in a forest on a lazy autumn afternoon? Is there a God? Go out some fine autumn day alone. Find your way into the heart of the forest. Sit down and listen. Be solemn, be reverent. Listen and look. You will find that the hills and the valleys declare Him. That the insects sing in His sunbeams. The fruitful vegetation declares His promise. The oaks and the cedars and the pines whisper. His ineffable name. The birds sing of Him in the branches of the trees. The blue sky above declares His glory, and the very silence is His voice. "The fool hath said in his heart 'There is no God'," you will agree.

Take a trip into the forest alone. Do it during this season when the yellow tint of autumn is everywhere, and when everything is conducive to solemn meditation. Drink in Nature's nectar. Breathe God's pure, autumnal air. Feel and think and see and believe. It will help you. It will revive within you a new outlook. It will develop poise, and renew your faith in that "Supreme Intelligence which pervades all nature." Feast upon the best that life has to offer, and you will find that there are "books in brooks, sermons in stones and God in everything."

We ride on the air, we talk through the winds.
We speak in the East and hear in the West;
No riddle so deep but answer it finds.
All nature we make a slave to our will.

—*Selected*

MAN REVISITS NORTH CAROLINA.

By S. N. Boney

A few evenings ago the thoughtful, business-like members of the Chicago Electrical club, assembled in their richly-appointed, comfortable rooms, heard something about an industrial and social revolution which had taken place in the State of North Carolina. A few days later the story which had been told them was published in a national magazine whose hundreds of thousands of copies have gone into every state in the Union; in fact, all over the Western Hemisphere.

Harper Leech, a newspaper man, a special writer on the staff of the Chicago Tribune, had been invited to speak before the Electrical club and to give his, a layman's view, of the significance of electricity in the industrial revolution which has taken place in America, Mr. Leech took North Carolina as his text and he gave the Chicago electrical men somewhat of a "before and after" sketch of North Carolina. It develops that Mr. Leech taught school in the western part of the Tar Heel State some twenty-odd years ago and that following an absence of two decades he visited this state again last summer.

In 1906 Mr. Leech was impressed with the bleakness and the poverty of Western North Carolina; in 1927 he heard the hum of a new industrialism and witnessed the social transformation of a people. Noting the "string of mill towns where people live in pleasant cottages surrounded by grass and shrubbery" the speaker added that "the girls were dressed up to the minute" and that the country "swarmed with fine looking children."

Striking at the root of this change that has taken place, Mr. Leech gave utterance to this significant statement:

"Our industrialism is becoming institutionalized. The American corporation is becoming a new sort of social unit developing new loyalties and new divisions of sovereignty."

Picturing his North Carolina of 1906 and then contrasting it with the North Carolina of 1927, Mr. Leech said:

"In April of this year I rode from Charlotte, N. C., to Asheville in a motor bus. In 1906 I taught school up there in a fresh water college. You will find that college very well described in the Kansas College depicted in 'Elmer Gantry.'

"The Piedmont section was waking up, but slowly. The people were a good breed. God help them if they had not been. Their soil was about the bleakest proposition ever tackled by white men. Some scrub pine and broom sedge grew voluntarily where the thin humus had not been washed away. The first settlers had been drained of their boldest elements by the earliest important emigration to the Mississippi valley, and in the sixties, about 40 per cent of the males of military age had been wiped out or permanently disabled. In short, it was a land of poverty and dullness—but not of squalor or servility—the human stuff was there. If high ideals, high faluting politics and

all that sort of thing could have improved the lot of a people, they would have been in clover instead of briar patches.

"I went through there last April. It was a new land. For 40 miles I rode through a string of mill towns where people live in pleasant cottages surrounded by grass and shrubbery. The girls were dressed up to the minute; only in San Francisco could you see as much natural complexion, I believe. The country swarmed with fine looking children trooping home from modern school plants. What did all this? Cigarettes invested in hydro-electric plants, my friends.

"James Buchanan Duke was born on a hillside farm in North Carolina into a stricken world of poverty and hard work. Mr. Duke was rarely accused of idealism during his whole life. His early attempts to patronize culture and the arts were greeted with much subtle satire in the early days of this century, when Babbit had not been invented but lived numerously, thank Heaven. Even after he was dead, some financial writers delighted to tell what a pirate Duke had been; he was pictured as a grasping acquisitor, devoid of social responsibility. Perhaps he was a pirate. Not a few pirates and bandits were among the first settlers of North Carolina. I would like to see a new country in which forceful gentlemen of that kidney have not played a founding part, in some guise or other. But Mr. Duke, like many men of that sort, had the primitive virtues of gang spirit—patriotism, if you will—that elementary masculine virtue which thousands of years of other sorts of teaching have never been able to eradicate from the vigorous races—that sort of thing which makes the 7-year-old child scorn the quitter; the tattle-tale—you know what I mean.

"He sold cigarettes to the world and invested the cigarette profits in the production of kilowatt hours. 'I want every boy in the Catawba Valley to have a job—to be able to get a good job right at home. I want these roads lighted at night, so people traveling through this country will remember it,' he told one of his friends, but not for publication.

"Through kilowatts he built a veritable industrial empire, uplifted the living standards of a whole people. Dying, he did a curious thing. All that he had done was through the typical technique of private capitalism. If Duke had not been possessed of that combativeness, ambition, sheer love of the game which has driven every real captain of industry to uplift the living standard of his fellows as a by-product of his chase for money and power, he would have done no more for North Carolina than all of its futile patriots who took it out in oratory, idealogy and inspirations. But dying he left the bulk of his fortune to universities, hospitals, and other endowed impersonal institutions, the very genius of which has in all ages been in harmonious with that individual liberty and secularity which have been the characteristics of capitalization. True enough, he has left his power company to be run by men of his own kind—his lieutenants. The endowments are re-

quired to invest in the power company so as to insure its extension what is going to be the ultimate social consequence of this strange mixture of socialistic and individualistic principles.

"It is something to wonder at because in the case of Duke we have a sheer stark example of what is going on all about you. Through modern financing, legislation, the diffusion of ownership, the victory of the high wage doctrine and all that, our industrialism is becoming institutionalized. The American corporation is becoming a new sort of social unit developing new loyalties and new divisions of sovereignty. The development of professional managers, working for absentee owners, is something that none of the earlier expositors of modern industrialism foresaw clearly and we ourselves can at best guess at what it is all coming to. Through the interconnection of all industries on the power side, through the development of popular ownership—as distinct from state ownership—through the closer intergration of all sorts of processes to which the advancement of your science is contributing so mightily, we are certainly evolving a new geography, a new set of social institutions, new kinds of social control."

We've gathered a treasure of gold, ..gold, gold!
A Nation that wears the old Midas crown,
Yet when the tale of achievement is told,
We know the words of the old Sage are true.
—Selected.

EXHAUSTING CHATTER.

To our mind one of the most important commands of the Master has always been conveniently ignored by nearly everybody, church people and otherwise. We refer to the command "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay." There is probably no other one single item in the world that so undermines the health of so many people as useless exhausting chatter. Simple talk it is called with the chief interest always centering in gossip, with somebody's character generally up for dissection. When we think, if we ever do, of the tiny speck of time allotted to a human on this earth when compared with the endless ages back of such human and stretching out in front of him, it does seem that some of us at least would sometime realize the importance of conserving some of this time for more serious things than simple chatter. There are so many things to learn and such little time in which to master them that is seems criminal to waste our time as we do. We hear on every hand expressions from people in every grade of society complaining at the monotony of life, the dreary routine and the dullness, and so on. To a human being with the capacity to think, and to reason, and to dream, and to imagine, such an expression means only one thing, that

the person giving voice to it simply has his or her world restricted to the small things in his or her crcle.

Richard Washburn Child, in a syndicate article we read recently, gives voice to the following expression:

"Sit on a train or a street car and listen to two people talking. Count the sentences and paragraphs that have anything whatever in them except mere noise. You will find about nine out of ten words need never have been said at all. And as for brotherly contact, you will see, often enough, that the voices-noises are being made like the efforts of those who in the black night find themselves in deep water and expend energy in swimming strokes. Plunged into conversation, the strokes of talk are often even more purposeless.

"We do chatter our lives away. There is not one of us who, challenged, will not say that we talk too much."

The foregoing expresses what many of us have often thought purposeless and useless expenditure of valuable time. It may be that because the writer of this article is afflicted with sufficient deafness to protect him from this useless chatter that he has a perspective and a viewpoint that people of normal hearing generally do not have. This talking to excess drains us of energy which would much better be considered for more useful purposes. A man goes to the lodge meeting and listens to hours of idle talk; another goes to the medical society meeting and the talk is often even more useless; still another will attend a political gathering and the gas expended is still more useless; and worst of all are the street-corner loafers and those who take up their time hanging out at such places as filling stations, around drug store counters, and so on, where talk is ninety-nine times out of a hundred useless if not really damaging to the character of somebody. Women folks have their clubs and bridge parties which have now-a-days taken the place of the old-time sewing circles at which so much fun was pointed by the wise ones in the days gone by., just like the filling stations and the drug stores have taken the place of the old-time cross-road grocery store of days gone by. They come home exhausted and irritable and nervous; and what has it all amounted to? For the most part an expenditure of energy in idle talk.

Mr. Child, in the same syndicate article mentioned, says that "probably nine-tenths of the hate, fear, passion, violence, and distrust in the world comes not from acts that make real difference, but from talk that makes none.

Science is accomplishing many wonderful miracles now-a-days, but it can never devise a method for helpfulness to the human race in this matter that will surpass the command given and quoted at the beginning of this article: "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay."

"Go get thee a heart of wisdom," he said;
We feel in our souls that God's bounty demands
The price in things of the Spirit be paid;
That we lead the world in more righteousness.
—Annette Kohn.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill, Shelby, N. C.

"In November the harvest is gathered,
Thanksgiving brings praise and good cheer.
Then thank the good Lord for the blessings
He sends us all through the year."

A singing soul and a helpful hand are two of life's finest things. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so"—in song and service.

Thanksgiving is the exposition of the months. Thanksgiving day is the festival of the year.

"His paths drop fatness." All this bounty of good—the rain, the sunshine, beautiful crops, a prosperous land, the sword beaten into the plow shares — all this is not the real measure of our wealth, great as it is.

"Thanksgiving brings praise and good cheer,
We thank the good Lord for the blessings
He sends us all through the year."

Ingratitude is called the soul's most sordid sin. Like a cancer, it eats the sweetness out of the soul. It is the rust on the Damascus blade. "Ingratitude, thou marble hearted fiend!" Upon the divine bounty we are daily pensioners.

Praise waitheth for Thee, O God in Zion." On this good day in chapel and cathedral, in cottage home and palace, in all the walks and ranks of life, many will pause to send forth to the bountiful Giver of all good the incense of praise and gratitude.

"Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air and shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain."

STARTED IN KENTUCKY.

(Louisville Courier-Journal)

A writer in The New York Times, foreseeing the eclipse of modern evangelistic methods because of the relative failures of Billy Sunday and Aimee Semple McPherson in New York City, reviews the history of revivalism in America and recalls it was here in Kentucky that the revival had its origin. Jonathan Edwards is considered by many to have been the progenitor of evangelistic religion in America, but it was not until after the frontier had pushed itself beyond the Alleghenies and the forests of Kentucky were being converted into fields and settlements that the remarkable manifestation in American history known as the Great Revival began to assert itself.

The Cane Ridge meeting in Bourbon County, which was attended by 25,000 persons in 1801, and where at one time seven preachers simultaneously exhorted the crowds, is referred to by The Times, but this, while probably the most remarkable of the time, was an outgrowth of the noted Logan County demonstrations. Bishop Asbury had been exhorting the Methodists, and the Baptists also had been active in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, but the storm center of the revival movement was in that county lying in Kentucky and Tennessee between the Green and Cumberland Rivers, from 1796 to 1805, and the Presbyterians began it. James McCready, who had the charges at Little Muddy, Gaspar River and Red River in Logan County, inaugurated the crusade with his aggressive ministry and set the example for others. William Hodge and Samuel McAdoo were among the early Logan County revivalists.

The general religious wave, or outbreak, as it might be called came in 1799 when John and William McGee, brothers, one a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian, preached simultaneously at Red River. Their exhortations aroused a religious fervor and soon the whole country was aflame. The institution known as the camp meeting grew out of this, the first being held at Gaspar River Church in 1800. The method spread all over the backwoods and people left homes and farms to spend days, sometes a week, in forest clearing where the revivals were staged.

Description of the manifestations as these meetings might fit any of the "protracted meetings" of some of the more primitive sects of today, with their ecstasies and emotion, trances and peculiar conduct of the affected individuals.

The revivals among the pioneers are easily explained, since the lives of the settlers were hard and rough, they lacked civilized practices and amusements, and their emotions had to find an outlet. The revival was a substitute for hard drinking, brutal fighting and goughing contests. Camp meetings also became social gatherings the only interesting events in otherwise dull lives. The exhorter had his followers as the motion picture actor has today, and a revivalst was often judged by the numbers he

could "lay low" during a meeting. The modern city revivalists, though operating on a higher financial scale than the pioneers, are probably relatively no more or less effective than their backwoods predecessors.

NOURISHMENT.

An old South Carolina darkey was sent to the hospital in Charleston. One of the gentle, black-robed sisters put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made his rounds, he said:

"Well, Mose, have you had any nourishment?"

"A lady done gimmie a piece of glass ter suck, boss, but I'se still powerful hungry," answered Mose.—Selected.

A JUDGMENT THAT IS A JUDGMENT.

(Smithfield Herald)

The curfew law is sometimes resorted to in an effort to keep young boys and girls in the straight and narrow way, but it is unusual so to curtail the liberties of a grown person. Yet it was a part of the sentence of one of the defendants found guilty in Recorder's court here this week that for a period of twelve months he be not absent from his home one hour after sunset of any day unless in company with his wife or father. The judgment pronounced which is also unique for its length is as follows:

"For operating a car while intoxicated the defendant received a 12-months road sentence, was required to pay a $50 fine and was restrained from driving a motor vehicle for a term of 12 months. The road sentence is to be suspended upon the condition that the fine and cost are paid on the day of this judgment; that the defendant does not operate a motor vehicle for a period of 12 months; that the said defendant does not drink, have in his possession, manufacture, transport, or aid and abet in any person's drinking, possessing, transporting or manufacturing any intoxicating liquors of any kinds or descriptions; that the said defendant does not leave his home, or is not absent from his home after one hour after sunset of any day unless he is in the immediate company of his wife or father for a period of 12 months; and that he apply himself to some honorable pursuit and otherwise be industrious and support himself and family, all for a period of two years unless otherwise set out specifically in this judgment."

If this judgment works—and it will have to work or the defendant works the county roads—the courts will have made a pretty good citizen, at least for a period of twelve months.

THE UP GRADE.

By James Hay, Jr., in The Citizen

In Detroit is an old man who has the eyes of the world upon him, because he has been on the upgrade all his life.

He is about to put on the market a manufactured product whose sales will quicken the nation's commerce, because he has been going higher and higher ever since he started.

Henry Ford is living proof that the one sure way for a man to realize his ambition is to make up his mind that he can do it—and never quit.

To go up to bigger and bigger work is always possible. No job is so obscure, no income so small, that it can not serve as the starting point to usefulness and power.

Robert Collyer, one of the most moving preachers who ever thrilled the multitudes in great cities, spent twenty-one years at the blacksmith anvil before he went up to nearly half a century in the pulpit.

John Wilson Wheeler, who made millions manufacturing sewing machines, was a carpenter until he was twenty-three years of age.

..Joseph Pulitzer, Prince of American journalism, began his career as a private in the army.

John Burroughs, the beloved naturalist and author, was nine years at a clerk's desk in Washington before the fields and forests called him to fame.

Courage and persistence, coupled with a true vision, can heat any situation that challenges, get the better of any difficulty, surmount every obstacle.

Not long ago died a United States Senator who, rising from the gutter where drunkenness had thrown him, went on to political leadership of his State. Albert J. Berveridge rose to his eminence as politician and historian from the back breaking labor of a lumber camp.

It is not the job that holds the man down. It is the man's inertia. It is the man's lack of heart. It is the man's lack of loyalty to his best self.

Never quit! Any work that brings you food and lodging is the beginning of great accomplishment the moment you resolve to start.

RICHES.

By Bright W. Padgitt, in Asheville Citizen.

I shall lay by a wealth of dreams
While dreams are in the making,
And Youth is here to have with me
The pleasure for the taking.

If I must sit at last with Age,
I will not turn to sleeping—
My mind will be a store of trysts
That I will keep on keeping.

INDIAN SUMMER.

(Dearborn Independent.)

Sunset. The sky glows orange-red on the land's rim. Down the long valley the corn shocks in the farmer's fields resemble tepees, their fluttering leaves discernible in a haze that hangs in the low places. Hawks fly silent and low over the meadows in search of field mice. Crows, with heavy, slow flight, come from the hills and return in the evening, expressing with their raucous voices a grim philosophy. The climate of the country has reached perfection, with clear skies, air spirited like old wine with a sharpness of frost in morning and evening. The breeze carries a faint odor of tanned leaves and grass.

The woods are almost silent, many of the birds having left for the south. The sudden sharp drumming of a red-headed woodpecker on a dead cedar rings like a gong. Squirrels rustle the dead oak leaves for winter food. There are very few nuts this fall and squirrels will have a hard winter. The few birds remaining are silent as though thinking seriously of the long flight southward. The time of babbling is past. In the spring everything that exists must make mention of the fact—sing it, shout it, laugh it. But now it is autumn and winter is just around the corner.

Fat, yellow pumpkins gleam between the corn shocks, and the low sun, seemingly ten times its usual size, resembles an incadescent pumpkin-latern as it sinks heavily below the treetops at the west end of the pasture. Dusk and silence close down. A pale white moon floats in the great bowl of the sky. Star-twinkle in the east. In the west the crimson dregs of light ebb out in receding pulsations like the fog of the Northern Lights. Far to the north a great dark cloud stretches clear across the horizon like the eyebrow of Winter. A brisk north wind stirs the rustling sshocks of corn. A sudden arctic chill pervades the night. There may be snow in the morning.

A HICKORY TREE IN NOVEMBER.

I have in mind a single tree which yearly pays such dividends in beauty that I would not exchange it for the finest piece of statuary in any art gallery. It is an enormous hickory tree which stands in front of my doorway. In summer its green boughs are restful to eyes tired by the dazzling glare of the sun; in autumn it becomes a gorgeous, glowing torch, its glory reflected through the windows upon the walls indoors until the whole house is bathed in a mellow, golden radiance. It is indeed a cheering thing to have sight of on a leaden day in November.—Mrs. L. E. H., in Progressive Farmer.

VERY EDIFYING AND COMFORTING.

(Charlotte Observer)

The longer we live the more we learn. The Smithsonian Institute maintains a department of anthropology and it is in charge of Dr. Hrdlicka, whose name might suggest anthropological connection of some kind. Recently he was awarded the Huxley Memorial medal and accepting the same made a speech of much enlightenment to folks who are concerned to know more about their ancestry, especially from the scientific standpoint, and it is developed that the scientists know more about it than the Bible does. It is the conclusion of Dr. Hrdlicka that a being known as the "neanderthal man" was the papa of the human race, and of course a curious world will be anxious to know more about this ancestor. The professor refutes a widely-accepted belief among the anthropologists that the prehistoric neanderthal man represents a different species from homo sapiens. Most of his fellow anthropologists held the theory that the neanderthal man is "a throw-back on the line of evolution of mankind," a retro-ancestor of ours, but a distant cougrade sport who was not a direct sin of our ancestors, leaving no descendants, "but givng way to homo sapiens from whom present man was descended." Dr. Hrdlicka easily demolishes these contenders. He rejects the paleontological, geological and archeological which were used to differentiate the neanderthaler from his successor, while the crucial part of the whole question of the neanderthal man is that of the skeletal evidence. So, we are neanderthalers and not homo sapiens, as some of the benighted scientists would have us believe, and that's that. But the depths of the ocean—what are they to the depths into which modern "science" would plunge us?

NEW MONEY FOR OLD

If you have a seven-dollar bill issued by the Bank of Charleston, it is still good. All the various odd denominations of currency issued by the Southern banks in the wild-cat days of banking are unheard of now. A three, four or eight dollar bill is no good except to the collector of curiosities, unless it originated with the Bank of Charleston. That institution, now the South Carolina National Bank, assumed all its obligation when the National Banking act was passed 1872. To this day it redeems notes issued as far back as its founding in 1838.

The Charleston News & Courier reports that in the last few years few of the old notes have been brought in. Some have come from Europe, and occasionally a few are charged up to profit and loss. It is unlikely that there are enough of them to cause a run on the bank. —New York Times.

THE DAY'S WORK.

(Reidsville Review.)

The man who does the day's work with a song on his lips and a smile on his face, though he may not be rewarded commensurate with his labor, gets an immense amount of satisfaction out of life.

A case in point is found in the life of a street sweeper in a neighboring city, who died recently. His good traits, though appreciated by a few and casually commented on, were never fully recognized until death deprived the public of a loyal and deserving servant.

Though engaged in menial labor, he gave it as much attention and thought as the high priced executive entrusted with the management of large business enterprises. He never complained when conditions made his work hard. He never watched the time to make certain that he did not work more than the stipulated number of hours.

His pride in his job and the appearance of his community was of such a high order that he frequently worked on Saturday night or early Sunday morning in order to have the streets in the business section of the city clean and orderly on Sunday when strangers were passing through.

He possessed a trait that was most commendable—finding pleasure in doing his work right. To him it was not an ordinary job, to be dealt with in a haphazard fashion, but a profession deserving of the best efforts he could put into it.

More men with the same sort of ideals with respect to their jobs would make this a better and more livable world. He should be an example to the people who try to "get by" in the easiest way possible. His rewards were small in a financial way, but he himself had the satisfaction of knowing that he was doing his work—as good as it was humanly possible for it to be done.

No person could ask for a finer benediction at the end of the road on earth, than that he did his work well, regardless of what his duties might call for. There are doubtless other men who are equally as conscientious in performing their daily tasks. They are known only to their employers and their intimate friends. They may not be receiving the rewards they are entitled to, but they have a peace of mind that comes from the knowledge that they have met the obligations which life here has imposed upon them.

HOME, SWEET HOME SURVIVES

It has been said that more than five thousand songs are written or composed each year, but that only a small percentage of them are ever set to music. The comparatively few that are sung in the cabaret or on the vaudeville stage live for a season and are forgotten almost as soon as they are heard.

A song must have something divine or spiritual, as it were, to live for even a dozen years.—E. Irvine Haines.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

We are now preparing for Thanksgiving. Several of the boys have been given speeches already.

Miss Vernie Goodman has been spending a few days with her parens, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman, Mooresville.

Apples were distributed among the boys last Monday, at noon. They were given some three or four apiece.

The boys of the work force have finished their cotton picking for this year. Most of them are glad, too, as it is no easy job.

Mr. Clark and a number of boys have been picking peanuts during the past week. They are being put in sacks and put away in the store room.

We are all glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Carriker and their daughter, Dorothy Jane, back on the campus. They have been to Florida on their vacation for the past month.

A number of boys have been "sorting" out sweet potatoes, separating the rotten ones from the good ones. If they don't throw away too many, we will enjoy them several times.

Mr. Walker and a number of boys have been working on the mound on which the tank is built, across the highway, planting flowers. This will improve the looks wonderfully.

Some of the barn boys have been hauling coal to the different cottages lately. Others have been hauling in the year's crop of corn. From the amount they have hauled, it looks as though the teams are to be very well fed this winter.

Last Friday (Armistice Day) the boys had the honor of hearing Mr. Beaufort Blackwelder, a lawyer of Concord, speak. Mr. Blackwelder delivered his speech in the auditorium at 10:30 o'clock. He told a story that is familiar with every American, in fact every person in the civilized world. He started back in 1917 when the United States entered the war, and briefly told the history of the part the United States played in the World War. Mr. Blackwelder's speech was fine and enjoyed by all the boys and officers. We thank him for coming out and hope to have the honor of having him here again, some day.

"Hosea Preaches God's Love," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. Hosea is said to have been a man of wealth, rank, culture and experience. He lived in Samaria, the great and pleasure-loving capital of the Northern Kingdom, where he may have been a courtier. He was highly educated and understood foreign affairs as well as the early history of his own race. He was strong in character and purpose, but had a tender, sympathetic nature and a keen understanding of men and their motives. Deeply grieved over the evil ways of his people, he pled earnestly

for their return to the love of the true God. The golden text for this lesson was: "For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." —Hosea 6:6.

Rev. C. Hermon Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. He read a part of the third chapter of second Timothy. To make his sermon more clearly to the boys, he explained and demonstrated the making of a knife. At first is a piece of steel, three cents a dozen. He explained each of the seven steps taken in making the knife. The last one, or the finished knife, sells for three dollars a dozen. Which had you rather be, the three *cent* man, or the three *dollar* man? The sermon was fine and enjoyed by all.

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING

Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found!

If spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If summer warms the fruitful earth;
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain;
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

Lord of the harvest! all is Thine,
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

—John H. Gurney.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 364
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 26, 1927. No. 45

GROUND IN BETWEEN.

Science pursues a narrow road in search of truth, looking neither to the right nor the left. Well, it will soon have to take its blinkers off.

The roads are not the whole universe. There is a good deal of ground in between. It looks at present like a jungle and thicket—uncivilized. Well, we will have to civilize it.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

THE CHALLENGE MET.

When this Building and Loan failed this newspaper said that the failure carried a challenge to the people of the community. This is a fitting time and place for repeating that statement. Our reaction to the finding of the Statesville court should be among other things a renewed determination to make the Building and Loan a power for usefulness in this community, a strong ally to the man working to improve himself and to the whole development of a thrifty people.—Salisbury Post.

THE RESPONSE.

This is the period of the year when public charity throws itself on the hearts of the contributing public. What is the response?

From pulished statements it seems that many of the orphanages have been running behind in finances during the year; and they adopt, by concert appeal, this season to replenish their treasuries at the hand of the state's great hearts.

Even the roll call of the Red Cross has had hard sledding. The public, if we are to believe the distressed calls in many towns and cities, has not responded freely. In many places failure to meet the quota is registered.

Is the expense of maintaining automobiles for every seventh person in the state got anything to do with this condition that confronts charitable organizations and endeavor?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CHURCH MACHINERY.

If any our readers do not understand the governmental machinery of the Methodist Episcopal church, all they have to do is to turn to the article in this issue by Mr. C. W. Hunt. There they will get it most clearly.

The Uplift man had his training years ago. When the Western North

Carolina Conference met in its first session fortune brought it to Concord. The Daily Standard—then this daily published in the smallest town of the whole country, in fact the world, undertook to give prompt and accurate reports of the proceedings of the Conference.

To avoid missing anything in which the general public might have an interest, the services of Miss Jenkins, of Winston-Salem, were secured as chief reporter. At that time stenographic work was in its infancy, and Miss Jenkins (now the wife of a preacher) was one of the few in the state who could take down accurately the utterances of the fastest speaker in the whole country.

The reports of that Conference were declared superb—in fact even the prayers of the Bishop were printed in The Standard. We prize in memory's grasp the fine compliments that came to us from the late Capt. J. M. Odell his son W. R. Odell, the preacher in charge, Mr. D. B. Coltrane and many other prominent Methodist laymen, who knew the workings of a Conference.

And when the scholarly Bishop Keener, then presiding bishop at that Conference, just before pronouncing the final benediction took occasion to say that the thanks of the Conference were due The Standard for its admirable reports of the Conference, that he had held Conferences in many towns much larger than Concord but none excelled and but few equalled the completeness of the work of The Standard—could any one wonder how this high compliment from a high source tickled the pride of a young newspaper man; in fact, it tickles us unto this very hour.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PERPLEXED, THEY ARE.

Democratic politicians and leaders are perplexed over the available man for the nomination for president of this country.

There are many who regard Al Smith unavailable as a candidate for various reasons; and there is more or less activity in finding a man that has the ability for the high honor and who is more "available" for the nomination. Be sure there are prominent and able men who advocate the Governor's nomination. In the leading papers on Sunday there appeared a most exhaustive (and very scholarly from a lawyer's attitude) article by Mr. C. W. Tillett, of the Charlotte bar, in defense of Al Smith's candidacy.

As a compromise candidate the Winston-Salem Journal suggests and supports David Franklin Houston, a member of Wilson's cabinet. Fine and able man, he is. It is inconceivable to suppose for a moment that

he could be elected, were he nominated. He lacks that quality to make him strong as a candidate for a minority party. He is a Southern man, a native of Union county—all prejudice has not yet died out. Coming nearer home, our own Governor as a presidential candidate would be stronger than Mr. Houston; and after all he is practically known throughout the country, by his record in public matters, to a degree even surpassing Mr. Houston. And again, there is another North Carolinian, that has behind him a record that is conspicuous for high service, widely known and able—Hon. Josephus Daniels, himself a very able member of President Wilson's cabinet, who turned the trick in a most trying period of the country's history.

It looks like The Journal will have to make another selection as a compromise candiddate for the democratic nomination.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

IN HARD LUCK.

On Monday night a distressing fire occured in Monroe. A fire starting in a barber shop reached the office of the Enquirer. The equipment of The Enqiurer was completely destroyed.

This great loss to one of our favorite exchanges is deplorable. But Eugene Ascraft, the editor, will come again. He's not made of the stuff that will surrender.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

FAMILIES SURE TO—DEEDS? NEVER.

The Chatham Record, in the course of a story about friends being met takes occasion to say—"bright and early every morning to meet the morning mail from Greensboro, which we found carried by the son of our old-time friend Gib Morrisey of Clinton, who was for years postmaster in that town. Young Morrisey is one of the few Sampson county people who have in their veins the blood of Richard Clinton, for whom the Sampson county-seat was named."

Family names disappear with time, sometimes; but great deeds remain to tell the story of the character and achievements of families. In fact, great family names may linger, but some of them peter out mighty badly. Men may occupy exalted places, and their sons or grand-sons may be hod-carriers, if anything. Men may be hod carriers, or even of more laborious occupations, but their sons and grand-sons may rise to honored positions

Grant's progeny has disappeared from the earth; Lincoln left nothing

to brag about; and only occasionally you hear of anybody of distinction directly related to Woodrow Wilson—time in its cruelty or economy has the habit of blotting out humans; only conspicuous and worthy deeds survive.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A SURVEY OF CARTERET COUNTY.

Elsewhere we carry the story of the discovery of an island in the neighborhood of Morehead City, and it is said that a "real" queen occupies it; not even allowing as much as a Ford car to remain in the island's bounds.

This little item sent out by the Associated Press, which in the main is 99 per cent accurate on all occasions, suggests the thought that we "don't know our own state" a little bit. If a survey of Carteret county and many others were made, there would be surprises, gratification and even heart-aches awaiting us. We speak of "heart-aches" because the possibility exists that much dire suffering, disease and crime might be unearthed.

What would a moral survey in our own county reveal, back in the sticks or even in sight of highways?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HUMAN INTEREST EVENT.

A boy is a boy, with a boy's nature and impulse. Very few of them think seriously of the consequence of their acts or deed. Don't condemn them—give them a chance under the guidance of mature and watchful heads.

Wanderlust takes hold of some people. This malady is not confined to youth alone; men have it. Sometimes it leads to trouble. A fifteen year old Maryland boy has had an experience; and his plight has engaged the interest of a number of high officials. Let a news item that comes from the office of the governor of North Carolina tell the story:

> Thanksgiving Day will have a greater significance to Walton Lewis, Youth of Berwyn, Prince George County, Maryland, this year than either of the 15 preceding days of Thanksgiving. As usual, the youth will eat his Thanksgivnig dinner with his parents, his twin brother and the seven other brothers and sisters. The main difference is that he had hoped for nothing more than a day of rest and the food served to the members of the convict force engaged in buliding Wake County roads.
>
> Today, his brother, Earl Lewis, arrived in Raleigh and the two were preparing for the return trip home, Walton Lewis after an absence

of several weeks, the last three of which have been spent on the Wake County roads. He was serving a brief sentence on a charge of vagrancy, imposed in the Raleigh city court on October 26. The fact that he was only 15 years old and subject only to the jurisdiction of the juvenile court was not known until a birth certificate was received from his home town.

When Governor McLean heard of the youth, he immediately asked Edwin Bridges, Pardon Commission, to make an investigation. As soon as the facts were before him, Governor McLean issued a parole for the boy, placing him in the hands of Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Wake County Welfare Officer, until proper provision had been made for getting him home. Mrs. Bickett's office was notified by wire yesterday that the brother would be here Sunday to return with him to the parental roof.

The boy wrote his family, telling of his plight here. Members of the family communicated with Senator M. E. Tydings, of Maryland, who, in turn, got in touch with the office of Senator F. M. Simmons. Frank A. Hampton, Secretary to Senator Simmons, wrote Governor McLean, enclosing the birth certificate, showng the boy was born on June 23, 1912, an affidavit showing he had never caused trouble before and expressed surprise that a youth so young should have been placed on the county roads.

Young Lewis had become a victim of wanderlust and had run away from home, going to Florida. He become homesick and was returning when he was arrested in Raleigh and sentenced to the roads for 30 days.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

OUT OF WORK AT FORTY.

Several recent articles have appeared in the *New York Times* as to the difficulties confronted by persons of 40 or more years of age in securing employment. We, observes the Asheville Citizen, are in an age of steadily lenghtening span of life, when people live longer and preserve their bodily health and vigor longer. Also there are many people even in extreme old age who are doing productive work. Chief Justice Taft is 70. Chauncey M. Depew and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., are both very old men, but still active. The same thing was true of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary and many others could be cited. Indeed the most productive part of a successful man's life usually comes after he is 50 years of age. Arthur Bribane once said that man does not really begin to live until he is past 50.

And yet there is much complaint as to persons of 40 or more years of age securing work. The rules governing one case may not apply to another. Some are old at 40, and others are young at 80. Gifted individuals usually retain mental activity and a broad outlook on life as long

as they live, or at least as long as their physical strength lasts. The late Prime Minister Gladstone of England and Dr. Elliot of Harvard were striking examples of these. Clemenceau is a remarkable living type of this class in France today. But ordinary people, particularly clerical workers, are not so situated. Their difficulties are said to be particularly great in large cities. Many firms object to taking on new employes who are past 40, as a writer in the *New York Times*, himself in their class, recently stated. With women 30 is sometimes considered the age limit.

The explanation of this state of affairs lies in the fact that there is a widespread idea that a person of 40 is not adaptable to new conditions or ready to take up new ideas and a new line of work. Clerical workers are usually of moderate ability, energy, and ambition. If exceptional, by the age of 40 they would have risen to something higher. Hence business men, when taking on new workers, prefer to get younger men who are supposed to be more adaptable and who can rise.

Nevertheless the fact remains that persons of any and all ages may be thrown out of work through vicissitudes and then may be forced to seek new lines of employment. There is no real reason why even average people of 40 or more years of age should not be capable of entering upon new kinds of activity and using their past experience as a background, and in an expanding country like the United States where industries and commerce are being actively promoted, there should be opportunities for all. Many exemples can be cited of men and women changing their line of work successfully, and also of achieving success through failure. Indeed few or none of us can look back upon a career in which there has been no ill fortune or vicissitudes. But the problem of older people who are out of work is a difficult one. It needs much further invstigation, perhaps all cases should be judged according to their individual merit or demerits.

WHY IS A METHODIST CONFERENCE?

By C. W. Hunt.

There are few things that the general public know less about than the whys and wherefores of a Methodist conference; the more especially when it is considered that you find Methodists everywhere and these conferences are being held at all times of the year. With that for an introduction, the writer is about to tell why is a Methodist conference? Rather what is the use of such a meeting? There are in all, five grades or different Methodist conferences in the organization of Methodism.

The first is the church conference, in which only the members of a given indivdual church are concerned, and is presided over by the pastor; and its work consists ordering any small thing done that concerns the congregation, the revising of the roll; anything that needs to be done by congregational consent.

The second is the quarterly conference, presided over by the presiding elder of the district, which may be composed of 20 to 30 charges, each of which have the same kind of conference, presided over by the same elder. This conference convenes four times each conference year, hence the name quarterly conference. (A charge may be one church with an all time pastor or it may be made of from three to ten churches, generally in the country). The membership of this body is made up of the stewards, one for each 30 members, trustees and Sunday school superintendent of all the churches of the charge or of the one church as the case may be. The business of this meeting is to ascertain how the work is progressing; how much has been paid on salary and collections for other purposes, as well as ordering the sale of property or the buying of property for church purposes, and the ordering of church buildings.

The third conference is the district conference composed of all the preachers in the presiding elder's district as well as four laymen from each charge, who are elected by the above mentioned quarterly conference. This meets once each year, generally about the middle of the conference year, and is a review of all the work on district. This body hears reports, elects delegates to the annual conference, one for each 800 members. Renews the license of local preachers (Men authorized to preach if they like, but work at other work for their living) and recommend young men to the annual conference for admittance into the traveling connection. This body meets at such places as invite it at a year ahead.

The fourth conference is the annual conference and is THE CONFERENCE of all conferences; for it is here the men are changed. (This body embraces a given territory, say half a state or a whole state. North Carolina and South Carolina each have two annual conferences and these four comprise a Bishops Episcopal district, to which the college of bishops assign him for four years. The southern Methodist church has 13 active bishops). This body is composed of every traveling preacher

in the territory as well as the station preachers (those serving only one church) and the stipulated number of lay delegates from each district. (Charlotte district has 22 and Salisbury about 20 and others according to number of members but no district less than eight). At this annual conference the year's work is reviewed; each preacher makes report of all increase or loss of members; amount of money collected for salary and all other purposes; and committees work on reports for the acceptance or rejection of the conference and do many other things. It is an annual accounting and a distrbution center, both for money and men. Each preachers name is called by the bishop and his presiding elders says: "Nothing against him", if he is clean, or if wrong he tells the charge against him, but these are few, when one considers how many there are. If one wants to quit he can surrender his credentials and go, as some do at most each annual gathering. If one has to be tried the bishop appoints a court to get the evidence and present it to the open conference for such action as the court recommends. By this means, if the elder does his duty, the rascals are short lived in a Methodist conference.

But of all that is done at an annual conference the assiging of the men for another year is the center and the climax of it all. The bishop and the presiding elders compose a cabinet that meets each afternoon and night until the men are placed and their meetings are secret, though much they do leak out before the appointments are read. The reading of the appointments is both the climax and the end of the sesson; and it is the fruits of such a meeting that has all North Carolina at this time upset about their Methodist preachers, and in two to three weeks Souh Carolina will be in same fix.

The fifth Methodist conference is the General conference, embracing all the denomination, and is composed of equal numbers of clerical and lay delegates, which are elected once in four years by the annual conferences, in number according the membership of the conferences each in detail. This body meets in such central cities in the connection as has hotel accommodations sufficient to take care of 400 to 600 delegates for about three weeks. This is the law making body of the church, and passes all laws that have to do with governing the church, but things like changing the constitution or like unification that raised such a row two years ago has to be referred back to the annual conference for acceptance or rejection. This body also elects bishops when more ar neded, as well as the connectional officers, like publishing agents, editors, secretaries of missions, Epworth league Sunday schools-laymens activities and on down the line. There you have it in condensed but understanable form. No good up-to-date Methodist will be any wiser for reading this, and it is written for the information of those of other chuches who do not know. "Why is a Methodist conference?"

Christmas Day is Sunday, December 25.

TOO MANY FARMERS.

Mr. D. F. Houston, formerly Secretary of Agriculture, later Secretray of the Treasury, in President Wilson's cabinet, has been in the state. While in Charlotte visiting one of his insurance agencies, Mr. Houston made an address at luncheon. We get a story of it via the Monroe Journal.

Mr. Houston is a native of Union County, but for years has lived in Texas, Missouri and is now a resident of New York City. Occasionally he is spoken of in connection with the democratic nomination for president. The Winston-Salem Journal is boosting Mr. Houston. But here follows a reference to his Charlotte luncheon address:

When Mr. D. F. Houston went to Washington to become secretary of agriculture he had already been presdent of the college of agriculture in Texas and had pretty good ideas about the condition of agriculture in the country. But before he gave out any statement as head of the national department of agriculture he took weeks in studying conditions all over the country.

He then issued a statement in which he portrayed the situation as one of seriousness. It is safe to say that he has not ceased to study the economic conditions underlying agriculture and he is about the first man of note in the country to tell a certain truth which needs to be told. In a speech in Charlotte Tuesday at a luncheon, Mr. Houston said:

"The notion that is is necessary to have an unlimited number of farmers is a hang-over from the time when the farmer produced everything he needed. The situation has changed.

"There has been a steady improvement in farming. At present there are more farmers than are necessary to produce what the market will take at a price equal to the amount needed to produce the crop.

"We need to increase the industries of the non-industrial sections and have a population drift more and more into the industries until we get a proper balance.

"Of course, the south has been helped in recent years by an increase in industries."

Other subjects discussed by Mr. Houston were just as interesting.

"We are just at the beginning of our growth, even though we have as a young nation worked an economic revolution such as the world never before has seen," said Mr. Houston, who is recognized as one of the country's outstanding students of economics and government.

Mr. Houston ridiculed the frequent warnings of a Bolshevik menace for this Nation. "I'll eat all the Bolsheviks that make lodging in this country," he said, with a smile, and added: "I don't like the meat either."

Other striking statements made by Mr. Houston during the interview were:

"The trend in America is for the working man to become a small capitalist."

Better For South.

"The south is becoming whiter, and, therefore, a better investment.

"There is no better place in America for the young man to settle than in the Piedmont Section of the Caro-

linas."

"North Carolina has a much better government that it had when I was a boy living near Monore, and I know it is getting better results. Your Governor (A. W. McLean) was associated with me in the Treasury and I know he is capable of good work, for he did good work there."

"North Carolina is doing wonderfully well at making a steady and wholesome progress. We do not need any booms and blowups."

Mr. Houston arrived here Monday evening, coming from Columbia, S. C., and planned to leave late Tuesday for New York. While here he was a guest at the home of his boyhood friend, W. F. Stevens, in Myers Park. He spent part of the morning at the district office here of his insurance company, where he conferred with Milton McIntosh, district manager.

The former Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of the Treasury became particularly animated in a defense of the American Government. "Congress, despite all the criticisms, is more competent today than it was in the so-called good old days," he asserted. "Broadly speaking, our public men of today are very honest. Occasionally we have some striking example of dishonesty in public office, but that only proves the rule. Our executives are more competent and more honest, and our whole machinery of government is better than at any other time in our history.

Future Bright

"I am not apprehensive of our future, for none of our present or prospective problems are comparable to those we have served, and in this third phase of our history the way is cleared for the first time for orderly development in our country. Our standard of living excites the wonder and the concern of all the rest of the world. The trend is for the working man to become a small capitalist. We move more than any other people in the world, but we move vertically. Look around and you see everywhere great men in high places who started with nothing and move upward.

"America means a chance for any man to get anywhere his qualities deserve," continued Mr. Houston, who contrasted America with Russia when he added that "America is trying to make capitalists, while Russia is trying to destroy capitalists.

"The most significant fact about our country is the development of the people through education, for they are our Nation's best resource. America now is spending annually for education more than all the rest of the world. That is part of our economic revolution, one such as the world never before has seen. We are just at the beginning. The World War hurt us, but as I see the country, we are justified in having unbound optimism in the future."

Mr. Houston contrasted the present conditions with those obtaining 50 years ago, when he said conditions were practically the same as they were in the Sixteenth Century in England. "In this part of North Carolina, I lived as a boy. North Carolina was in the mud, and I doubted whether it ever would get out of it. The people were living a severe life, produced at home what they consumed, had nothing else and very little surplus for sale. The Union as a whole was in a not much better condition. This State was handicapped

in getting its start, and in 1880 began to get on its feet, but when it did get stared it moved rapidly. In the South as a whole has been worked an economic revolution.

"The most obvious evidences of the striking development of North Carolina are the factories on every hill and in every valley; the enormous development of waterpower, increased every time I return, and the impressive development of your highway system, and your attractive country life, where you can have everything you want.

"A distinct asset for North Carolina and for the whole South is that they are getting whiter. In 1880, the State had 850,000 white people, and in 1920 nearly 1,800,000 whites, while in that period the negroes increased only 25,000 in number, as I recall. In the whole South in 1880, there were 11,500,000 whites and 24,000,000 in 1924, and in that time the number of negroes increased from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000. Every time the South gets whiter it becomes a better investment.

"I know of no other section of the country that has more favorable conditions than the Piedmont section of the Carolinas. The section is equal in agriculture to the Middlewest and two great cash crops can be grown in addition—Cotton and Tobacco. My deliberate economical judgment there is no better place for young men to establish themselves than in that sectionroughly called the Piedmont section."

Now that Prof. E. H. Sutherland of the University of Minnesota has told the national crime commission that "there is no evidence to show that young people are comparatively more criminal than a generation ago,' he ought to give us the low down on the older folks.

—Greensboro News.

KODAK.

(The Pathfinder)

The word "Kodak" is not synonymous with camera. "If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a kodak," is a familiar advertising slogan. All because George Eastman invented both product and word.

The latter was born in 1888. Mr. Eastman wanted a term that would be euphonious yet snappy. So he worked out the combination of letters which has been used continuously for nearly two-score years.

"Does it mean anything?,, he has often been asked by persons curious to know if he coined it out of ancient words having to do with sight or vision.

"No, ' he explains: "We wanted a word that could not be misspelled or mispronounced, that would meet the ideal trademark requirements."

KANNAPOLIS AND WINSTON-SALEM WONDERS.

We ran over to Winston-Salem for a day, after an absence of two years The growth, development and changes are marvelous. It is surprising what changes for the betterment can be accomplished in a live city within such a short period.

Winston-Salem enjoys the reputation of being the largest city in North Carolina; and she is. Then upon return home, coming thorugh Kannapolis, our impression of growth and development for the day was not diminished We do not compare the two cities as to size; but the marvelous growth at both places have the same kind of moving spirits behind them.

But there is in evidence marvelous growth in all of the towns and cities in Piedmont North Carolina. Picking up the Concord Observer, we find this little pleasing notice of Kannapolis by Jazzy Moore, in qualities a distant cousin of Clarence Kuester. It is:

From a population of less than fifty to two hundred and fifty times that number, from out of obscurity into the spotlight as the world's largest unincorporated community, is the twenty years' history of Kannapolis, the most progressive town in the Carolinas.

In 1906, so history records, Kannapolis was nothing more than a cotton patch—if that. Only ten families inhabited the land and a single store, owned by the late J. W. Fisher and situated at the intersection of Main and Church streets, served the populace.

Now, great cotton and towel mills, whose products are known in the markets of the world, cover the land and twelve thousand happy and prosperous people call Kannapolis their home. More than thirty splendid business houses replace the one general store.

It all goes to show that the Greek writers were right and that "from a hamlet to a town overnight" is a thing that happens in real life as well as in story books.

The name "Kannapolis" is a derivation of the Greek words, "Can" and "Napolis," which means "the city of looms."

The city of looms was begun in the year 1906, and is believed to be the largest and finest mill owned community anywhere. It is a privately owned city, every building with the exception of a few residents, being owned by Mr. Charles A. Cannon and associates.

Town Cost $20,000

The work of building the town was started in 1906, but the first option on the land where the town now stands was secured in 1905 by the late John K. Patterson, of Concord, for the late James W. Cannon.

Six hundred acres, history tells us, were purchased for twenty thousand dollars, after a narrow hold-up in the purchase was evidenced. Speculation in The Charlotte Observer was to the effect that John Blackwelder, from whom the land was purchased, was going to hold out for five thou-

sand dollars before he would sign away the property. Mr. Blackwelder saw Mr. Patterson and the former wanted three hundred dollars for the land. This Mr. Cannon was unwilling to give and finally instructed Mr. Woodhouse, of the Concord bank, to give Mr. Patterson one hundred and fifty with which to make the deal on the third visit to Mr. Blackwelder, Patterson secured his signature for eight dollars.

Each day thereafter saw the addition, the development of some important element necessary in town building. Great cotton mills began to cover the fields which were the year before producing cotton. Residences, stores, schools and churches were soon added.

Query Oldest Merchant

In 1908 the first wagon load of dry goods was brought here to be sold, J. Sam Query, proprietor of the present Query-Goodman shoe establishment, having the distinction of riding into what is now Kannapolis on the back of this wagon filled with merchandise.

In 1909 the Cabarrus Savings Bank decided to open a branch in Kannapolis and interested H. A. Scott, Sr., then superintendent of the Albemarle graded schools, but now owner of the Kannapolis Bakery, in associating himself with the institution. Premises were secured in the Smith Drug Store, the first pill concern here, and the banking office opened in a corner of the building, where it remained for more than four years.

The first postoffice was opened along this time with C. C. Stonestreet, prominently connected with the Midway Lighting and Improvement Co., as the first postmaster. A dwelling house on Oak Street housed the first station, history says.

In 1911 the first store was incorporated in Kannapolis. In 1906 Ray M. Housel, at present the operator of a chain of local and Concord service stations, decided this section offered a splendid chance and he located here, later conducting the Ford automobile agency with a business estimated as running into six figures yearly.

Cotton Manufacturing Big Industry.

The big industry of Kannapolis is cotton manufacturing and here the chief interests of the Cannon chain of textile mills are centered. These mills whose products are known the world over, are the backbone of the town, and the town itself is a reflection of their success and a monument to their directing head.

The town is governed by the mills, certain officials having charge or delegating authority to citizens to look after such work as protection, welfare and education. Mr. Edward J. Harp has charge of the schools, Superintendent Herman B. Wisby, the various principals, and the educational committee, being under his command.

Good Living Conditions

Any visitors to the local mills will at once notice what a superior class of workers the mills have gathered as the results of the desirable living conditions in Kannapolis.

The business men of Kannapolis are fortunate in that way they have no city tax to pay, their only tax being to the county. As all the real estate in Kannapolis is owned by the mills, no merchant owns his store.

All of them lease from the mills, who have at all times been willing to build, especially for a resident merchant whose business has outgrown his first premises.

Kannapolis is well provided with churches, every denomnation being located here. None of the churches are owned by the mill company, who donated the sites, the congregation erecting the buildings.

HARDLY STARTED YET.

(Asheville Citizen)

Such wonders have been accomplished with electricity during the past generation that it is difficult for us to realize that what has been achieved constitutes after all only a beginning of more marvelous things yet to come.

Dean Wendt, of Pennsylvania State College, says for example that the common firefly, seen everywhere on summer evenings, operates a lighting system beside which our own is sinfully wasteful. The light of the firefly is a cold light that is one hundred per cent efficient. We have not yet learned how to produce light without heat by electricity. When we turn the current on to light a room .96 per cent. of the energy goes for heat and is lost for all practical purposes.

Eventually, of course, the problem of producing a cold light by means of electric energy will be solved. When this is accomplished we shall have, says Dean Wendt, twenty-five times as much light at the same cost. It will be better light as well as cheaper.

We need reminders like this from time to time. They help to keep us from forgetting that nearly everything that has been achieved electrically has been worked out within the memory of living man. They point to the larger benefits which we may expect as knowledge progresses and science claims yet other victores for its own.

WARRANTED.

As a Presbyterian elder was shaving just before going to church, he made a slight cut on the tip of his nose. Calling his wife he asked her if she had any court plaster. "You will find some in my sewing basket," she said. The elder soon had the cut covered. At church, in assisting with the collection, he noticed that every one smiled as he passed the plate. Very much annoyed, he asked one of his assistants if there was anything wrong with his appearance.

"I should say there was," answered his assistant. "What is that upon your nose?" "Court plaster," said the elder. "No," said his friend, "it is the label from a reel of cotton. It says, 'warranted 200 yards'."—Selected.

STUDYING FOLKS.

Miss Virginia Terrell is one of the Asheville Citizen's columnists or columnistess that's a puzzler, we reckon we got it right by two efforts—who sees folks as they are. In the following article she takes time to study human nature as revealed about filling stations. It is clever and worth reading. It is:

A filling station has never been officially accused of being a pawnshop, but it's remarkable, so service station managers say, how many watches, overcoats, rings, pistols, spare tires, tools and whatnot they collect in a day's business, all for enough gas to push on a few more miles.

It isn't an unusual request for local gasoline merchants to get, that of letting a man have a gallon of gas until he can go and get the money. How about taking his college ring as security? Or perhaps his kit of mechanics tools. Or, as one lady suggested a few days ago at one filling station when she found she was out of money, just take the car. Not a bad exchange that, a good automobile for a gallon of gas.

But that is wherein a pawnshop differs from a service station. There seldom have to be auction sales of property. The owners always return for the jewelry and spares. Apparently if they mean to part company with their belongings permanently they are going to unload them on licensed brokers.

Most of the customers who have trouble paying for their gas, according to the managers, are people with the medium priced cars, who are living a little beyond their means and have no business with a car anyway. The working man, particularly of the laboring class, with a cheap automobile, is a better bet even than the man with an expensive car, for the first man will either pay cash or pay his bills promptly, while the second man will run an account that can not be collected. While at the same time, men come oftener to stations to find that they are out of money than do women. Either that or they don't attempt to make excuses. A woman, so they say, will always have a good excuse to offer for needing consideration.

A gas station is not a bad place in which to observe human nature anyway, local dealers say. Just try filling people's gas tanks in this day when everybody and his brother have a car, and see if every type of society isn't represented before the day is over.

There's the boy who rides up with his girl.

"Fill 'er up," he demands, getting out of the car to see that it is done properly, and then,

"Just put in a couple of gallons," he whsipers when he gets behind the car.

And there was the negro who filled his tank one afternoon off his friends, appearing with three different people, during the course of as handy hours, permitting each to buy some gas when 'clar' he just ain't got a cent."

And there's the woman who comes in to complain that her car is "acting

funny. It's getting awful hot, and I can't imagine what's the matter.'' With the result that the service man usually fills the radiator. And another woman, who, despite the fact that it's a warm day, has alcohol put in her radiator because ''my husband told me to.''

And there's the husband who runs in on a flat and ruins his tire, while his wife, a few days later, calls the service man out in the country to change a tire because she doesn't want to excite her husband's temper by running it in. ''He's always so careful with his tires.''

Then there is the man of an artistic temperament who runs a car through traffic every day, but who can't turn around. Yet he manages to get by with his life and spare the lives of hundred every day, which brought forth the remark from one service station owner that the Lord has added irresponsible drivers to his list of fools and drunkards and children to be especially looked after.

And there's the Grouch, the same one who is never pleased with his hair cut in a barber shop, who wants to fight the umpire at a baseball game, who brings back a blue tie to a store because what he wanted was a red one, who grumbles because so much crime news is put in the papers nowadays, and then complains because the papers print nothing but dry rot. He's the kind who grouches when the man wants to look at his oil, who ''no, I don't want any water, and don't spill any gas on the back of my car, and don't jerk the hood when you look at the oil, and no I don't want any air in my tires'' and then counts his change pointedly when it is handed to him.

They recall a lady who phoned for five gallons of gas to be sent out in the country where she was stalled. The gas was sent without service charge, the tank filled, the lady went gaily on her way, and they are still trying to collect the bill!

There's even the man that Diogenes spent so much time looking for before Abraham Lincoln walked a considerable distance to return two or three pennies when he short changed a customer in the country store. A local service station man gave a tourist ten dollars too much change. The tourist moved on but returned shortly with the money. The service man was so upset by the man's honesty that in re-making the change he again gave him too much, this time five dollars.

''Say buddy,'' the customer called before he had driven out of the station. ''What's the matter? You've given me too much again.''

GIVE HER TIME.

Rastus—''Ah wants a divorce. Dat woman jes' talk, talk, talk. Ah cain't get no rest an' that talk am drivin' me crazy.''

Lawyer—''What does she talk about?''

Rastus—''She don't say.''

EDUCATION AND POLITICS.

(Asheville Citizen)

Never since the world began have there been as many higher institutions of learning as there are today; and in no country has the number of college students been so great as it now is in America. Our educational progress as shown by statistics is our proudest boast. But how much has the influence of the schools and colleges counted for in civic life? How much has it counted for in politics?

Newton D. Baker, former mayor of Cleveland and Secretary of War under President Wilson, raises the question. In and address before college students of Washington University at St. Louis last week Mr. Baker pointed pessimistically to the present conditions in Illinois and in Indiana. "In Chicago," he said, "a flaming demagogue organized the ignorance of that city in the form of 300,000 or 400,000 blacks, and took over the municipal government." Yet "Chicago is an intellectual center. Not a day passes but witnesses some contribution by some Chicagoan to the advancement of letters and science." It makes Mr. Baker wonder "where were the educated people when this political demagogue sought to seize the reins of government?" Mr. Baker declined to say that Mayor Thompson is the most ignorant man in the world. "I don't know everybody," he said.

Turning to Indiana, Mr. Baker referred to the fact that one Governor is just returning from prison, another is under indictment and the Mayor of the leading city has been convicted of a crime against the public, and added: "The cultural history of that State is exceeded by few in the nation. But public opinion in that State has been dominated for the last ten years by ignorance even though the State has been blessed with the brightest galaxy of writers since the classical New England school."

Whatever the answer to the indictment brought by Mr. Baker, it is clear that education has not proved itself to date the cure-all for social ills. It would seem clear also that the colleges and schools are falling short, far short, in the vital matter of meeting the challenge of citizenship. No one wants the colleges to go into politics but if they were living up to their great opportunity would they not be sending out more men and women with a passion for good government so strong and deep that it would not burn itself out before it had made its impress on the body politic?

QUICK TRIP.

Testy Old Gentleman (to his butler)—"What made you so late?"
Butler—"I fell downstairs, sir."
T. O. G.—"That ought not to have taken you so long!"

WOMEN AND FINANCE.

(Asheville Citizen)

From the beginnings of history human civilization has been primarily under masculine direction. Statesmen and kings, priests and warriors, have guided the destinies of nations. Merchant princes have amassed the wealth that made possible "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Yet women have always been potent factors in their communities and countries. Eve listened to the blandishments of the serpent and thus caused the exile from the Garden of Eden. In ancient Egypt, Queen Hatshepshut was a masterful ruler, who built obelisks, equipped fleets, and directed affairs of state. On the Island of Lesbos "burning Sappho loved and sang." Crafty old Louis XI of France considered women inferior to men, and yet when dying he left the regency to his able daughter, Anne of Beaujen, until the young Charles VIII should come of age. Elizabeth of England, Catherine II of Russia, and Queen Vivtoria are among the greatest rulers of modern times. And the list of distinguished men who have been blessed with wise mothers or wives is beyond computation.

Woman is more and more playing a part in finance. The number of women engaged in business or professional life grows apace. There are women doctors, lawyers, bankers farmers, and editors. Statistics show that most women marry—usually before they are twenty-five years of age. But these too have their financial problems, relative to the care of households and children. For if man is in most cases the bread winner, he usually turns over most of his wages to his wife, who manages domestic affairs and expenses. While cross questioning a stout Irish matron on the witness stand, an enterprising young lawyer is said to have asked her if she had an occupation—to which she replied, "I have to cook, wash, sew, scour and look after nine children, and that's more than a young whipper snapper of a lawyer like you has to do."

The number of women with bank accounts is steadily growing. They have checking accounts and saving accounts. They are able both to save and to spend. Household expenditures are usually under their wise direction. And many a husband has his wearing apparel purchased for him as well as repaired by his wife.

RECOMMENDATION.

"Is this a healthy town?" asked the newly-arrived invalid.

"I should say so," answered the native. "When I came here I had not the strength to utter a word; I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, and had to be lifted from my bed."

"You give me hope. How long have you been here?"

"I was born here."

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE IN ROOSTERS.

(Chatham Record)

Mr. Ira White of the Bonlee section recently sold a purebred Barred Rock rooster for $45 He paid $20 a dozen for the eggs from which some of his prize chickens were hatched. But while Mr. White has enough chicken sense to demand and get the value of his fine birds, he has so little horse sense that he tried to beat us down on the subscription price of the Record to 50 cents for six months, and, forsooth because he had got a year's subscription to another paper for 75 cents. There's a difference in papers as well as in roosters, and there is no more sense in his thinking he should pay only $1.00 a year for the Record because he got another paper for 75 cents than there would be in our offering him a dollar for one of his high-bred cockrels because we bought sometime ago a dunghill rooster for 75 cents. No; he didn't get it for his price. We'd give the paper a full year to a needy person before we would cut a cent on the price of the paper to a man who has the gall to charge $45 for a rooster and to try to beat down the price of a paper that is already cheap at its price. But we are giving this advertisement of Mr. White's chickens free. Buy some of them; they are probably worth the money. He took 26 first and second prizes at the Chatham Fair on 33 birds.

A PROSPEROUS PEOPLE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

According to the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington, "the highest standard of living ever attained in the history of the world was reached last year by the American people." The Bureau gives figures to prove it. The 117,000,000 people in the United States had a total income in 1926, it says, of nearly $90,000,000,000, this being an increase of approximately $27,000,000,000 since 1921, or something over .43 per cent. It puts the average per capita income of persons gainfully employed at $2,210 in 1926 as compared with $1,637 in 1921. Furthermore, the Bureau declares that "this great increase income is not the result of an increase in the price level, for the average price of consumed goods was actually slightly less in 1926 than in 1921."

Averages are not safe things to trust and it may very well be questioned whether the new distribution of prosperity has been altogether as general and as equitable as the Burea's figures would suggest. But it will not be denied that we have had in America during the last five years a high tide of prosperity, a tide that

has risen steadily and one which has washed over pretty well the whole country and over most of its citizenship. The farmers as a whole have not felt it as strongly as the rest of the population, and some of them have not felt it at all. But generally speaking the opportunities for making money have been better in this country than they ever were before, either in America or in any other land of like size and population. The mass of the people have been enabled to live better than most of them ever dreamed of living and at the same time our crop of rich men has multiplied amazingly.

This is an almost unprecedented state of affairs and we doubt if it has ever been witnessed before. Usually, almost invariably, a period in which vast fortunes were piled up has been a period in which the rank and file of the public were ground under foot. The astonishing thing about our present prosperity has been that it has opened fresh opportunities of almost every class and for the multitude as well as for the favored few.

Time approaches when it behooves us to prepare for the Christmas cheer of our 500 population.

THE FIRST WATERMELONS.

(Tampa Tribune)

That the watermelon is a native of Florida and was "dicovered" in what is now Jefferson County, is the claim made by Charles F. Leach in an article in the current number of the Florida Grower. Mr Leach adduces historical facts in support of his contention.

The Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, has established that no watermelons were grown anywhere in the world prior to the discovery of America. Neither Columbus, Vespuciuos, Cabot, Balboa, Ponce de leon nor Norvaez found watermelons anywhere in their travels. De-Soto, landing at Tampa Bay in 1542, marched his army up the coast, halting at Lake Miccosukee in what is now Jefferson County. Here the first watermelons were found and their production was limited to a radius of 20 miles of Monticello. They were grown by the Natches Indians—and this writer claims that this is the first record of watermelons, in any clime or in any age.

Jean Ribult sailed up the St. Mary's River n 1562, where he encountered Indians who told him of great treasure further inland. An expedition was dispatched to find the treasure. Those who returned did not bring gold, silver or jewls—but they did bring watermelon. They got the melon at Lake Miccosukee.

Inasmuch as there is no record of watermelons up to that time, Mr. Leach is convinced that they originated with the Natches Indians of Florida.

BLACK WALNUT.

By R. W. Greaber.

The black walnut makes an ideal dual purpose tree for the North Carolina farmer. As timber, it produces the most valuable lumber grown in the State, and while the tree is growing to timber size, it will produce crops of high quality nuts, for home use and for market. Our highest priced walnut furniture is made from veneers taken from "gnarled and twisted stumps." The more twisted and curly the grain, the more valuable are the panels made from walnut.

Plain grain walnut logs are selling today at $50 to $150 per thousand board feet depending upon size and quality. Logs of extra quality with curly grain are much higher. The value of walnut stumps depends upon the size, shape, and quality of grain.

Stumps gathered for shipment at railroad stations have been noticed at many points in North Carolina recently including Mebane, Elmwood, Gibsonville, Smithfield and others. These logs are shipped to several North Carolina mills in Ohio, Maryland, and New York.

The demand from candy manufacturers, bakers, and others for walnut kernels, has made the harvesting of black walnuts a profiable business for many farm families. The nut crop will give profitable employment to farm labor during an otherwise idle season, and will pay taxes and interest upon land while we are growing the final crop of timber. Farmers will make no mistake in planting a few black walnuts each year.

The seed nuts should be planted during the late fall or early spring. Planting should be made in waste places about the farm, in openings throughout the woods, or as a regular crop in the open field. When planted in the fall, walnuts should be spaced at least 30 feet apart each way, and either cultivated by planting field crops between or inter-planted with other trees of some slow species. This inter-planting is necessary to keep down the growth of moisure by shading. Red cedar would make a good tree for inter-planting in the Piedmont section. Cedar is a comparatively slow grower and thus would not interfere with the walnuts and at the same time will produce a valuable crop of wood in itself.

For growing timber, nuts from any of the healthy, thrifty growing trees of the local community could be planted. Many of these trees will be found to produce high class nuts. If nuts of an established variety are desired, the seedling trees can be budded or grafted with scions of Thomas, Stabler, or Ohio, the three most widely known varities. Planting stock can also be secured from nurseries specializing in nut trees.

Recently, the writer met Mr. Wade Barber, of Pittsboro, N. C., who is this fall putting out 100 black walnut trees. He says "I am planting an insurance policy. I am convinced it will pay good returns to some one in the future.'

MAJOR J. C. HEMPHILL, VETERAN EDITOR, DIES.

Major J. C. Hemphill, veteran South Carolina newspaper man and one time a Washington correspondent, died in Abbeville, S. C., November 20. His funeral was held in Charleston at noon Monday.

Major Hemphill, who was 75 years of age, had been in failing health for some months.

Journalistic Career

Going to Charleston in 1880 after working on a country weekly here, Major Hemphill joined the staff of the News and Courier and for 30 years was connected with that paper succeeding to the editorship in 1888, when Captain Frank W. Dawson was killed. Major Hemphill took up Captain Dawson's fight against lynching and other lawlessness and his editorials written in engaging simplicity, with a delicate touch of humor, won him wide repute and ranked him second only to Henry Watterson, then editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, in Southern journalism.

After severing his connection with the News and Courier, Major Hemphill held the post of editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, the Charlotte Observer and later was a member of the New York Times staff.

His last active position was at Spartanburg, S. C., where for five years he was editor of the Journal.

Major Hemphill was elected first vice-president of the Associated Press in 1909. In 1909-10 he delivered the Bromly lectures on journalism at Yale.

Active in civic and state affairs in South Carolina through his editorial columns for many years, it was not until 1902 that Major Hemphill came in direct contact with the general public. Then as chairman of the publicity committee of the West Indian Exposition, he won a reputation as a speaker and his services were in large demand.

Major Hemphill was throughout his life active in behalf of textile development in the South and fostered the commercial culture of tobacco in South Carolina.

A native of Abbeville county Major Hemphill was graduated from Erskine College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and later the honorary degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Laws were conferred on him by his alma mater for his activity in the Democratic campaign of 1876. He was member of Phi Beta Kappa.

His military title was conferred upon him by Governor Wade Hampton on whose staff he served.

News that Shelby may at an early date have an airport or landing field is about the best news of recent weeks. Not long since this paper expressed the opinion that t would be a very progressive step and in the weeks since business men have been talking about it, and now it seems about to go over. Give it a shove.—Shelby Star.

TO AID ANIMALS.

By E. I. Farrington.

Five years ago Jack London clubs existed only in the mind of one man, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, of Boston. Today there are Jack London clubs all over the United States and in many parts of Europe, with hundreds of thousands of members. There are Jack London clubs even in South Africa, in Japan, in Siam, and in India. There are no dues and no officers. The purpose of these clubs is to stop the exhibition of trained animals.

Not long before he died, Jack London wrote a book called *Michael, Brother of Jerry.* Now Jack London had never been considered a namby-pamby in any sense. In fact, in some quarters his name was anathema because of his red-blooded novels and his graphic word pictures of fistic battles. Neverthless this book was written as a protest against the training of trick animals which he had witnessed behind the scenes in the theatres. In his preface the novelist says:

'No moral, healthy human would tolerate such performances did he or she know the terrible cruelty which lies behind them and makes them possible.'

People who frequent theaters and circuses like to persuade themselves that the animals they see doing absurd or difficult acts are enjoying the performance as much as the audience. The manager tries to foster this belief, but the animal trainers themselves and the investigations of impartial observers indicate that in many cases the animals are in a state of absolute fear as long as they remain on the stage.

Much has been printed about the humane methods employed by certain animals trainers, the impression being given that only kindness is used. It has been stated, however, that some of the most popular acts, like the turning of backward somesaults, cannot be taught without torture to the animal.

It is sometimes argued that a wild animal is better off in captivity than in roaming the jungles, getting its food without danger or effort, and living a life of calm serenity. The Jack London club has been investigating this side of the question and as a result presents some of the facts written by Charles Mayer, an animal hunter of wide renown, in his book *Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles.* It is stated in this book that tigers and leopards are captured by the use of birdlime, which is spread where the animals are wont to pass. They step into the sticky stuff, which clings to their feet. They become excited and enraged. They try to bite and rub off the pitch, and in doing so plaster it over their eyes. Finally when they are thoroughly covered they are so helpless that with little danger they can be put into cages, there to spend weeks removing pitch from their fur.

Birds and small monkeys are also captured with birdlime, which is smeared on the limbs of trees. They stick to it until someone releases them.

After capture, wild elephants are kept in an inclosure for a long time

and given no food. They are half-starved before the 'breaking' commences. In this weakened condition there is very little danger in handling them. The 'tuskers' are killed solely for their ivory.

CONSIGNMENT REFUSED.

A negro went to see a doctor and as he was leaving the doctor remarked, "You've forgotten something!"

"Nosuh!"

"Yes you have. My fee for the advice I have given you is four dollars."

"Nosuh—I ain't going to take yo' advice."

A NOBLE CALLING.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

No farmer should be ashamed of his calling. Indeed the farmer should be proud of his work. It is honorable. It is dignified, it is noble. The first thing God started Adam doing in the Garden of Eden was to dress it and care for it, make it more beautiful and fruitful. Farming is the oldest calling. It has numbered as its devotees such men as George Washington, and others. A farmer should be proud of his work and he should magnify it. He ought to regard himself as the "True Nobleman." Listen to what a well known personage once said about the farmer and his work:

"The instant I enter on my land. the bright idea of property, the exclusive right, the independence. exalt my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law it is that thou wast made to constitute the riches of the freeholder? What should we American farmers be without the possession of that soil? It feeds, it clothes us, from it we draw even a great exuberancy, our best meat, our richest drink. the very honey of our bees come from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession. This formerly crude soil has been converted by my father into a pleasant farm —and in return it has established all our rights; on it is founded our rank, our freedom, our power as citizens. our importance as inhabitants of such a district. These images I must confess I always behold with pleasure. I know no other landlord than the Lord of all land. to whom I owe the most sincere gratitude."

Farming may not be in every case as profitable a calling, if we consider merely monetary returns, as some other lines of endeavor, but certainly no calling should be considered more honorable.

THE CONVICT'S LITTLE GIRL.

(The Summary.)

The warden of a state prison tells the following pathetic incident of a life convict:

"I was passing out of the prison-yard one bitterly cold Christmas morning.

"Just outside the gate I saw a thinly clad little girl of about twelve years, her face and hands blue with cold. She put out one of her thin hands to detain me as I passed.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to know if I can go inside, and see my—father? His name is Mr. John —."

"I recognized the name as that of a life convict. He came sullen and dejected; in his face was the look of utter hoplessness, the faces of prisoners for life so often wear.

"The child sprang forward to meet him, the hot tears streaming over her white face.

"He stepped back, sullen and seemingly angry. No word of welcome came from his lips for the ragged trembling creature who stood crying before him with something clasped close in her hand.

"I—I—came to say "Merry Christmas," father," she faltered. "I thought maybe you'd be glad to see me."

"The convict's head drooped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening. His little girl went on, trembling tearfully:—

"And I—I—brung you something, father. It was all I could think of, and all I could get. I live to the poor house now.

"Her trembling fingers began unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, and she held out a short, shining curl of yellow hair carefully tied with a bit of old ribbon."

"I wouldn't give this to nobody on earth but you father. You used to really and truly love little Johnnie; mother said you did; and so"—

"The man fell to his knees with both hands clasped over his face."

"I did love him," he said hoarsely. "I love his still; bad as I am, I love him still."

"I knew it," said the child, going closer, "and I knowed you'd like this, now that Johnnie's dead."

"Dead!" cried the man, rocking to and fro, still on his knees with his hands on his face. My little boy!"

"Yes," said the child, "he died in the poorhouse only last week, and there's no one left but me, now, but I ain't going to forget you, father. I'm going to stick right by you, spite of what folks say, and someday maybe I can get you out of here; I'm going to try."

"He put out one arm, drew the child toward him and kissed her again and again. I silently left the room, and they were alone for a half hour. Then the child came out smiling through her tears.

"Mind," she said, before closing the door. I'll never forget you father, never."

This is no sob story it is only a true incident of life as one man describes it. There is a moral to this. Do you get it? If yo do—get wise If you don't get a rope.

CAROLINA ISLE HAS REAL QUEEN.

An island paradise, where the flivver horn squawks not and the bright lights of amusement palaces are unknown, has been discovered by a newspaperman in ultra-modern, twentieth century Tar Helia, at Salter Path and the Garden of Eden, on Bogue Sound just below Morehead city.

Never Saw Reporter

The fisher folk who make up Salter Path's population of 200 had never seen a newspaper man that any of them could remember, and only by eluding the myrmidons who sit sentry over the gates could entry be gained into the Garden, the property of a Mrs. Toffman, of New York and Paris.

'In God We Trust. No Cursing or Vulgarity Allowed on the Beach,'' is the sign that greets the Salter Path visitor, and next to it another reiterates the whole spirit of the village with ''Blessed is the Peace Maker.'' Visitors are few at Salter Path, and a good many of those who go there find shortly they are not wanted.

A hand power railroad which runs the short breadth of the island is the only mechanical means of transportation in the village. There was once an automobile, say the inhabitants, but it has vanished. Until a few years ago the natives cooked on ''spiders,'' which have more recently gradually given way to the inevitable can opener. There is a single radio in the community.

Rults As Queen

The Garden of Eden over which Mrs. Hoffman has held sway for fifteen years is a checkerboard of cultivated flower gardens and dense native growth, a 3,500-acre kingdom over which she reigns with true queenliness. Guards patrol her borders and turn back invaders of the small domain. She lives alone with the exception of French handmaids and the myrmidons. Parties of friends from the North are no more now, and the queen reigns over few subjects.

A far cry indeed are Salter Path and the Garden of Eden from the hustle and bustle of Charlotte or Greensboro or Winston-Salem or others of the North State's brightly lighted and hurried commercial centers.

ELECTION BY POPULAR VOTE.

By James E. Carraway, in Asheville Citizen

Josephus Daniels calls attention to the fact that some people favor the abolition of the Electoral College and the election of President and Vice-President by direct vote of the people. While the present method of choosing our Cheif Executives is far from satisfactory, it is well known that few Democrats and almost as few Republicans look with approval upon a plan to elect them by popular vote. In order to bring this about

the whole country would be compelled to take a hand in every national election. Such a condition is not desired by that mighty host which still clings to the doctrine of State Rights. But another method is possible, which would produce the same effect in substance, and Federal interferenc with elections would not be necessary. That method is for the electors in the various States to give to each Presidential candidate, the proportion of the electoral vote which his popular vote bears to the total vote of the State. If North Carolina votes two-thirds Democratic and one-third Republican, then let the electoral vote be divided accordingly. This plan would do away with pivotal States, for every vote would count, and every State in the Union would become debatable ground. All that is necessary to put such a plan into execution is for the varoius States to adopt it. The Federal Constitution leaves the matter of choosing Presidential electors to the States. The General Assembly of the different States would have to pass a law requiring the electors to divide the vote of the State and the trick would be turned. Such a plan would be both fair and logical; something that can't be said of the present method.

Can we ever hope that athletic teams will be given names that do not suggest savagery? The Elizabeth City Advance says: "Hertford girls win from feminine Yellow Jackets."

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN.

With schools closed in Lexington, Kentucky, because of an epidemic of infantile paralysis, lessons are carried to the children's homes each night by the city newspapers. The practice is bringing excellent results, and it is expected that the school shutdown will not materially affect the pupils progress. So far so good. The press of Lexington is performing a notable service for its citizens, and the example will no doubt be copied in the future by other cities affected similarly. But the fact that the newspapers of one city are carrying good lessons into children's homes brings this puestion: What kind of lessons do most newspapers carry into the home?

Much has been said about the service rendered the nation by its newspapers. Praise has been plentiful. But so too has censure. It probably is necessary for newspapers to record acts of crime. But is it necessary to stress that crime far beyond news of constructive nature? Is the story of a revolting murder so much more important than the news of a momentous scientific discovery, as is indicated by its 'play' in the press? Not alone in Lexington are the newspapers teaching 'lessons' to children. Every newspaper in every city and town and hamlet in the country is carrying some sort of lesson into children's minds. What kind of lesson is it?—**Dearborn Independent.**

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Mr. Simpson has been teaching the boys of Mr. W. M. Crooks' room during his absence.

The boys have been practicing songs and speeches for Thanksgiving during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Black have charge of the thirteenth cottage while Mr. and Mrs. Sappenfield are away on a little trip.

We were all glad to see Albert Millis and Jim Hunsucker, former boys of this institution, on the campus last Sunday afternoon.

Rev. Higgins, Concord pastor, was scheduled to have charge of the services last Sunday afternoon ,but for some reason failed to come.

Stanley Armstrong, former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last Tuesday. He gave our linotype machine "the once over," and a few minor repairs.

We (the print shop boys) have been busy lately with a book for the King's Daughters. This book contains the reports of the thirty-eighth Annual Convention.

Thanksgiving is coming and all the boys are looking forward to a real good time. Part of the program will be a rabbit-hunt and a barbecue. The rabbit hunt will be in the morning followed with preaching. The barbecue will be held at the ball ground at noon. No plans have been made for the afternoon yet.

Did you ever stop to think how we differ from the trees in winter, or in fact, all seasons? Have you ever noticed the change that takes place? Just as soon as cold weather approaches we begin to put on our extra wearing apparel and the trees begin to shed theirs. Then in summer it is just reversed. Well, Nature has its ways.

No boy is permitted to leave the srhool during the Christmas holidays. We have so many boys to consider that we cannot grant to a few a privilege that could not be given to all. If we did, it would only result in unhappiness and dissatisfaction among the boys. We try to make the occasion as joyful for them as is possible, and we feel sure that yoh will cooperate with us in keeping your boy contented at the school during this time.

FORTUNE.

Fortune does not locate her prizes in time-worn highways. Beaten paths are only for beaten men. They would not be roads if others hadn't traveled ahead of you, and those who went before seized everything that was worth the owning.—Herbert Kaufman.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21 P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45 A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONC[illegible]MBER 3, 1927 No. 46

THE ARTS.

I am [illegible] enthusiast on the subject of the arts. But it is an enthusiasm of which I am not ashamed, as its object is to improve the taste of my countrymen, to increase their reputation, to reconcile to them the respect of the world, and procure for them its praise.—Thomas Jefferson.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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STUMBLING BLOCKS TO CULTURE.

Educationally we are a nation of credit hunters and degree worshippers. Even our graduate students, preparing to teach, talk of how many semester hours they have "taken" with Dr. X or Dr. Y. To have "had work" with Dr. So-and-so. to say "I had his work last semester," is offered as a substitute for knowledge of the subject and independent views as to its issues.

Everywhere the emphasis is on machinery and bookkeeping. Standardization has laid a deadening hand upon us. There is much attention to processes and little assessment of result.—Henry W. Holmes.

WHAT WE NEED.

Coming events cast their shadows before them. This is certain. It behooves us to get busy and prepare.

There are over 500 in our population. They have sweet-tooth dispositions and tastes just like all normal folks. When Christmas arrives, these people very properly expect to be treated like normal people, who have homes of their own, fathers and mothers to cheer them. We are the only homes and fathers and mothers these youngsters have today, and it is our duty to play the part. Hanged, if we fail to provide these 500 youngsters with a proper Christmas cheer.

The allowances of the Budget System that now prevails forbids; our own free service make us unable to meet the demands; and we must and will depend on the Great Heart wherever found and touched. The Uplift makes this earnest appeal to all the friends of childhood to come to our rescue—a rescue that provides for the joy and cheer of this great crowd of youngsters moving on to fine manhood.

The Uplift will acknowledge all recipts. Just send your check to The

Uplift, Concord. Our buying methods make it possible for us to get the very best results, and we know the quantities required, hence we call for the contributions in money—we know that beggars must not be choosers, so if you just can't help sending several boxes of oranges, barrels of apples and sacks of nuts, etc., we decline to be ugly about it.

Just before Thanksgiving, enthusiastic Sheriff Hardin, of Rutherford county; dear old ("Old" just in the sense of affection and esteem) General Baldy Boyden, of Salisbury; and the big-hearted A. W. Klemme, of High Point; sent in contributions. These were not needed to make our day a full and perfect one, so we have retained their generous gifts as a nucleus of our Christmas Fund.

WILL THE FRIENDS OF THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL, FOR WHAT IT STANDS FOR, AND THE CHILDOOD WITHIN ITS BORDERS WHO LOOK UNTO YOU FOR A CHRISTMAS REMEMBERANCE, COME TO OUR RESCUE? They have heretofore—and we naturally, or somehow or other, are depending upon that same Great Heart.

Time short! Is a simple reminder.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FAITHFUL PREACHER.

Rev. William Black is dead. He died in the harness. His career was remarkable. He was an evangelist, observing a close touch with the church. He was not one of these defunct saw-mill, ex-baseball, commercial evangelists, but a real gospel preacher, whose life and deeds marked him a man of God.

Mr. Charles W. Tillett, Sr., of Charlotte has paid such a beautiful tribute to Dr. Black that we find it to out taste to reproduce same as an editorial. We wish to preserve it, because it is a classic and because it inspires in one higher ideals. Mr. Tillett wrote:

They are burying William Black today in the old Scotch cemetery at Maxton. Permit me to lay a flower, wet with my tears, upon his grave.

Three days ago from out a cloudless sky, there came a clear and sudden call for him; he answered quickly—gladly—with his life.

Forty-five years ago his heart and mind were knit together in the fellowship of suffering—two young lawyers, working side by side, struggling together almost for bread.

Many who knew of our earlier friendship and knew also of the sharp differences as to matters of Church and State polity that arose between

us in later years, supposed that we had become estranged. Such a thought did a grievous wrong to him who is dead and to the surviving friend.

A few months ago, I wrote a little poem entitled "Lindy" and sent him a copy. The receipt of those verses seemed to cause in his heart a flare-up of the fires of affection for me that perchance lay smouldering in his breast. In his weakness and almost total blindness he seized his pen and wrote me a love letter.

I took that letter out from its sacred keeping on yesterday—Thanksgiving Day—and first giving thanks to God for what his life has meant to me, I read his glowing sentiments of abiding regard for me, closing with an earnest appeal to God to bless me. Those words soothed my sorrowing soul:

"Like the benediction
That follows after the prayer."

How well I remember that memorable meeting of the Y. M. C. A. State Convention in Wilmington 40 years ago! John R. Mott, now a world famed leader, then a beardless youth, spoke on Sunday afternoon in the old opera house, packed from pit to gallery. He made a moving appeal for the consecration of our lives to God. A few minutes after the meeting, I chanced to meet Black on the street. I recall as vividly as though it were yesterday what he said to me—words that burned themselves into my inmost soul: "Tillet, my dear fellow, you and I are lawyers but we are not **producers**; we are only **consumers**. I intend from henceforth to produce something and I resolve to quit the law and go into the ministry."

"Produce something!" Ah! The golden harvest he produced has already been garnered into the granary of the skies while, alas! I whose life has been filled with strifes and conflicts—what have I produced?

He, who spake as never man spake, once said: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

I could write tomes about him, but this would be the epitome of it all: **Of those whom I have known, William Black came nearest to living all the time with—"an eye single to the glory of God."**

During half a century of service, he was a courtly, knightly Soldier of the Cross—living every day sans peur et sans re-proche.

God rest his noble soul!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HOW THE DAY WAS SPENT.

At the Jackson Training School Thanksgiving Day was a perfect one.

The elements contributed their part to this perfection. The good Lord smiled on us as is His custom always upon unjust as well as the just everywhere.

Bright and early 460 boys, armed with sticks and an abundance of big hurrahs such as live, healthful boys carry with them on such occasions, went on their annual rabbit hunt. They captured 75 cotton-tails, a few frogs, several birds (by accident—they got run over in the weeds and grass) and one owl—the foolish thing exercising his curiosity got too close to this army got himself captured. Wisdom neigns on the hill now.

The boys all came back, thoroughly thrilled with their experience and success, except three little fellows. They are what we call new boys. They had not been here long enough to catch the spirit of the institution and to imbibe the meaning of the system of honor. To satisfy your curiosity, we beg to say that these three boys returned in time to sleep in their downy couches that very night. They all come back, generally.

After the rabbit frolic, all assembled in the auditorium. The music was approriate and inspiring. Master James Beddingfield mounted the stage to inform the assembled audience the reason for this assemblage, by orating President Coolidge's Proclamation. We heard the President over the radio the night before. Master Beddingfield by his delivery put more meaning into the otherwise admirable message. He looked happy over it and manifested no sourness—the boy wore a smile.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, of Concord, then delivered a most appropriate address, touching the very vital essence and heart of the Thanksgiving purpose that should prevail the world over and in every heart. The boys took it in because the preacher knows how to meet a boy half way understandingly.

About one-thirty a host assembled on the Athletic Field. Smoke and an appetizing odor gave out a sure lead to the spot where the inner boy could do honor to a feast that had been provided to a sumptious degree. The barbecue was superb; the spirit fine; and the games and sport afterwards manly—all made the day a perfect day.

Three days later: None became sick—what a wonder!

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MOST CREDITABLE.

Never before has newspaperdom been so awake to the evidences of progress and development in the state. Their ambition seems to cover every act of industry and development. Nothing escapes their eyes in their several localities.

The other day they opened the great bridge that connects Morehead

City and Beaufort, across Bogue Sound. The Beaufort News, editor Mebane's paper, up and issued a most creditable and illustrated paper, giving an account of the completion of that wonderful bridge that opens up to the touch of the state a part that heretofore was inaccessible except by water.

Besides pictures showing this new bridge he illustrates a number of industrial plants and very properly he gave considerable attention to the educational endeavor of the two young cities. We used the word "young" advisedly. As a matter of fact Beaufort is among our oldest communities of the state, but this recent move is an abiding evidence that these towns have taken on the ambition to become cities, hence the idea of youth. If the papers can get by with designating so many and at so many times a man over twenty—even twenty-five—as a youth, it is not illegal to pronounce Morehead City and Beaufort as young cities.

The Uplift wishes to congratulate editor Mebane on his successful and admirable manner in taking care of this recent event that thrilled all of Carteret county and most of the state.

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THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

North Carolinians do not know North Carolina. It's too big to comprehend in a short time. The truth of the matter is, we have lots of intelligent and charming men and women in the state that know more about European countries than they do of their own state.

The reason for this may be through curiosity or the quest for knowledge, but it is easier and less taxing upon one's strength to ride a fine boat and go abroad than to do hazardous climbing in the sublime fastnesses of the state.

The Charlotte Observer makes reference to Linville Gorge in this manner:

> Some Charlotte young woman—we know it is a woman because mere man has tried it and failed—has broken into The Christian Science Monitor with a photograph and a vivid description of the grandeurs of the Linville Gorge, a scenic attraction yet stranger to thousands of people—home-folks and outsiders, as well—because of its hitherto inaccessible position. This gorge, 15 miles long with a depth varying from 500 to 2300 feet, with top width of two miles, wedging down to a point not wider than a half a mile, is the central feature in a section of the State which has long invited conscription as a State Park—and it will be that one one of these days, for it is in this gorge that some of "the oldest mountain scenery in the United States" is revealed. Its preservation as a State Park is the more inviting because

of the fact that the region is yet in the virgin state, with splendid forestry that has never known the destructive effects of the lumberman's axe.

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YET ANOTHER ONE.

Some men with strange, impractical views get into our teaching profession. It is a blessing that State College is not co-ed. Were Dr. Wells' wisdom put into practice, a mess would be sarted on the borders of Raleigh. Says the News and Observer:

> Last week Prof. B. W. Wells, of the State College, astonished the people of this conservative State by advocating marriage by college students while they are pursuing their studies leading to graduation. He evidently did not give reflection to whether the parents were able or willing to support their married sons and their families in addition to paying the expenses of a son through college. He is quoted as saying that students should be engaged to be married by the end of their first year and should be married during the ensuing summer. In fall the wedded couples should come back to college arm in arm with their school books.

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The [illegible]roe Journal's story of a Methodist preacher refusing fried chicken does not apply to this age. Such an event in this day would certainly be a piece of news.

MACNEILL PROPOSES A BATTLE.

Taking cognizance of so many prophecies of a war before thirty years passes, Ben Dixon MacNeill, who conducts the "Cellar and Garret" column in the News and Observer, proposes a local disturbance somewhere in North Carolina. His whole purpose seems to save the prophetic reputations of a number of distinguished in individuals, who sense a war. Read him:

Since it appears that all of our neighbors are too busy or too lazy to arrange a war with us, we might get up one among ourselves which, if properly managed, might have notably beneficial results. Such a war, if undertaken in the proper spirit, might go a long ways toward establishing peace among us, and at least make our banqueting boards and the meetings of sodalitties among our good women a little more decorous.

Everybody seems to be expecting some sort of a war. On the one hand we have the best thought of military experts predicting a war of some sort very soon. On the other hand we have large numbers of our lay brethren and sisters ready to dive into a cyclone cellar at the first explosion of a war that everybody expects to arrive shortly. Though they deplore wars of all sorts, they keep on talking about them as though they expected several battles to break out almost anywhere.

And then there are the good women of the Daughters of the Revolution, who go fearsomely hither and thither, expecting a Russian with bushy whiskers to issue from every clump of weeds and have at them with scandalous intentions. They make a lot of speeches about it and write pieces to the papers waning everybody to be on the lookout for Russians and deploring almost everything. They never know when they are going to be blown up with a bomb.

Nobody undertakes to be specific about anything. General Bowley says there is going to be another war sometime within the next thirty years, because there has always been another war within the next years. He doesn't say who the war is going to be with or what it is going to be about. He just says there is going to be a war, and maybe there will be a war. He thinks we ought to get ready and stay ready.

Our war-fearing women among the Daughters of the Revolution are more concerned about be-whiskered Russians and such than anything else. They have persuaded themselves that all this pacific talk that is going on is fostered by these terrible people who no doubt have vermin in their whiskers, and that we ought to spend a part of each day chasing them. They can be found almost anywhere. The milkman, the iceman, the furnaceman and the street car conductor and the man at the filling station is maybe an agent of Moscow.

And then there are the militiant pacifists who want to pull down all evidences of militarism. Dr. Jack Ellis is the chief spokesman of this element. He gets a lot of misery out of living next door to State College where more than a thousand young fellows are being debauched

into militarism. He expects them to be so dazzled by the glamour of war that they will go off and shoot up some nation or other before anybody can stop them. They will be completely ruined by the clanking of guns and such other debased things as they are compelled to take part in.

So it looks like everybody is going to be disappointed unless we can arrange to have a war with somebody right away. General Bowley is expecting it. Mrs. Gregory expects an uprising. Dr. Ellis thinks that there is bound to be trouble unless we quit teaching soldiering to innocent college boys. The general run of people appear not to know what to think of any of it, and they just dodge all of it when they can, or if they are taken unawares in a banquet hall or auditorium or a church, they just listen and get out as quick as they can.

So let's have a war. It wouldn't be neighborly to go off and jump on some harmless nation just because we want to have a war or are so afraid that we are going to have one that we will just start it anyhow. The war can be a home-made affair. The militant militarists can attack the militant pacifists and among them they can have a lot of carnage. Mrs. Gregory can intervene and while the fighting is going on, throw hard grenades into every patch of weeds she comes across. If there are Russians in them they will be exterminated, and if there are none—well, she will have blown up the nest anyhow.

The only trouble will be providing a stadium big enough and sufficiently removed to ensure noncombatant peoples a measure of safety. Maybe they could arrange to have the battle in the new stadium of the University. Or if that isn't big enough they could rent them an uninhabited island down around Morehead City somewhere. I know of a very fine island they could get at a reasonable figure. It has room for a large cemetery, which would come in handy after the battle.

After that the rest of us could have a measure of peace. There would be nobody left to continue these wearisome conttntions about whether there is going to be another war or whether there are Russians hiding in all the fence-corners or whether a little sensible military training is going to ruin a lot of average country boys. We could go to church or a public dinner or a speaking at the school house without having all these tiresomely vague speeches

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WANTED: JEFFERSONIANS.

Thomas Jefferson's clock, made for him by Louis Leschot, the Swiss expert, and placed over the main entrance hall at Monticello, has begun to tick again after a sleep of 50 years. This is good news. It is high time for everything that is truly Jeffersonian to get busy again in a world that needs decent and levelheaded democracy. It isn't democracy that is a failure, but our lazy, good-for-nothing selves.

—Philadelphia Record.

DAUGHTERS FINISH WORK.

Services at historic Goose Creek church, 14 miles from Charleston, S. C., brought to a close the 34th annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, after a continuous session of five hours carried the meeting past midnight before adjournment.

Among the many amendments to the bylaws adopted during the convention was one given disciplnary power to the executive board and to confer upon it authority to adjust disagreements by chapters, with the board being vested whith power to suspend members of the organization.

The amendment was championed by Mrs. St. J. Allison Lawton, retiring president-general; Mrs. Livingston Rose Schuyler, of New York; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson. of Greenwiod, Miss., and Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, of Paduach, Ky., the latter three members of the committee who last year at Richmond, formed the commitete to investigate the publishing of a photograph of one the members in a bathing suit.

The committee at that time reported the general organization had no power to discipline any member and announced intention of subimtting this year an ammendment to the by laws conferring such power on the executive board.

State division presidents were requested by the convention to form committees to collect exhibits and relics testifying to the suffering of the Southern women during the War Between the States, to be placed in the in Red Cross Museum in Washington. The curator, it is said, had asked such collection, as a similiar exhibit has already been collected by women of the North.

Mrs. Lawton, retiring president-general, was presented with a massive silver bowl last night by her associates on the executive board.

A committee to investigate the advisability of establishing a national headquarters was appointed.

I have never known a concern to make a decided success that did not do good, honest work, and even in these days of fiercest competition, when everything would seem to be a matter of price, there lies still at the root of great busiess success the very much more important factor of quanlity. The effect of attention to quality, upon every man in the service, from the preident of the concern down to the humbles laborer, cannot be overestimated. And bearing on the same question, clean, fine workshops and tools, well kept yards and surroundings are of much greater importance than is usually supposed.—Andrew Carnegie.

A DISCORDANT NOTE.

(News and Observer.)

Raleigh and North Carolina did themselves proud in the reception given to Commander Spafford on Tuesday when he was in the Capital City as the guest of the American Legion. He made an excellent impression. His fine addresses were touched by warm patriotism, belief in proper preparedness and deep interest in the welfare of the soldiers and sailors invalided by wounds or disease. They were couched in courteous tones and he spoke in such clear-cut sentences that those who disagreed with any views felt that the speaker was sincere and broad-minded. He evidently believes that the abortive Washington Conference was brought about by British propaganda. There are two opinions about that, but there cannot be two opinions that he was right in saying that the result of that conference has been to reduce the comparative strength of the American Navy from first to a poor second and even lower as to certain types of ships. It may be true, probably is, that Secretary Hughes incorrectly thought that the dreadnaught is the measure of strength of navies, and that he believed when he secured a 5-5-3 ratio in dreadnaughts that he was securing that relative strength of navies. If he thought that, his mistake worked against his country without his appreciating that fact.

It is to be regretted that the good taste left in the mouth by the coming of Mr. Spafford and his addresses and the talks of other members of the Legion should have been marred by the discordant note which followed the departure of Commander Spafford. All rejoiced he had taken his train before a visitor, not on the program, used language which was out of keeping with everything else during the visit of the Commander. General Bowley, responding to a call after the program was completed, engaged in hurling epithets at Christian ministers, patriotic, peace-loving women and pretty much everybody else who did not agree with his idea of "the biggest army and biggest navy in the world," and his evidently pleasing prospect of his prophecy "There'll be another war in thirty years."

Nobody could object to his prediction of another war or to his advocacy of large preparedness if he had confined it to such advocacy and prophecy. On a public occasion a speaker should declare his views with frankness and sincerity. But when he characterized good women who did not hold like views as "cats" he forgot the primary courtesy and chivalry which is the mark of men in the military service. Such women are patriotic as their devotion to the soldiers in the World War evidenced. They believe such preparedness, as General Bowley screamingly and defiantly demands and makes the test of patriotism, would tend toward making war. Right or wrong, they are sincere and are entitled to their opinion, and have as much right to give expression to it as General Bowley has to urge his views. There was genuine and general indignation when

he called such good women "cats." Southern chivalry is offended at such characterization and resented the word. He was not satisfied with calling them and others he didn't approver a "breed of cats," but added, "They should be sent to the Atlanta prison."

Unfortunate, and equally indefensible, was General Bowley's denunciaton of Christian ministers whose devotion to peace forbids their advocacy of policies held by the General. Not long ago Rev. Dr. Fosdick, called a pacifist, declared: "I will never bless another war." He and other ministers are sincere in their position, and the conservative Christian men of the Legion were shocked when General Bowley forgot himself and hurled epithets at the men in the ministry who are sincere followers of the Prince of Peace.

It was equally indefensible for a general in the army to come to Raleigh and undertake to tell the authorities of the State College that they should get rid of certain professors. It was overstepping the mark quite as much as if Dr. Brooks should go to Washington and tell Secretary Davis what army officers should be put in charge of Fort Bragg or on duty at that or other army posts. *The News and Observer* some days ago expressed its utter disagreement wth the views of a professor in the State College as to the motives which impelled Americans to enter the World War. It thinks he was wrong. But whether the professor stays or goes is none of the business of an army officer who is not even a resident of North Carolina. It is not surprising that President Brooks resented the attempt by an officer visiting his institution to select its teachers of history.

General Bowley did not end with thus departing from the canons of good taste and the policy which should govern an officer of the American army. He called an un-named lecturer who is, so he said, to lecture in North Carolina this winter "a whelp." He did not name the lecturer and gave this as his reason for not doing so. "I have been instructed not to call names, but when the time comes I can, I'll call them and put adjectives before them—adjectives it'll take a college professor to figure out."

It is such extreme utterances as General Bowley gave expression to on Tuesday night which retards proper appreciation of just preparedness. The American people are neither pacifists of the type who oppose any preparedness or the blood and thunder militarists who wish to Prussianize America. It is difficult to appraise which is most wanting in practical wisdom.

General Bowley's fierceness is much more to be tolerated on the field of battle than at a peaceful banquet attended by ladies.

HE BELONGS TO 875 LODGES.

When Lord Blythswood recently became Grand Master Mason of Scotland, he was automatically made honorary member of 875 lodges. He has just received honorary membership of the famous Canongate Kilwainning Edinburgh No. 2., which boasts the oldest lodge-room in the world.

A PREACHER REFUSED CHICKEN.

(Monroe Journal.)

When John Wesley declared that "The world is my parish," he blazed the trail of the circuit rider—a saintly trail accordiing to the fundamental ists and a sawdust trail according to the modernists. Eternity alone will tell "How Firm a Foundation" was laid by those pioneers of civilization and Christianity known as Circuit Riders, especially John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitfield, who were among Georgia's first colonists, says a writer in The Atlanta Journal.

Following these three famous itinerants, Georgia had three other noted circuit riders, Uncle Allen Turner, Uncle Johnnie Knight and Uncle Johnnie Collingsworth, who lived and preached a little more than three-quarters of a century ago. These pioeers of the itinerancy were contemporaries in the religious life of Georgia at the ame time that the "Great American Triumvirate," Clay, Calhoun and Webster, were playing such an important role in the political life of the nation. The title of "Uncle" was afftetionately bestowed upon them by their parishioners, just as the early colonists and Indians called Oglethorpe "Father".

All three of these circuit riders preached in Putman county, which for more than a century has been a veritable Mecca of Methodism.

Uncle Allen Turner is still famous among the descendants of his parishioners for his powerful prayers, for his pulpit oratory, for his deep piety, and for his Puritanical ideas as to the observance of the Sabbath day. If Uncle Allen had a hobby, besides his old gray mare, it was the Fourth Commandment. He considered Sabbath observance the main gospel highway to the Pearly Gates. According to his interpretation, there were no detours on this straight and narrow path to heaven. He practiced what he preached and he would not even take the old gray mare out of the pasture on Sunday.

His horse became sick on one of his jurneys, and about 10 o'clock on a Saturday night before "meeting" day, he drove up unexpectedly to the home of one of his parishioners, where he knew the "preachers room," was always in readiness and the preacher was sure of a warm welcome. On the following morning Uncle Allen was arroused by considerable commotion in the barnyard, catching of chickens, grinding of coffee, churning and the usual family chores in progress. Finally he was summoned to breakfast. A bountiful meal greeted his eyes, a big dish of fried chicken at the end of the table, and all the accessories of a real good country breakfast. Grace was said.

"Will you have coffee, Uncle Allen?" asked the hostess.

"Uncle Allen does't drink coffee ground on Sunday," responded the saintly old rider.

The hostess face reddened and she looked distressed. "I'm sorry, Uncle Allen. Do have some right fresh buttermilk."

"Uncle Allen dosen't drink milk churned on Sunday," said the old

Puritan, and the hostess and her husband looked more distressed.

"Have chicken, Uncle Allen?"

"No Uncle Allen dosen't eat chickens killed on Sunday," replied the circuit rider, as he sought to stick literally to the Fourth Commandment.

"Don't worry about Uncle Allen, sister," continued the faithful old minister "plenty of long sweetenin' (syrup) and bread is enough to satisfy any man for the Sabbath day."

It is said that a very simple dinner from the smokehouse followed the bountiful but uneaten breakfast which the husband of the hostess declared to be an anticlimax to Uncle Allen's favorite text, "The zeal of thine house has eaten me up."

Uncle Johnie Knight was a striking contrast to Uncle Allen. He was deeply spiritual and powerful as a preacher, but he was a combination of rare qualities. He was a free lance in his interpretation of the scriptures and a fire brand to sinners. Uncle Johnnie declared vehemently his belief in "a hell, and a hot one." He also proclaimed from the pulpit his belief that "inspiration and a great deal of perspiration are necessary to salvation."

Many really ludicrous incidents —marked his sermons during his Pastorate as a circuit rider, at old Concord church, in Putman county, one of the oldest churches in Georgia.

One of Uncle Johnnie's most devout members was late in arriving at church with her large family of children. This pious and godly woman, a veritable "mother in Israel," was not at all blessed with good looks. Imagine her feelings as she walked down the isles of old Concord church to see Uncle Johnnie stop in the midst of his sermon and hear him exclaim, "Brethren and sistern, here comes old Sister Kingsley. She is as ugly as the devil and sin on earth, but bless God she will be a beauty when she gets to heaven." Needless to state, Sister Kingsley sank into the first pew available.

During Uncle Johnnie's circuit riding days "knighthood was in flower," true southern chivalry flourished, and woman's modesty was her crowning virtue. Despite that, when discoursing on industry, womanly virtues and graces and so forth, he declared in a solemn manner, "There ain't a woman here today that hasn't got a hole in her stockings." The women were shocked, stunned, and immediately tears began to flow all through the congregation, with women's faces modestly hidden behind handkerchiefs and fans.

Finally one shrinking, timid little woman mustered up courage to speak in defense of herself and her sex. Timidly and tearfully she arose in her seat and said, "Uncle Johnnie, I have not got any holes in my stockings." He stopped abruptly in the midst of his sermon and said: "You haven't? Well pray tell me how did you get your feet into them if you haven't any holes in the top?"

Uncle Johnnie Collinsworth was a living impersonation of The Great Stoneface. He was solemnity itself, seldom smiled, and considered himself an apostle sent to "cry aloud in the wilderness of sin," as he sought to persuade sinners to "flee from the wrath to come."

Uncle Collinsworth happened to be a circuit rider before the day of the Asbury Remounting association and the Ford automobile known as the flivver. He was rather hard to please about his circuit riding horses and it became necessary for him to trade and swap horses very often. In fact, it is said that Uncle Collinsworth was a real David Harum in his expert horse trading. On one occasion some horse traders out-traded him sold him an old race horse with a docked tail. Uncle Collingsworth was unaware of owning a horse with a racing record but the town boys got onto the fact and immediately planned a prank to be played the next preaching day as he passed through the town on his way to one of his country churches.

Uncle Collingsworth usually arrived, reading his Bible and riding very slowly as if he were in deep meditation. This Sunday five or six mischievous young boys secured horses and stationed themselves at a cross roads point. As soon as Uncle Collinsworth passed, they agreed to ride by his racer at breakneck speed. When he appeared the boys staged their dash, successfully and passed Uncle Johnnie on his racer, but only for a brief distance. The old race horse seemed to get his race track mettle fired up again and like the famous hammer-headed horse, Gunpowder, he flashed ahead of the other mounts.

Uncle Collinsworth lost his broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat on the racer's first dash. Straight through the main street of the quiet country town the old sorrel racer clattered at a speed that would have distanced Paul Revere on his famous ride. The sidewalks of the village were lined with Sunday morning spectators, who stood in opened-mouthed astonishment as Uncle Collinsworth, the dignified old circuit rider passed bareheaded, his coat-tails flying on the breeze like the sails of a ship.

The true Georgia circuit rider of the past, with his faithful horse and saddlebags and the world for his parish, has long since disappeared. We shall not soon look upon his like again. The part these pioneers of the itinerancy played in the building of our nation cannot be overstated.

COW DONE "ET UP."

Monday Mr. G. A. Lefler, well known Badin man, came into the News-Herald office and inserted an ad, announcing a cow for sale. He ordered it run three times and paid us for the three runs. The paper came out Tuesday afternoon and on Wednesday Mr. Lefler sold his cow. Thursday Mr. Lefler called and told us that the cow had been sold, and we had to pay him his money back for the last two insertions.

—Albemarle News-Herald.

DO IT NOW.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen

Sidestep nothing. Smite swiftly!

Every time a man needlessly postpones decision on a disagreeable situation he lessens his powers of resolution. Every time he needlessly delays action because performance of it will be unpleasant, he cuts into his initiative.

The tragedy of such cowardice is that it grows big feeding upon itself. Every time it overcomes you, it sets the stage for your subsequent defeat.

You escape nothing by running away from a difficulty. Every problem you refuse to solve, every obstacle you neglect to shatter, lives on to haunt you. The memory of that weakness sinks into your subconsciousness and tunnels a path down which more indecision will flow.

Face the music!

People say of a man: "He's up on his toes! He's got power. He gets away with a tremendous lot of work."

He is that sort of a man because, having made it a habit to deal promptly and thoroughly with any matter that confronts him, he has trained his whole make-up, emotional and mental to marshal its resources for accomplishment of the task to which he calls it. He has taught his mind to form decisions at command and to select immediately the best mode of action.

Of another man you hear: "He's weak, always hesitating. You get nothing worth while from him."

He makes the poor impression because, having fallen into the vice of dodging the difficult and postponing the unpleasant, he has trained all his subconscious and instinctive faculties to desert him, instead of rushing to his aid, in the moment of need.

His thoughts, which should be swift and sure-footed, are caught in the mire of resistance created by years of shilly-shallying. The quicksands of the quitter pull him back. Uncertainty takes off the once fine edge of his capacity to feel with that intensity which is an irresistible weapon.

You can discipline your mental and emotional powers as an army is disciplined, to act with snap and precision. You do it by refusing to clutter up your mind with the unfinished.

Face the music always, and thus carry a lightning-like and crushing punch. Every issue you retreat from is a traitor in your rear: every task you put over is an ally to rally reinforcements to your banner at your call.

Always felt that if we were riding with a friend and got hurt we would not feel like suing him for damages. A woman who takes a ride with her old man in his company's car and gets spilled would not get any damages out of the company from a jury that we sat on.—Editor Beasley.

MAKING PREACHERS AND COSTS.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

More and more young people trained in high school and college, the wider spread of education and general knowledge, makes imperative a more high trained ministry, was the substance of a declaration of Dr. Ben R. Lacy, president of Union Theological seminary, Richmond, Va., to a North Carolina congregation recently. The theological seminary head is trying to arouse his denomination to the necessity of enlarging the institution and broadening its curriculum to prepare a ministry to meet the needs of a modern day.

The church (the word is used in its general appliqation) has seemingly been a little slow in recognizing the need which Dr. Lacy stresses. It is well if it is recognized and met. Time was when devout church members would listen patiently and with affected interest to dull, stupid, ignorant ministers. They felt it a religious duty to listen attentively to the discourse, even if the listening was a positive trial, a sort of penance. Reverence for the ministry required it. That day has passed. The preacher must be able to interest his people, to give them something, to meet their intellectual demands as well as their spiritaul needs, if he is to hold his congregation and render effective service to the cause he represents. Inquirers who seek light on on religious questions, especially controverted questions, must be answered. The laity will generally agree to that.

But if men of ability and equipment sufficient to meet the modern demand are to go into the ministry they must be paid more. The laity may not be so enthusiastic on that point, but that is a stubborn fact they must recognize and meet if the church is to progress and prosper. If the per centage of mediocrity in the pulpit is too great, as is often complained, the reason is obvious. Fewer men of talent have felt the call to make the sacrifice to give themselves to the work. Many have, and many more would, if must be believed, if the sacrifice was not so great. In any event the work of the ministry is sacrifice. That is expected. But it should mean at least a comfortable living, sufficient remuneration to provide for a family and to lay the haunting spectre of an old age of penury. The ministers trust in God of course, but in too many cases they have little cause to trust the folks who call themselves God's people.

Therefore, while the demand for a better equipped ministry to meet modern conditions must be met, the people who make the demand must remember that the cost must be met. Salvation is free, without money and without price. But provision must be made for the prophets if they are to give their time and talent to feeding the flock, and cost of church organizations must be met if they are to function. Appreciating the demand for a ministry equipped to meet the needs of the modern day, it is but fair to say that these able and highly trained men that are expected to come into the pulpit should not be expected to maintain themselves after they have paid the cost of their equipment.

THE SPIRIT OF VANDALISM.

(News and Observer.)

The wanton destruction of trees by people who think a treeless street makes a village a city and gives symmetry to country roads, has destroyed much beauty in North Carolina. Too many officials "drest in a little brief authority," have ordered trees cut down which should have been saved. It is a good omen that wiser counsel now prevails. Some officers who realize that "only God can make a tree," are refusing to give full sway to the axe.

Last week *The News and Observer* gave commendation to Alderman R. D. W. Connor, of Chapel Hill, in leading the fight aganst the desecration of destroying shade trees It seems that others comment. The Chapel Hill *Weekly* has the following:

Mrs. Mary Phillips Verner, of Columbia, S. C., lived in Chapel Hill half a century ago, when her father, Charles Phillips, was a professor in the university. "The article in last week's issue about trees," she writes, "reminds me of a story my mother told me of an order that went forth, from somewhere, that the trees on the main street were to be cut down or be closely trimmed. When the executioners reached the elms in front our house—now the Presbyterian Manse, I think—and the Mallet family lived opposite where Mr. Howell now lives—Mrs. Mallet and my mother went out and positively forbade the cutting of their beautiful trees, and so the men left their jobs unfinished. Next week the Hillsboro Record reported that the cutting of the trees in Chapel Hill had been 'stopped by two irate females. who drove the workmen off.' At any rate, they saved the trees. I am thankful many men and women of this generation have the same feeling about trees in Chapel Hill."

This recalls a like incident that occurred in Raleigh something like twenty years ago, when the work of street improvement was in its first steps, and when engineers had not learned to have respect for God's laying out of territory. They wanted to reduce everything to the common denominator of straight lines, and if there happened to be elevations, "whack them down," was the command, regardless of the destruction of beauty or the cost of making excavations. One morning, withont a word to the owner of the premises, the man in charge of construction began preparations to cut down the trees as the first step to lowering the sidewalk.

"What are you doing?" asked the Raliegh "irate female"?

"I am going to cut down these trees."

"Who gave you the authority to cut down the trees which my father set out with his own hands?"

She was told that the Street Commissioner had directed it to be done, whereupon she said:

"You go back to him (naming him) and tell him that I have a gun and will use it on any man that puts an axe in my trees. It is such a difficult matter to raise the trees and they must be saved." The result was the street was cut down but the trees were saved by careful tending and watering all summer by the good woman.

Wanted: More such "irate females."

THE LATEST FEAT IN TUNNELING.

(Monroe Journal.)

On the first day that the tunnel under the Hudson River from New Jersey to New York was opened fifty-two thousand automoblies passed through it and more than twenty-five thousand dollars was taken in as toll. Though the tunnel cost forty-eight million dollars it will pay for itself quickly.

William G. McAdoo won his first name as the man who built the first and then the only tunnel under the Hudson, the tunnel used by the Pennsylvania Railroad. But that feat was nothng like the one which has just been completed after seven years of actual labor on it.

The tunnel consists of two great tubes and is known as the Holland tunnel. They are named after the man, Clifford Milburn Holland, who conceived the great dream—engineered the great feat—but did not live to see the great tubes meet in midstream, varying but a fraction of an inch from his stupendous calculations. Mr. Holland died October 27, 1924, just three days before the "tapping through."

The opening of this new transportation artery makes it possible to drive into New York City from the west and south without being ferried across the great Hudson. It relieves a traffic congestion which has hourly grown worse during the last ten years. It joins Manhattan island and New Jersey with five minute service for privately owned vehicles. It is the greatest underway highway ever built.

The actual length of this engineering accomplishment is 9,250 feet; the length of the tunnel actually under water is 5,480 feet—or one mile and 200 feet. Forty-two blowing fans and the same number of exhaust fans are used to ventilate the tubes. 3,761,000 cubic feet of fresh air per minute are the tunnels maximum demand.

Thirteen lives were lost during the building of the tunnel, including Mr. Holland, and Milton H. Freeman who succeeded him—both of whom virtually worked themselves to death.

Every phase of danger—fire, explosions, leaking gasoline, gas poisoning, stalled engines, collisions, etc., has been anticipated and overcome in actual tests.

There are but four under-water highways for vehicles in the world—two in England, one in Germay and one in Scotland. But the longest of these is but a third the length of the Holland Tunnel. It is built to last a hundred years.

There are two roadways, one for coming and one for going traffic. Each roadway is 20 feet wide, carrying a double line of cars with ease. The clearance or headroom in each tube is 13 1-2 feet.

If the opening day capacity of the tunnels was maintained, 15,190,000 vehicles could pass through the tunnels in one year.

As for us, if we lived in Mexico, we wouldn't want to be even mentioned for president.—Dallas News.

AIDS TO NEGRO EDUCATION.

(Asheville Citizen.)

During the past twenty-five years a total of $1,877,132 has been contributed by four philanthropic agencies towards the promotion of Negro education in North Carolina. Of this amount, $931,831 came from the General Education Board, $389,399 going to public school enterprises and $542,432 going to private school enterprises; $159,410 came from the Anna T. Jeans Fund; $134,840 from the John F. Slater Fund; and $529,436 from the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

Reviewing these contributions, *State School Facts* gives an impressive account of what has been done with the money received from these four sources. The farm demonstration work of Dr. Seaman A. Knapp was financed, and so the hook worm eradication work of Dr. C. W. Stiles. Better equipment has been purchased for the normal schools, the county training schools have been aided, rural public high schools for Negroes have been fostered, summer training schools for colored teachers have been instituted, home industry courses and courses in sanitation and health have been started in rural schools, industrial work in town schools has been maintained and out of the Rosenwald money 636 schoolhouses and 16 teachers' homes have been built.

It is pointed out that all the money that has been secured from these several sources has been appropriated through the regular public school officials and has been under the supervision of the regular school authorities, State and local. The effort of those who have furnished these funds has been "to assist officials and not to act as patron." As a consequence the benefits attending the use of these funds has been marked and increasing. Steady progress has been made toward providing a satisfactory school system for the children of the State and the system has been adapted to their varying requirements. Particularly noteworthy is the statement that "in nearly all of the counties having an appreciable number of colored people, the public school officials have co-operated in the building of Rosenwald schools, which represent practically all the modern rural schools for Negroes in the State." North Carolina leads the South in the number of these Rosenwald schools.

The change that has taken place in the South in the past decade in the general attitude toward the problem of providing for the Negroes has been the more striking because it has been accompanied by so little discussion of what was being done. The schools for the colored people are still far from coming up to what they should be but very substantial progress is undoubtedly taking place and it is gratifying that North Carolina should occupy a place of leadership in the movement.

Too much teaching how to make a living and not enough teaching how to live.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE UNIVERSITY'S LEADERSHIP.

By T. H. Alexander, in Nashville Tennessean.

Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina is the leading American authority on the Einstein theory of relativity. He is only one of the most versatile of all Southern scolars, being a star at mathematics, history and literature. He has published dozens of books on almost any subject one can name from Andrew Jackson to Einstein. "Can you give me a definition of the Einstein theory within the space of a want-ad or a night telegram?" I rashly asked the Doctor the other day when I met him on his Southern lecture tour. "After two years study." replied Dr. Henderson, "I finally grasped the subject. Then I made a trip to Germany and studied it some more and had a long conference with Professor Einstein. After some years of work I finally came to understand the thing so that I wrote a book on it." And then for an hour Dr. Henderson talked fascinatingly of the Einstein theory which, he says, is really a theory of co-relativity. I felt chastened for my impertinent question and some day, when I have a few years to spare, I am going to try to understand just what Mr. Einstein is driving at.

I have never met anybody from the faculty of the University of North Carolina who was not a gentleman and a scholar. Of all our Southern state universities, I have been forced reluctantly to the conclusion, the university of North Coralina has done more for its State. The great progress in roads, schools, public health, hydro-electric development and other such things can be traced largely to the leadership furnished by the University of North Carolina. These are strong words bolstering a sweeping opinion, but the opinion has been years in the making. The influence of this fine old seat of learning at Chapel Hill on the life of Dr. Edwin Mims is a case in point. There was a time in the early life of Dr. Edwin Mims, when he, like the late Walter Hines Page, leaned towards the old-fashioned Southern point of view. Had he continued he would have become a standardized Southern conservative. But here and there the younger grounp "caught on fire," which is a term he has used, and his torch was lit from the sparks of the University of North Carolina. One of the results of this was the book, "The Advancing South." It has already run into five editions and also has been published serially in The Birmingham Age-Herald. The Nashville Tennessean, The Memphis Commercial-Appeal and other Southern papers. That book did more to lift the South in the eyes of the nation than anything that has happened since Henry W. Grady made his famous speech before the New England Societies in the eighties.

It now develops that Mr. Morrow got his training for that Mexican ambassadorship during the Wall Street explosion.—New York Evening Post.

HOMELANDS OF GARDEN FLOWERS.

By Dr. B. W. Wells

Just as the ancestors of our dogs and cats were once entirely wild and untamed, so the progenitors of all our familiar friends of the gardens, have been and most of them still are, living under the sky somewhere as native vegetation, in the untended garden of Nature. It is said by those Americans who travel widely that one of the most interesting experiences, is to come on some familiar garden plant in its homeland, where in its primitive ancestral forms it constitutes just "one of the wild flowers" to the country folk. In rural Japan, for example, one sees in the late Spring, the small parent of our Easter lily,—or in a day's walk in certain parts of Greece and Syria, hundreds of the wild hyacinths may be found, from which the improved varieties have been directly developed.

Taking up other members of the lily family we find that the Madonna lily comes from S. Europe, and Asia, the tiger lily from China, the leopard lily from California, the Scarlet Turk's cap lily from Greece. Our very familiar tulip is a wild flower in Russia and Asia, where it is known in botanical science as Tulipa Geseriana, being named for Gesner a Geman botanist. In old fashioned gardens one frequently sees the Star of Bethlehem, which has come to us unchanged from the Mediterranean countries where it grows in the woodlands along with the "grape hyacinth," that curious little inflorescence that looks like a blue bottle brush. The rather rare Agapanthus comes from Africa; in fact it is frequently cally African lily. Lilies-of-the-Valley are dug up from the highlands of Europe and Asia, and in the United States they occur as wild flowers in the North Carolina Mountains. The common orange daylily, which may be observed holding on in deserted farm yards and even escaping to adjoining areas, is a wild Japanese plant, introduced to America unchanged.

Leaving the lily family, but remaining in the group of plants having leaves with parallel venation, we find the jonquil native in Europe, and Algeria, while the daffodile or trumpet narcissus, ranges as a wild flower from Sweden to Spain and Roumania. The irises come from all over the north temperate zone, and have been much modified by hibridization. The original gladioli, however, had their sole origin in the African and Mediterranean region. Crocus is from Southern Europe. Canna comes from tropical and subtropical America, one species growing in swamps as far north as South Carolina. While orchids are chiefly conservatory plants, the large ones are being brought in from the tropics, a few northern native kinds are occasionally cultivated. There are 15,000 recognized species, chiefly tropical in all equatorial regions.

In this article only garden plants belonging to the monocot group are mentioned. These, however, are amply suffinient to illustrate what great plant immigrations and emigrations have gone on in the countries of the world, under the direction of mankind. Yet with it all, none of these

roving plants have in the short period of human history changed much from their ancestors, which still in most cases shed their fragrance and display their beauty in the wild unfrequented places of the earth.

BALLADE OF OLD SOUTHERN LADIES.

(A Parody in Celebration of The Good Old Days.)

Nell Battle Lewis, in "Incidentally."

Tell me where, in what land of shade
  Dwell sweet Mary and Ann, and where
Now is Lucy, that decorous maid,
  None of whom dreamed of this bold bobbed hair
  Where is Minnie, the matron fair,
Who stayed, content, in her proper sphere,
  Home and husband her only care?
But where are the snows of the yester-year?

Carrie was never the brazen jade
  To claim in the public weal a share;
Gertrude marched in no peace parade
  Where everybody could gape and stare;
  Oh, where's Carrie, that spirit rare?
Where's Gertrude gone—she who lived, the dear,
  Far from the politician's blare?
But where are the snows of the yester-year?

Kat was the leader of no crusade;
  Margie shrank fom the limelgiht's glare;
Fanny strove for no Federal aid;
  Of votes Cornelia was unaware;
  Tell me, brothers, in my despair,
How did these ladies disappear—
  Modest and shrinking beyond compare?
But where are the snows of the yester-year?

Boy, it's a crime! So we all declare;
  Times now ain't that they were, I fear.
Lord! Just look what the wimmen wear!
  But where are the snows of the yester-year?

CONSTRUCTIVE MINDS.

(Asheville Citizen)

Father Joseph J. Ayd of Baltimore forgets the scientists' highly constructive imaginations when he complains that, rebuilding aboriginal man or the missing link from a few bones found in Java in an area forty-six feet wide, they take too much for granted. Their induction is flawless and their fancy sees all. The past is their oyster and from it they evolve anything from a pterodactyl singing a Greek chorus to a stegodon learning its knitting in the shade of a banyan tree.

These scientists can magnify an eyelash into a prehistoric pygmy and from a petrified knuckly figure the chest measurements of the Cyclops. They can take a diprotodon's rib, dug up in Africa, and with it picture the entire fauna of the jungle before the flood. From a dinosaur's egg, recovered from the burning sands of Asia, they fill the Gobi Desert with reptiles that once cleared the Himalayas at a single leap. And a hoof-print in Alaskan rock enables them to perceive the ancient sea-horse that steeple-chased the mountainous waves of the stormy Pacific at a pace that makes Billy Barton look like a selling plater.

Why, wonder, then a part of a skull, two teeth and a thigh bone, scattered over a piece of ground forty-six feet wide in Java, can tell them all about a human being who existed before history began? Why marvel that, having turned an observant eye upon these fragrants, they can announce that the man in whose hide, they once walked the earth lived at least a million years ago?

For scientists, such achievements are mere child's play. Undoubtedly, if enthused and extended to their best endeavor, they could, by studying one excavated tooth, tell the world what delicacies the cannibal kings of 500,000 years ago preferred, their favorite sports, their views on monogamy and why their women used rough henne but no lipstick. The magic of their imagination works miracles of discovery, gets them unlimited publicity and protects them from successful contradiction, for how can anybody disprove things that can't be proved anyway?

WATER ON DOCTOR HIGHSMITH'S WHEEL.

'I studied Greek for three years under Bishop Horner and then for four years at the University under Dr. Eben Alexander, who had a international reputation as a Greek scholar, and taught Greek for a year after my graduation, but now I don't even know all the Greek alphabet,'' lamented Judge J. Crawford Biggs. ''Maybe if I had time to refresh my knowledge of Greek, it would come bcak to me.''—News & Observer. News.

WHAT CHANCE HAS HE?

(Arthur Dean, in Charlotte Observer)

I dropped into a school. The teacher grabbed me as a drowning person clutches a tire casing thrown to him. "Just look at that boy. What would you do with him? Twelve years old and spends all of his time drawing in his text books and on bits of paper. Every time I send him to the office I waste time."

"What does his father say?"

"Whip him any time I need to and he will approve it."

"Where's his mother "

"Dead."

"What's his intellingence quotient?"

"I am told it's over 120."

I told the teacher this tory and it is no bed-timer either.

Once upon a time in the back of the school room an eighth grade girl drew all the time. The teacher was busy and a bit lazy and so he let her draw to her heart's content. She gave no trouble and one day she was missed. He name was crossed off the roll.

Two years later a girl of the same name received an art traveling fellowship and went abroad. The teacher said, "I wonder if it is the same girl," and went to sleep again.

Three years later this teacher happened in London and attended an art exhibit sponsored by Sargent and Chase. Five thousand dollars was the price paid for one portraiture—more than his year's salary. She—yes, it was his back seat artist of the classroom—greeted him cordially saying, "you see Chase found me and let me draw, so here I am."

You see, teacher, there she was. And now where are you?

Fredric Remington received a swift kick from a northern New York school system because he filled his geography margins with Indians and wild horses. Thoreau looked out of doors and not in the books before him. Louis Fuertes, the great bird painter, "couldn't keep away," as his father put it, "from lying on the grass under the trees and listening to the birds sing. I can't make him into an engineer to save my neck."

Nowadays teachers are most curious about these hidden forces and powers of childhood. And when they find a pupil insisting upon drawing they attempt to find out what it's all about.

Thus the teaching genius discovers the budding genius.

THE PRESS HAS FAITH.

The loyalty and the enthusiasm of the press of the South for the South, is one of the great factors in the rapid development of the South, is the view expressed some days ago by a gentleman from the North, who has spent some weeks in the South. He was impressed with zeal. Southern newspapers show for their part of the country. —Spartanburg Herald.

INTERESTED IN STATE.

There is no Indigo production in the state as part of the State Department of Agriculture program but almost any other kinds of seeds are available., the Perkins. W. Va., school children are informed.

North Carolina, as a national museum, i sthe pithy characterization given the native State by some State capitol folks who almost daily receive personally and by letter some request for information about Tar Heel progress.

Pennsylvania school children have written in, asking about cotton production, in fact individuals and children of school age from all over the country have requested and received copies of the State Department of Agriculture's "Agricultural North Carolina" and "Cotton Culture in North Carolina," ," prepared by W. H. Richardson, publications editor.

The Maryland State educators moved their entire convention to Raleigh to listen in on educational progress. Cam Morrison, when governor, opened the Kentucky campaign for good roads. Tennessee has been inquiring about the new State Tax Commission here.

A Georgia delegation of incumbent officials sought out this State personally to guide its own legislative work. An Arkansas delegation has just come and gone seeking inspiration for its industrial, agricultural and manufacturing development.

Virginia seeks Tar Heel peanut production. The national soybean convention goes to Elizabeth City, the Nation's focal point for that product. New Jersey patterns its agricultural publications on State departmental ones here. California and Florida folks are writing into the capitol asking if William A. Graham, agrcultural commissioner, will sell them real estate for settling purposes.

The Sawyer School, Chicago, is making a special study of North Carolina. Librarians from over the Nation wish to complete their files on the "most progressive State in the Union," as Herbert Hoover characterizes it. Russians call on the conservation department adopt the Tar Heel's fishing law for that vast hinterland. A Warsaw, Russia, citizen, seeks from Mr. Richardson oak seeds to ascertain how they'd grow but Willie writes "Seeding But little use as be 100 or 200 years before you'll know."

A Hamburg, Germany, man writes in Teutonic script for something or other but Mr. Richardson, unable to decipher, to be safe about it got the name and address and sent on "North Carolina, Land of Opportunity."

The absurd story that General Lee's mother once died and was buried alive only to be heard moaning and then rescued is going jauntily on the rounds again. Big lie. About time for the letter from Jesus to going around again, too.—Monroe Journal

SUPPOSE YOU TRY IT.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

W. O. Saunders, editor of the Elizabeth City Independent, after having waded through numerous fist fights and escaping threats of dire bodily harm, has about arrived at the point where he can say what he pleases—or what he means—and get away with it. The obligation to follow the beaten paths seems not to bind him any more. Indeed he has become famous, and the famous have more liberty.

The High Point Enterprise thinks that Saunder's account of the wedding of his daughter to a young state highway engineer recently was in good taste and much better than the formal "slush" that the rest of us must use on such occasions.

Here is what The Independent said:

"Billie is married. Early marriage for Billie was inevitable, because Billie was inherently a lover and home-maker. Billie loves to prepare meals, make her own clothes fix up the house, make a home cheerful, colorful, inviting. And so when Pete Smith proposed marriage Saturday night Billie jumped at her chance and Pete and Billie were married Sunday without a further delay and without ceremony. Just a simple home wedding with the old folks looking on with their hearts in their throats."

That suits us all right, Brother Waynick, and maybe some few rare newspaper men might employ that style in writing up their own daughters' weddings, but better not try it when their sons step out. Nor is the time at hand yet when it would be safe to depart from the conventional when there is a wedding at the neighbor's house. The present-day young folks may be very "modern;" but not to the extent that most of them do not covet the employment of the age-worn adjectives that go with flowers and rice, and the other trimmings.

There was once in North Carolina, so a report hath it, an "original" newspaper man who made bold to declare that the bride would look just as sweet in Monday morning gingham as in Sunday morning silk. Said bride and said scribe were not yet speaking with any noticeable warmth at last account.

HARD ON THE ATHEISTS.

A religious census taken at A. & M. College recently revealed that 2100 out of 2400 students in attendance at the institution were members of some church or had a denominational preference—"leaned toward some Church." as the saying goes. The student body at A. & M. constitutes a pretty fair cross section of Texas life, and the census figures indicate first how extensively religion prevails in this State. It looks very much as though Texas, too, were in Mr. Mencken's Bible belt.

—The Houston Post-Dispatch.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Letter writing day came around Wednesday, and all were glad to write to their home folks.

The barn boys have been kept quite busy lately, hauling corn. It looks as though the crop is a very good one.

Last Saturday afternoon the print shop boys enjoyed the Army-Navy football game, played at the Polo Grounds, New York City. We all enjoyed it fine and thank Mr. Godown, over whose radio we heard the game.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A. Charlotte, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. David Ovens was the speaker. He opened with a few jokes and wise cracks. He spoke of our splendid opportunity for beginning life. He left thirty dollars ($30.-oo), five for each school room, to be given to the boy who improves the most until Christmas. Miss Rea, also of Charlotte, sang several selections. The talk and singing were enjoyed by all present.

Thanksgiving Day, just like anything else, is largely what you make it. For some folks, it means a day of home coming and a big dinner. Among the college girls and boys, the day is usually interpreted in terms of football. In some sections, it means a day of hunting for the men folks. But to the great mass of people the day has a religious and patriotic significance, and properly observed, it is one of the most enjoyable days on the calendar.

Even the weather man was in fine mood this year. It really might have been a spring day, and the boys who were in a big hurry to get started hunting paid little heed to jackets and sweaters. By nine o'clock everybody was ready to go—armed with a stick. Most people smile a little when they first hear about the Train-School boys hunting with sticks. But the smile generally wears off after the have followed the boys over the hills for a mile or so. This year the hunt lasted for a little more than two hours, and nobody lagged. Plenty of game? Well, seventy-five rabbits, five birds, ten field mice, two frogs and an owl ought to constitute a pretty fair "catch."

Returning from the hunt, the boys went directly to church. Each year the Thanksgiving service is conducted by Rev. L. A. Thomas, pastor of St. James Lutheran church, Concord, and he never fails to bring a message that is not only appropiate but is conductive to the true spirit of Thanksgiving. The boys practiced the Scripture reading and the songs for the service, and entered with real enthusiasm into the worship. It is, of course, entirely aside from the subject, but we would just like to say that the Training School boys can really sing "America," and on at least one or two occasions they have sung all the verses of the "Star Spangled Banner" with amazing force and spirit.

From the auditorium the boys went to the athletic field, this time

armed with all the necessary utensils for partaking of a delectable barbecue. Something like eight hundred pounds of meat had been prepared, and with such accessories as slaw and hot dressing the barbecue vanished before a jolly army of hungry boys. Cake came along in the menu, too. And later in the afternoon, when games and such activities as one would be able to indulge in had started the boys to thinking about eating again, there were bushels of roasted peanuts and apples to be taken care of.

The day closed quietly with a moving picture show, and the boys went happily to bed—to dream of Christmas.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

—A—

Talmadge Fry, Byron Ford, Ramsey Glasgow, T. L. Jackson, Charles Loggins, Jack Mayberry, Mack Henderson, Sam McIntyre, Lawrence Vaughan, Burch Drake, Holmes Deese and Calvin Dowdy.

—B—

David Fountain, Horace McCall, George Stanley, Guy Tucker, Rhyne Lowder, Milton Mashburn, James Stewart, Lawrence Bolt and Lawrence Fisher.

Room No. 2.

—A—

Walter Bates, Theodore Biggs, Hewitt Collier, Zeb Hunsucker, Robt. Kermon, Bert Murray, Ed. Williams, Jesse Mashburn and Sam Moore.

—B—

Frank Watson, John Tomasian, Manning Spell, Howard Riddle, William Rose, Henry Andrews, Edward Coghill, Herbert Floyd James Ivey, Albert Massey, Rudolph Paramore, Elmo Robertson and Simon Wade.

Room No. 4.

—A—

Louis Pearce, Paul Conner, James Scott, Amos Ramsey, Dalton Lanier, and J. D. Sprinkle.

—B—

Ray Seagroves, Fuller Moore, Robert Chatin, Joe Moose, Carl Faulk, Robert Sprinkle, Robie Gardner, Jack Cuthbertson, Erie Ballard, Raymond Lowery, Charles McMillian and Fred Stillwell.

Room No. 5.

—A—

Arthur Fowler, Ben Chattin, Herbert Parker, Charles Norton, Isaac Franklin, Lebron Vause, Earl Mayfield, Wylie Moore, Obie Sims, and Ernest Carlton.

—B—

Claude Whitaker, Rudolph Snipes, Clarence Whiten, Ernest Walters, Tom Parsons, Carl Shropshire, Theo.-Troxler, and Julian Tuck,

Room No. 6.

—A—

Victor Eavans, Baker Smith, Ernest Davis, Harry King, Walace Hardin, Lester Younts, John Wiliamnson, Murry Baskins, John Nixon, Chas. Philips, Glen Page, Carl Griffin, Oliver Grimes, Lee Bright, Alva Littleton, Ed Pennel, Gus Riley, Herbert Munn, Frank Harbert, Chas. Beaver, Odell Loy, Ernest Farr, Vance Thomas, Egbert Wall, Ernest Pleasant, Allen Johnson, Alvin Roberts, Thomas Hicks, Hubert Hines, Bill Elliot and Claude Slate.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., DEC[illegible]10, 1927. No. 47

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

RIGID SCHOOLMASTERS.

Own up to your mistakes if you would be rich in character. The fellow who dodges, crawls out or runs away from his mistakes, will soon be a character bankrupt.

The words, "I was mistaken," are noble words and are often spoken by those who are truly great. It is humiliating to be caught in an error—or to catch yourself in one—but mistakes should be considered but schoolmasters to teach us both skill and wisdom.

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The Uplift

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"IS THAT ALL THERE IS TO IT?"

It is related of a certain inland farmer that when he saw the ocean the first time he asked: "Is that all there is to it?" He could see not farther than the horizon, and as the sea that day was calm and peaceful he was disappointed.

There are many of us like that farmer. We have heard much. and expect much. We get but a limited view, and then when conditions may be exactly opposite to what we have been told or read, we feel compelled to reverse our opinions.

Old ocean is peaceful today, but lashed into fury tomorrow. One day may be eventful while the next brings events that thrill millions. Every man, every woman, is one person today, perhaps quite another tomorrow. In everything there is variety of mood, a succession of changes. To know exactly we must have knowledge of them all.

The old philosopher said: "If you would know a man, you must live with him." Knowledge of him is the sum total of all his moods and changes. One has no right to form hasty conclusions concerning a man or anything else in this created world, than that farmer had regarding the ocean.

THIS IS NO NEWS, BUT PLEASING.

Writes a Welfare Officer from a large eastern county: "The boy I brought home and placed in this county is considered the best student in one of our best consolidated County Schools. The principal told me that he knew more history than any High School pupil in the whole school. This I regard a splendid advertisement of the training the boys get at Jackson Training School."

This is no news to us. Daily we are receiving from responsible parties accounts of the success and manly behavior of many boys, who, when

brought to the institution, bore the reputation "not worth a continental, etc." We know the statement is false, if not brutal; every boy is the product of his training and his environment, and if he is "not worth a continental" the fault lies elsewhere—be a man, face the music and put the blame where it belongs.

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A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

We have been told in the past that "children cry for Castoria." They hadn't ought to have done so, for in after years they found their mistake.

The public has been crying for the new Ford. Unlike the children of the past, they will probably be happy in the possession of a real car that "takes you there and brings you back."

Nothing on earth of a material nature has received the advertising, free and by jokes, that has been accorded Mr. Ford and his products. He is a past master at the business, or has the admirable capacity of selecting the right parties to put it across. Ford is smart—that is the whole story. For months and months references and stories has appeared in the public press—some of them paid for and thousands of them free as water in a flood—and Mr. Ford's business has profited thereby.

Ford is a genius and he knows the public's weakness and desires. There is no charge for this laudation; it, too, is gratis and his dealer at this point, the agreeable and popular Mr. Noel K. Reid, will not even encounter a bill for same.

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"RIGHT SMART" MONEY.

The Branch Reserve Bank at Charlotte is a reality. Mr. Word Wood, who has labored in and out of season for its establishment, is gloriously happy over the outcome.

Just as soon as they unloaded the fifteen millions, the initial opening amount, the weather changed. The long dry spell broke. It actually snowed in celebration of this auspicious event, which we all welcome with a perfect joy. The Uplift doesn't handle much money; but it is powerfully in love with the knowledge that there is in the neighborhood enough money to keep business and industry going.

We read with interest of the precaution in unloading that pile of gold, silver and filthy lucre in its home place in Charlotte. Why, that amount

of money could have been unloaded with safety in Concord by Henry Winecoff's truck. If it took steel trucks and armed guards to make safe the delivery of a little old fifteen millions of cash in Charlotte, by the same token it might have required the presence of the United States Army with oceans of World-War gas to have safely negotitaed Andy Gump's holdings in some of our communities.

But it is an event. It tells a story—a story that Charlotte is in the midst of a growing section that requires the presence of one of the finest money agencies in the whole world, an agency that was born in the wisdom and constructive ability prevailing during the Wilson administration. No trouble to trace the source

In no little sense this new institution touches Concord. The industry in and about here made a necessity, and it is fitting that one of the ablest captains of industry in the community, Mr. Charles A. Cannon, is a part of the executive management of this new money market.

The Uplift has no available means of breaking into this affair, but along with the entire section it breathes more easily under the shadow of fifteen millions of dollars and more, if needed.

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MOST COMMENDABLE.

Governor McLean said once in a speech that folks who didn't know him thought him cold and indifferent. It is not a correct analysis of the spirit of the statesman.

The other day the courts sentenced a small boy to the penitentiary on a conviction of manslaughter. Governor McLean immediately put into motion a process to transfer the boy to a training school. The Governor did not stop with this humanitarian deed. He instructed the Pardon Commissioner Bridges to investigate the youthful inmates of the state penitentiary, and correct the mistakes made in the interest of blind justice.

Governor McLean looks strong and stern, but he has a heart that feels.

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A BUNCH OF FINE FELLOWS.

Friday evening of last week the Davidson College Glee Club came to Concord. It was a bunch of about forty as fine young men as could be assembled in the state. They were the most orderly, dignified school boys away from home we ever saw.

They put on a fine program and rendered it like artists. The audience

was in keeping with the weather and the high-class entertainment. Had these young men advertised that they intended to bring along an educated bear from the mountains in Wilkes county, the High School auditorium would have been overflowing. Of course, there were two Jazz items of performance. There ought to be a law against it; but the Davidson boys calculated something to please certain tastes—but these tastes were absent, not knowing that the fine bunch of collegians had provided for them.

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JUST 84.

Here's a letter The Uplift takes the liberty of printing from a faithful subscriber, a lady of Forsyth county. "Enclosed you will find a renewal of my subscription. Please continue The Uplift. I enjoy reading the paper, and I am a friend to the school.

"When you get the Hospital and the Trades Building, it will be an ideal place. I would be glad if I could help. Very Truly,"

"P. S. Please excuse writing with a pencil; I am nearing 84 years and am a little shaky."

This fine old lady understands the situation. Though facing the sunset, as we regard life's span, she has a clear vision. She is eternally right in her prescription of what is yet needed to make the Jackson Training School an "ideal place."

Just as certain as we are enabled to ascertain the trend of a boy's mind and taste, and meet these in such training, just so sure are we that we return to society an asset. This has become an industrial age with us—a boy equipped to enter it with the assurance of a decent living, he is very largely immune to temptation. It has been proven.

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A GREAT MEETING

The annual meeting of the State Literary and Historical Association, at Raleigh last week, was a noteworthy affair. Brilliant and able men and women were in attendance. Aside from local celebrities, the meeting was graced by the presence of Mr. Bowers, the historian, who made a great address.

Dr. Charles L. Coon, superintendent of the Wilson City and County public schools, was elected president, succeeding Hon. Josephus Daniels, who had served the limit. The selection of Dr. Coon was fitting—no man fears facing the "innerds" of history less than this man, who has done so much

historical research. Tom Bost's story of that recent gathering is worth reading.

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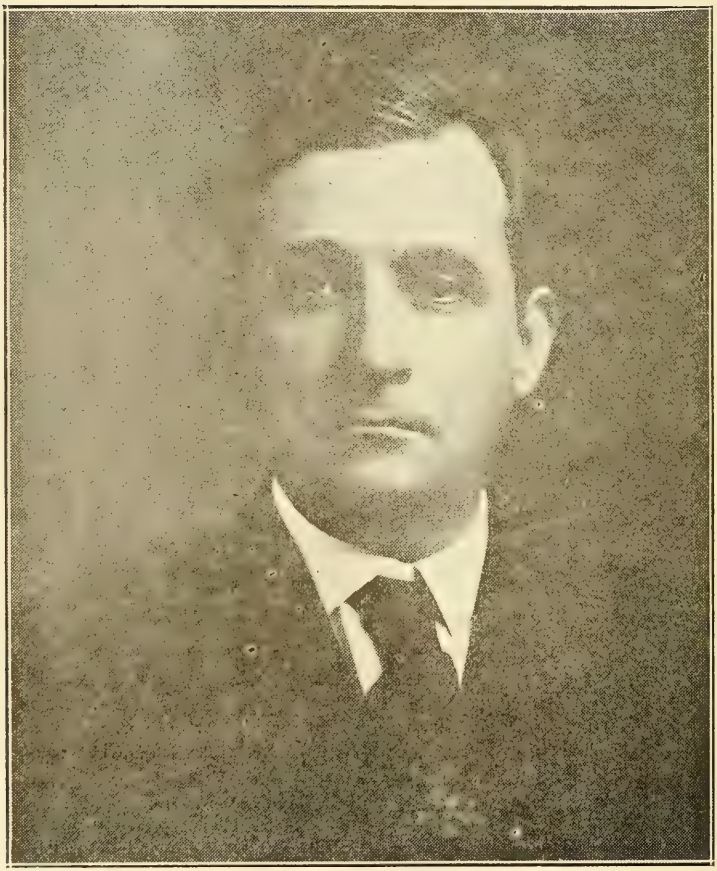
OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Sheriff Hardin, Rutherford county	$10.00
Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord,	10.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Unknown Contributor, Concord Post Mark	2.00
Mayor C. H. Barrier, Concord	1.00
Dr. T. N. Spencer, Concord	5.00
Mr. J. W. Cannon, Jr., Concord	20.00
Mr. F. C. Niblock, Concord	10.00
Dr. J. V. Davis, Concord	5.00
Mrs. J. M. Odell, Concord	5.00
Mr. Thomas H. Webb, Concord	5.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Mr. C. A. Cannon, Kannapolis	25.00
Mr. E. C. Barnhardt, Sr., Concord	10.00
Cabarrus Savings Bank, Concord,	10.00
Mr. William Banhardt, Charlotte,	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Mr. A. H. White, Concord,	5.00
Mr. W. W. Watt, Charlotte,	10.00

The Uplift is awfully grateful over the responses thus far to our call for help to give our boys a regular Christmas cheer. To quote the loud talking Radio Announcer we beg to acknowledge "that they are coming in fine."

A LEADER.



CHARLES L. COON

At the recent meeting of the State Literary and Historical Association, Professor Charles L. Coon, Superintendent of the Wilson City and County schools, was elected President of the Society.

CLOSED IN BLAZE OF SUCCESS.

Tom Best writes about the meeting of the State Literary and Historical Association in words as follows:

Claude G. Bowers, editor of the New York Evening World, speaking at the closing session of the State Literary and Historical association this evening, found the great characters of history too much for him, and in his "Myths and Omissions of History" he declared that the difficulty lies in the fact that the difficulty history, and the bad are too bad.

The all day session of the association with its allied bodies, the North Carolina State Art society and the North Carolina Folk Lore society, kept every chronicler on the jump. At that some of the rarest action of the cultural cult mercifully missed the scribes. It was very well; for Mr. Bowers, who is a great historian in his own name, defined history as "nothing more than the romance, the tragedy and the comedy of human life in another generation." There was a bit of all this in some of the meetings, but the historians of 1975 can look out for that.

The parent body, the Literary and Historical association, named that most colorful of all the statusquicians, Dr. Charles L. Coon, of Wilson, as its president. Nobody ever will forget how Dr. Charley made Champ Clark look the piker that he eventually proved himself to be, in the 1911 teachers' assembly, when Dr. Coon uttered his immortal patched breeches oration in description of the state system of schools. Dr. Charley is equally picturesques and insurgent against the writing that is done in North Carolina. He may not care particularly for the history, but since he makes so much of that he may not be in position to inveigh against it all. Anyway, a grand time is assured next year with Dr. Coon presiding and making the annual address.

Today the art society and the folklore folks ran, a wonderful program. Os-Ke-Non-Ton, the great Indian baritone, who is as dead cute as Senor Mojica the tenor entertained the city with the beautiful music of the Indians, then startled the natives by making a fire in 28 seconds without anything more than the primitive Indian method of rubbing sticks together. When Os-Ke-Non-Ton turned that trick after his great repertoir of songs, he left the stage and the people voted that the folklore folks had spent wisely the near thousand dollars necessary to bring this great singer here. It was the rarest afternoon ever given by the folklore. Today they elected president again Mrs. S. Westary Battle, who was responsible for this unusual program, and re-elected Dr. Frank C. Brown, of Duke university, the real father and life of this group.

The art society chose again for president Mrs. Katherine Pendleton Arrington. Mrs. Arrington's greatest achievement as the mother of this society is the $350,000 collection of great paintings now on display at the Sir Walter hotel.

The paintings have been viewed by 10,000 people to date. They will be

here another week. Sunday the Virginia Dare ballroom will be open and the public may see these masterpieces from 2 to 7 o'clock in the afternoon. The exhibit is university regarded a wonder.

Introduced tonight by retiring President Josephus Daniels, Mr. Bowers, who is best known by his Andrew Jackson, descanted upon that human inclination to cast a glamour over the days that are dead. The people in the days of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Jackson did not regard them gods, but men. And the populace abused them. Always the public was looking back upon the days of the giants. Mr. Bowers declared that he has been an inveterate reader of history. But the subject does not altogether satisfy him. He found the characters unreal."The good have been too good, the bad too bad." In other words, either the historical characters were fundamentalists, or good folks, or modernists, just plumb pluperfect bad folks. So the speaker, expressing a desire to see historical subjects off the stage and out of their full dress uniform, disrobed a few on his own hook. The young people who missed him ought to have been here. He uttered quite a few remarks on those giants and angels of the older day.

This for instance: "It is well, of course, to have the pictures of Washington crossing the Delaware, but I have been curious to know what he and the old man Carlyle talked about when, driving the women off to the far end of the veranda, they put their heads together for quite a chat. It is fine, no doubt, to have the story of Webster's reply to Hayne: but Webster is always left hanging between earth and Heanven—a sombre visaged personage pompously spouting passages of eloquence. I would give a good deal to know what he and Hayne—almost his intellectual equal and his moral superior—talked about when they met on the night of the great debate at a levee at the White House, with old Jackson looking on."

He thought history could be made more readable through a recreation of the period created. He would take a pike at the background of great deeds, to see the great unbending, to enter their homes, sit at their tables, and although Mr. Bowers did not say it, to take a drink with them. "If these men had their limitations," he continued, "by all means let us have them that we may understand them better and love them more. No man ever fell in love with a statue or a steel engraving. We salute perfection gingerly, but we shudder and hurry by."

Would Look For The Women

Then, Mr. Bowers would do the inevitable thing—cherchez la femme. He had just talked about the war propagandists who always were looking for hants. When he summons the scares of the earlier day, he finds that the French war fright to grew out of the militarists' desire to get a great standing army. This seemed to be a reference to an allusion hereabouts.

Mr. Bowers had a kick on history's ways. He always wished to know what part women played in history their influence on politics. Nobody would write French history correctly without Madame Roland; none the story of the British whigs

without "permitting us to sit at the dining table of Lady Holland," and Mr. Bowers wondered how many statesmen had been lured from their career and brought into the federalist cause by Mrs. Bingham, whose home was the recruiting ground for the fedelarists.

Or in the Jackson administration in which Mrs. Eaton, "the Peggy O'Neill" who turned the thing upside down, "put a quietus on the presidential aspirations of John C. Colhoun, and behind whose skirts Martin Van Buren marched triumphantly to the White House."

Mr. Bowers certainly hands it to the woman. He told how this Mrs. Eaton, reared by an inn-keeping father, "sat on the laps of many of the statesmen of the time." She married a drunken naval officer who died in delirium tremens. It probably had been forgotten that the licker of that day would kill, another evidence of the giants of that day. Mrs. Eaton's second husband was Senator Eaton. Andy Jackson appointed the senator secretary of war. And sister Calhoun, wife of old John, high hatted Mrs. Eaton. This lady with a past did not suit the South Carolinian. Social scandal broke out. The times were furious. Jackson finally sided with the Eatons. Calhoun wrote a letter and fixed himself. Besides, Mrs. Jackson had been hounded by the hellians and Andy remembered it. Van Buren went with Jackson and got the presidency.

Mr. Bowers gave the thrilling story of Kate Chase Sprague, of Mrs. Belknap, the first and the second, and ended with her. He gave the Jefferson myths. He put the horse on the preachers who called Jefferson an enemy of Christianity. They never forgave him for separating church and state. Jefferson called the tiller of the soil "God's chosen people" and a preacher of that time denomiated him "an impious babbler." You see, said Mr. Bowers, "even in those days there were men who believed that God's chosen children are confined to the speculators on the stock market."

He closed with this on Andrew Johnson, and it fairly sizzled:

History's Andrew Johnson.

Now, take the case of Andrew Johnson, crucified for his civic virtues while he lived, and denied justice till now that he is dead because the truth would be an indictment of some of the pet patriots who have come down to us wrapped in the bloody shirt. I am convinced that Andrew Johnson was one of the greatest of the Presidents who sacrificed his peace of mind and almost lost his head in fighting for the restoration of the union of the states and the preservation of the constitution of the fathers.

But they say he was a drunkard—let us see. Here was a youth poorer that Lincoln, with fewer opportunities than Lincoln, depending on a trade for daily bread, who built up a business by fidelity to his work, and while learning to read and write mastered history and economics and accumulated a comfortable fortune before he was 35. That is not the record of a drunkard.

Ah, but they say he was drunk at Cleveland in his swing around the circle—and that is false. There was a member of the presidential party there who was too drunk to respond to the acclamations of the crowd, but

it was not Andrew Johnson.

They say he was uncouth and lacking in dignity. The answer is that the cultured Henry Adams, who had personally known all the Presidents from his great-grandfather. John Adams, down, declares in his classic biography that Johnson was the only one who really looked and acted like a President. And the answer is that Charles Dickens, who was familiar with the statesmen of England, wrote in his American Notes of Johnson: "It seemed to be that in his carriage and whole demeanor he became his station singularly well."

Now take this as an illustration of the methods of the literary conspiracy to destroy him. When an American edition of Dickens' book was published the American publisher was mean enough and tough enough and dishonest enough to expurgate from his edition the complimentary reference to Johnson out of deference to the carpet baggers of the south and the corruptionists of the north.

They say he lowered his dignity by bandying words with a drunken mob at Cleveland—and I thing he did; but if he lowered his dignity, what is to be said of the high placed and radical politicians of Ohio whose money was jungling in the jeans of the drunken gang they had hired to mob the President of the United States.

I have no patience with that histroy which denounces Johnson for resenting the insults of a drunken mob of hirelings; and has not one word of criticism of the gang that mobbed the President in his person, and not one word of denunciation for the radicial politicians who staged the sorry scene.

They say that in his Cleveland speech he talked without sense or reason, and I find nothing of the sort. When in reply to the question as to why he did not give suffrage to the negro in the south he answered with the statement that it would be time enough to talk about that when Ohio had given suffrage to the negro there, he hit the bull's eye. Some historians have not been able to forgive him for that answer to this day.

They say that his trouble with Congress was due to his lack of tact and that there would have been no trouble had Lincoln lived; and the answer is that the trouble had reached full flower when Lincoln died. Nothing meaner was ever said about Johnson than was written gainst Lincoln in the Wade-Davis manifesto from the very men who hated Johnson for his policy of conciliation.

They say—even historians—say that he was not loyal to his party and he was. He was of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, the party of the Democracy, and he was not nominated for vice president at a Republican convention or as a Republican, but in a union convention as a Democrat and nominated there because he was a Democrat.

They still sneer in history at the multiplicity of his veto messages without having the common fairness to give the substance of those splendid papers. I submit to you that there is something of unspeakable stupidity or unthinkable dishonesty in denouncing or critizing Johnson for his vetoes, and then praising the Supreme court, which, after the storm abated, set aside these vetoed

laws on the very grounds given by Johnson for refusing his approval.

No, the history of Andrew Johnson should be written over and written honestly. He was one of the noblest of the Presidents. In the midst of insanity and hate, he stood like a rock for the constitution and the union. When he died they wrapped him in the flag for which he had fought so bravely and they pillowed his head upon his well-known copy of the constitution for which he had wrought so gallantly, and no American statesman ever deserved the honor more. In an age of ineffable corruption he was incorruptibe; at a time when public men and Presidents were accepting and all but soliciting presents of value, he refused to accept a token; and among his enemies throughout his life he walked, his head a little bloody but unbowed, keeping the company of his self-respect.

THE LITTLE JUDGES.

God save us from the little judges,
Not judges other men elect,
But just the self-appointed judges,
Who virtue doubt, and vice expect.
For these set us their little courts.
Hear gossip, rumors and reports,
And then, without a pause for breath,
Pass sentences of life and death.

But who escapes the little judges?
They know, and nothing need to learn.
For, tried before the little judges,
You never get your chance or turn.
They do not care to listen to
Another's words; another's views;
A little knowledge they possess.
And then proceed the rest to guess.

But God shall judge the litte judges,
Who dared their brothers to condemn,
Will punish all the little judges,
Even as they have punished them.
I think He'll have a special flame
For her who sears a sister's name,
A special brimstone will provide
For those who only heard one side.

—Douglas Malloch.

THEY RENDER SERVICE.

The following brief history of a Salisbury organization was prepared and read before a meeting of women, in Salisbury recently, by Mrs. D. F. Cannon. The life and deeds of this body of women have played an interesting and useful part in civic and charitable efforts for years in Salisbury; and still going strong. We thank Mrs. Cannon for the privilege of reproducing her interesting paper in THE UPLIFT.

In the year 1887 our beloved Pastor Rev. Jethro Rumple, expressed the need and desire for a society of young people in the Church. An invitation was extended to all young people for a meeting with Mrs. S. S. Cole, Saturday February 11, 1887. Officers were elected and plans were made for work in the church with Mrs. S. S. Cole as leader.

President—Mrs. David F. Cannon, nee, Miss Ella W. Brown; Vice President—Mrs. C. G. Vardell, nee, Miss Linda Lee Rumple; Secretary—Mrs. D. J. Miller, nee, Miss Anna Johnston; Treasurer—Mrs. Jerry M. Brown, nee, Miss Clemmie Krider.

Members—Mrs P. B. Beard, nee, Miss Pauline Parker; Mrs. Thomas Marsh, nee, Miss Agnes Neave; Mrs. George Hanger, nee, Miss Phena Baker; Mrs. D. R. Harry, nee, Miss Fanny Neely; Mrs. Walter Alexander, nee, Miss Minnie Ramsey; Mrs. Ernest Hanger, nee, Miss Alice Lowery and Mrs. Walter Tatum, nee, Miss Edna Low.

As far as we know seven of the officers and charter members are still living.

A meeting was called a week later at Mrs. S. S. Cole's home, who, as our leader, always guided us in Christian work in our Church; also wherever needed with the poor and destitute in our community.

I think it was at this meeting, she told us of having read of the first Organization of the King's Daughters and Sons in the world. It took place at the home of Mrs. Bottome in New York City in 1886, with only ten members. Mrs. Bottome was elected leader, which office she held until her death. She was a most consecrated Christian woman. Her influence was so great that ere long the King's Daughters and Sons were known all over the world. They selected their name from the 45th Psalm, and ever since it has been called "The King's Daughter and Sons Psalm." Not knowing much about the work, except that it was inter-denominational, we liked the name, and called our Society the King's Daughters and Sons of the First Presbyterian Church, as many of our young men joined us and were always willing to aid our society in any work.

The first church work, was to present a petition signed by most of the congregation of the Presbyterian Church to the Session for a new Church, which we felt very much needed. Our efforts were a failure apparently at that time. However, later in 1891 when the Church was begun, we aided the building committee by buying the corner stone for fifty dollars. We also put in a beautifully stained glass rose window with a silver cross and the initials

I. H. N., in the center, and brought the chairs for the choir; also helped the Ladies Aid Society to get the carpets.

In 1902 the State was organized into circles by King's Daughters, which we joined and changed our Society to the Relief Circle of the King's Daughters and Sons. Working for the Master "In His Name" though our circle continued to work for the First Presbyterian Church it did not forget the poor and needy in our midst. We became very enthusiastic in our work, and at one time we had sixty six on our roll. We organized then from our circle "the Willing Workers," "In His Name," and "Royal Circle." Every effort was made to organize an inter-denominational circle, but our efforts failed.

In 1891 we furnished a room in Cole's Memorial Hospital. After the Hospital was abandoned we sent cots and beddings to the Barium Springs Orphanage, where we were clothing a boy. We also furnished a room at Lees McRae Institute, called "Jennie Rumple Room."

Besides our church work we gave to charity in the mountains especially toward the education of girls. Then we had a call for help from Seaman Bethel New Orleans, Memphis Tenn., and Jacksonville, Florida to help the yellow fever sufferers. Reports were sent to State Convention of the King's Daughters.

This report was asked to be written to show that we have been able to do work in the Church and for the King's Daughters at the same time. Our motto has always been:

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."— Galatians 6:10.

GOOD CHEER.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gets ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud
Don't ferget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minute that ye sling it
Its a boomerang to you.

MRS. McLEAN A HOME MAKER.

By Annie Leo Graham

In the whispering gallery that is the State, the chief targets of gossip are the occupants of the Governor's Mansion, and the favorite, as well as the most vulnerable victim, is the Governor's wife.

She is the most vulnerable because her field is not political, but social and personal. A political mistake does not arouse half the resentment and talk caused by a social slight. Extremely sensitive electrical transmitting devices can make a flea's footsteps sound like crashes of thunder, but a single tactless remark made at the Governor's Mansion to a talkative visitor can achieve proportional magnification.

Two characteristics of life in the State are a willingness to believe the worst and an inability to arrive at reasonable unanimous opinons—the "ins" are always under the fire of the "outs." Just because some people in the State liked a Governor's wife in the past was sufficient reason for others to oppose her. If she played the social game according to accepted rules, she was putting on airs. If she didn't she was just a little bit common and a misfit. If she helped her husband, she was not minding her business. If she kept aloof, she was a millstone around her hard-working consort's neck.

All the foregoing makes extraordinary what would otherwise be an extremely simple statement. North Carolina likes Mrs. McLean and Mrs. McLean has made a success in North Carolina. She has just begun her fourth winter season as mistress of the Executive Mansion, and each year has strengthened her popularity.

The very people who might be expected to be patronizing—those with super critical tendencies, those who are sticklers for form, those who are impatient with formalites, those who like to exchange gossip—have picked upon others than Mrs. McLean. She appears to be liked by the persons who might have been counted on to dislike her.

Small and slight, but quite as strong a character in her own way as the Governor in his most forceful moments, Mrs. McLean effectively carries on an official existence which supplements but never impinges upon that of the Governor, who has played more than a thinking part in State and national affairs.

Rarely—and never if she can help it—does the spotlight play on Mrs. McLean. She shuns the center of the stage. Invaiably, however, when that vantage point is occupied by Governor McLean, the quiet, inscrutably smiling presence of his wife is not far distant, though only occasionally, and always under gentle protest, actually in the picture. Official life she enjoys if she can have it in small portions.

"We are not popular with our children just now," she told her dinner partner one night toward the end of a week crowded with official and social affairs that the Governor and Mrs. McLean were compelled to attend. "We had promised them two evenings this week and then came

this dinner, which we could not possibly avoid, and that left them only one. We have had to go out every other night. Of course, they understand, and they try to be reasonable about it. But they don't like our being away from home. I don't like it either,'' she added, ruefully—''I enjoy official life very much, of course, but not quite so much of it.''

These words on the whole pretty accurately sum up Mrs. McLean's attitude toward everything in life distinguished as it is by a degree of moderation.

Mrs. McLean is the business manager of the household, personally supervising its affairs with just as careful attention to detail as in earlier years, when such supervision was in the nature of an economic necessity. She still personally attends to the family marketing and does so several times a week. Mrs. McLean rules her household with a firm hand, though her touch is soft. Her sense of duty and firmness of decision are distinguished characteristics, along with a gentle but inflexible tenacity of purpose which everyone associated with her from the Governor down has learned to respect. Though distinctly the ruling spirit in their family life, it is also recognized that she is one whose chief interest is the happiness of everyone concerned. Whether it be the selection of a school for Margaret, Angus or Hector, the children, or the make up of a dinner list or the installation of a radio, Mrs. McLean is the one who does it.

Governor and Mrs. McLean are obliged to entertain a great deal. Last year they entertained forty visiting officials and their staffs at the Mansion. Every New Year's night they give a reception to the people of Raleigh and of the State. They give a reception to the members of the General Assembly, their wives, and friends during each session of the Legislature and later entertain all of the members in groups of 20 and 30 at dinner. Mrs. McLean's Wednesday afternoons, at which time she is at home at tea, are very popular with the people of Raleigh and each week finds a large crowd in attendance.

Mrs. McLean's affairs are always original and unusual. Last year at the reception given in honor of the Legislature a North Carolina coast village was reproduced in miniature for the occasion.

The village was composed of cabins, stores, a church, a lighthouse and other buildings, all electrically lighted. There was, too, a moonshiner's cabin, set in a secluded spot. Good roads, textile manufacturing and cattle husbandry were portrayed, because the State is encouraging these developments.

George Washington was depicted crossing the Delaware at another entertainment and later in the spring one side of the Mansion was converted into a garden with bowers of flowers, trees and tiny lakes.

It follows that for the Governor and his wife that a winter in Raleigh may well seem to consist exclusively of one dinner after another, teas, luncheons and afternoon affairs at which the wife of the Governor is constantly in demand. That Mrs. McLean is able to maintain a home life departing little in its essentials from that of the family while in Lumberton speaks volumes for her.

The princiual interest of Mrs. McLean is her home, wherever it may happen to be, and she has made the Executive Mansion a real home in every sense of the word.

More than any woman in public life, Mrs. McLean has succeeded in keeping inviolate her personality and her private life from gossip mongers and the tittle tattle that seethes in every town. To this day the fact that Angus Wilton McLean was, "married in 1905 in Lumberton to Miss Margaret French, daughter of James McD. French, a leading citizen of that place," is pretty nearly the only personal item of record concerning the Governor's wife.

It is entirely characteristic of her that so few and faulty had been the pictures of her published during the gubernational campaign that she arrived in Raleigh known only to her personal friends in the capital.

A "homebody" transformed perforce into a "social butterfly" Mrs. McLean owes her popularity—for she is popular—to a gentle and friendly simplicity which is the outward and visible sign of her genuine kindness.

When they entertain it is the Governor who is the life of the "party," but it is Mrs. McLean who watchfully sees to it that "a pleasant time was had by all."

Unswervingly both the Governor and Mrs. McLean have held to the rule laid down by them when they first came to Raleigh to accept no invitations for Sunday and Sunday night, and to this one free day they try with unconquerable optimism to add whenever possible.

To their own entertainments they impart an atmosphere of variety and charm, as well as of homelike informality, both grateful and refreshing. When they keep open house no one drops in for a few moments or goes to some other affair afterwards. The fortunate guest bidden to a party by Governor and Mrs. McLean comes early and stays late.

A TREATISE ON COLD STORAGE.

A man saw a message and an address on an egg he was served for breakfast. The message read:

"This egg was packed by a girl thousands of miles away from England. She is supposed to be the prettiest girl in this neighborhood and is prepared to marry the man who eats this egg."

The man cabled her, "I'll marry you."

He received this reply from the girl: "I am flattered by your proposal, but I am now married and have three children."

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE DUKE FAMILY TO EDUCATION.

By W. P. Few, President of Duke University.

Mr. Washington Duke and his sons have been the greatest philanthropists the South has ever produced and their gifts to education have been equalled but a very few times anywhere (indeed but twice, I believe) in the history of the world. Mr. B. N. Duke, beginning as trustee of Trinity College in 1889, was the first of them to become interested in the promotion of higher education, and from that day until this, their contributions to this great cause have not ceased to flow. These contributions have come not only from father and sons but also grandchildren and other members of the family. Following in the footsteps of his grandfather and of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Duke who have long carried Trinity College and many another good cause on their hearts, Angier B. Duke gave generously to the College during his life and, dying in 1923, left it a handsome bequest and smaller bequests for church and orphanage support.

Mr. Washington Duke died in 1905. In the twenty-five preceding years he gave half a million dollars to Trinity College and many other thousands to churches and charities. As a pioneer in industrial development, as the leader in philanthropy who stands first in time and first in ideals, as the father of famous sons, he has won a secure place in the history of the State.

During the past thirty-eight years Mr. B. N. Duke has given away many millions of dollars to Trinity College, to Duke University and to a multitude of institutions, individuals, and all kinds of good causes. His work is not yet done. He still lies awake nights thinking of things he can do for others. He is, in my opinion, one of the noblest men that ever lived.

In his Indenture of Trust, dated December 11, 1924, Mr. James B. Duke gave $40,000,000 for charitable and educational purposes. His other gifts during his lifetime and the amounts contained in his will which became known after his death on October 10, 1925, have carried his contributions to education and kindred causes to a grand total in excess of $80,000,000—for Duke University and other educational institutions, for hospitals and orphanages in North and South Carolina, for country churches, and for superannuated preachers and their dependents—and all these gifts have placed him in front ranks of the great philanthropists of all time.

We North Carolinians can never fully know how much we owe to these men, not only for their industrial and financial leadership, for what they did and for what they directly gave, but also for the power of their example, for the ideals they have created, for the tendencies they have started, for the influences and institutions which they have set agoing and which will go on doing good as long as American civilization endures.

CELLAR AND GARRET.

By Ben Dixn MacNeill, in News and Observer.

Henderson said of one lady that she is an intellectual Lady Godiva and Boyd said of another that she is the widow of the dead Age of Southern Chivalry and Bowers compressed into a sentence of six words a complete and devastating analysis of the literary profession in North America, but still the crowded week leaves vaguely haunted by a sense of incompleteness. No doubt I have depraved tastes.

Never has there been such a parade of art and never has there been loosed among us so engrossing a menagerie of lions, with here and there among them a wild ass gambolling hither and thither in lion skins and maybe one or two among them who were just plain zebras and not ashamed of it. It has been a noble week, but still I am depressed by a sense of incompleteness, like a child who expected something else in his stocking.

And if these things were not enough there was the spectacle of James Boyd and Mrs. John H. Anderson sitting down together at dinner and inevitable discussion of the late Confederacy. It seemed to me that it would not be unreasonable to expect to see the roof of the Mansion hurtling toward the moon before they had exchanged three sentences. But the roof stayed on, each being immune from the other's notions of the Confederacy.

It is not that I wanted the roof of the mansion blown toward the moon by the contendings of the author of "Marching On," and the official historian of the late Confederacy. If it had to happen or if it was going to happen, I just wanted to be there and see it, taking precautions to dodge any falling or flying items of debris.

There was enough in the intellectual stocking to satisfy anybody whose tastes are not depraved, as mine undoubtedly must be since I am not content with having seen a lot of pictures, having seen a lot of delightful ladies, and having heard a limited number of the oratorical pieces that were spoken for the edification of the natives, and having seen several very elegant epigrams in the process of creation.

Making epigrams seems to come naturaly to some. In the course of an evening Archibald Henderson can make half a dozen. Boyd can turn them out without trying, and in his desultory fashion, Claude Bowers made not less than three in the course of an expedition to see the tombstone that Andrew Johnson erected to the memory of his father. He has a trenchant sort of wit that you don't feel like you have got to laugh at just to be polite.

And of course I have been wanting an expert opinion about what is the matter with American literature, and about our own literature, if we had any. Bowers lives across the street from most of the literature in America and thinks that Theodore Dreiser is the greatest living American novelist because he doesn't bother with making clever sentences, and because he is so engrossed with his tale that he doesn't have to bother about being clever.

"We have too many good writers," he said when he got around to the diagnosis of what is wrong with the literary business in America. The country is over run with good writers. That is, there are hordes of people who know how to make clever sentences, and who know how to say nothing in an astonishing manner. They might be great writers if they were not so busy being clever that they never had time to think of anything to be clever about.

But even that authoritative opinion did not compensate me for the sense of frustration that has oppressed me all the week. The culminating scene of this gaudy week of intellectualism didn't happen. And how depressingly short is the memory and ephemeral to devotion of the intellectual classes to their idols. Not during the whole week have I heard anybody mention the statue of Virginia Dare about which such a bother was made at last year's convocation of the artistic and intellectual strength of the state.

What I wanted to see as the final event of the week was a public lavation to the statue. The year has been pretty hard on poor Virginia. There are thousands of thumb-marks on her artisticly naked person. She ought to have been washed, and what I hoped would come to pass was a formal cleaning of the lady, with all the dignitaries present and participating. What a gorgeous scene it would have made!

But it is three weeks until Christmas, and I guess I expect too much.

INTERESTING CHILDREN IN BOOKS.

(Winston-Salem Journal.)

The record of the children's department of the Winston-Salem Carnegie Public Library has made during the period off nearly three years and one-half demostrates in a graphic way how North Carolina could be lifted up from the low rank the State occupies in reading if sufficient energy were devoted to such an aim. The children's department was organized on July 1, 1924. It now has a membership of 2,705 boys and girls. In 1920 there were 13,965 volumes of juvenile reading matter. Now there are 59,171. The increase in the last three years has been nearly 37,000, a remarkable gain.

The children's department has not only developed interest in reading among the children of the city, but it has also added greatly to the available reading matter. The head of this department, Miss Louel Collins, a trained librarian and one with especially developed ability for dealing with children, has given and continues to give a demonstration of how children can be interested in worth while and wholesome reading matter. Her story hour held each Saturday morning during the winter has enlisted the unreserved interest of many children. A vacation reading club for the summer months has also established itself among the children and is a valuable feature of the library's work.

THE CASE OF ALFRED DENTON.

(Greensboro News.)

Let it be admitted that the case of Alfred Denton presents a difficult problem. He is 14 years old, he has been convicted of killing a man, he is by any estimate a long way from being what a 14-year old boy ought to be or might be. When he killed B. J. Tant, the state was amazed and puzzled. So far as the state has given any thought to the case since then, it has continued to be amazed and puzzled. Alfred himself claimed self defense, and there was evidence also that he had been bullied into the killing. The circumstances are interpreted in different ways, as is always the case; but nobody disputes the facts that he killed a man and that he is a 14-year old boy.

To add to the puzzle of the case there are the remarks of Judge Barnes in sentencing the boy to six years in the state prison. As reported from Rocky Mount, Judge Barnes gave two reasons for sending him to the state prison: first "there was no place to confine the boy at the Eastern Carolina Training school," and second "the boys there would likely make a hero of Denton.

With due respect it is submitted that neither reason is sufficient for sending a 14-year old boy to the state prison for six years. The first points frankly to the plain failure of the state to meet a need and therefore makes the state responsible for the boy's future. The second expresses a clear doubt in the mind of the judge that a training school, or this particular training school, could be of any use even if it did have room; challenges, in fact, the ability of this training school to reform any real function in such a case and by indirection indicts the idea and the management of the school for such a purpose.

Hence the alternative: six years in the state prison for a 14-year-old boy who is a murderer if you please but who is also a 14-year-old boy with virtually his whole life before him and with heaven knows what behind him. Something less than six years from now Alfred Denton will come out of the state prison, a youth of 20 or less. What he is that day and what he will be for the remainler of his life will be determined by what these six years in the state prison make of him.

It is admittedly and obviously a puzzling case. But he is bold, he is amazingly confident of the infallibility of his own judgment who thinks that sending a 14-year old boy to state prison for six years is any answere to this problem. Here, it seems to the Daily News, is a case which challenges the best thought of all those who have the welfare of such youths in mind. We have many such persons in North Carolina. They have written social history in this state in recent years. They have established systems, started reforms, set up standards, lifted up human nature for new thought and study and accomplished already a work that has brought to North Carolina a vast

amount of praise.

Are they all stumped by the case of Alfred Denton? Is there no person in North Carolina who knows of anything better for the state or this youth than to send him to state prison for six year?

About the only difference between the young people of today and those of our time is that now they don't bother about turning the light down.—Columbus Ohio State Journal.

SHOT "IN HIS MIND."

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

It was at a filling station at Columbus, O. The bandit, with gun on the manager, told him to open the safe. "I told him I didn't know the combination. Then I heard a shot, the manager explained afterward. "I'm shot! I'm shot!" the manager screamed so loudly that the bandit, frightened, took to his heels, or took to his waiting car and left at top speed. Anyway he left as policemen and neighbors ran to the aid of the yelling manager. Tenderly they lifted him up, carried him into an adjoinging building, laid him on a couch and thoughtfully spread newspapers to catch the blood. But the blood didn't flow. This called for investigation and not a scratch was found on the man who was thought to be dangerously if not fatally wounded. With the aid of a mirror bystanders managed, after a time, to convince the manager that his skin was whole. But even then he was mystified. "I can't undertand it. I was just sure I felt a shot in my neck."

No doubt he felt the shot all right, or thought he did, which was the same thing. His mind was prepared for that. When he told tht bandit he didn' know the combination of the safe he expected to be shot. And when he heard the shot, if he did hear one (it must have been something else—back-fire from an automobile, for instance), he knew in his mind that he had been shot even if his hide wasn't perforated in reality. If the man had had a weak heart the excitement, the shock—the certainty that he was shot being for the moment about the same as if he had been—might have been fatal. That bandit no doubt received a shock, too. If he heard a noise like a shot when he was doing no shooting, he doubtless believed that reinforcements had arrived for the beleaguered manager, hence his hasty retreat. It is possible, unless he is a hardened sinner, that experience may make him so nervous that he will give over his banditting (that style) and engage in some business where hold-ups may be effectiely carried on without may be effectively carried on without law.

STATE AGAIN UPHOLDS LAW.

(News and Observer.)

The integrity of North Carolina for law enforcement without regard to "race, color, or previous condition of servitude" has again been impressively demonstrated in the trial and acquittal in Wake county of Weldon Bryant, Franklin county Negro, twice unsuccessfully sought by mobs at Louisburg jail. Guarantee of a fair trial in the State courts to this Negro was not an unexceptionable instance of maintenance of law. It is the established policy in this State to maintain the law observance without regard to the cost.

Rescue of helpless Negro from the danger of being strung up to the nearest tree by law enforcement officials fortunately isn't common in North Carolina. It is unusual, as a matter of fact, but as often as the occasion arises for heroic measures to be used, it has been the uniform custom for officers of the law to act promptly.

Nor is it unusual for the courts to be diligent in the strict observance of rules of evidence in the trial of defendants without regard to race or color as Judge N. A. Sinclair was in the trial of Weldon Bryant. It is no wonder that Franklin county men were greatly aroused by the report of the commission of an infamous crime. Naturally they strongly resentd the outrage. They were in no mood to observe the established rules for proving guilt before punishment, which should prevail, no matter how outrageous the crime. Unfortunately a few sought to trample the law into dust.

It was not so with Judge Sinclair. Upon the Evangelists of Almighty God he had sworn to "do equal law and right to all persons, rich and poor, without regard to any person." It was his duty to see that this humble Negro was given a fair trial, which could only be done by following the same tested rules of evidence in the same way and to the same extent as in the trial of any other defendant.

Not only did Sheriff Justice, of Franklin county, act promptly in placing Weldon Bryant beyond the danger of being lynched, but he also maintained his self-respect by refusing admittance to a mob of masked men who sought entrance into the jail. Some officers, after exercising the precaution of moving a prisoner away, then open the jail doors to prove to the mob that they are truthful men. Sheriff Justice does not belong to that class. His word is his bond, and he upholds the law with impartial hand and with a dignity that gives added prestige to the law under his administration.

It is true, and this fact ought to have consideration, that a great many people in Frankln county believed that the Negro was guilty. Yet, all will agree that the rules of evidence apply to Negro defendants as well as to white defendants and there will be general rejoicing that judges in North Carolina apply these rules without discrimination

A SLIPPER REVIVAL.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The castigating slipper, the blow for betterment, is in for a glorious renaissance in America if parents will follow the example of four Illinois fathers now hymned in the news columns. These gentlemen, informed by Judge Bierman of Springfield, that if each would give his son a good spanking he need not pay the $6.25 fine imposed upon the lad by court, eagerly took to the punishing paddle. The result, says the report, was four boys thoroughly convinced of the folly of wrong-doing.

One great weakness of the Republic is that the corrective spank is no longer a national institution. Fake psychologists and half-baked "experts" on child rearing have deluded parents with their theory that the youngster should always be allowed to "express" his desires and emotions. They have drawn horrific pictures of child characters ruined by what they call "the cruelties of punishment." And a lot of mothers beings always in a hurry to get to the next bridge game or tea dance, have accepted such preachments as excuse for letting the young limbs grow as they please.

The result is that a multitude of youngsters can resist everything but temptation. Resisting parents is the easiest thing they do. Mother has so seldom said: "Get the slipper," that the kid never says, "No," to the voice of the temper.

On with the slipper! Back with the loving lash! Such men as Themistocles, Seneca, Andrew Carnegie and the Rothschilds, having been given the benefit of the reformative footwear in their childhood, grew up to declare that they owed their success in life more to their mothers than to anybody else. It is the drugstore cowboy of today who, having gone untouched of the slipper, knows more than his mother and regards his father merely as a bank vault to be dynamited by his weisen-heimer demands.

Let your life be a life of faith. Do not go timorously about, inquiring what others think, what others believe and what others say. It seems the easiest; it is the most difficult thing in life to do this. Believe in God. God is near you. Throw yourself fearlessly upon Him. Trembling mortal, there is an unknown light within your soul which will wake when you command it. The day may come when all that is human, man and woman, will fall off from you as they did from Christ. Let His strength be yours. Be independent of them all now. The Father is with you. Look to Him, and He will save you.—Robertson.

WOMAN'S POWER.

By James E. Carraway

Ever since Eve tempted Adam in the Garden of Eden, many notable men have been led to disaster by notable, if not notorious women. Isaac had his Rebecca; Samson had his Delilah; Ahab had his Jezebel; Mark Antony had his Cleopatra. All of these men were either undone or double-crossed by the ladies of their choice. But there was no mystery attached to any of these cases. Everything was done openly and boldly, and the people understood even if they didn't approve. But now Governor Henry S. Johnson of Oklahoma is face to face with an experience unique in history. It is alleged by many people in that Commonwealth that their Governor is under the occult domination of Mrs. O. O. Hammond, his confidential secretary. Whether the influence is exerted through black magic, witchcraft, hypnosis, mental telepathy, or some other aency is not known. But it is freely charged that the confidential secretary runs to the Governor's office to suit herself, and apparently to the satisfaction of the Chief Executive. The people, however, are not in love with the condition. In fact the situation has become so acute that a special session of the State Legislature will meet on December 6 to investigate the whole matter. Just how the Legislators will go about the inquiry remains to be seen. But the investigation will be followed by the public in general with an immence amount of interest. Just as a suggestion, it might be well for the Legislature to procure a copy of Cottou Mather's famous Treatise on Witchcraft. It might also be wise to have a few psycho-analysists and hypnotists on hand. A Hindu conjuror should be kept in the offing. Some simple people have thought that withccraft was out of date. But the Oklahoma Legislature may find it as active as it was in Salem Massachusetts, some two hundred years ago.

HAPPY IN SHARING WITH OTHERS

Inclosed please find check for $10.00 to apply on Santa Claus fund for the boys.''

''May God bless you, one and all, this Christmas season—may you have the material things to satisfy your bodies, and the spiritual things that come from God to satisfy your souls.''—Mr. F. C. Niblock, Concord.

''I hasten to respond to your appeal for 'Christmas' for our boys, God bless 'em, and am enclosing my check in aid of this ennobling enterprise.''—W. W. Watt, Charlotte.

MEDIEVAL AT HEART.

(Baltimore Sun.)

For a thousnd years after the withdrawal of the Romans, towards the close of the third century of the Christian era, the country which is now Rumania was without political identity. Wave after wave of invaders—Goths, Huns, Gepidae, Lombards, Avars—used the Denubian plain as their highway from east to west. Then, as Western Europe emerged from the dark ages and began to assume its modern form, the Turkish conquerors in their turn swept over the Rumanian lowlands.

For generation after generation the Rumanian peasant has been accustomed to the dictation of warlike aliens who came to expliot and not to settle. And in consequence it was inevitable that he sould remain primitive in his mental outlook, clinging closely to nature, deeply influenced by her phenomena, superstitions, isolated from the currents of progressive thought. Half a century of politicial independence has not been able to alter this attitude substantially.

The hold of the medieval spirit on the country was illustrated this week in the funeral of Premier Bratinau a man of great ability in many lines, an engineer, a capitalist and an international figure, and yet one who in his soul loved above all the falk-ways and the simplicity of his humbler fellow-countrymen.

Drawn by white oxen, preceded by priest in vestments of ancient design. Ion Bratinau went to his last rest. There was more of the old Rumanian spirit in his passing than in the lifetime of ambitious planning, whereby he worked to enlarge and modernize his country.

CASUALTIES OF THE HUNT.

(High Point Enterprise)

Conditions have changed in the South since the squirrel hunters in the ranks of the Confederate armies made a fine record of marksmanship. A great many Southern men still are hunters but the report of a season of shooting is not complete without the human casualty list. The opening of the huntig season is marked by stories of deaths here and there incidental to inexpert or careless handling of firearms and these tales of casualties run righ through to the close. Once the Southern man used his gun to hit a definite target. Now it seems that his shooting is indiscriminate and wild. A day in the field now with the average armed man is about as dangerous on an average as a day under fire in the World War. Safe handling of firearms is not an art to be acquired along with a fetching hunter's outfit at the sporting goods store. A generation ago in North Carolina thirteen year old boys were much more effective and safer handlers of weapons of the hunt than the majority of men are today.

COLORING REVEALS THE DISPOSITION.

(New York Times.)

A professor of psychiatry in the University of Buffalo has stated that in his opinion brunettes have more vigorous brains and bodies than blondes, and that if gentlemen prefer the latter, it is doubtless because they are more docile. His conclusions were doubtless the result of personal research, yet they leave room for speculation. Did he ever try to manage a genuine blonde? Does he know the difference between the natural gold and the synthetic? Is the disposition of the born brunette changed when she goes flaxen? At what age does Goldilocks become manageable? One of the most vigorous brains and bodies in Manhattan is that of a cherubic looking blonde of five years. If her parents could have faith that the professor is right, they might hold on to their patience until he age of docility arrives. When science and psychology were in their cradle, men worked out a set of superstitutions for judging human character by appearance. Now that psychiatrists reveal the truth, the old myths should be discarded. In the meantime, everybody knows that blondes are angelic, brunettes are adventuresses, and red-headed women have devilsh bad tempers.

CRIME OF CARELESNESS.

(Hickory Record)

"Who shot me, daddy, and what for?" Curtiss Ballenger, Birmingham lad of seven years, asked as he lay dying in a hospital after being accidentally shot by his father, who in cleaning a gun had allowed it to go off.

"Will I get well enough to go home" the little fellow asked when his father failed to answer the first question. Again the father was speechless.

Finally a little gasp, "Daddy, I'm shot, I'm dying," and without knowledge of who his slayer was, Curtis Ballenger breathed his last.

The story is merely an incident. Things similar to this case are ever and always taking place. But how needless was this boy's death! Curtis Ballenger was an object of love. But in a moment of carelessness, the father forgot that unloaded guns sometimes kill.

It strikes us that the vast majority of people are this way. The thoughtless speech, the word that cuts and stings, the little careless acts that are interpreted as deliberate could easily be avoided. Carelessness is a crime in itself that is deserving of some mode of punishment.

GOOD TEACHING.

(Tampa Tribune)

An up-to-date, well-equipped school building is a fine thing and shows educational progress. But is it not of less importance than the quality of teaching that is found inside? The question has been raised by various persons recently. A college president in his inaugural address said that teaching ought to come before research and advanced study in a teacher's activities. It seemed a startling statement in view of the recent tendency to consider it a professor's duty to follow some line of individual research, to write books and do other scholarly things not directly connected with his pupils in the class room. The other day a leading educator, Professor Robert J. Leonard, of Columbia University, sounded the same note in reference to high schools. He said:

"'It seems to me that the great need in secondary education is to improve the quality of teaching. I believe that more will come from an attempt along this line than in discussing further the content of the curriculum. In only two instances in a wide survey of secondary schools has my attention been directed to the quality of the teaching, though great emphasis was placed on buildings and equipment. I was told by the president of an educational institution that his work there was completed when he had succeeded in paying off the college indebtedness and acquired new buildings and equipment. It would seem that he was just ready to begin his real work of education.

Here is encouragement for many thoughtful citizens who have regretted the great emphasis lately placed on school "frills and fads" to the detriment, as they felt, of sound education. The best of those frills and fads, the ones that have proved their educational usefulness; will remain, but the pendulum has begun to swing again in the direction of good teaching. That is a very hopeful sign.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

The barn boys have been hauling coal to the different cottages lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Black have charge of the thirteenth cottage during the absence of Mr and Mrs. Morris.

Captain Grier and a number of boys have been repairng the roads around here since the bad weather last week.

Mr. Clark and Mr. Poole with a number of boys have been cleaning up the leaves and other trash about the campus.

On account of the bad weather, the boys retired to their cottages last Saturday afternoon and amused

themselves reading and playing games.

Gosh! Just three weeks until Christmas. Not so long. Several of the boys have already started to learn their speeches. We will soon begin practicing carols.

The workmen who have been working on the sewer line at the school have not been working lately on account of the bad weather. They are now back on the job.

The following boys started in Algebra in Mr. Johnson's room: Herbert Williams, Lawrence Vaughan, Ramsey Glasgow, George Stanly, John Johnson, Charles Morrow and David Fountain. We all wish them luck.

Rev. M. R. Kestler, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Kestler now fills Mr. Lyerly's Sunday, as he (Mr. Lyerly) has left Concord. Mr. Kestler's sermon was fine and enjoyed by all present.

Well, this month did not open very pleasant. It rained and sleeted for the first four days and we sure had some rough weather. It was a mess, too. The sleet did not melt, but remained on the ground until Tuesday. When it did melt, we sure had a "slosh." But now it has cleared up, and we hope it continues so through Christmas.

All the boys who go down by the "ole swimmin' hole," in front of the dairy barn, will find a didapper swimming around and enjoying himself. One of the dairy boys caught it Sunday morning and put it on the water. He sits on top of the water and *presto!* he is under and comes up on the other side of the pond. In other words he dives under and swims under the water. We hope he remains with us a while.

The bakery boys have not been mentioned here lately. Mr. House, the bakeryman, has ten boys helping him, five in the morning and five in the afternoon. This crew of eleven bake enough bread for our five hundred population, and then some if necessary. When these boys leave here, they will be able to hold most any bakery job.

The laundry boys are also on the job. Mr. Russell with 16 boys in the morning and 16 in the afternoon, does all the School's washing. They run three ironers, one presser and four washers. As far as we can see, it is an up-to-date laundry.

NOT THAT IT ISN'T NEEDED

(Jackson, Minn., Clarion-Ledger)

Nations are much like people. When they get big they can do things they would have been spanked for when little.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cp 36

Sunday, December 25th — Christmas

THE UPLIFT

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Let's Make It a "Merry Christmas!"

By James Edgar Hungerford

My friend, will Christmas mean to you
  A day of blessings rare,
Among good friends, whose hearts are true,
  Whose happiness you'll share?
Will Christmas bring the ones you love,
  The day with you to spend?
If so, then thank the One above,
  For you're in luck, my friend!

To some it means a cheerless day,
  With strangers all about,
And not a single sunshine ray
  To wipe the shadows out;
And all about you they abound—
  In hamlets, towns and marts;
No loving friends will gather 'round
  To cheer their lonely hearts!

My friend, will Christmas mean to you
  A home that's bright with cheer?
A wife and laughing children, too,
  And all that life holds dear?
Will Christmas bring you gifts of gold,
  And blessings without end?
Or will you be "out in the cold,"
  Without a single friend?

If you are blest with worldly wealth,
  And friends whose hearts are true;
With wife and children, home and health,
  My friend, it's up to you
To help your friendless fellowmen,
  Whose lives are drab and gray,
And bring God's sunshine back again
  To them—on Christmas day.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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May all the joys of Christmas-tide be yours and may its happy spirit follow you throughout the coming year.

The Editor and Printing Force

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF A SHORT LIFE.

"Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put His foot inside of a big city. He never travelled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the

things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him, He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying—and that was His coat. When He was dead, He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

"I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth so powerfully as has that One solitary life."—*The writer is unknown.*

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

IS SICKNESS A COMMUNITY PROBLEM?

The time was when many intelligent and prominent citizens did not regard public education a community problem. In our midst men of fine character witheld support or sympathy from the cause of public education; but today no one questions the duty of the community with reference to public education—there may be and are many differences as to the extent of such effort and the character of teaching, but public education is a fixed and recognized duty of every community.

Today the rich are enrolled along with the poor and the undernourished. It is thoroughly and truly a democratic arrangement.

Last Saturday, Morehead City voted on the proposition of establishing a Community Hospital. There were only 69 negative votes cast against the proposition. Mayor Luther Hamilton is quoted as saying that "sickness is a community problem."

Luther Hamilton is right—when the public in the several towns and cities of the state come to accept this view and act upon it, there will be fewer cases of unneeded suffering in the several places. Hasten the day!

A dispatch in the public press, Sunday morning, is as follows:

> Morehead City today gave an overwhelming vote for a community hospital. Only sixty nine of the voters of the city cast their ballots

against the proposal. There is already a private hospital here but the feeling here is, according to Mayor Luther Hamilton, that sickness is a community problem.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A CROP OF PEAS.

We see by the papers that the Jackson Training School is credited with the harvesting of 502 bushels of peas. It is intimated in the same news item that this record beats the state, certainly that of the local county.

There is danger in this suggestion. It may be like the mighty man at the old St. John's Fair, who, claiming to be the best man in the state and was accordingly quickly laid out by another and a boxing artist, slowly arose and remarked, "fellers, I believe I took in too much territory." Undoubtedly in the state there is a bigger record.

For fear some may get the notion that the chief business at the Jackson Training School is the raising of peas, The Uplift hastens to remark that this pea business is merely incidental in our system of working off the wire edges of the youngsters when not in school. The chief business is to educate them in the importance of order, system, manliness—standing by them until these young fellows discover themselves and the real purpose of life.

The foregoing is achieved in the great majority of cases by ourselves setting examples of patience, tolerance and high ideals, employing safe and sound teaching methods in the school rooms, encouraging a proper observance of the Sabbath in attendance upon Sunday School and the preached word, practicing early to bed at regular hours and the same in rising, and along with these just enough exercise on the athletic field to please the child heart, and a half day each working on the farm, at the dairy barn, in the laundry, the bakery, printing office, the shoe shop, beautifying the grounds, etc.

By the way, it is a powerfully interesting business all the way through—this thing Editor Johsphus Daniels pronounced "mending boys." The 502 bushels of ordinary peas is just velvet in the game.

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WEAR AGAINST RUST.

Information sent out from Lexington, N. C., relative to the starting of preparations for the Annual Commencement of the Lexington High School, next May, reminds us of the faithful teachers who served in the educa-

tional field of Concord, years ago.

Before the Graded School came into existence, there were a number of private schools in the city. Among the faithful teachers was Mrs. Virginia Ervin. She found it a joy to teach little fellows, male and female—it was not from the slightest personal necessity, but to render a service.

Some friends remonstrated with her, urging her to cease teaching and to take life easy, doing nothing. She always replied, "I'd rather wear out doing something worthwhile than to rust out doing nothing." And she was right, eternally so.

And here comes the announcement of the selection of the annual speaker at the High School Commencement at Lexington, N. C. It is novel in that we are not accustomed to having ladies to deliver annual commencement addresses. From the different activities that engage this wonderfully brainy woman, we are sure that here is another lady that would "rather wear out than rust out."

This is the announcement:

> Announcement is made that Mrs. Wythe F. Morehead, of Salem, Va., has accepted the invitation to deliver the commencement address of the Lexington high school on May 28 next. Mrs. Morehead will be the first woman commencement speaker here, it is said. She is chairman of the school board of her home city, a former professor, trustee of two widely known schools, is now serving her second term as president of the Virginia State Federation of Woman's Clubs and is also president of the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Lutheran Church in America."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A NERVY JUDGE.

Judge Henry Grady of the North Carolina Superior Court, holding court last Sunday at Goldsboro, when a colored man was being tried for the brutal murder of a young girl, had to do an undignified though a necessary and nervy deed. He armed himself with a pistol. He knew what was in the air.

The relatives and certain sympathizers had it in their purpose to take from the court the accused and lynch him under the nose of the majesty of the law. A start was made. Judge Grady, as cool and deliberate as the bravest in soldiery, arose and announced that the first man that placed hands on the prisoner would be shot. And the throng saw the automatic ready in the hands of the truly brave man. All honor to Judge Grady.

Judge Grady has heretofore been largely and serevely criticised for his

connection with K. K. officialdom while an officer of the law; but he's the bravest K. K. in the state—seeing his duty he did it without cover or sheet. Raising himself mightily in the estimation of law-abiding citizens by his cool and courageous act, he saved the state from a terrible blot at the hands of outraged people, doubtlessly besides themselves at the time.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Childhood is powerfully interested in the question, "Is there a Santa Claus?" That question has been admirably and satisfactorily settled, so far as we are concerned, in The Uplift office.

When the design and forms for this, our Christmas number. (By the way, we hope you'll like it) were in the making, our little eight year-old "printer's devil" undertook to decide this important question that abides in the thoughts of the millions of children the world over, where Christianity has set foot.

"Say," said a larger boy to Master Lawrence Thompson, "is there a Santa Claus?" "Come here, Bill; see that list of names that begins on page 5 (he was pointing to our Christmas Fund) that sure makes it look like there is a Santa."

The Uplift greatly appreciates the hearty response of fine friends, who made it possible to prove to 500 youngsters at the Jackson Training School that there is a Santa Claus. Many of the boys are minus a parent and parents. Fine business!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE UPLIFT.

Is a little red-headed this week. No sign of anger or a vicious spirit. We are just simply happy, and hope that you are; and the printing force in our office craved the opportunity of showing what could be done by them and in our own plant.

If you like this issue—send it to a friend as a Christmas remembrance. The whole state seems interested in the problem that engages the Jackson Training School.

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"TIMMY'S CHRISTMAS."

We invite your reading of the human interest story elsewhere in this

number. It is Timmy's Christmas. We found it in Young Folks.

If one can read it without being touched, or moved to realizing that we are after all our brother's keeper, such an one has steeled himself or herself against the touching hardships in a child's life.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Sheriff Hardin, Rutherford County	$ 20.00
Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord,	10.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Unknown Contributor, Concord Post Mark	2.00
Mayor C. H. Barrier, Concord	1.00
Dr. T. N. Spencer, Concord	5.00
Mr. J. W. Cannon, Jr., Concord	20.00
Mr. F. C. Niblock, Concord	10.00
Dr. J. V. Davis, Concord	5.00
Mrs. J. M. Odell, Concord	5.00
Mr. Thomas H. Webb, Concord	5.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Mr. C. A. Cannon, Kannapolis	25.00
Mr. E. C. Barnhardt, Sr., Concord	10.00
Cabarrus Savings Bank, Concord,	10.00
Mr. William Banhardt, Charlotte,	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Mr. A. H. White, Concord,	5.00
Mr. W. W. Watt, Charlotte,	10.00
A Jackson Training School Lady	5.00
A. F. Goodman, Concord	2.00
Mr. R. A. Dunn, Charlotte	10.00
Col. A. B. Andrews, Raleigh	5.00
Miss Lena M. Leslie, Concord	5.00
Miss Bettie M. Leslie, Concord	5.00
Mrs. Laura L. Ross, Concord	5.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Concord	10.00
Mrs. John P. Allison, Concord	5.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	25.00
Mr. J. A. Kellenberger, Greensboro	5.00
Mr. John H. Rutledge, China Grove	10.00
Mr. H. P. Grier, Statesville	4.00
Mr. G. B. Caldwell, Monroe	5.00
Mr. Buford Blackwelder, Concord	1.00
Mr. A. B. Pounds, Concord	40.00
Mr. Hermon Cone, Greensboro	50.00

Mr. James H. Ramsay, Salisbury	2.00
Col. Alexander Webb, Raleigh	5.00
Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, Greenville	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem	100.00
Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Charles Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
10-13-8, Concord	50.00
C. C. Coddington, Charlotte	5.00
Messrs. Lippard & Barrier, Concord	5.00
Mr. Benard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mr. J. F. Cannon, Concord	20.00
Mrs. J. S. Efird, Albemarle	5.00
Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00
Rutherfordton Kiwanis Club	10.00
Mr. F. M. Youngblood, Concord	25.00
Dr. M. L. Marsh, Concord	10.00
Concord Motor Company, Concord	20.00
John J. Barnhardt, Concord	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Rockingham	5.00
Mrs. Julian Price, Greensboro	10.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Odell, Concord	Box of apples

We rejoice. The foregoing is the sufficient reason for same. We bow to the Great Heart.

Strike a child—you'll find yourself in some hospital or in jail. Present his needs he will be heard. The polls are not yet closed.

The Master Is Coming.

My Dear Friend:

The Master is coming to you today. Be sure to receive and honor Him.

Math. 18:5. Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receives me—The Savior of the World—The Judge of all the earth.

They said: "The Master is coming
  To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
  The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought while my heart beat wildly,
  What if He should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
  And honor the Guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling,
  To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
  And decked it with blossoms sweet;
I was troubled for fear the Master
  Might come ere my task was done.
And I hastened and worked the faster,
  And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,
  A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
  And my comfort and aid to implore,
And I said: "I cannot listen,
  Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to,"
  And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
  A cripple, thin pale and gray—
And said: "Oh, let me stop and rest
  Awhile in your home, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning;
  I am hungry and faint, and weak;
My heart is full of misery,
  And comfort and help I seek."

And I said: "I am grieved and sorry.
  But I cannot help you today;

[*Continued on next page*]

I look for a great and noble Guest,"
  And the cripple went away.
And the day wore onward swiftly,
  And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was ever in my heart
  That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him
  And serve Him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me,
  With face so sweet and fair—
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops,
  And his clothes were tattered and old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
  And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said: "I am sorry for you;
  You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
  You must hasten on elsewhere,"
And at the words a shadow
  Swept over his blue-veined brow;
"Someone will feed and clothe you. dear,
  But I am too busy now."

I waited till night had deepened,
  And the Master had not come;
"He has entered some other door," I cried
  "And gladdened some other home!"
My labor had been for nothing,
  And I bowed my head and wept.
My heart was sore with longing,
  Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
  And His face was grave and fair;
"Three times today I came to your door,
  And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
  Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
  And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord. dear Lord, forgive me!
  How could I know it was Thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
  In the depths of humility.
And He said: "The sin is pardoned,
  But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, comforting not the least of Mine,
  Ye have failed to comfort Me."

THE REFUGEE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Susan M. Kane, in Young Folks.

The chimes were ringing "Home, Sweet Home"—joyful music to nearly five thousand students pouring from the classrooms in the various halls of the great university in the northwest's metropolis. Class hours were over. Before the bells ceased the broad walks threading the beautiful campus were almost destitute of human beings.

One stood alone on the wide stone steps of Denny Hall, the words of the song passing in her mind with the melody. Neither words nor melody brought joy to the heart of Selma Boskowsky, homeless, without knowledge of where her old friends might be. All she knew definitely was that in a hill town in Idaho there were two mounds—the resting place of her parents in a strange land.

Selma's parents were among a band of Russian refugees who had escaped from their country following its participation in the World War. Sorrow and unaccustomed toil hurried them to their graves and Selma had drifted to the western coast. Her family was of Russian royalty, proud of its lineage, educated, wealthy. Selma still had all the pride of her ancestors. It was evident in every move and gesture. Beauty was in her face, and the classic mold of head and neck. Ignorance to her was unthinkable, and poverty was a disgrace. To avoid the former she had combated the latter until with her own efforts she had earned means to enter the university. But her poverty had made her avoid student friendships, and her second Christmas among them found her lonely, almost on the verge of self-pity.

Selma tried to feel that it was the December rain that kept her standing under the arched portico of the deserted building. Yet she knew it was the desire to see the eager throngs which had disappeared as if by magic, emerge again, coming from dormitories, luggage-laden, answering the bells' call, speeding for trains to carry them home, that kept her waiting.

Christmas! What a false show it seemed to the girl. Rain, green grass, flocks of birds feeding on berried trees and shrubs; blooming roses bordering walks; all out of place, out of season, as she felt in her environment. Christmas meant snow, sleighs with merry bells, soft furs, rich robes, warm firesides and friends! Friends? What of the Cargoes? Molly Cargo with her pretty Irish face, and David her husband, strong and cheery, with the burden of filling the mouths and clothing five little one on a laborer's wage? What consideration and kindness they had shown her since she entered their crowded cottage! Not once had Molly failed to set the bit of refreshment for her when she returned from her night work at the news stand in the waiting-room of one of the large steamship docks. Not once had David failed to rise from his bed, dress, and go to meet her at the end of the car line, some distance from the cottage, when she arrived there at the first hour in the morning.

"The long dark way was not for

a lady alone,'' Molly insisted, and David agreed, and sacrificed his hour of sleep for her safety.

Bitter emotions surging in her soul were suddenly swept away with thoughts of the devotion of every member of the Cargo family. She recalled their pitiable attempts to make here Christmas happy the year before and wondered how much of the meager amount she paid for board and the room she shared with Katy, the oldest girl, would be apportioned to each for some useless, but to the Cargo household munificent gifts, to gladden her Christmas morning.

She grew hot with shame at the sordidness of her acceptance of their gifts the year before. She had not wanted them, could not, and did not thank them for them. How well she remembered the coy delight of each little one as it put its treasure into her hand, and the quickly fading joy at her heartless reception. She opened the collar of her cheap coat that the moist-laden air might chill her bared throat and chest above the round low-cut blouse. The air stung her and she quickly fastened her coat again and put her books in the crook of her arm, listened to the chimes now boisterously pealing ''Jingle Bells,'' and smiled, her lips convulsed with emotions as if she had eaten of the reputed Sardinian herb.

''Christmas! Home, Sweet Home! Jingle Bells!'' she murmured. ''A false show for me.''

Two girls, burdened with bundles and bags, striving against time and blustery, drizzly wind to reach the street-car due at the railroad station but a few moments before their train's departure, came along.

A sudden impulse took possession of Selma. She ran down the steps, encountering the girls.

''Let me play I'm going home, too,'' she reached for a bundle from one, a bag from the other and led the race from the camps. The passengers at the car stop were already aboard. The conductor's hand was on the signal rope when, panting and laughing, they reached the street.

''Wer're going home. Wait, or we'll miss the train!'' Selma shouted signalling with her heavy bag. Good-naturedly, the conductor opened the gate, and Selma shoved him her luggage, then fairly chased the girls into the car.

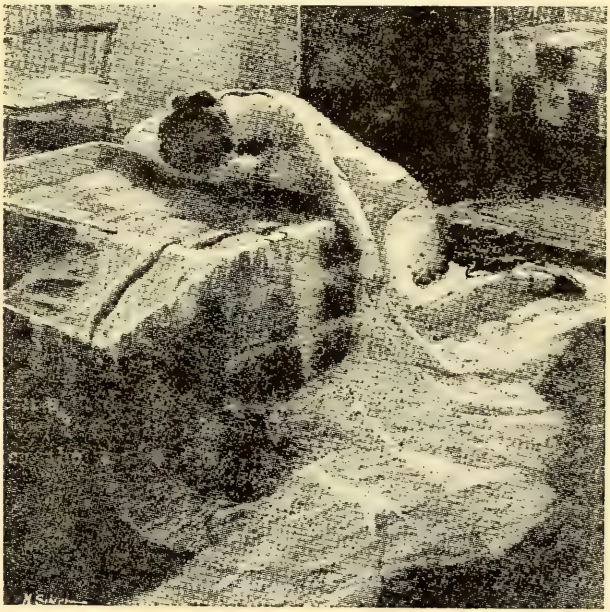
'Oh, lovely, lovely!'' the girls chorused over the car's railing as it swung on the curve.

''Christmas, and home, sweet home!'' Selma's words rang joyously. Those looking into her beautiful upturned face never guessed that aching pangs were in her heart as she uttered them.

The incident broke the spell of self interest which for days had been crowding every other thought from the girl's mind. Instead of going to the city as she intended to wander aimlessly window shopping, longing for some of the beautiful things displayed and rightfully belonging to girls of her age, she swung aboard a car bound for the Cargoes' suburb.

Soon her mind was engaged with the contents of an iron-bound chest used for a seat in her little room room in the Cargo cottage. Could she do it? In that chest were personal belongings of her parents, trinkets, clothes, the sight of which linked her with happy childhood. She loved to see her mother in the clinging folds of a black robe which she

wore at unusual events. Some association about the garment had made her cling to it even in the peril of escape. What that association was Selma did not know, but she did know that Molly Cargo would be exquisite as any Irish fairy ever pictured in a dress made from that robe. Could she do it? There was time, three whole days, with no lessons, until Christmas. Besides, the long evening hours from ten until the arrival of the last steamer at twelve when the news stand closed. But could she endure seeing another clothed in what had once graced her mother's proud form? Molly Cargo would be simple and sweet in the design she had in mind—one Selma had made herself in the designing class of the art department at the university. She thought of Molly Cargo's shabby, baby-traveled best dress, and pictured little Terrence clambering upwards in her arms over the beautiful richness of the material and its precious memories to lavish his hundredth moist kiss for the day.



Opened Mother's Chest of Prized Articles.

"No, No!" she decided. If to pretend that the season's joy was in her heart she must see her mother's robe trampled even by anything as sweet and dimpled as the least of the Cargoes the pretense must go begging.

She opened her purse, and quickly counted the sum left from her last week's pay. Nothing for trifles, not the most trifling of trifles on the

cheapest Christmas counter. The purse was closed with a snap. A vacant stare through the raindripped car window occupied her to her journey's end.

Arriving at the Cargo cottage she surprised its mistress busy tufting a strip of dotted net with luster-and-wool yarn.

"Ah, now, I was not expecting you so soon," Molly said, rising quickly, and adroitly sliping her work into a pillowslip work-bag.

"Short hours for the proffessors today, and bells pealing 'Home Sweet Home' for students," Selma answered in her pleasing language. She tried to appear unconscious of Mrs. Cargo's occupation.

However Selma had seen. Knew from Mrs. Cargo's smiling embarrassment that a gift was in progress for her—a gift much beyond means of the devoted family who so unselfishly tried to help her forget the tragedy of her life. She knew, too, that the gift was a scarf she had described to Molly, designed and made by a member of her class. At the time, Selma had expressed her desire for one like it. Molly had taken the wish seriously. The soft wools so shyly tucked away were of orange and apricot, and the finished end she had seen was of henna crepe de chine just as she had described it.

"Clever little Molly Cargo," Selma thought, her eyes blurred and her throat choky, and wondered what sacrifices Molly and the others had made so that net, wool, and silk could be bought.

Molly Cargo's skillful fingers had a magician's touch and convent training. Even transforming a man's old suit into a trig outfit for young David, which made her "wee one dressed wi' the best o' thim" among the school children, delighted her heart. And Katy, two years older than David, was "a smart bit o' laidy for all her o'ermade duds, the dear thing!" For a moment Selma forgot family sacrifices, glad for the little woman's short revel in bright threads, and crispness of net. She wished for an Aladdin's lamp. Its first magic trick should produce a children's garment shop stocked with fine muslins and cambrics, ginghams and soft woolens for Molly Cargo's Christmas.

"Better wish for a throne in Mars," Selma ruefully thought, starting for her room.

"Please tell Katy not to disturb me when she comes from school, will you Mrs. Cargo?"

"We'll all be quiet, dear. Take a good rest. I'll call you in time for work."

Selma thought not of rest. Turning the key in her door she almost ran to the iron-banded chest, and took her mother's cherished garment from it. Tears trickled her checks while she loving caressed its folds. Then, fearing courage would fail, she snatched up scissors and began snipping threads. Not until every seam was ripped, and the front of Molly Cargo's Christmas dress was laid and cut did she stop.

She picked up the fur collar taken from the robe and began examining it to see what use could be made of it, and felt something underneath the lining. Curious to know what it was, she loosened the lining and found

a dull gold chain with a locket attached, exquisitely wrought with an inlay of the ancient coat of arms of her mother's family. After examining the goods for other mementos, and finding none, she slipped the chain about her neck and contined her work.

Time quickly passed. A warning tap sounded at her door.

"Only time for a sip o' tea, dear, an' its waitin' for you," Mrs. Cargo called.

"Thank you," Selma answered, then selecting a part of the dress that she could work on when there were few customers at the news stand she put the rest in the chest, hurriedly prepared for the city, and in due time arrived there.

The early evening boats were due shortly after Selma went on duty. She was familiar with regular Sound passenger traffic. She began to arrange her magazines and papers to meet its needs speedily. As she worked a man, pacing back and forth in the waiting-room, glancing frequently at the clock and sometimes scowling at its progress, attracted her. His physique and bearing were those of a military man of middle age, but his face showed marks of some great grief or tragedy, making it appear very old. His thick hair, worn longer than the prevailing style, was snowy white.

When the clock's hands pointed to six—the hour for the arrival of a vessel from the Orient—the man went eagerly to the passenger entrance to the waiting-room. When the line of people began ascending the incline from the wharf he searched the faces. Presently he waved a salute to someone down the line, then rubbed his hands as though preparing them for a warmer welcome. The revolving gate clicked off the passengers one by one. Before it finished its turn behind the traveler for whom the man waited he was clasped in his arms.

Selma watched the meeting with mingled emotions, joy for the friends, and eyes brimming for the sad longing of her own heart. Then trade took her attention.

But the incident witnessed remained uppermost in her mind while serving customers. The room clared rapidly. During a moment's respit she looked about to see if the united friends had yet gone. She smiled when she saw them in a bench corner, talking, guesturing, laughing, clasping each other by arms or shoulders, their deep-lined faces sometimes stern, scornful, or tense with fear, but repeatedly illumined with unbounded joy. It was evident there was much to say and of such importance that it must be told at once.

Finally the waiting-room grew quiet, so quiet, indeed, that the rlash of dishwashing at the refreshment counter at the opposite side of the room, and the voices of the men were the only sounds heard. It was noticed by the men, who spoke lower, and prepared to go.

The man who had been waiting took the traveler's bags but set them down as they were passing the news stand.

"Wait a moment," he said to his companion, speaking French. "I'll get a paper," and stepped toward the stand.

Selma heard and knew that the man's accent was not that of a na-

tive Frenchman, and something in his voice, a strangely familiar inflection quickened her heartbeats, made her go eagelly forward as he approached.

"How can I serve you?" she ventured, speaking Russian.

The man started visibly, gave her a searching glance, then, in English, asked for a French publication.

Selma did not have it. While suggesting a substitute she noticed the man staring at her in evident amazement.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded, pointing to the locket that in her haste before leaving home she had forgotten to remove.

"My mother's," Selma replied, clutching the precious ornament, and withdrawing it from the man's outstretched hand.

"Your mother's Where is your mother? Has she a brother—an exiled brother?" The man hurled his rapid-fire of questions at the wondering girl in her native tongue, scrutinizing her closely.

"A refugee. Dead! And the brother? This must be he. Only today I found it. Do you know him?" Selma unclasped the chain from her throat, touched the locket's spring, and with trembling hand held the opened case toward him.

"I knew him." His vibrant tones were now sad as he gazed at the uniformed man's picture. "That man perished from loneliness, hardship and sorrow. His wreck stands before you. But free! Oh, God in heaven! Free!" A moment his proud head went low.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," he hastily added. "You cannot understand, but he who shared my exile can." He turned to his companion. "More than twenty years we were banished, hoped for freedom, and finally won. Two years ago we separated, took the supreme chance. Ah, the struggle was great, but this meeting is divine."

With streaming eyes Selma watched the men embrace again, then stand with clasped hands while their souls feasted upon each other. When the man again turned to Selma he took a ring from his finger and laid it beside the locket.

"You see, the emblems are the same, and this you can never doubt." He showed a faded photograph of a family group in which Selma recognized her mother and the man before her.

"I never doubted," Selma declared. "You are my Uncle Karl whose name my mother seemed unable to hear mentioned without great suffering. Once I asked her why, but she did not tell me."

"It was all a mistake. Information she gave the government saved her husband, your father, from exile. She did not know that her brother would be suspected because of it. Suspicion meant banishment in those days."

"Oh, what if I had not found the locket! The thing I did this afternoon was such a trial. Come, do, behind the counter, while I tell you how it happened."

In an inconspicuous place in her little news stand the friends were seated. After the traffic from another vessel had dispersed Selma picked up the bit of Molly Carga's dress and went to where the men were.

"See, my dear Uncle Karl," she said, crushing the soft folds to her breast. "This was my mother's. For some reason she cherished it. Sacrificing it and her memories of it to give another joy has brought me you. Oh, if she only knew!" The girl, over-wrought with emotion, dropped to her knees beside the man who clasped his arms about her, soothed her for a moment, then gently raised her to her feet. He took the cloth she held. As he lingeringly passed his hand over it his face lit up as if some pleasant memory had been recalled.

"A cloak?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!" Selma replied, waiting breathlessly for him to speak again.

"She was very beautiful in it. She wore it at my trial, carrying in its folds valuable papers. Their discovery would have meant exile for her, too. When I was doomed, as I received her last embrace, she managed to put the papers in my hands, and I succeeded in secreting them. Their value can scarcely be reckoned today. Besides, to my precious friend here Ivan Andreevich, whose face, until a few weeks ago, I had lost hope of seeing again, they have brought blessed freedom as well as to myself."

The hours until the news stand closed passed with swiftness. Selma moving light as air between duty with customers and new-found friends. Histories of years were briefly exchanged, then the world for the trio centered about the Cargoes, on whom Selma joyfully heaped the cause of all her happiness. Plans for a Christmas such as no Cargo ever experienced were completed before Selma was put aboard her homeward bound car. At the end of the line David Cargo found it difficult to keep pace with he girl's flying feet.

"Oh, David Cargo!" finally, she ex-claimed. "Tonight your feet are weighted. I have news, wonderful news for Molly Cargo. I can't wait for you!" She darted away and before his step sounded on the porch the news had been told, and the little woman, so suddenly roused from sleep, sat staring round-eyed under its spell.

"Not one word to David Cargo or the 'wee'ns'," Selma shook a warning finger, then gathered her in a boisterous embrace. "I had to tell you, dear violet-eyed Molly Cargo, because—well, you wouldn't be happy without 'a go at the wee'ns duds' beforehand, would you?" she threw back as she hastily left the room.

It was the Christmas dinner hour when Selma Boskowsky, wearing the scarf she had glimpsed through scalding tears, but now radiantly happy, escorted the Cargo column through the marbled corridor of the magnificent Olympic Hotel, Molly Cargo, walking beside her, was wearing with the grace of one born to elegance the dress and dainty fur-trimmed turban Selma had fashioned from her mother's robe. With the power of speech, what a story of courage, devotion, and sorrow its fabric could have told! Molly was conscious only of its beauty and her delight in it. Behind her followed starry-eyed children, their "duds" beyond reproach. Self-conscious David Cargo—little Terrence in arms—lagged a little, breaking the regular spacing of the column as he brought up the rear.

An attendant came forward and led

them on, at last ushering them into a private dining-room whose splendor would have brought showers of exclamations from Molly had she not known she was entering the presence of royalty.

But when Selma presented Duke Karl and Count Ivan as her dear new-found uncle and his beloved friend, she became her simple, loving self and won the girl's heart anew with her winsome delight in what had been prepared for her family.

Soon the faces of the white-haired Karl and strong-hearted Ivan lost some of the traces of the past while they showered gift after gift upon the happy group, giving big David things intended for little David, and mistaking Molly for Katy; or baby Terrence for sturdy Pat, amid peals of laughter from all.

When finally each had his own gifts and the feast was ready, they gathered about the table, Molly in her seat of honor beside Duke Karl. And, after a time, Selma told of the little shop that had been planned for herself and Molly where she would design "duds for wee'ns" and Molly would magically work them out.

"Sure, you're goin'way wi' the Duke, child!" Molly asserted with a questioning brogue.

Selma shook her head. Her voice was thick when she spoke.

"Not now, Molly Cargo. There's a little cottage which will be a sweet, sweet home for me until I've finished at the university, and then——"

"Whist, darling!" Molly interrupted in a whisper down the table. "Would ye mind, if I didn't wear the dress agi'n till the day we open the wee shop?"

For answer, Selma rose from her place at the table and went to Molly and laid kisses on the glad wonder in her eyes.

TIMMY'S CHRISTMAS.

By Elizabeth Vore.

Jarans Marvan was a family man. One knew this to be a fact at first glance. Regarding appearance, he was a tall man with dark, heavy hair sprinkled with silver. His smooth shaven face was slender and aristocratic looking, a somewhat cold face had it not been for the luminous eyes that looked out of it. Sympathetic eyes one could say in all sincerity. His black suit although in perfect order had seen its best days. His derby hat had a rusty tinge that must have hurt the inate pride of its owner. The gray suede gloves had been mended more than once —but he was a gentleman, every inch of him. After a first glance one knew instinctively that he would look twice at every nickel and dime before spending them, although by no means stingy in his natural impulses. On the contrary he was a very generous man with a heart which matched his sympathetic eyes.

A man who, judging from the world's estimate was born for better things, capable and educated for better thing than his appearance indicated as his portion in life.

By what mistep or mistake of unseen opportunity or lost chance he had missed these things does not concern this story. By occupation he was a clerk in a large counting house on the opposite side of a great city where wealth and fashion—too often the ultra fashion—dwell, who do not know how the other half of the strange fabric called society lives.

"Shoes blacked, sir?"

It was such a small, childish voice, with a quivering note in it—a pathetic sound in the drifting snow. A voice coming out of the hurrying throng, possessed by one urgent thought—to get into a shelter, out of the inclement weather. in which a sharp wind seemed to chill even the milk of human kindness. It was such a brave, childish face lifted out of the falling snow flakes.

Jarans Marvan stopped suddenly. He had almost stumbled over the slight figure of a little lad—such a very little lad that he felt a throb of inexpressible pity and concern. The small, piteously pinched face, white as the snow flakes, was lifted to his own. Wide, troubled blue eyes looked up with a courage of which a man might have been proud, and mirrored a smile fighting its way through the tears.

"Why, little fellow, I don't need a shine in this wet snow—it wouldn't last ten minutes! But—are you hungry, child?" he asked in a low voice, bending over the thinly clad figure and looking keenly into the big sorrowful eyes. The child was not a beggar. He was a self respecting little lad—a mere baby—trying to earn his living in this great city. The tragedy of it! One would not have thought Marvan's conservative face could have been so stirred with emotion—as gentle as the beautiful eyes full of sympathy of a man's best manhood.

"Yes sir. I—I—ain't eat anything since yis-a'day noon. It's wus' an Lunnon' this bein' hungry in 'Meri-

ca's cold winter weather."

"Good heavens!" cried Marvan in horror. "Come over here, boy, inside this doorway, out of the cold. Yes, certainly, you may shine my shoes—you brave little chap! Trying to earn your living! Why that is what I am trying to do! But you are in a strange land, and all the way from London, and this is in my own country; what a little traveler you are! I guess we can help each other. You give me a good shine and I will give you the price of it." His words were comforting and his smile was even more comforting. To the little starving waif it was as if heaven had opened and let out a flood of sunshine—as in reality it had. For the man sheltering the child in that obscure doorway was a man in the sevice of the King—the King of Kings.

"Thank you, mister," said the boy gulping back a sob of relief. "I was just saying the prayer mother taught me in Lunnon, an' Daddy said I was never to forget it. It seems a queer kind of a prayer for a boy earnin' his livin' to say, but I never forget to say it. 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look upon a little child—an' make *me* good, an' please, God, take care of all the world'."

Marvan's eyes moistened with sudden tears.

"Why God bless you, child! It's a big proposition, taking care of all the world. But it isn't too big for God to accomplish. And He's answering part of your prayer, now, isn't He, little chap?"

The boy nodded happily as he polished energetically the well-worn shoes.

"I got lost in the fog in Lunnon, once," he said. "I got most down to the docks, I couldn't see anything scac'ly but fog. I said the prayer then: 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, look up a little child—an' make me good, an' please, God, take care of all the world'."

"An' suddent a big voice in the fog back of me said: 'For the love of Mike! is that a kid out in the fog, an' near enough the docks to go in between them headlong and never be heard of again! An' askin' the Almighty to take care of all the world! Why, it is a kid!' he says, sprized like, ketchin' me up in his arms. 'A little lost kid, a-prayin' to God to take care of all the world! Sure I'm knocked all to pieces, who to goodness is taking care of YOU, little one? That's what I want to know.'

"'Why,' says I, laughin' out loud, I was so glad, 'ain't you takin' care of me, Cop?' for I seen at once it was a cop 'at had gabbed me out of danger.

"And the cop kind of laughed, too an' he says: 'You can just bet I am! But what kind of folks have you got to let sech a little fellow as you out in a Lunnon fog, alone?'

"I sez mother is sick an' the woman 'at is takin' care of her sent me to bring Daddy home. They wasn't anyone else to send.

"'Uhuh!' sez the cop. 'I guess mebbe it couldn't be helped, then. We must find your Daddy, kid where does he work?'

"I tells him where my Daddy works, an' he found him an' tells him how near I come to walkin' off into the dark water 'tween the docks.

"'Thank you Sergant, says Daddy, 'I guess you have saved my little

feller's life.' Then Daddy an' me went home. But mother died, Mister. Daddy said she went to a beautiful place called heaven where she would never be sick or suffer any more. I asked Daddy if heaven was at the King's Palace, where all the beautiful flowers and birds and sunshine and blue sky is, where the king and queen lives, an' Daddy stopped cryin' an' put his arm around me an' said:

"'I guess it's the King's Palace, son.'

"Him an' mother took me, once near enough for me to see the King's Palace an' all the beautiful flowers an' sunshine an' blue sky an' the birds. An' oh! *Mister!* I *seen* the little Prince! Our little Prince that's goin' to be the King some day!"

The white, pinched little face, lifted in the falling flakes, was suddenly transfigured with a wonderful light of reverent joy. Marvan laid his hand gently on the lad's head.

"You are a true son of England," he said softly. "But there is another King—the King of kings, little boys—greater than all the kings in the world however much we may honor them. The greatest king of all is God to whom you say the prayer your good mother taught you. He is our King. and if we trust Him as you trust Him, and as I do, we are in the service of the King, and we are helping Him take care of the world That was what the policeman in London was doing when he saved your life and found your Daddy. He was helping God to take care of the world. He likes to have helpers and even a very little child can be in the service of the King. Will you remember this, my boy?"

The boy stood up, having finished his task, and removed his shabby cap, baring the sunshine of his golden head to the storm. His face was radiant.

"Sure, I'll remember, Mister! But I ain't told you how Daddy died, too, after we come to 'Merica in the ship." It seemed a relief and joy to tell someone, who cared and sympathized. "That's why I'm earnin' my livin'. After Daddy died the people where we stayed gimme some money to buy this boot blackin' business. They said it was the quickest way to get rid of me, an' they told me to get out an' ean my livin' an' not to come back. They said they didn't put out no sign to run an orphan asylum."

Two red spots burned deeply in Marvan's pale face.

"They ought to be flayed for it!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Alone in the world, in a strange country," he added, aghast. "Why, you are a mere baby, lad! Where do you live now—where do you sleep? And what is your name, son?"

"My name is Timmy Farren, an' I have a big goods box back of a grocery store to sleep in. It's half full of papers an' straw, and' they is only two boards knocked off so I can get inside, an' the wind an' snow don't get in much. I curls down in the straw an' papers, an' it's real warm, Mister. The feller 'at delivers the groceries said as how I could sleep there every night, an' sometimes when I don't have any shines all day I find a big piece of cheese an' a doughnut wrapped up in a piece of paper in one corner of my box. I don't know how he finds out I ain't had any shines

that day, but when I ask him did he put them there, he says:

"'You bet I did, kid. I wisht I could do more for you, but I got a mother an' a little sick kid of my own to support, an' I don't get rich delivering groceries'."

"In the service of the King!" murmured Marvan, softly. "God bless him, Timmy!" he said gently. "When you go to your sleeping box tonight there will be some warm covering and a good warm overcoat that my own son has outgrown, if you will give me the grocery store address. Later I can make other arrangements for you. I, too, have a family to support. I must go now, I shall be late to my place of business, but you will see me again soon. Here is your money for the shine, go and get a dish of hot soup, right away, child, the soup kitchen is just around the corner. You can get a good dish of steaming soup for five cents, and then have some money left for two more dishes. I am paying you fifteen cents for such a wonderful shine."

"Oh, Mister! Oh, Mister!" Further words seemed impossible to Timmy. His sapphire eyes were like stars. His head was still bare and the drifting snow fell softly upon the gold of his hair.

"Oh, Timmy! Oh, Timmy!" said Marvan. A twisted smile struggled through his twitching lips as he wiped moisture out of his eyes that was not caused by the snow the sharp wind sent with stinging force into his face.

The man who was in the service of the King hurried on, knowing perfectly well that the atmosphere at the business house where he was employed would not be much warmer than the weather outside when he appeared twenty minutes late with no excuse but "unavoidably detained." For Marvan was not a man to speak of his kind deeds.

Better times came for Timmy. He saw Marvan almost every day, although the latter did not always have his shoes polished. He kept an eye on Timmy and told him the street corners and crossings where there was the most passing, and that the people in those thoroughfares could better afford to have their shoes blacked. Timmy had a pair of stout shoes of his own now, and a warm overcoat that Marvan's son had outgrown, and warm covering for the box in which he slept. And didn't he, a lonely little lad in this strange country of " 'Merica," have two wonderful friends who were in the King's service? And didn't Mr. Marvan with that beautiful smile in his eyes say that he, Timmy Farren, could be in the King's service too, and help God take care of all the world? If only Daddy and Mother were here—but they were at the King's Palace in Lunnon where all the birds and flowers and sunshine and blue sky was. Timmy never doubted it.

Marvan and his wife talked it over. They simply could not take the child. Their family was large and Marvan's salary was insufficient, with the greatest care that could be exercised, to meet the necessities of life. They knew he ought to take Timmy to a public home or charitable institution, but the boy's grief when Marvan broached the subject to him caused Marvan to weaken. Timmy's lips quivered piteously and his eyes filled

with tears.

"Why, Mister, I'm earin' my livin' ain't I? I'm in business, Mister. There ain't no other place in 'Merica that's my real home but my sleepin' box!"

There was a heart-break in the quivering lips and the grieved, tear-wet eyes. Marvan was not proof against it. It would break the self-respecting, independent little heart to be taken to a charitable society.

"Well, we won't say any more about it." said Marvan. "I will see that you are not disturbed in your sleeping quarters until something better turns up, and Timmy, here's my card with my residence address on it. It's only three day until Christmas, and we want you to come and have Christmas dinner with us. There will be a Christmas tree, too, and I am certain there will be something on it for Timmy."

"Oh, Mister!" gasped Timmy, "ain't you a prince?"

"No, Timmy! I'm just an everyday sort of a person, working to support my family," said Marvan.

"I know the kind of a prince you are, Mister. I said so t'other day to a new friend I got. You're the kind of a prince that folks don't know you are a prince till you die, an' then they know you was a prince all the time!"

Down the street a little way Marvan met a big, burly policeman.

"Officer, do you know a little friend of mine—Timmy Farren, the boot black? I am asking you to see that no harm comes to him. And in case of trouble coming up, send for me." He handed the officer his business card.

The officer laughed, a big hearty laugh, but with a softening of the stern lines of his face.

"What! that blessed little bloke. Timmy Farren? Well, rather! although my acquaintance with him has only been of a few days' duration. I was straightening out a tangle in traffic down on yon street corner, the first time I ever saw Timmy. A big, selfish fellow was blocking the way, and I was reeling off language that was not only forcible but sizzlin' hot—there being no women in sight. And in the midst of the uproar a little piping, childish voice almost at my feet says:

"'Say! Mister Cop, if you was to say my little prayer, 'Gentle Jesus, meek an' mild, look upon a little child, an' help me to be good, an' please, God, take care of all the world it might make it easier for you to help Him take care of the world,' said he.

"'Who in thunder are you?" I asked.

"'Why, Cop,' says the infant, surprised, 'I'm Timmy. Does it thunder in the snow in 'Merica? It don't in Lunnon.'

"'Well, I'll be jiggered!' I says, an' just then the crowd parted and drifted away and I was standing alone with the little fellow.

"'An' so,' I said gruff like 'you are suggesting to one of the biggest policeman in the city that it would be wise for him to ask God to make me good—are you, you little wisp of blue eyes and yellow hair?'

"The kid looked kind of grieved, but he said:

"'I ain't afeared of you, Cop. I got a policeman friend in Lunnon. An' it's the prayer I say about myself.'

"'Well, in that case, there is room for improvement here, I guess. I reckon I'll have to try that prayer, kiddie.' I said. That was the beginning of my recent acquaintance with Timmy. You must be the gentleman he was telling me about. He says you're a prince!"

Marvan smiled.

"I am a clerk in a large counting house," he said dryly.

"Well, it amounts to the same thing in some cases," said the officer heartily.

It was the day before Christmas, late in the afternoon. It had been a good day for Timmy. He had earned sixty-five cents. Tomorrow would be the wonderful day his joyous little heart was looking forward to, and almost counting the moments for its dawn. He planned to get a bowl of soup for his dinner, another for his breakfast, and spend all the rest of his money buying presents for the children of his almost adored host. Just imagine Timmy Farren buying Christmas presents! Happy, happy Timmy!

There was a sudden commotion in the crowd—a loud clattering in the street. Shouts and cries of horror from the multitude. A run-a-way team with an empty dray wagon came dashing down the crowded thoroughfare. A frightened baby girl wrenched her hand free from her mother's grasp and toddled directly in front of the horses. Something dashed into the crowd. A little thin, boyish form flashed past them. A boy's brave, slender arms caught the baby, and almost threw her into her mother's arms—and then—the cruel hoofs crashed down upon him.

It was all over in a minute. The clattering wagon had passed over him, and crushed him, like a white, fragile flower by the wayside.

"Anyone seriously hurt?" The cry went up on every side.

"Only a little boot black!" said a careless voice.

Only a little boot black! But he had made the sublime sacrifice.

A big policeman, with the tears streaming down his face, reached the place of tragedy. Bending down he lifted the little mangled form tenderly in his arms. Life was not quite extinct, but it was only a question of a few moments, or hours at the most. They carried him to the nearest receiving hospital. When the doctor and nurse were attending him they noticed the pocket of the little blood stained shirt was pinned together. It contained sixty-five cents done up in a piece of wrapping paper on which was printed: "Timmy Farren's money. He earned it." Marvan's card was also in his pocket. But the policeman, who knew Marvan and had his business card, had already telephoned to him, before returning to his place of duty.

Marvan, at the telephone, had cried out with horror:

"Child hurt—Timmy!—run over—dying! Impossible! I'll be there—God forgive us!"

Marvan caught up his hat and overcoat, putting then on as he ran. Hailing a taxi, he started at once for the hospital, He bowed his head on his arms and groaned aloud:

"Little Timmy—killed—in the service of the King! Oh, God!" he cried, "what shall I render unto Thee for the inadequacy of my life's ser-

vice?''

He reached the hospital with all possible speed. Timmy's mind was wandering.

''It's wus 'an Lunnon,'' he said wearily. ''Daddy and Mother was in Lunnon.''

''Timmy, boy—I'm here. You're friend, Marvan!'' cried Marvan, bending over him with convulsed face.

Timmy's eyes opened slowly, the light of reason returning to them.

''Was the baby hurt?'' he asked feebly.

''The baby girl is all right, Timmy. Oh, my boy, you have saved a little child's ilfe.''

''Then, it's all right,'' said Timmy. His eyes closed, but suddenly they flew open, a wondrous radiance flooded his white face.

''Gentle Jesus, meek and mild—look upon a little child—and—help me to be good—an' please, God, take care—of all the world. Oh! the flowers, the sunshine, the birds, the blue sky! It's the King's Palace.'' He gasped.

Yes, little Timmy, the Palace of King of kings!

Marvan at that rapturous cry had caught him up in his arms and lifted him up higher—as high as heaven.

No sound broke the stillness but the sobs of the man in the service of the King.

''Oh, Timmy!'' he murmured, brokenly, ''You were the prince—and no one knew it until you died.'' Sobs choke his utterance.

But why should he weep? In that hospital ward a wondrous, joyous, marvelous thing had happened. For little Timmy there was never more any hunger or cold or heartache. He had left all the world for God to take care of, and had gone home to the King's Palace for Christmas.

WHY MACNEILL DOESN'T.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill, in News and Observer.

One of the chief obstacles in the way of this department's periodical impulses to go and get married and have done with people asking me why I don't get married is the barbarous custom of going on the expedition that is called a honeymoon. I hesitate to make that sort of public fool of myself, thought it might be perferable to some of the other devices by which I invite general ridicule.

If it were possible to get married casually and proceed with the business of living with a stranger without any public exhibition of my amateruishness as a husband, I might already have succumbed to the wiles of some female and even now be washing the dishes or minding the child or engaged in a futile effort to convince the woman that I was not engaged in scandalous infidelities when I failed to come home at the customary hour the night before.

Invariably the practice of spending the first few days of married life in traveling here and there providing opportunity for the entire earth to witness one's imbecility, is a custom that appeals me. Newly married people are naturally temporarily insane. Too often, their condition is pitiable, and they seem powerless to do anything about it. Usually they are comfortably oblivious to the fact that they are making a spectacle of themselves.

Always I look upon their condition with tolerant amusement. I am unable to sympathize with them, nor to condone their foolishness. Too well do I know that presently they will be roused from their pre-occupation with themselves, and that disillusionment will have at them. Presently repentance will be upon them and they will begin to adjust themselves to their necessities. These things are inevitable. The deplorable thing about it is the publicity that attends the transition.

Compelled as I am to travel extensviley, I am always encountering people engaged in honeymoning. There are certain seasons of the year when there are more of them at large than at others, but the institution knows no fixed seasons. They are likely to be encountered anywhere, at any time. The bus lines and the railroads are congested with them, and the highways are cluttered with them. And for all my experience I don't know which type of them is the worst.

Sometimes I think that the earth holds no more depressing spectacle than a middle-aged widower married to a tittering spinster. Then again, I conclude that the spectacle of two persons not yet arrived at the time of life spoken of as "grown" is about the worst thing that I have to contend with. At any age, or with any previous experience on the part of either of the participants, a honeymoon is a grewsome thing to watch. Only once in my experience have I encountered a honeymoon that I enjoyed watching.

Only yesterday I was compelled to observe the begining of a marital undertaking that has rendered me

immune for several months to come. The bridal pair entered the bus as it was about to depart, and settled themselves in the seat in front of me. The groom appeared to be about 18 or 19. The bride was about the same age, though she looked older. They were furtive, at first, about their amours, then a little more open and then callous. They didn't care if I saw them or not. They just went ahead and necked.

Not until we arrived at our destination, where it was necessary to wait an hour for the next bus, did I get a chance to examine them. They appeared to belong to what used to be called the lower orders. The girl had made some effort at a trousseau, with shabby new things. The boy had got himself a cheap new suit. Her imitation silk stockings were puckered into wrinkles about her stocky ankles.

The waiting place was the hotel. He wanted to leave their small bag. in the lobby while they waited. She protested at his leaving her. I heard her voice for the first time. It was high and nasal and beginning to be petulant. He spoke to her shortly, telling her to wait there. He was almost gruff. His voice had not been long out of the goslin stage. He was not used to hotels and after looking about, he determined that he had best ask somebody. He asked me and I recommended a certain procedure.

After a while he came back. She chided him for having been gone so long. He said nothing as they walked away. I noticed that she was limping a little. Her new wedding shoes had chafed her heel. They went off and presently they came back. He had a paper bag from which he now and then extracted a bun. He ate hungrily, like a boy. She would not eat. She made one or two furtive attempts to take his hand in hers, and when he put her off, she complained.

Her face was sallow and unhealthly and pimply. I observed that her upper lip was drawn tight against her teeth, and her lower lip was loose and petulant. I didn't like her. I could imagine nothing more terrible than being on a honeymoon with her. She was shabby and commonplace and nagging. The husband looked healthy enough, for all that it had not been necessary for him to shave the down off his face before taking a wife. He yielded to her necessity and let her hold his hand.

Anyhow, I shall remain single for another six months.

'As Christmas time is approaching, I am sending you herewith my check for $50.00 to help in providing for the boys. With Kindest regards, Sincerely,''—Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro.

AN ECHO OF THANKSGIVING.

Master David Blair, of Washington, D. C., son of Hon. D. H. Blair, United States Commissioner of Revenue, and Mrs. Blair, at the age of less than nine years shows a wonderfully clear knowledge of the great events in the country's history.

Unaided David put in writing his views regarding the reasons for giving thanks, and his observation is so fine that The Uplift, having run across it, desires our boys and other readers to see it. Again, while young David's postoffice address is Washington, D. C., he is nevertheless a product of North Carolina and a grandson of Mrs. J. W. Cannon, of Concord. Here's what David had to say on the subject of Thanksgiving:

The Pilgrims were thankful for what they had, although they did not have half of what we have. We should be more thankful for what we have.

Most people would say why? Because our fathers defeated the English and the Indians and made our country free.

The Spanish-American war came and we helped the Cubans. Then came the World War when we came to the rescue of the French and came out victorious in all these dreadful times. And yet we were not thankful as much as we should be.

How haughty we are now. We are the most powerful of all nations but how unthankful we are. If we are not more thankful I am afraid our power will be taken away from us. So I think all of us should be more thankful.

MY FRIEND.

My friend is one who knows me well
  Yet loves me just the same.
Who's honest, earnest, loyal, too,
  And always plays the game.
Who dares to tell me when I'm wrong,
  Helps me keep strong and true;
Whose cheery smile is so worth while!
  A friend, dear friend, like you!

—Selected.

SELECTING A PROFESSION.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Optimistic and light hearted young high school and college graduates plunge into one line of work or another. The world is before them and they anticipate an easy path to prosperity or wealth. But in the stern school of life there are many battles and vicissitudes before success is achieved. The road to distinction is beset by many pitfalls and obstructions. Numbers drop out by the wayside and comparatively few reach their goal.

Often young people consider anxiously what line of work they shall take up. Frequently they ask their elders for advice on this subject and in a somewhat pathetic way. The choosing of a profession may be a matter of much difficulty. One may think himself best fitted for education; another for law; a third for business, and so on. Many a young woman has taken secretarial music, or other courses—preparatory to a brilliant professional career—and has ended up by embarking upon the sea of matrimony. Many a young man has grown weary of the hardships of his chosen life work and has turned into something else, which he deemed easier, but prehaps to his later regret. Woodrow Wilson tried law before he became an educator. Having resigned his commission in the army, Grant was wretchedly poor and unsuccessful in business when the War Between the States began, which was to lift him to fame and fortune. Rockefeller was a hotel porter before he began his remarkable career with the Standard Oil Company.

But again it is frequently the case that a career chooses a person, rather than a person that chooses a career. Probably this is more often the case than the reverse. Most people get into one line of work or another through accident and the need of doing something, without having thought out for themselves what they really wish to do. Clive went to East India as a poorly paid clerk before chance gave him the opportunity to win both fame and wealth as a soldier. Washington would doubtless have been a distinguished man in any case, but he was only a Virginia surveyor when the trouble with the French and Indians started him on his great military career. Lincoln was a struggling lawyer in Illinois when the great slavery controversy brought him into notice and started him on rapid advancement to the Presidency.

Where opportunity makes it possible, it is well for one to give thought to what line of work he or she wishes to enter upon. Consideration and consulation can usually be of benefit, even if a change is made later. Where there is lack of time or means for this, then it is well to embark with zeal upon whatever happens to be at hand. The majority of us after all are of moderate capacity and yet are capable of being moderately successful in various lines. To seek to do well whatever is obtained is a maxim to be taken to heart by every young person. What a man sows he shall reap is not a threat but a promise.

LACK OF SLEEP A REAL MENACE.

By Dr. Haven Emerson.

Sleep, I suppose, is the health habit in which there is the greatest violation today. I don't suppose there has been any time when so many young people were being starved of their normal health for lack of sleep. It comes with the mordern distortion of the night into daytime in the search for recreation and entertainment. There is only one group in the community in which tuberculosis is still an increasing cause of death and that is the group of young women between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. All the other people in the United States, men at all ages and women at other than those ages, are showing a constantly reducing death rate from tuberculosis.

Tuberculosis is a very sensitive index of errors in the manner of life. In New York in other parts of the In New York in particular and in other parts of the country similarly, tuberculosis is still an increasing cause of the death in young women.

In studying cases of tuberculosis in that group, and between those ages, it is evident there are a number of different causes. One of them which does not effect the men is that girls are apt to do housekeeping, housework, sewing and such things in their out-of-work hours. Then the demands upon them, spiritually, emotionally, of recreation are a great deal more fatiguing than they are upon the men. And there is certainly an error in the habits of young women, young people in general now, because of the fashion of late dancing and recreation.

We must do everything we can with quiet, gentle persuasion to provide some kind of alternative period for recreation which does not steal so much of the night. Youth can stand a great deal. They will come in smiling the next morning from the stimulating effect of a happy period of recreation. They are sure it was good for them because they enjoyed it. It was happy, congenial. They felt they were getting on, released from the inhibitions of formal occupation and they were free in having a lovely time. It didn't make any difference whether it was ten o'clock, or twelve o'clock of two o'clock when they came back. They were on the job and apparently healthy and well and at work the next day.

But I firmly believe, personally, from tuberculosis observations and in other medical fields, that lack of sleep is the chief cause of undernourishment among children in our city schools now, and it is a serious and contributory cause of this increasing tuberculosis rate among young women.

Now, with regard to the children, it is rarely found that lack of means of buying food, or lack of intelligent use and supply of food to children, is the chief cause of undernourishment of children under school age. It is usually that thoses children have been taken out of their age and have been allowed to live the life of their elders. They have accompanied their elders to evening entertainments; they have gotten up

and gone to bed with their elders. They have often insufficient space to live separate lives, in bed and in their own rooms. And children, in the most instances, have been possible to be retrieved from under-nourishment simply by giving them a normal child's sleep of ten hours or more.

There is a very decided difference in people's capacity for sleep and their need for it. People who are well nourished need less sleep than people who are under-nourished. One of our biggest jobs is to get the girls through the period of artificial limitation of weight which is so popular just now. Cutting out sleep is a way of reducing weight. They have found that out. Trust them to get the easiest way to a social objective. But a few extra hours of being awake and active require an extra meal if weight and health are to be maintined.

Sleep cannot be sacrificed without having serious penalties which usually do not express themselves in physical disability but in deteriorating endurance, in deteriorated concentration, and in lack of nervous stability. Those are the things that aren't recordable statistically. You can't express the effect of lack of sleep in death rates or sickness rates, but you only have to study growing children and young boys and girls growing up, to see that there is a decided deterioration in their ability to handle their human job, if they cut off their sleep as much as is very common nowadays.

Other things being equal, we usually get along best with three meals a day. The well nourished, normal adult works better and keeps in better health on three meals a day, a substantil breakfast before starting to work, food approximately five hours after beginning work and then food at the end of the day's work. You will commonly find disturbance in digestion and nutrition when people vary markedly from that routine. I doubt if any person can consistently get along without breakfast. A girl who starts to work with a cup of coffee and fails to get a break in the morning for food, takes a real hazard with her digestion.

This idea of keeping ten pounds below your normal weight should be corrected. Last winter it was a matter of comment among the practicing physicians of New York that the young girls who were taken sick did very badly because they had so starved themselves that they hadn't the normal resistance. Many girls of the fashionable set said they had to have this slim figure. They had gotten to the point where they were below the recovery line and when they were taken with pneumonia, mastoiditis or some other infection they were overstrained and had no comeback, no resistance. The girl who starts to work on an empty stomach is losing one of the best assets of a good digestion. Her digestive powers are best in the morning and if she has no appetite in the morning it is probably because she has misused herself the night before. To come home after a day's work and take the hearty meal of the day when you are most tired is about the best way of being sure you won't have any appetite for breakfast.

NORTH CAROLINA HAS THE HABIT.

(Scotland Neck Commonwealth.)

Just a few days ago it was a North Carolinian who was elected President of the Association of Secretaries of Agriculture; then it was a team from the State College which won crop judging honors at a National Judging Contest at Chicago; and now it is an announcement that a North Carolina farmer has won first place with his exhibit of Berkshire hogs, the grand championship for a class going to him.

Not satisfied with its record during the War Between the States of being "first at Bethel and last at Appomattox" it continues in these modern days of adding honors in material things. For many years it has been heralded far and wide for the record which it is making in extending its school system and in building modern highways, and through the business administration inaugurated by the present Governor, it has gained such notoriety that delegations from other states are visiting the commonwealth to learn how it is done; the most notable instance being the recent visit of the Governor of Arkansas and his retinue of business men from that state, who wanted, not only to study the methods of government, but the notable progress in manufacturing.

Even, its mother, Virginia, is interested in the most recent piece of constructive legislation, the County Government Act is unquestionably the most constructive piece of legislation that has been passed in last hundred years, for it places County government on a business basis, just as the Governor has placed the State's business since he has been in office. He is one official who has kept his promise to the peole in that he has instituted the same practice in the handling of the people's business as are observed in the conduct of any great business institution. The budget system now rules throughout the State and the penalties for failure to observe the same are such that no official of the State or any subdivision would dare to ignore them.

Truly North Carolina has gotten the habit of being first and is pointing the way for others to follow.

God Bless Us Everyone

James Whitcomb Riley

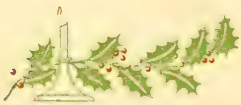
"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
  Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him
  High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
  That it, at best, could give to him the while
But pitying glances, when his only need
  Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed: "God bless us every one!"
  Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
  Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
  Lifting a finger o'er the ryhthmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes,
  Turned earthward listening—

The anthem stilled, the angels leaning there
  Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer
  "God bless us every one!"



THE UPLIFT

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MIDNIGHT DECEMBER 31, 1927.

Into the Silent Places
  The Old Year goes to-night,
Bearing old pain, old sadness,
  Old care and old delight,
Mistakes and fears and failures,
  The things that could not last:—
But naught that e'er was truly ours
  Goes with him to the Past.

Out of the Silent Places
  The Young Year comes to-night,
Bringing new pain, new sadness,
  New care and new delight;
Go forth to meet him bravely,
  The New Year all untried,
The things the Old Year left behind us—
  Faith, Hope and Love—abide.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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STICK TO YOUR TEXT.

Men sometimes straddle or hedge. Neither pays. It accomplishes more to be steadfast and sincere. Stand by your guns. This reminds us of an occurrence some years ago which took place in New York and is as follows:

When Dr. C. F. Deems, of New York, wanted money to pay off a debt on his church, he called on Commodore Vanderbilt. "Are you going to preach what I want to hear?" asked the old man sternly. "I shall try to preach acceptably." answered the clergyman. No sooner had he said the words than he realized that they lacked the spirit of his Master, and added quickly, "I shall preach the gospel as I believe and understand it, and if you have any special sins I shall be most likely to preach against them." "Hump," said the Commodore, and ended the enterview. The next day he sent Pastor Deems a check for $50,000 for not being afraid to do his duty.

CHANGES IN A SHORT SPAN

As we regard time an average life covers a short space. Yet how many changes one may observe.

The whole civilized world today is making merry—even the wicked among us are trying to catch the step and to interpret the meaning and

spirit of the season. They fail most miserably—they live, move, and conduct themselves in the ways of yesteryears.

Christmas is everywhere in the air. Men and women impersonating old Santa have made the radio work daily for a week, telling of the dear old fellow's purposes and aims; families have busied themselves to make ready for the absent ones about to return; Christmas carols have sweetened the air as nothing else could approach; every child has selected which stocking will be hung by the fireplace; kind and unselfish natures have busied themselves to the end that no worthy soul in their midst fail of tasting the cheers of the season; all because Tomorrow.

Is The Anniversary of the Greatest Event in all History.

The Day in this country will be ushered in by the singing of carols and attending early services, giving expression of the joy in the Christian's heart for the Babe that was born in a manger. It was not thus in the times when middle aged men and women spent their youths. The customs have changed.

In yesteryears this day was largely given over to hideous noises, popping firecrackers, exploding bombs, some getting drunk; such things. if necessary, belong to 4th of July, the celebration of success in war and not a celebration of a world blessing that had for its aim "Peace on earth and good will among men."

We are improving:

Strong drink has been eliminated as a Christmas celebrant, except by the few hypocrites and the viciously lawless yet living; the unseemly commotions have given away to a pleasing sanity in the observance of the Great Anniversary of God's greatest gift to humanity.

May this Christmas be a merry one for us all.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"ALWAYS AT IT."

In an appreciative attitude Rev. C. Herman Trueblood, pastor of a local Baptist church, is not only a busy preacher, a member of the Kiwanis Club, but he is an asset to the town. He goes about in a folksy manner that wins for him and any cause he espouses the confidences of the people.

Last Friday, at the Kiwanis meeting, he arose and paid a handsome tribute to the work and constancy of the local circles of King's Daughters. "They," said he, "are taking the lead in caring for the needy ones during this Christmastide, holding up the hands of Welfare Officer Mc-

Eachern, as they have done for many years, standing by the Health Department, going about doing deeds of mercy wherever the call originates—while they do this not at Christmas alone, they are at this service throughout the twelve months, year after year. We Kiwanians have the call to assist in this noble work."

The result of Mr. Trueblood's statement was that the Kiwanis assumed all the "Opportunities" thus far listed, and instructed its Committee on the Underprivileged to stand by Welfare Officer McEachern and the King's Daughters in their program that seeks to see that no needy family fails to feel the presence of Santa Claus.

Some folks, measuring things by their own impulses, look upon civic organizations being just filling stations—a place where they may eat. Not so. These civic organizations have high ideals, they live up to them, and they make every community where they operate better communities. Man has to eat—while he is at that labor, he is in better humor and trim to make a mental survey about him and he is moved to contribute a personal and a collective service to causes about him.

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THIS OFFICE IS HAPPY.

Our Christmas issue struck a popular chord. We are greatly heartened over the effort. Numerous friends have offered congratulations for the attractive issue last week. Since it was all done in our own office, we take unto ourselves all there is in these compliments.

Assurances of appreciation of the physical make-up and contents of that particular Christmas number have come to us by letter, telephone and by personal expression. Among them is the following from an old newspaper man and the private secretary of Governor Morrison while in the Executive Chamber at Raleigh. He is Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, editor on the staff of the State Commissioner of Agriculture, and he wrties:

My dear Friend:—

"Permit me to congratulate you on the fine showing made by the Christmas number of The Uplift. This publication always maintains a high standard, I find, and reflects lofty ideals. It is well worth while."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A HARD PROPOSITION.

With all the clinics and health propaganda that the authorities have

been furnishing for some years, the results are not altogether encouraging. For instance, the matter of teeth preservation shows a poor record.

Medical science traces much of the ills that overtake mankind to the condition of the teeth; and efforts have been made to stop teeth deterioration in order to arrest a number of ills to which humans are heir to.

In a certain graded school in a certain North Carolina town a teeth survey was made in recent weeks, and the result is appaling. In the primary grade 122 children were enrolled, and the survey revealed that only fifteen of these had perfect teeth. What has happened to the other 107?

Too much candy—the old candy suckers, that children years ago would have been ashamed to be seen in public with, is perhaps the chief cause of irregular and diseased teeth—may be the real sinner. Do parents heed health advice that is freely given them for the benefit of their children?

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STILL SLANDERING "THE YOUTHS."

Barring a few conspicuous items of constructive activity on the part of the public, the press is giving us the stories of accidents, catastrophes, crime and other disconserting news. These make up very largely the daily doings, as reflected by the daily press.

It is not wonder that many people are led to believe that the world is growing worse. It is not. The means of communication have been so well developed that wide-a-wake reporters let nothing escape. But still we are confronted with an injustice to real youth. We are told in headings that "youths" did this and did that, but down in the article we learn nine times out of ten the "youth" turns out to be over twenty years of age, often as much as twenty-eight.

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OUR ANNUAL WEEKLY SKIP.

We are certain that our subscribers will not begrudge our accustomed knock-off for a week in the issue of The Uplift. We are just a little tired. The boys wish to enjoy a week's freedom from the labors in the printing office—they deserve it. The big bosses that browse about in the making of the little magazine have a good excuse for this skip—like manufacturers, they will use the freedom in cleaning up and changing machinery. You see what a good excuse The Uplift puts up.

Nobody ever had better friends than this little weekly messenger can boast of; and they will cheerfully grant us this vacation. We promise

to behave ourselves, knowing that our readers could not do otherwise even though in the midst of holiday festivities.

The next issue of The Ulpift will be dated January 7, 1928.

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OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Sheriff Hardin, Rutherford County	$ 20.00
Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord,	10.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Unknown Contributor, Concord Post Mark	2.00
Mayor C. H. Barrier, Concord	1.00
Dr. T. N. Spencer, Concord	5.00
Mr. J. W. Cannon, Jr., Concord	20.00
Mr. F. C. Niblock, Concord	10.00
Dr. J. V. Davis, Concord	5.00
Mrs. J. M. Odell, Concord	5.00
Mr. Thomas H. Webb, Concord	5.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte,	10.00
Mr. C. A. Cannon, Kannapolis	25.00
Mr. E. C. Barnhardt, Sr., Concord	10.00
Cabarrus Savings Bank, Concord,	10.00
Mr. William Banhardt, Charlotte,	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Mr. A. H. White, Concord,	5.00
Mr. W. W. Watt, Charlotte,	10.00
A Jackson Training School Lady	5.00
A. F. Goodman, Concord	2.00
Mr. R. A. Dunn, Charlotte	10.00
Col. A. B. Andrews, Raleigh	5.00
Miss Lena M. Leslie, Concord	5.00
Miss Bettie M. Leslie, Concord	5.00
Mrs. Laura L. Ross, Concord	5.00
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Concord	10.00
Mrs. John P. Allison, Concord	5.00
Mr. W. J. Swink, China Grove	25.00
Mr. J. A. Kellenberger, Greensboro	5.00
Mr. John H. Rutledge, China Grove	10.00
Mr. H. P. Grier, Statesville	4.00
Mr. G. B. Caldwell, Monroe	5.00
Mr. Buford Blackwelder, Concord	1.00
Mr. A. B. Pounds, Concord	40.00
Mr. Hermon Cone, Greensboro	50.00
Mr. James H. Ramsay, Salisbury	2.00

Col. Alexander Webb, Raleigh	5.00
Mrs. Hortense F. Moye, Greenville	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston-Salem	100.00
Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Concord	10.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Charles E. Barnhardt, Charlotte	5.00
10-13-8, Concord	50.00
C. C. Coddington, Charlotte	5.00
Messrs. Lippard & Barrier, Concord	5.00
Mr. Benard M. Cone, Greensboro	10.00
Mr. J. F. Cannon, Concord	20.00
Mrs. J. S. Efird, Albemarle	5.00
Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. Charles E. Boger, Concord	10.00
Rutherfordton Kiwanis Club	10.00
Mr. F. M. Youngblood, Concord	25.00
Dr. M. L. Marsh, Concord	10.00
Concord Motor Company, Concord	20.00
John J. Barnhardt, Concord	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Rockingham	5.00
Mr. Julian Price, Greensboro	10.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
Mrs. N. W. Barnes, Dunn	5.00
Mr. B. E. Harris, Concord	1.50
Dove-Bost Company, Concord	5.00
J. C. Penny Company, Concord	5.00
Miss Ida May King, Concord	1.00
Dr. Charles L. Coon, Wilson	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Vaughan, Wilmingon	2.00
Rev. Thomas W. Smith, Atlanta	5.00
Ried Motor Company, Concord	5.00
Mr. Burton Craige, Winston-Salem	100.00
Rotary Club, Charlotte	25.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	50.00
W. B. Ward Company, Concord	25.00
Mr. Charles H. and Miss Dorothy Foil, Concord	5.00
The Stonewall Junior Circle King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. William York, Greensboro	5.00
Mr. F. S. Brown, Charlotte	1.00
Mr. W. L. Walter, Charlotte	1.00
Park Mfg. Company, Charlotte	5.00
Rev. D. L. Rights, Winston-Salem	2.00
Mr. W. E. Calloway, Concord	10.00
Mr. A. L. Brown, Kannapolis	10.00

Cabarrus Cash Grocery Co., Concord		10.00
Judge Heriot Clarkson, Raleigh		5.00
Mr. D. H. Pitts, Statesville		5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Odell, Concord	Box of apples	

* * * * * * * * * * * *

GREETINGS.

To Our Boys:

The splendid response to the call for assistance in providing a full measure of Christmas cheer for you, my dear boys, is recorded in another column.

All this is no compliment special to The Uplift which sounded the call or to the management of the institution, but it is a free expression of interest and love for you, coming from representative citizens of the State, who are deeply interested in you and us.

It behooves you, therefore, to remember with gratitude and constancy that the Great Hearts are watching and pulling for you.

With sentiments of the season and fond wishes, we are,

Yours Truly,

The Uplift.

That's My Daddy

By Douglas Malloch

Know my Daddy? He's the man
That you can see, I know you can,
Start off each morning down the street,
For he's the man when people meet,
Who says, "Good morning! Howd'ye do?
And how is everything with you?"
And people smile so happily,
And seem as glad as glad can be
  They know my Daddy.

Know my Daddy? He's the one
Who comes back home when day is done,
And waves to all the children, pats
The dogs, and even pets the cats!
Yes if you see me running past
As fast as I can run, as fast
As almost anybody can,
And just to meet a certain man,
  Well, that's my Daddy.

Know my Daddy? He's the friend
Of this whole street from end to end.
The neighbors, when they'er out to walk,
They almost always want to talk,
Or, when there's trouble anywhere,
Then Daddy goes right over there.
Yes, if you see some person stop
To help the blind, or fix a top,
  Then that's my Daddy.

WHAT CAUSED THE GROWTH OF THRIFT?

(Greensboro News.)

There has been a great increase of savings deposits in this country in the past ten years. The Savings Banks Journal has a research department which was put at work finding out to what bankers attribute this, and has lately published a compendium of the bankers' opinions. The reasons for the people turning to savings and piling up millions upon millions in the banks, by littles, are not as plain as a pikestaff, as appears in the failure of the bankers to agree. A large majority of them, however, attribute the phenomenon to the general prosperity and education. The education started in the war loan campaigns. It has been continued by bank and financial advertising.

The war loan campaigns are long since past, and any conclusions as to their permanent effect on the habits of people are necessarily largely theoretical. Banking began to advertise for small deposits, and this advertising, in one form and another, has been kept up. The advertisers found it profitable investment. It certainly could not have been profitable in its appeal to persons with habits of thrift already formed. One savings bank offers about as good returns as another. Much of the advertising has been of a general nature, merely setting forth the advantages of thrift in such a way as to attract attention, and savings depositories in general have reaped a profit. This has been of manifold advantage. The banks received more money to lend at a profit. The printer got some money for the advertising. Industry in general has profited by having an increased reservoir in the banks to draw upon for investments. And the profit to the people who have actually formed a habit of saving, who had no such habit before, has undoubtedly been greatest of all, for the habit is gold to him who has it. And the period under consideration has been one of cheap, which is to say relatively abundant, money.

It is not easy to understand this thrift and its operation. The custom of accumulating Christmas saving funds, for example, has grown to large proportions in this as doubtless in every community. Instead of spending all their money as fast as they get it a great many people put aside some of it systematically for a whole year, and spend it at Christmas. If it had not been saved, it would have been spent in the community anyway; so it does not seem easy to see how this could benefit business in general. Christmas expenditures are by no means always wise expenditures, so the wisdom of expenditure does not appear to be a commanding factor. And yet it is apparent enough that the whole community profits from the Christmas savings.

Some of the bankers in the Savings Bank Journal's poll credited the growth in deposits chiefly to a let-

up in home building, some to a saturation in installment buying. It is evident these must refer to a later increase, for installment buying was comparatively small ten years ago. Some hold that the major influence in the increase of savings is prohibition.

The latter opinion is no doubt widespread; and notwithstanding the majority of the bankers hold that while prohibition and other assigned causes may have been factors, the great underlying facts are prosperity and education, if prohibition is an issue in next year's presidential campaign and if it is not, for that matter, it will be widely taught and believed that savings bank figures are mainly the result of prohibition. Such a popular supposition can hardly do any especial harm; still the facts ought to be available to any who are concerned about the relationship of facts and truth.

The figures as to the result of popular thrift appear more impressive than they are to those who think in terms of pre-war dollar, that unit having depreciated some 35 per cent in value. Nevertheless, after discounting for depreciation, the thinkstands out in tremendously impressive proportions; no less so as a symbol of a change in the habits of the people than as a financial exhibit. It is just possible the bankers do not know what caused it. The philosophers of economy, if they should return a verdict, could be wrong. It may be that this thing called prosperity is not thoroughly understood. But the change of a large number of people from thriftless to thrifty is a fact as collossal significance. It is fixed habit with many of them.

ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

(Exchange.)

From Italy comes the legend from which we are supposed to get the timehonored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking.

St. Nicholas of Padua used to throw long-knitted purses tied at both ends into the open windows of the very poor people, and these purses were of yarn and not unlike a footless stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang these empty receptacles out of their windows on the night before Christmas so that St. Nicholas would put a gift into them as he passed by.

By and by, when the coin of the realm became scarce, toys were put in for the children and useful presents for adults.

In the north country, where it was rather chilly at Christmas time, the purses were hung on the mantlepiece and it was believed that the good saint would come down the chimney and fill them. When these purses went out of fashion stockings were substituted.

SENATOR OVERMAN IN HALL OF FAME.

Coming out of Durham is the following interesting news item:

Many a prophet may be without honor in his own country, but evidently Lee Slater Overman, junior representative of North Carolina in the United States senate is an exception. Recently his alma mater, Duke University, (Senator Overman is an alumnus of Trinity college, class of 1874) paid him homage by electing him to the university alumni hall of fame. He is the second alumnus of the university to win a place, the first being the state's senior senator, Furnifold M. Simmons of the class of 1873.

With two United States senators to start the Duke alumni hall of fame, a committee of the alumni association is at work upon the task of recommending other prominent Trinity and Duke alumni for the coveted honor. Eventually it is planned, busts and portraits of those elected will be hung in the union building.

Upon the election of Senator Overman to the hall of fame, the Duke Alumni Register carried an account of his long service to his state and country. Said the Register:

"Senator Overman wears his toga well. As a stateman he is impressive with that degree of dignity which marks him as one above the general run of office holders. He possesses a warmth of fellowship which gives him an understanding heart and an appreciation of the needs of his fellow citizens. Ever mindful of his constituents, he seeks to render that unselfish service which promotes the best interest of the general public and assures the welfare of the nation. To converse with him is to commune with one who 'has walked with kings, nor lost the common touch.' "

The Register, in addition to surveying many important pieces of legislation fostered by "the constitutional lawyer of the senate," as Senator Overman has been frequently referred to, tells about his love affair that won him a bride. Concerning this love affair of a future senator, the Register, has the following account.

"The public career of Lee S. Overman began three years after his graduation from Trinity college with the class of 1874. In 1877-78 he was private secretary to Governor Zebulon B. Vance, and in 1879 served with Governor Thomas J. Jarvis in the same capacity. Governor Vance was a candidate for election to the United States senate, and his most formidable opponent was Senator A. S. Merrimon, at the same time the incumbent. In the heat of the campaign young Overman, Governor Vance's secretary, fell in love with Merrimon's daughter and prosecuted his suit with the ardor of a southern wooer. At length things reached the state where he felt that he could no longer continue to hold his position as secretary to the opponent of his prospective father-in-law. So, in a heart-to-heart talk with Governor Vance, he confided the true state of affairs, setting forth that while his

position was highly advantageous to him from a sordid, worldly point of view, it was well sacrificed on the altar of love,'' etc.

'' 'Don't be a fool, son,' interrupted the governor. 'If Merrimon can stand you for a son-in-law, I reckon I can stand you for a secretary.' Mr. Overman continued his secretarial job and married Miss Mary P. Merrimon on October 31, 1878. However, in 1880 he returned to his native town of Salisbury and began the practice of law.''

Senator Overman began what was destined to be a long period of service in the senate on March 4, 1903. His services have been deeply appreciated by North Carolinians. He won the degree of bachelor of arts and master of arts at Trinity, and in 1916 his alma mater conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws. Subsequently both the University of North Carolina and Davidson college awarded him the same degree.

Entering now upon his fifth term, Senator Overman has figured in the enactment of most of the major legislation of the senate during the past quarter of a century. With his senior colleague, Senator Simmons, a former college mate, the two give North Carolina a high type of representation.

With statesmen being the first to enter Duke's hall of fame, Duke alumni are wondering what profession will be the next to gain representation.

SACRIFICE.

(Twin-City Sentinel.)

Thomas Evit Hege, six-year-old boy, was killed by an auto in front of his home on South Main Street Saturday evening. The driver of the car was charged with manslaughter, and will be tried in a local court. If he is found guilty of criminal negligence, he may be punished.

But that doesn't bring the little boy back. He is left only as a beloved memory to the parents who brought him into this world and to his school companions. There is no attempt here to fix the blame for this particular tragedy.

Evit, as he was affectionately known to his family and school companons, is the embodiment of the Isaac of North Carolina that is daily laid on the altar to atone for the sins of speeding, reckless driving, drunken driving, carlessness, and whatnot. However, in this case there is no ram to be found in the bushes to take Isaac's place on the altar.

The loss to the community by Evit's death is no less a real one because it compensates for the carelessness of others. Some day he would have been a citizen. Some day he would have had the chance of giving to society what God had endowed him with at birth. But the ''God-of-things-as-they-are'' decreed that Evit should go to satisfy a debt, a debt perhaps incurred by someone else that Evit. And tomorrow another Evit will be laid on the already crimsoned altar, if the North Carolina averages hold. Maybe some day, which looks now to be far off, people will be careful and Evit will not have to pay.

SCHEDULE AND OBJECTS OF DESTRUCTION OF PEE DEE RIVER BRIDGE.

The bombing will cover a period of six full days, with reasonably clear weather since clear weather is essential to the tests. Thus the schedule is tentative, depending entirely on the weather.

Monday, December 19, aeroplanes will drop sand loaded, six hundred and eleven hundred pound bombs from an altitude of 8000 feet; continue bombing of each kind until at least two hits are made. The effects of each hit are to be studied before going on with another part of the tests.

Following this will come the dropping of three hundred pound, six hundred pound and eleven hundred pound bombs, loaded with TNT, from different altitudes and with different kinds of fuses.

Following the dropping of bombs will come firing by the 17th Field Artillery, with 155 m. m. howitzers. From past experience it is not believed these shells will have much effect. The amount of penetration into the concrete is desired, and will be found out in this test.

After the 155's fire the 5th Field Artillery will fire on the bridge with 240 m. m. shells. Their effect is to carefully measured.

The remaining tests will consist of placing three hundred pound, six hundred pound, and eleven hundred pound bombs on various parts of the bridge; such as on the center of the roadway at crown of one of the main spans, at the base of a pier, at center of roadway directly over one of the main pier, etc. These bombs will be exploded by electrical contact.

Thus the bridge will not be blown up all at once, but a small part will go at a time; also no specific work can be scheduled for a certain day, but it will depend on what was accomplishd the day before, and on the weather.

Eighteen planes have been sent from Langley Field and Maxwell Field to help the personnel of Fort Bragg in these experiments.

The bombing of this reinforced concrete bridge will represent the first opportunity afforded the Ordinance Department to tests the functioning of larger types of post war demolition bombs against a land target, typical of one class of unprotected targets, for use against which such bombs are intended.

The development of demolition bombs since the war has been based on certain arbitrary strength requirements. In dropping both sand loaded and TNT loaded bombs from different altitudes on a target of this character, it should be possible to determine:

(a) To what extent the metal bodies or cases will withstand impact on a reinforced concrete target when dropped from altitudes normally used by Bombardment Aviation.

(b) The nature of detonation resulting from impact of the bombs with such resistant target when short

delay fuse action is used.

(c) Similar data when instantaneous fuse action is used.

(d) The best size of bomb to be used in attacking a target of this character.

(e) The effect to be expected per hit.

(f) The relative effectiveness of other sizes.

(g) The most effective way of dropping bombs from various altitudes.

It is also expected to determine by the artillery firing the best size of artillery shell to be used in attacking a target of this character and the effect to be expected per hit.

These tests will cause the closing of State Highway Route 74, east of Albemarle, and all nearby county roads, for a distance of about five miles each direction from the bridge.

It is not expected to keep the road closed over an hour at a time any day. Motorcycles will accompany cars each times the roads are opened to convoy them through the danger zone.

Due to its slowness and lack of "show" it would be of very little interest to the general public, particularly since all onlookers will have to stay at such distance away, due to safety precautions, that nothing can be seen.

Morrow Hill, which overlooks the bridge, cannot be used by observers, due to its being so close as to be often sprinkled by shell fragments.

CHRISTMAS EVERYDAY.

"Our home had been darkened by the death of our first-born boy, nine years and three months old. As Christmas approached I felt like leaving home, for he was the one who had filled the Christmas times with glee and his absence would cast a pall of gloom upon our household which I felt I could hardly bear. But it would be cowardly to run; so I would remain and endure. Wife and I queried as to whether we would have the usual Christmas tree in the home, feeling that the sight of it would almost break our hearts. But the three children were eager for it and we decided to give them all the pleasure we could at whatever cost to ourselves. On Christmas morning, as we sat down to the breakfast table, each one was sad and silent, for we were thinking of the one who was absent.

"The silence was broken by a little tot on my right who said as she looked up at me through her moist eyes. 'This is Howard's first Christmas in heaven.' Another tot on my left repled, 'I would like to know if it is not Christmas every day in heaven.' Our sadness was turned into joy and the silence gave way to cheerful conversation. What the little child taught us about heaven is just as true about earth. We may have Christmas every day on earth. The fact that Jesus was born may gladden all days and give in our hearts the angels' song of peace and good will."—Dr. A. C. Dixon.

STILLE NACHT (SILENT NIGHT.)

"The story of the origin of this hymn is beautiful. It was a clear, starry Christmas Eve. Everything was joyful and festive save in the home of Joseph Mohr, where there was great sorrow, for on that day the wife and mother had gone to celebrate Christmas in heaven. All was sadness. Mr. Mohr sat with bowed head. Going to a window he looked out upon the snow-clad nature, while in an adjoining room he could see his little motherless children quietly sleeping. A sigh came to his lips as he thought of the Christmas without the mother. Just then he heard merry voices singing the very songs he and his wife and the children were wont to sing. The thought rushed in upon them that she was singing them and blending her voice with the angels. Musing thus, he was impressed with the quiet beauty of the night. He turned quickly, sat down and in a few moments penned his now famous 'Stille Nacht.' As soon as it was written he handed it to his organist who was keeping vigil with him, a Mr. Gruber, and with a choking voice said: 'Go, friend, make music to this and bring it to me.' He went into the church and sat at the organ. In the morning he called together his choir and rehearsed the melody, which floated out from the church choir loft on that Christmas day for the first time.

"Made in the night, it seemed to the congregation, as it should seem to us, as if the angels themselves had infused their own spirit into writer, composer and singers. This beautiful song is sung wherever Christmas is kept in the good old way. It is seldom that it does not bring to the hearts of those who listen a measure of the same feeling which Gruber's choir awoke in the good people of old Salzburg that Christmas morning so long ago."

WINTER WOODS.

Silent and rapt, and wondrous secrets holding,
  Lifting snow-burdened branches brave and high;
Waiting through shine or storm, while winds are piping,
  Watching the clouds swift scud across the sky.
Bare are the neighbor fields, fir-guarded hillsides,
  Sleeping the bold brown brook which late did sing.
Still do they musing keep, the woods in winter,
  Thrilling with joy, the secrets of the spring.

—Alix Thorn.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

(Dearborn Independent.)

Somehow there is a pleasing ring to many a story that creeps into the newsparper just before Christmas There is, for instance, the story of the New England lad who went to New York to seek his fortune; and then slept on subway trains so he could send his slim savings to his mother back home. He was arrested for violating the law which prohibits sleeping on subway trains, and lost his job. On top of that a magistrate with little sympathy in his heart sentenced him to the workhouse. But a newspaperman heard of the case and printed it. New York responded with true Christmastide spirit. Another magistrate freed the boy; generous citizens raised a fund to help him; and he was given that—to New Englanders—greatest of all gifts, 'a job of work.'

Then there is a story of Fred Pittman, hillbilly of the Carolina mountains. Fred's father was a moonshiner; he was sentenced to life for shooting a sheriff. An older brother was given a similar sentence. Then Fred, his mother, and a younger brother were all arrested, also on charges of moonshining. The cup was full. There was nothing remarkable about the family, unless it was its illiteracy, its poverty, and its apparent rufflanism. There was no money for lawyers, and there seemed no defense worth presenting. But when the trial came, young Fred Pittman, acting as lawyer for himself and his kin, conducted the case with such native brilliance and intuitive sharpness that all were acquitted. Nor was that all. The youth aroused such honest admiration by his conduct, that a fund was raised to send him to school, so he would have the opportunity to pull himself above his environment. There is a ring of Christmas to that story, too.

SHARING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Mr. Burton Craige, a prominent and influential citizen of Winston-salem, took occasion to send the editor a pleasing letter which reads:

"I am herewith enclosing check for you to use for the Jackson Training School boys. I get a good deal of pleasure out of your periodical, The Uplift, and I feel a great deal of interest in the boys in this School."

THE FAMOUS BROWN MOUNTAIN LIGHT.

(Union Republican.)

At last the mystery has been solved. Two high brow professors from the Department of Phypsics of the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Engineering have taken it upon themselves to hie to the mountains of Burke and Caldwell counties where the strange light has been seen on Brown mountain for the last hundred years and solemnly declare that they and they alone have discovered the wheneness of the why and the howness of the what. They have found the origin of the incomprehensible and the unthinkable. They have seen an irresistable force smash an immovable object. In short they have discovered the origin of what no one else in a century has been able to explain.

For years on top of years, years before any of the towns surrounding Morganton, Hickory and Lenior were ever laid out and built this Brown Mountain light has been seen. It has been a never-ending source of mystry to the people of that region as well as to those from a distance.

The United States government several years ago sent a man there to investigate it but he failed to explain the phenomena. Various guesses have been made as to the cause of the light. Some have said it was a reflection from the headlight of a locomotive, others said automobile headlights but this light was seen by old settlers before the train ever ran through Western North Carolina or before an automobile was ever thought of.

But these two Raleigh highbrows have been to the mountain and listen; here is what they say causes the mysterious light. They say it is the light of Hudson, a small manufacturing village in Caldwell county between Hickory and Lenior that has been playing pranks on vistors to the mountains all these years. They claim that the light from this town shoots all over the mountain.

Piffle! This would all be very fine were it not for the fact that the town of Hudson is less than thirty years old and the Brown Mountain light was seen by the late Bob Claywell and other citizens of Morganton and Burke county more than fifty years ago, before Hudson was ever dreamed of.

The high brow scientists from the college with a name as long as the alphabet will have to make another guess. They are certainly wide of their mark with their first guess.

The Brown Mountain light is there has been there for years, was there when the Indians roved the mountain and when primitive man first set his foot on the soil of that peak and will be there perhaps when the college professors cease investigating. And Hudson nor any other town has anything to do with this strange phenomena of nature.

WITH STEVENSON IN CALIFORNIA

By A. M. Barnes, in Young Folks.

Robert Louis Stevenson was proud of his Scotch ancestry, though his earlier forbears had all been humble tenant farmers, working the land of others. "What is ancestry, after all?" he wrote. "How does it affect ourselves? For that matter we are all nobly born. Fortunate are those who know it. Blessed are those who remember it, and live accordingly." Later ancestors showed a mechanical turn. His grandfather became an engineer too and a builder of lighthouses. His name, like that of his famous grandson, was also Robert. It is from this grandfather that Robert Louis seems to have inherited his talent. Robert, the elder, had several literary efforts to his credit at his death that displayed the real touch of genius. One of theses, "The Building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse," was pronounced a classic; "a glowing romance of stone and lime."

Robert, the elder, was an intimate of Sir Walter Scott, and they often cruised together in the lighthouse tender, Pharos, along the coasts of Scotland. Scott's stories, "The Pirate" and "The Lord of the Isles," are believed to have been the direct result of these cruises. And from the companionship of Scott the elder Stevenson no doubt caught much of his literary inspiration.

It was in 1879, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, that Stevenson decided to come to America. He was then barely at the threshold of the door of fame, having won little recognition in a literary way. He came second cabin in the steamship, Devonia, second cabin in that vessel being but little different from the steerage. During this voyage Stevenson made several efforts to write, but it was poor progress, for he had to write, as he himself describes it, "in a slantindicular cabin, with the table playing bob-cherry with the ink bottle for the greater part of the time. But he managed to complete "The Story of a Lie." Mingling also freely with steerage passengers, for his was a very democratic spirit, he gained impressions that were of valuable aid afterward in writing of his emigrant experiences.

He reached New York August 18, 1879, and so poor was he in a financial sense at the time that he tells us frankly "the state of his purse was such he had to pass the night in a shilling Irish boarding-house." But here he experienced a ray of sunlight in the meeting with "a little Irish girl" who showed such delight in some of his writing that he gave her to read, it "warmed his heart to the core."

He spent his first day after landing in New York in a round of the newspaper offices, seeking to get assignments for work, but in no one of them did he receive any encouragement. In each instance the editorial shoulder was turned coldly upon him —some of these shoulders belonging to editors who later were falling over each other in the effort to obtain his work.

Within the next twenty-four hours, thoroughly discouraged by his efforts

in New York, he was on his way to the West, traveling in an emigrant coach. There was a strong inducement drawing him to California, the hope that in that salubrious climate, of which he had heard much, his health might be restored; for already the disease that ended his life was beginning to prey upon his system.

The trip in the emigrant coach, with its many trying conditions, was hard for even a well man. For Stevenson, in his rundown physical state, it was little short of torture.

He reached San Francisco "looking like a man at death's door," as one of his biographers has described him. As he himself says, "I was sick, unknown, and well nigh penniless." He resolved to go farther south, for a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, to a point on the coast range of mountains not far from Monterey, then the capital of California.

He reached his destination utterly destitute and so weak from the lack of nourishment he lay out for two nights under one of the cypress trees in a state of utter exhaustion. Here he would surely have died but for the humanitarian impulses of two goat herders who found him, aroused him from his stupor, gave him warm goat's milk to drink, and took him to their ranch. Here, when he had partly recovered his strength, he took great delight in his surroundings. They were "picturesque and enchanting." It gave him a thrill to lie in the great upper chamber of the ranch house flooded with the light of the western sun through its big wide-open windows, listening to the "clinking of the goat bells and the patter of many feet as the herds came home for the night."

He spent two to three weeks at the ranch. One occupation of his morning hours that gave him keen enjoyment was teaching the children to read. From them and the grown-ups of the ranch he acquired a good bit of conversational Spanish. As he had partially regained his health, he decided to go to Monterey.

The California capital in those days was just a typical small Mexican town. Stevenson gives us many quaint pictures of it. There were no street lights. Everyone had to carry his own lantern or illumination of some kind. "The streets," he says, "were economically paved with sand.' In some instances "they wandered about in various directions." The houses were chiefly of "unbaked adobe," but here and there was one of sun-baked mud bricks, covered with stucco, and of really fine proportions; the rooms of goodly size with plenty of light and air. The blot upon the quaint, picturesque town was the many saloons, with the groups of idlers congregating about them sitting around drinking or playing cards. Each street had its hitching rack, where a number of horses were constantly seen, by far the most of them with Mexican housings. There was much dash ing riding through the streets.

Stevenson lodged for a time with the town doctor, taking his meals at a restaurant kept by Jules Simoneau, a Frenchman. He commented enthusiastically on the fare at Simoneau's, the cleanliness of every thing the spotless napkins. The great dish

of green peppers and ripe tomatoes, that was the usual "center-piece" of the table, especially appealed to him. Stevenson finally went to live at the Simoneau House. Between the author and the kindly Frenchman there soon developed a deep affection which each cherished through life. Stevenson almost up to the time of his death, wrote regularly to Simoneau, letters the latter treasured as though they were as precious as gold. He proved that they were more so to him, for in after life, when he had become so poor that he had to peddle tamales for a living, Simoneau repeatedly, and with scorn each time, refused all offers of a purchase of these letters.

In one of his letters home Stevenson described Simoneau as "a pleasant, kindly old boy." He was indeed a true and devoted friend to the poor, and struggling author, and but for this beneficence there is no doubt that Stevenson's lot in Monterey would have been a desperately hard one.

While an inmate of the Simoneau home Stevenson spent much of his time out of doors, basking in the sunlight, and when this grew too strong, lying in the shade of the rock cypress trees, and writing, writing with a fervency that soon produced "An Amateur Immigrant." "Across the Plains," and others destined to advance his fame. One favorite resort was a group of rock cypress trees along the coast, not far from the Simoneau house. Here he was constantly seen seated under one of the trees, scribbling away, or else stretched out at ease, resting.

He had several adventures. One of these he vividly describes. He had speculated much as to the nature of these rock cypress trees, of mysterious growth and habits, the source of so much of wonder, especially to the Monterey visitor. The wood he had been told was the same as the gopher wood of the Bible of which the ark had been built—the most durable wood in the world. He had a curiosity to find out if the tree would burn so, one day, unable longer to withstand the uncertainty, he set fire to one of the trees. The bark happened to be unusually dry, and there were a number of dry limbs close to the ground. The quickness with which the fire caught and the rapidity with which t spread threw him into a panic, for he was unable to check the flames. He turned and fled from the spot. "I ran for my life," he says, "for fear of being lynched if caught." Bark and dry twigs were consumed, but the tree still stood.

From imprudence in exposing himself, he was ill for a time. Recovering, he applied himself with renewed zeal to his loved art, and write, "A Vendetta in the West," "The Pavilion on the Lake," and others, but none of them fully satisfied him. It was at this period that he wrote, "There is something in me worth saying, though I can't find what it is just yet!"

He now decided to return to San-Francisco, in the hope of getting assignments for work from some of the newspapers. It was a dreary exchange from the pleasant lift in Monterey. He missed the warmth of the

affection of Simoneau, for he made no close friends in the city and but a sparse number of acquaintances. Of his isolation in San Francisco he wrote, "For four days now I have spoken to no one but my landlady or to the waiter at the restaurant." This was the 26th of December, and he added, "This is no way to spend Christmas, is it?" Two appreciative friends that he did make were Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Williams. They showed him much kindness, and it was to them that his "Silverado Squatters" was dedicated. He also formed the acquaintance of Charles Warren Stoddard, and was more than once a guest in Stoddard's picturesque lodging, which Stevenson has described in "The Wrecker."

Money was now getting scarce with Stevenson, for his quest for work among the San Francisco newspapers was as unsuccessful as that in New York. He lived in the most economical lodgings he could find, a poor rooms on a back street; and he cut down his expenses day by day till he had them as low as forty-five cents. It was no wonder that he broke down completely, and for a time "hovered between life and death." Of this terrible time he wrote to a friend, "It was a great shock to my pride to break down so completely, and acknowledge defeat."

In this illness he was nursed by Mrs. Osborne, a young widow, whom he had previously known in Paris, and whom, on recovering from the illness, he married.

With his wife and stepson, Stevenson sought a refuge in the mountains fifty miles north of San Francisco, in the hope of there regaining his health. Their abode was in and abandoned mining town, an odd choice. But Stevenson was known for his oddities. "Here," he proudly wrote, "we lived in isolation and independence among the ruins." It was here that "Silverado Squatters" was written.

It was now that the call of home began to make strong appeal to Stevenson, the longing to look again upon the faces of father and mother becoming too great to be denied. With the money sent by his father, he set out for home with his wife and step-son. He sailed from New York August 7, 1880; a year to the day since he had left London for the hard experiences in America. And to his joy, there in Liverpool his father and mother awaited him!

Thanks to E. S. Wills for voicing the sincere, if unexpressed, desire of the multitude who crave a few more songs in the native language. But the feeling is that so long as the audience applauds to keep up appearances, making pretense of knowing what it is about when they don't, the singers will cleave to the foreign language because it seems swell.—R. R. Clark.

NEW YEAR BEGINS WHERE?

By Julia W. Wolfe.

A little account in the newspapers about the New Year beginning away off in an island near Australia set us to thinking. When and where does the New Year begin? If you were asked this question, off hand, you would probably say: "On the stroke of midnight, December 31st." But the matter is not as simple as that. We looked the matter up and consulted the geographies.

New Year does not come to the United States until Australia, Asia, Africa, Europe and nearly all of South America have been visited. Thus, you see, we are sixth in line in this matter. And when it does come it visits the people of Maine first. California must wait three hours more before they can say, "Happy New Year," and the people of Alaska still two hours longer.

While we sit impatiently on our western-most continent, watching Father Time bustling about giving to the rest of the world a new year, we can get some solace from the possession of oversea territories. Through them we have a few representatives, at least, who can sit at the early tables on New Year's Day. Guam will have its New Year as early as eastern Australia; and two hours later 1928 will reach the Philippines at the same time it arrives in eastern China.

What appears at first glance to be a confusing time situation in the world can be simplified by a little imagination. We know that the earth rotates through space. Imagine that at fixed points in this space just above the earth's surface, hour marks are in some way suspended and that the earth turns beneath them just as the hour hand of a clock turns within the circle of its hour marks. There will be twenty-four marks on our "earth-clock," and a point on the earth will turn once from any mark and back to it in twenty-four hours. (The hour hand of a clock makes two circuits under its twelve marks in this period.)

In placing our imaginary hour marks in spaces we do not need to exercise a great deal of imagination. The four most important marks are already fixed for us. The half of the earth toward the sun is always lighted; the half away from the sun is always in the shadow. The key mark is the noon line, the line from the center of the lighted half of the earth. The "mid-night line" is the exact center of the earth's shadow cast by the sun, or the line that would be made on the other side of side of the world by the noon line if it were extended right through the earth.

The line that divides the lighted half from the shaded half of the earth in the East is the 6 P. M. line, and in the West is the 6 A. M. line. If one fills in five equally spaced imaginary hour lines (fifteen degrees apart) between these four ready-made lines the earth clock is constructed.

When we grasp the conception of

such an "earth-clock" we see that at any given moment every one of the twenty-four hours of the day exists somewhere on the earth's surface. At just one instant during each day these twenty-four hours belong to the same date; that is, when it is exactly noon at Greenwich, England. At that instant on Saturday, December 31, 1927, say it is seven o'clock Saturday morning along the Atlantic coast of the United States; four on the Pacific coast, two in Alaska, and just past midnight (the beginning of Saturday) in British Samoa. In New Zealand it is just before midnight (the close of Saturday;) in Guam it is ten o'clock Saturday morning; the people of Burma and Siam are at their Saturday evening meal; while in central Europe and the Near East it is early Saturday morning.

A most interesting situation exists at the 180th longitude line in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. This is known as the international date line. It is exactly half-way around the world from the longitude line that passes through Greenwich; and at the instant under consideration (noon, Greenwich) the date line is directly under the "midnight line." If you are on a tiny island lying just a few feet west of the 180th degree of longitude your last few minuets will have been 11.58, 11.59, 12.00 Saturday night. Obviously the next minute on your island will belong to Sunday.

A new day is born, therefore, once every twenty-four hours, when the 180th degree (the date line) passes under the midnight line. You, on your little island, are carried as the earth turns farther and farther into Sunday. When you have turned fifteen degrees past the midnight line it is for you one A. M., Sunday, thirty degrees two A. M., and so on. Behind you Sunday is growing, between your meridian (180th) and the midnight line. Every bit of territory that passes under that line in space enters Sunday; and so the new day spreads over an additional one-twenty-fourth of the earth each hour.

But as you swing deeper into Sunday a companion on a second island half a city block east of you (just east of the date line) would be turning into Saturday at the same time and this hour would be approximately the same as yours. Thus, when it is one A. M. Sunday on your island it would be one A. M. Saturday on his. So Sunday goes chasing Saturday around the world. The day behind (west of) the 180th meridian is always growing, the day in front (east) of this meridian is ever being squeezed out of existence against the midnight line in space. And as each old day dies a new day comes along, to carry on the eternal race of the years.

It is against the midnight line that December 31, 1927, will be squeezed out of existence; and, as it does, of course, the year 1927 will come to an end. Then, as the 180th meridian emerges from under the midnight line, the first second of 1928 will come into existence, between the date line on the earth and the midnight line in space. This will take place when it is one second past noon in Greenwich, Saturday, December 31, and when that day exists through the world except for the tiniest con-

ceivable slice of the ocean's surface in mid-Pacific.

When the New Year is born it will be seven A. M. December 31st, in New York City, Washington, Atlanta and other cities of the east; six A. M. in Chicago, St. Louis, and all of the central time zone; five A. M. in Denver and the Mountain zone; and four A. M. in the Pacific Coast states.

To simplify matters the surface of the earth is considered in most countries to be marked off into standard time zones one hour (fifteen degrees of longitude) wide. The time is taken to be the same throughout each of these zones, and to differ by one hour from the time in the next zone (later to the east, earlier to the west.) The difference across the date line, however, must be one day instead of one hour. Because of these zones and the liberties that it has been necessary to take with their boundaries because of national and State lines and railway divisions, the New Year will begin at the wrong theoretical time at many places in the world.

The Hawaiian Islands, for instance, beat the pistol by half an hour. Instead of using a regular standard time zone the islands have adopted a zone between two of the standard slices. In effect they have hung their midnight line seven and a half degrees too far east. Even so, Hawaii is one of the last places to enter the New Year because it lies so close to the date line on its eastern side.

The westernmost Aleutian Islands represent the extreme case in the opposite direction. Geographically, they lie a short distance west of the date line and should be among the first bits of land to which the New Year comes. But in practice the time zone of central Alaska is extended westward to include these islands. As a result their New Year reaches them twenty-two hours later than it should.

Chatham Island, a part of New Zealand, is snatched into the New Year almost twenty-four hours ahead of time, because the date line is bent eastward to include it. But because New Zealand uses a half-hour zone and Chatham takes this time, it loses thirty minutes of its ill-gotten gain —enough to let Fiji slip under the wire ahead of it.

Fiji's claim of being the first inhabited land of any importance to reach 1928 is legitimate in every way. It does not depend on a bend in the date line. The 180th meridian crosses directly through the island group. Astronomically as well as practically it becomes noon in Greenwich; and Fiji's new day starts with the ticking of the first second after noon in Greenwich. Its operator can, therefore, send a message from 1928 to the rest of the world, still in 1927, and can do so when this is not possible from any other place in the world.

Some of the time anomalies are to be found in the United States. The central time zone is twice as wide as the eastern zone, although theoretically they should be equal. The central zone is stretched far enough west to include the entire State of Texas. Because of this residents in the westernmost tip of Texas receive their New Year an hour ahead of

small towns in Wesern Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas, although the latter are several hundred miles farther east. Similarly, the New Year will start in Boise and other southwestern Idaho towns an hour earlier than in western Utah, although Boise is 200 miles farther west.

BETHLEHEM TODAY.

By Ida C. Peterson.

Bethlehem lies in Southern Palestine, just a little off the road that leads from Jerusalem to Hebron. It is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants.

To reach it one has to drive up a rather steep and rough road, running between garden walls and buildings. As one gets into the town the road grows narrower, until at last its width will not permit two carriages to pass each other. Because of this all vehicles are compelled by the authorities to enter the town by one street and leave it by another.

Bethlehem is beautifully situated on the sides and summit of a semicircle of hills. All about it are olive groves and vineyards, pasture lands and grain fields.

The houses of the town are low, and the roofs almost invariably flat. The most conspicuous building is the monastery connected with the Church of the Nativity.

The Church of the Nativity is one of the oldest churches in the world. It was erected in the beginning of the fourth century. The church measures about one hundred and twenty feet in length, by a little less in breadth.

Directly beneath the church is the grotto of the Nativity. This is about forty feet by twelve, and the ceiling ten or twelve feet high. The walls of the grotto are covered with richly embroidered cloth, and many lamps hang from the ceiling. These lamps are gifts from kings and princes.

At the entrance to the grotto stand two soldies to maintain order. Near the foot of the stairway is a niche in the wall of rock, and in front of it a marble slab set in the floor with a silver star in the center. On the star is this inscription in Latin: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Over the star sixteen silver lamps are burning and they burn from year to year.

The Chapel of the Manger is a little to the right of the Nativity and is a recess cut in the rock. The tradition is that Christ was laid in this manger. A few feet away is the Chapel of the Magi, where the three wise men came to adore Him and to offer their gifts.

If you think women better qualified than men to pick the best candidates, look what they marry.—Robert Quillen.

WHEN HE GOES WRONG.

By Henry Edwards.

All histories fall down at some point: all except the histories of the human heart recorded in stories from life. They are real; they only carry forward the ark of the covenant. In them is the garnered truth; the pure gold. One of these has been running in Collier's and is just finished. It is named: "The Happy Man." Through trial, daily toil, disappointment, tragedy and grief he had come all the way into the third generation:

Old Lintot came in later. He had a niece there and he stood on the fringe of the party, smiling amusedly. Laura brought him some tea and talked to him. Suddenly she said: "Look at Father, Paul. Isn't he wonderful?" He was at this particular moment being an elephant and two small boys were riding on his back. His eyes were bright and he was totally immersed in the game. A few moments later he was a lion roaring under the piano. Old Lintot said:

"I've known him thirty-five years Mrs. Laura. He's a genius. If you know what I mean, he has the greatest genius of all, the genius for happiness. He's not afraid of letting himself feel things, even if they make him suffer. He's always seeing, you know, what the old poet spoke of: 'sermons in stones, books, in the running brooks, good in everything.' It's the one thing worth while. IT'S WHEN A MAN LOSES THE CHILD IN HIMSELF THAT HE GOES WRONG."

Its when a man can not envision Santa Claus as real, as immortal, that he travels the wrong road to old age. The time will come to such a man, if he achieves his objective when his material wealth, and his tangible possessions will lose value; when the forgotten clasp of a little hand and a child's voice appealing for the old stories of the Christmas hearth would thrill him to happiness. But he will have lost the inner vision, the power to believe. Behind him somewhere, in the city's marts, he lost the little boy that started out with him. He is at the end of the road, by a closed gate, over which is written that only they who come as little children may enter. And it is unfortunate, for he was forgotten how little children think.

And so it is, there is need in every worldly home that the ancient Christmas legend be again enthroned, not alone for the children gathering around the fire but for their elders. And guarded as a gift of God. To lose it is to lose youth, and perhaps something more wonderful even than youth.

Mankind has been clutching avidly at the skirts of truth through the centuries, and it is remarkable that on the major principles of goodness and greatness mankind has come to a striking unanimity of agreement.—Glenn Frank.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

David Fountain, a member of the tenth cottage, was paroled last week.

Joe Carroll and Albert Millis, former boys of this institution, were visitors here last Sunday.

Some of the barn boys have been hauling coal and others have been hauling off the trash from the campus.

Five big porks were slaughtered last Saturday. Now that cold weather has set in, there will be some more of this happening.

Some folks argue about the shortest and longest days of the year. For those who do not know, Dec. 21 is the shortest and June 21 is the longest.

Some of the boys who are looking foward to their boxes from home have received them already. The boxes will be coming in pretty heavy the rest of the week.

The largest part of the work force have been cutting wood lately. Good exercise and will keep you warm in cold weather, or as one boy said: "It will do you good and help you, too."

January will mean more to some boys here than others, as it is parole month here. A large number of boys are expecting to go home. We do not know just yet, but—well, time will tell.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, of Concord, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was based on "Happiness." He made a fine talk, which was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Fisher, Mr. Carriker, Mr. Hudson and the boys of the carpenter shop have been decorating in front of the school building. They have not accomplished much so far, but we will wait until they finish before we criticize them. Anyway, we think they will do a good job of it.

In the midst of preparation for a happy Christmas, the School was saddened last Saturday afternoon by the death of Leslie Stewart, who passed away at the Concord Hospital following an operation performed some days ago for acute appendicitis. Never very strong, Leslie had apparently rallied very well from the operation and his friends felt that he was recovering even better than might have been hoped for. Friday he suffered a relapse, and a second operation was resorted to in a last effort to save his life. He was seemingly unconscious that he was so seriously ill, and until the end he talked with those around him of the activities of the School, especially the Christmas Tree in which he was intensely interested.

Leslie was sixteen years of age, and was a native of Ruthreford

County, having come to the School a little less than a year ago. On Sunday the burial services were held at Spindale, to which place the body was accompanied by Mr. Fisher, Mr. White and Mr. Hood of the School.

At the regular Sunday School hour the boys, led by the Superintendent, Mr. Boger, held a memorial service for their comrade instead of the usual services. Appropriate scripture was read, followed by a talk by Mr. Boger. The boys sang three hymns with which all were familiar, and read a psalm in concert in conclusion.

"Review of The Early Kings and Prophets of Israel," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. It took a brief study of Amos, Micah, Isaiah, Elijah, Elisah and other Prophets. We have had a very interesting quarter. The goldn text for this lesson was, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the propets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son."—Hebrews 1:1-2.

EACH IN HIS PLACE.

(Record of Christian Work.)

A little gold watch was one day crossing Westminster Bridge, London, at the time when Big Ben tolled out the hour of noon from the clock tower on the Parliament Building.

The little watch looked up at the big clock and said:

"I do not like you! Your face is too broad, your hands are too big, your voice is too coarse. I do not like you!"

And the big clock said to the gold watch: "Come up here little sister! Come up here!"

So the little watch toiled painfully up the stone steps, and at last stood by the big clock. Looking out over the surging millions of London, the big clock said to the watch:

"Little sister, there is a man down there on Westminster Bridge who wishes to know the hour. Will you tell him please?"

The little watch said: "Oh, I could never make hime hear! My voice is so small it never could begin to carry in such a whirlwind of noise as this."

The big clock said: "Oh, yes, little sister, I had forgotten! Yet the man wishes to know the time, he requires to know, and you cannot tell him, but I can and will. So let us henceforth not criticize one another! You will not find fault with me, nor I with you, but each of us in our own place, you for your mistress, and I for the great city, will teach men everywhere to redeem the time."

Rice paper is made from neither rice nor straw, but from a pithy plant called tungtsua, found in China, Korea and Japan.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C. No. 50

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A LEADER POINTS THE WAY.

The new county hospital of Haywood county will be formally dedicated today when addresses will be delivered by eminent doctors and health officers. It is an event of significance, for it is the first general hospital to be erected by the vote of the people of a whole county. It marked a forward movement and foreshadows the day when every county will feel the compulsion to provide a public hospital for those who stand in need of its care and healing.

Too long have North Carolina people neglected this prime obligation to those who lack large means. A county hospital is as essential a part of modern life as high schools and good roads. Haywood points the way.—News and Observer.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"A SUGGESTION FOR 1928."

I remember during my first pastorate in Utica, New York, my attention was called to an elder in one of the large downtown churches who was a very successful business man and yet afternoon after afternoon that man, past sixty-five, went out into the parish calling. I frequently passed him and he always greeted me with a quiet smile. I used to wonder what he was doing. I learned later that for many years that elder took the time from four to six, five afternoons in the week, to call upon the sick, the aged, and distressed and those who were in trouble in that parish. When he died it was said that no minister of the gospel had been in that city came in touch with more human lives and had been loved more than he. He seldom took part in prayer meeting. Somehow his lips seemed sealed, but he was known and loved by all. He gave himself to others—Dr. John Timothy Stone.

A CHOICE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

We feel pardonable in publishing a letter, which came to us on Christmas Day. It is among our choicest gifts of the season. Coming from one of the brightest newspapermen of the state, makes it pleasing and heartening. Here it is under Asheville date line:

Christmas Eve, 1927.

"Just a line to try to tell you how much I enjoy THE UPLIFT and to congratulate you and all your staff, from top to bottom, on its many attractions and excellences.

"I have never seen in the magazine anything that could in the slightest way offend good taste or good morals. I have never read a copy without getting much benefit from it. And I am abundantly indebted to it for suggestions for my own editorials. Its optimism, idealism and, above all, good hard common sense are refreshing and

stimulating.

"Thank you ever so much for the pleasure and help you and the magazine have given me. May you both live long and prosper.

"Here's wishing you a merry Christmas and in 1928 the best year you have ever had.

Cordially yours,
James Hay, Jr.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Coming after going to press with our December 24th-issue, but in plenty time to do fine Christmas execution were the following contributions, which The Uplift desires to acknoweldge with thanks:

Christmas Cheer Committee, Greensboro	21.00
Woman's Club, Morganton	10.00
Davidson and Wolfe, Charlotte,	25.00
Richmond-Flowe, Concord	10.00
White Auto Co., Concord	5.00
Charles C. Graeber, Concord	5.00
Pearl Drug Co., Concord	5.00
Men's Club, Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, Athletic Equipment	
Richie Hardware Company, Concord	25.00
A Friend of Our Youth, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. James A. Gray, Winston-Salem	25.00

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RUSHING INTO PRINT.

When the campaign was being made for the establishment of the Juvenile Court and its machinery for the handling of youthful offenders, the chief argument for them was the protection of the young, the avoidance of publicity and to save the young from exhibit before curious crowds in court rooms, etc.

Some of the officers in charge of the business of looking after the young when becoming entangled with the law and right living have forgotten the first principle and the first argument behind the offices which they hold.

In a certain county a day seldom passes that the chief officer of the Juvenile business is not quoted in the press what he intends to do with certain boys or certain girls, calling them by name. A few days ago a brilliant lady correspondent, who glories in writing pieces for the paper—some bordering on the danger line of sensationalism—wrote columns describing the acts of a youth, who had broken from home ties and gone out into the world and engaged in thrilling acts of daring and devilment. She called his name; she located his home town; and she told what was to be done with

him. Then with a prophetic pen she pictured the end.

We were astonished. We could have excused this act in a youngster trying his first wings at reporting; but for a lady, more or less engaged in recording everything from the history that gave a setting to the business of the D. A. R., and the Clubs that function in correcting the world and showing the right way to go and the proper manner in handling everything—why, the fascination of seeing her own contributions in public print simply overcame her. Just how many youngsters saw her piece and was inspired to try the stunts of the subject of her thrilling piece remains to be seen—but they are sure to occur.

Let youthful reformers and correctors of the evil ways of youth hark back to the basic principle of this Juvenile business.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HE PREACHED ALL THE TIME.

The other day one of the greatest preachers we ever knew, at an advanced age and long service, responded to the last call. We will all miss the fine, lovable presence of Rev. D. A. Braswell, a choice leader in the Methodist Protestant church.

We never heard the great preacher from the pulpit in his own church—we did hear him every time we saw him walking the streets, greeting people and shedding sunshine wherever he moved. Mr. Braswell was always preaching fine sermons in the life he lived, the cheery words he employed and the warm cordiality that presistently radiated from a spirit that was attuned to love for his fellowmen and by a great soul never tarnished.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A LEADER FALLS.

Just as we were reporting to the printer boys his contribution to our Christams Fund, which was his annual habit of doing at the Yuletide, the sad and shocking news came that Dr. Charles L. Coon, of Wilson, had fallen upon the sleep that awaits us all.

Without qualifications or a single doubt, Dr. Coon was the foremost leader and executor in the field of public education in North Carolina. Some so-called leaders may go about the state blathering and criticising, but the Wilson educator translated into actuality and working existence the theories that he believed in. The result of all these spells an accurate wisdom that is manifest in the system of public education which he wrought in Wilson city and Wilson county.

The little fice-dog criticisms advanced by laggards and those who could

not hide their envy and jealousy over the mounmental achievement this man wrought never swerved him from his purpose. He was as solid as a rock; and he won. North Carolina will miss the genius, labor and leadership of Dr. Charles L. Coon, who was a born teacher and executor. The Uplift has lost a warm personal and business friend, whose memory must forever abide with us.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"IT BREEDS CRIME."

Shrewd criminals who defeat the gallows are heroes to other criminals. Hardly had Hickman been arrested and given an opportunity to talk, before he talked of Leob and Leopold and seemed disappointed that the Chicago youthful fiends had received more notriety than had been given to his brutality. He also voiced his intention to emulate Remus who escaped electrocution by feigning insanity. He doubtless thinks that as all three escaped the full penalty, he may have the measure meted out to him.—*News & Observer.*

The publicity, by news items and pictures, given to the brutal deed of the depraved Hickman, constitutes a national shame. We fully understand that news gatherers and their disseminators will immediately respond that the public taste calls for such. If that be true, then the public has reached a very discouraging stage.

The hundreds and hundreds of columns of details and pictures given to this brutal deed throughout the country is a thousand times as much as the public press gave to the noble deed of the late J. B. Duke, when he set aside a Foundation Fund that touches humanity in many quarters for ages and ages.

The influence of the publication of crime—the featuring of it—is to put notions into heads of the less strong and who even regard notoriety purchased as Hickman did as worth an effort. Crime breeds crime; it is suggestive to weaker and less moral natures.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"WHY NOT SAVE THOSE AT OUR DOOR?"

We wonder how many thousands heard Dr. Luther Little, pastor of the leading Baptists church of Charlotte, ask the question, "Why not save those at our door?"

The eloquent divine was analyzing the outstanding qualities of Joshua in a forceful sermon that came with wonderful clearness over the radio. We understand that he has a great radio audience, and they have been impressed by this great appeal.

Reverting to the fact that men and women worked themselves up at

times over the condition of the individual in the heart of Africa and seem oblivious of the lost at home, the eloquent preacher shot this question at his vast audience, "Why not save those at our door?"

The local field in every community is ripe unto the harvest. There are enough of the unchurched amongest us to warrant our interest along with our concern for the heathen in other lands. It is no evidence of a considerable religious piety or achievement to build up a membership from the churched among us, but it is an evidence of genuine religious force and of great worth in advancing the cause of Christianity to go out into the highways and hedges and gather in "those unchurched at our door." This was what the Great Head of the church taught and practiced while on earth.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

OUR FRIENDS KEEP LEAVING US.

Dissolution goes on regardless of season and times. Death invaded again, the other day, the remnant ranks of our childhood friends. These events are more noticeable now—it didn't use to appear so frequent.

Last Sunday, the beginning of another year, Mr. William S. Hartsell, an upright and sterling citizen, passed beyond. He had tarried with us nigh unto 80 years. He was unpretentious in his rugged honesty, matter-of-fact in his dealings with all men. He was years ago a harness maker. He maintained a shop in which the finest of saddles, harness and other products in leather were manufactured. He kept an open house for the children.

Seeing what havoc the auto held in store for his chosen business, he with a reasonable competence turned his attention to other activities. He always met situations, never permitting them to take him unawares.

The most lasting impressions occur in childhood. That's where our departed friend wrote himself into lasting memories. Many a boy had his cup of happiness to run over when he was welcomed by this kind-hearted man to help himself to the myriads of scraps of leather, which he fashioned into those things that meet a child's fancy and desire. Any man that in his busy hours permits himself to make a child happy is an extraordinary man—and that was the measure of the subject of this notice.

Mr. Hartsell was within a few weeks of his 80th birthday. That's a long time; but after all, many of us think it all too short. He lived quietly, peacefully and unexcitedly. He was mayor of Mt. Pleasant; faced his job heroically, but of the honor he never boasted—wasn't that kind of a man.

AN AFRICAN FABLE RETOLD.

By Robert S. Oberly.

This is an old, old story about a dog, a black deer and a leopard.

Once upon a time there wsa a dog who lived in a large forest. One day a black deer came along and said: "Won't you go walking with me?"

The dog agreed to take a walk with the black deer and so they started out. They had not gone very far when they met a leopard. The leopard was carrying the cutest little leopard baby on its back, for that is the way all babies are carried in Africa, but the big leopard was very sad because the baby was sick.

Now the leopard is the animal most feared by all the smaller animals in the African bush, as they call the forest in that country. The leopard is not the largest animal. The elephant is very much larger, but the leopard eats meat and that is why the lesser people fear the leopard.

The dog and the black deer were both very much afraid when they met the leopard. Not wanting the leopard to suspect their fears, the black deer at once began to ask questions.

"How is the baby?" asked the black deer eagerly.

"He's sick," the leopard answered with a scowl.

"The dog has medicine," the black deer said, wishing to call attention away rom himself because he strongly suspected that the leopard was silently deciding which he should eat for his dinner

The leopard turned to the dog and said harshly, "Fix some medicine for my sick baby."

The dog began to wish that he had never agreed to go walking with the black deer and, knowing that his wits alone could save him, he said, "I can make medicine but I must put it in the black deer's horn."

This did not surprise the leopard. In Africa medicine is usually caried in the horn of some animal because even now glass bottles are not plentiful and at that time they were unknown.

When the black deer heard the dog tell the leopard that he must put the medicine "in the black deer's horn," he began to think and he said to himself, "Now, the leopard is going to ask me for my horn. Oh, what shall I do?" He had no time to run because although the leopard is very large, he is also very quick.

The leopard turned to the black deer and said in a thundering voice: "Give me your horn. We must put the dog's medicine in it." He caught the black deer and began to try to tear the black deer's horn right out of his head.

While the leopard and the black deer were busy struggling, the dog said: "Let me go and find the medicine." With that he went away and ran and ran until he came to a town and he never went back into the bush again.

Suppose we prepare to observe Lee's anniversary.

THE GREAT SEAL UP TO DATE.

Nell Battle Lewis, in News and Observer.

Give the Department of Conservation and Development time enough and type enough and it's going to make a new State of us. The latest improvement inaugurated by this up-and-coming department has to do with the great seal of the State of North Carolina. The department has touched up the great seal, and as a result it is considerably snappier, as becomes the great seal of The More or Less Finished Fifth Grade State Today.

According to a legislative act of 1883 the seal of this State represents the female figures of Liberty and Plenty looking toward each other. Liberty, wearing the familiar cap, stands at the left, holding in one hand a pole surmounted by another cap and in the other hand a scroll with the word "Constitution" on it. Plenty, seated, holds in her right hand three heads of wheat and in her left the small end of a cornicopia from which fruits of various kinds spread at her feet. In 1893 an act introduced by Jacob Battle added the motto, "Esse Quam Videri" at the bottom of the seal and the words, May 20, 1775," at the top. The seal, in general similar, had been modified by several Legislatures previous to that of 1883, but as described above it has remained until the Department of Conservation and Development decided to improve upon the Legislature.

As originally depicted, the ladies, Liberty and Plenty, had not great claim to beauty. They were sober, substantial, middle-aged women, ungirt and a bit slouchy. The locks of Liberty were long and flowing; those of Plenty were carelessly caught in a rather unbecoming knot at the back of her head. But that was before they had received the helpful ministrations of Beauty Doctor Wade H. Phillips and his assistants.

As they now appear on the seal on a sheet headed, "North Carolina, Facts and Figures," issued by Mr. Phillips' department, Liberty and Plenty are something else again. Now both have ringlets, neatly coiffed, and if my eyes deceive me not, bobbed, or so near it as to amount to the same thing. Liberty has removed the cap from her head that we may get the full benefit of her modern coiffure. Evidently both have had a few sessions with Susanna Cocroft and have lost considerable flesh. Whereas formerly they were buxon, now they are svelte, whereas formerly they were apparently in the middle forties, now they are in the early twenties—if, indeed, Plenty is out of were garbed in what appeared to be loose shifts, now they are neatly girded in the best Grecian manner.

Besides rejuvenating and refurbishing the ladies, the Department of Conservation and Development has made a few other inconsequential changes in the seal. Instead of holding a scroll labeled "Constitution" as the Legislature intended she should, Liberty now holds one labeled "May 20, 1775," that almost-historical date thus appearing twice on the seal and receiving the patriotic emphasis which is its due. Plenty has added several heads of wheat to her original three. Al-

though the Legislature seemed to have definite ideas as to the proper position of the girls, stating specifically that they should be shown looking toward each other, "but not more than and presents her flat profile to the half fronting each other," now Plenty has turned her full face to Liberty and present her flat profile to the world. The motto, "Esse Quam Videri," is in letters noticeably smaller than the original.

But shucks! This is a half-way job. If the seal is t obe changed, then let's really change it. Take the cornicopia off the ground, Mr. Phillips; transform it by a few deft strokes of the pen into a megaphone and put it at Plenty's willing lips. Strike out the unpretentious, modest motto altogether. Put some up-to-date, snappy slogan on Liberty's scroll—say perhaps, "North Carolina, The Almost Finished State." Shorten their skirts and rename the ladies. Rename them the Misses Booster and Blah.

A LANDMARK.

A landmark in Wilmington's commercial history is removed in the death of Marcus Jacobi, whose name has been a veritable "household word" in the eastern section of the State for many years. Mr. Jacobi was also distinguished in fraternal circles, and was active in community and State welfare work.—Charloote Observer.

PRONUNCIATION.

(Albemarle Press.)

It is not a bad idea from time to time to turn our attention to the pronunciation of certain words in the English language. There are certain persons in every community who are looked upon as authorities when it comes to correct pronunciation, and if a preacher in the pulpit gives a word an entirely new pronunciation one may well count on a certain number of Mr. Webster's editions being referred by these authorities ere the sermon has become old.

Sometimes it is a source of pleasure to discover that one of these so-called authorities has made a mistake with a certain word in our language. The reason for this pleasure may be gleaned from the eternal truths which are to be found in the Good Book concerning pride and certain knowledge.

Perhaps the words, dictionary and literary, have been the subjects of more pronunciations and mis-pronunciations than any other two words in our language. In fact many of us ordinary students never pronounced them the same way twice but it does our soul good especially if we have a friend who persists in saying "dik'-shun-ry" and "lit'ra-ry" to read from "The Lexicographer's Easy Chair" in the current issue of the Literary Digest: "Some English-speaking peoples suppress syllables in such words as dictionary, literary for which they say "dik'-shun-ry," "lit'ra-ry", but the practice should be discouraged.."

ABOUT JUDGE T. D. BRYSON.

Ex-Judge Bryson, who made a superb record as a member of the Superior Court lights in North Carolina, moves to Durham where he becomes connected with the legal department of Duke University.

The correspondent of his home town (Bryson nestled in the bosom of the beautiful mountains of the state) takes occasion to refer to the Judge's life and career as follows:

Thad D. Bryson, accompanied by Mrs. Bryson and their daughter Lillian, left Wednesday for Durham where they will make their home.

Mr. Bryson accepted a position in the Duke Law School in September as director of the course in practical law, and has been there since then returning to Bryson City every few weeks to attend to cases which were pending in the courts and which he

The leaving of Mr. Bryson brings had accepted before going to Duke. to mind just what he has meant to the town which is named for his father, Colonel Thad D. Bryson, pioneer of this section. His father came here from Jackson County when there were only four buildings in Bryson. He bought from the Shuler heirs and others the land lying on the west side of the railroad beginning at Deep Creek and extending for about a mile toward the south. It was the original Bear Grant and belonged to chief Bear, a Cherokee Indian.

Saw Many Changes

Mr. Bryson has seen many changes in this little town which bears the Bryson name. It has developed a great deal. He remembers when the first train came to Bryson, brought this far by the efforts of his father. He has seen all the improvements, the electric lights, water, sewer, paving and the building of home and business places as they have come here.

He has always made it a part of his life's work to tell others of the natural beauties that surround this town. He assisted in giving to others a clear outlook about the Great Smoky Mountains that are to be saved in their natural beauty for future generations, in the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. He did his academic work and took his course in law at the University of North Carolina. He also spent two years at Emory and Henry College and was a student at Bingham following the death of his father, when just a boy.

After finishing in law he returned to his home here and opened an office. Later he was made solicitor of this district and was in that office for 12 years. He was elected judge of the Superior Court for the 20th judicial district and resigned from that position to return home and open an office, associating with him his two sons, Thad D., Jr., and Edwin, a year ago last summer.

He was approached last summer by president Few, of Duke and later accepted the position which he has left Bryson to fiill.

To Return For Visits

Mr. Bryson has been identified with all the questions that have been discussed for the promotion of this country. He has never hesitated to give of his time or his means for anything that would develop Western

North Carolina. In going away he says that he does not give this up as his home; that the family will spend its summers here and he intends to be identified with all forward movements in this section.

He says that Duke is going to be a wonderful place. He feels that North Carolina is fortunate in having such an institution and is very much interested in developing this really wonderful institution.

Give as you would, if angels waited at your door;
Give as you would, if the morrow found you where giving all is o'er;
Give as you would to the Master, if you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance if His hand your offering took.
—Selected.

LITTLE STORIES OF COMMON WORDS.

By J. Edmund Brewton.

"If you'll learn the story of a word every week,
You'll understand better the language we speak."

I. PANIC.

The theatre was filled. People stood in the aisles and in the black of the building. There was a sudden flare of light upon the stage, and someone in the audience shouted, "Fire!"

The crowd became wild, uncontrollable. Panic resulted, and the people in their fright crushed one another against the exits, blockading them. The fire, however, was soon extinguished, and had it not been for the panic no one would have been hurt.

Panic, meaning extreme or sudden fright or unreasoning fear, came to us from the mythological Pan, who is represented with the head and breast of an elderly man, but with the lower parts like the hindquarters of a goat and with a goat's horns on his forehead.

Long, long ago in Greece, Pan was looked upon as the god who watched over the pasture-fields, herdsmen, and herds. As a god of sherpherds and country people he journeyed through wood across plains and sat in shady places beside cool streams, playing on his pipe.

A shepherd alone in the mountains or on the plains, would sometimes be seized with a strange loneliness and fear which they thought were due to the unseen presence of Pan. This feeling was known to them as **panic-fright**. And this anxiety or alarm, arising without visible reason, came to be called panic fear, or fear aroused by the unseen presence of Pan.

And so, today, when a group of people, or drove of animals, lose their presence of mind and become uncontrollable or stampede, we say that they became panicky, or that a panic resulted.

GESTURES!

By Thornwell Haynes, in Asheville Citizen.

What is more laudable than the activities of the Salvation Army? Every daily paper of every little town or city you pick up tells of the three or five hundred children from "less fortunate families" who have been showered with gifts, boxes and baskets of candies, fruits, and toys from the always wonderful Christmas tree! Music, ruddy cheeks Christmas carols, and the laughter of children!

I never see the big pot and the Salvation Army lass or lassie (for they are this, however many years they be!), but I think what a worthy deed! Just as though the lass or laddie were saying "I shall pass throhgh this world but once. Any good thing that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now—for I shall not pass this way again." This mhst have been the thought of General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. What an undreamed-of, universal Beauty a little idea can become! Industry with its millions, science with its birth-control, art with its beauty, and the God-Spirit within us, will relieve us by and by of all the poor. In the meantime, scattered along the highway which we are traveling, there is no signboard more lovely than this same Salvation Army gift-pot of gold!

We may sometimes have censure for the "movies," but who ran have aught but praise for the picture theater which in a Carolina city recently gave a Christmas matinee, Harold Lloyd in "The Kid Brother," in return for an admission fee of two sweet potatoes? A one-horse load of potatoes, canned goods, fruit, and a barrel of flour were the receipts!

And where do you supose they went? Straight to an orphanage! When our inventive genius gives us more leisure and our spirituality measures with our materiality, we will have no orphans—all fathers and mothers will live out their allotted number of days! Then we will miss the temper of such a deed as this. But there will be others. The road is always upward!

Here's another clipping. "A mammoth fireworks display Monday night brought to a close the special Christmas program at the Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children. All the kiddies either walked or were wheeled out on the varandas for the demonstration which proved vociferously popular." But one is sure the fireworks did not register the agitated joy of the childrren's hearts!

We have our murders and hold-ups: but there are 115,000,000 of us! We have also our kindness. It was Ella Wheeler Wilcox who sang.

"One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees, and the birds.

we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in!''

And some day, too, there will be no more cripples!

BELATED CHARITY.

Those who defer their gifts till their deathbed do as good as say, ''Lord, I will give Thee something when I can keep it no longer.'' Happy is the man that is his own executor.—Bishop Hall.

A NEW YEAR SYMPHONY.

By Dr. Holland, in Progressive Farmer.

This afternoon I am to attend the funeral of an old man who was a near neighbor of ours. Three days ago I ran in to see him.

Among the many things that he tried to say to me was the wish that the New Year, which was not to be for him, but for me might be the best one thus far in my life.

Then he reached into his pocket and drew out a little card. He said: "I want you to have this card. It has been on my person for more than thirty years. I have had thousands of them printed and have given them to friends and strangers. It expresses the truths that I have been trying to live for more than half a century.''

I want all of my reads to have a copy of this symphony for the New Year. I send it to you with the blessings of this friend and neighbor of mine, who has just slipped away into the new light of eternity.

MY CREED

"To live as gently as I can,
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill,
And cling to faith and honor still;
To do my best and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, shall failure come to me,
To work and hope for victory.

"To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid,
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.

"To leave some simple mark behind
That will inpsire some other mind;
If opposition I must show,
To be an honest, generous foe;
To play my little part, nor whine
That greater honors are not mine;
This, I believe, is all I need
To put within my New Year's creed."

I can think of no greater blessing that could crown the heart of any young man or woman, than to memorize and try to practice this noble creed. Anyway, I am sending it to you with my prayer for you during the coming year, and all of the New Years that may be yours to live.

AN END OF ISOLATION.

(News and Observer.)

The celebration of the birthday of Woodrow Wilson should witness a revival of interest in the cause for which he gave his life. With the end of the World War, the people looked for the carrying out of the American pledge to the soldiers that it was "a war to end war." With the retirement of Mr. Wilson, that pledge has either been repudiated or a drifting policy has prevented even a turning over of the hand to keep the pledge. As the year closes, because of American inaction, the world is under arms and more money was spent in preparation for War in 1927 than in any previous year in the history of the world. Is that to continue? Will this country be content to be supine as the world drifts back to alliances and into future wars? Are we to be dumb when duty to our dead and to children unborn demands that the United States take the lead to secure a substitute for war?

In a recent address at the New England Society, Owen D. Young gave expression to views in keeping with Woodrow Wilson's birthday when he said:

"A policy of isolation is as hopeless for this nation on this little globe today as that policy is for an individual on Broadway. The training of a democracy which compels each man to recognize the rights of others and all men to recognize the interest of the group should be helpful in solving our international problems.

"There are only two kinds of action which a man or a nation may take. The only alternative to them is inaction. One is to act as an individual, independently on your own account. The other is to act co-operatively with others. The first requires no agreement or entangling alliance; the second needs concert of some kind. One is no better than the other but each has its own field, just as inaction or silence has when there is no need to speak. A wise and brave man acts independently so far as he can and co-operates when he must in order to get results. So it should be with nations.

Let not the greatest stand dumb when it should speak. Let it not be idle when it should act. Let it have courage and sympthy and vision. Let it assume commensurate with God's great gifts to it. Let it be unafraid for itself and unsuspicious of others. Let the paralysis of small views and the selfishness of littleness be condemned in our politics at home and become a part of our policy abroad.

This declaration recalls the address of Elihu Root at the Wilson Birthday dinner in 1926. It should be kept in mind and should serve to call people away from absorption in small things and cause them to reflect upon how the leaders of this country have failed in a grave crisis. Mr. Root said:

"Not only did we forget the demands of honorable obligation resting upon old associations and fellowship and the expectations raised by our own representative, but consider the service that was rendered by the League and by the Court. For these

years the League in the political field and the Court in the judicial field have been rendering the best service in the cause of peace known to the history of civilization, incomparably the best.

We, the great peace-loving people, what have we done to help in this wonderful new work? No sympathy, no moral support, no brotherhood—No!

We have allowed insensate prejudice, camouflaged but futile phrases appear, but falsely appear, to represent the true heart of the American people, with all its idealism, with its breadth of human sympathy, with its strong desire that our country should do its share for peace and happiness and noble life in all the world.

EDITOR PETERSON WANTS A DICTIONARY.

(Chatham Record.)

Wanted—a Dictionay—not merely a copy of existing publications, but a new kind of word book. This office hasn't had a dictionary since the fire, and when we think of getting one we are confronted by the following dilemma: If we get one that has the words in it we want, it is too unwieldy, not to speak of the cost for ready use; if we get a small book then it is filled with such words as cat, dog, baker, etc. We wish some one would make a 200 page book containing the words difficult of spelling or of only occasional use, whose shades of meaning are not so apt to be clear. We understand "cat" in all its applications from the household puss to the significations of General Bowley's "cat" in his most recent fulmination and we can spell it too. But there are words that will not stick either of the unfrequently used Anglo-Saxon group, or of the Latin group that unscientifically depart from root spelling. For instance, a few weeks ago, we wished to use the word meidian. Memory said "an," but the notion of its derivation from the Latin "dies" suggested "en." We followed the derivation idea and was wrong, and the printer not only didn't correct us, but even went and ridian. Memory said "an," but the and perhaps other words derived from "dies" also follow the same unscientific spelling, using "a" where the natural letter would be "e." Hence, in the dictionary we want, all the words of Latin derivation which unnaturally depart from the Latin root spelling would be listed. For a Latin student that word "fulmination" used above spells itself and defuses itself, as do thousands of other words. They might be omitted, for very few other than Latin students ever need them and they can use the unabridged. Moreover, it is time for the English-speaking world to be brought back to the recognition that the easiest way to learn the majority of English words, both their spelling and signification is to learn Latin.

THE DUTY OF CONSCIOUS ALLEGIANCE.

(Henry Ford's Page.)

We are on the very threshold of a new age. The dates are unimportant, for in the advance of the plan of the ages it is not the sharp-cut dates, but periods of time, that are important. Old things gradually dawn. Only on looking backward do the people realize that 'a great thing took place back there.' Surprisingly few of the real turning points of the world come amid signs and wonders and people standing in awe of what is passing. In the minds of most, the War was the cataclysm, because it was noisy; but something greater than the War, though much less clamorous, is in passage now.

It is neither for man to help nor hinder, but to hold himself ready to do what is right, whatever may be the circumstances. When the age begins to turn, we are too late to stop it, for the causes thereof were set in motion long ago and are now invincible. Nor can we help the new age be born, because we are but creatures of months, and the new age is generations in process of formation. We can but will the Right, not for our particular race or religion or nationality, but the Universal Right which harms none, and in which each finds its own fulfillment.

One of the principal human duties that devolve during periods of change is the duty of conscious allegiance. What do you, as a personality and in your personality, stand for? And are you standing for it by standing with others who are standing for it? These are questions which are pressing home from many directions today. The bugles of Time are blowing 'Assembly' and men are dividing themselves, each according to the moral note within.

It is not a question of allegiance to opinions or programs or philosophies; it is a question of allegiance to moralities. A man may be hopelessly wrong in all his opinions, but if he is morally right, he is of the stuff of the continuing order of life. On the other hand, a man may be perfectly correct in his opinions and knowledge, and yet every thing he does may collapse and die because of moral anemia. In this time of change it is not a question of having the correct economic theory; it is a question of being loyal to the Right. Immoral or unmoral men never yet constructed nor enforced a single beneficial social change.
men never yet constructed an enduring social structure, nor enforced a single beneficial social change.

This coming to conscious allegiance is not always a pleasant experience. Especially in this day when everybody is obsessed more or less with the idea of wanting to be a 'good fellow,' and when the flabby philosophy of 'Boost' has reduced us to spongy masses of saccharine sweetness.

Men have been taught to put even their moral convictions in the background; indeed to possess no obtrusive moral convictions, in order that a false show of fellowship may be made.

This fellowship has now fallen apart. It was based on nothing enduring. It had no meaning except a desire to escape the penalty for being 'different,' which so many people fear.

It is a time now when conscious allegiance costs something, for it will mean division, and the very first division must be between those who will be loyal to moral conviction and those who will not. And this, quite apart from the consideration of persons or majorities.

The country has had considerable experience lately in the lining up of majorities on questions like Temperance, and because the majority of people always believe, as a matter of principle, in Tempperance, it has been made to appear that moral allegiance is always just that easy. It is not. The line-up, impressive as it was, has not brought us Temperance; and no such easy, popular line-up ever will.

The majority of the people are naturally straddlers. They are not in the world to pioneer but to be as happy as possible. If pioneering in a cause brings discomfort, they would rather not be among the pioneers. If Truth and Error meet in combat before their gaze, they would rather wait and see which proves the stronger. They may have a lazy faith that Truth at last will win, but it may not be the time as yet and they do not wish to lend a premature support.

And yet majorities are essential, not to the truth, but to the acknowledgment of the truth; and minorities are essential to the fructifying of majorities. The majority is the sodden dough, the minority the yeast; it is the yeast that changes the character of the dough to something better. Majorities are the position to be taken, as it were; and sometimes Truth takes it, and sometimes Error.

There are some opposites in the world that shall never be reconciled. There are some programs that shall never be harmonized. And that is what frightens some people. They want to be happy; they want to live and let live; they do not want to be bothered. They want leave to enjoy the world as it is, and if there are those who would improve the world, let them do so, but not in a way that interferes with the present schedule.

It is not hard or hardened men that the world needs, but men of moral hardiness who possess spiritual backbones. Men to whom the palliatory 'perhaps' comes too easily, who are impressed with the idea of 'relativity' that they seek refuge in a near-vacuum, are men who are lacking in moral gristle. An Idea may be very valuable to them, but they are of no value to the Idea. And the world advances only as Ideas gather believing men about them.

The last publication about the late John F. McNair before his death was a statement that he had contributed ten thousand dollars to Flora MacDonald College. Last summer he made a contribution to Peace in Raleigh. These, and all other donations to education and to religion he made, will pay larger dividends than any other investments made by the Scotland county financial leader.—News & Observer.

FEAR AND FAILURE.

(Asheville Citizen.)

A writer in The New Age Illustrated asserts that economic fears make up 95 per cent of the failures of mankind. From his own experience he maintains that the chief of them are fear of poverty, fear of losing one's job, and fear of slipping backward. Fear increases the likelihood of what you fear coming to pass. A woman who fears age and the loss of beauty hastens thereby the time for this. Fear of the loss of a job is conductive to inefficiency and consequent dismissal. The fear of ridicule makes one unnatural and ridiculous. A girl fearing the loss of her sweetheart is apt to appear strained or jealous and thus becomes less attractive. A pugilist who is frightened when climbing into the ring is already half beaten. A business man fearing financial disaster is in danger of losing his judgment. Habitual fears are costly and weakening. This writter contents that only the unsuccessful show fear. Successful people are unafraid.

A fearless world would fare well. If no people were timid then none would be unsuccessful. And yet this statement involves a contradiction. It is a sad fact that in this world of competition and strife many achieve success through the failure of others. This is as true of lower animals and plants as it is of human beings. All living organisms live by devouring others weaker than themselves. Thus if all were successful in their reactions to danger, none would be destroyed and none could live. Likewise in the business and professional worlds the stronger triumph by outmatching their weaker opponents. If all persons were capable of meeting competition, then none would be successful. If all were endowed with equal physicial strength and intellectual capacity, none could rise to heights and none would sink to depths. We would all be kept at a dead level of mediocrity and all would prosper only so far as we could dominate over lesser animals and plants and could develop the material resources of the world. And absolute democracy and equality are not interesting or attractive, however much they may please social and political theorizers. Humanity demands leadership and leaders rally supporters around themselves.

Again, in the presence of stronger creatures, it is only natural for the weaker to evince fear. The lives of wild creatures are filled with ruthless competition, and they all show fear in the presence of danger. Even the strongest and fiercest wild beasts are afraid of man. And in the human world the weaker are often alarmed when competing with the stronger. It has been said that the bravest soldier is frightened when first going into battle. Can any man, woman or child truthfully state that he or she has never been afraid? There is danger in metropolitan centers, in rural districts, in forests, factories and mines, as well as on the oceans. An individual who had never faced peril in his or her life would be hard to find. And even the strongest and bravest meet dan-

gers which produce the sensation of fear. Will power can enable one to overcome fear and meet danger, but that does not prove that fear is altogether lacking.

There is then something about the nervous organisms of the successful which enables them to meet and overcome perils and problems. Thus the successful are usually classed as fearless. Yet the sensation of fear is not wholly lacking in any one. But the more we can overcome it, the more will we be successful in life.

THE RIGHT TO GOSSIP.

(Asheville Citizen.)

When a woman made formal complaint to the police court of Irvington, New Jersey, that her neighbors were having card parties at which they talked about her, Judge Frederick Stoddard ruled: "They had a perfect right. It is one of the inalienable privileges of women to hold card parties at which the nieghbors are placed on the frying pan and their faults exaggerated and their virtues minimized."

That is to say, it is the female neighbors' right to regale themselves with the sizzling sounds of human victims being roasted to a rich, dark and succulent brown, to harken with joy to the hiss and sputter of adjectives hot as Hades, the clang and thunder of "I'm told" and "They say," giant hammers flattening reputations on the anvil of high, harsh and hostile repetition.

But it is no new law that Judge Stoddard lays down, no modern custom that he upholds. He said the thing was all right because he knew that all the judicial decisions in the world, backed by all the armies, navies and battle planes of civilization, would be powerless to lessen by one word or abate by one note the output of those ladies who, like "Miss Delilah Aberyswith, with a perfect taste in dresses but a badly bitted tongue," are determined to say what they want to say, though the stars drop and the heavens reel.

Wise and discerning judge! Solomon bawled out the gossiping woman, and got nowhere with the reform; and who is this Judge Stoddard of Irvington, New Jersey, to succeed where Solomon so ignominiously failed despite the fact that he indubitably had learned something about women, having had seven hundred wives?

The obligations of citizenship do not rest solely or chiefly in the exercise of the privileges of voting, or in conducting campaigns, or in holding offices. Important as are these duties their performance will amount to nothing unless our citizens are imbued with the spirit of our institutions, which means respect for a government of law, a sincere desire to better in every practical way the conditions of human life, loyalty in all relations of life and the disposition to be kindly and fair in all dealings with one's fellowman.—Charles E. Hughes.

SPINNERS FOR SCIENCE.

By Andrew T. Sibbald, in Young Folks.

Railroad tracks are surveyed and laid, tunnels are planned and bored and distances to far-off stars are measured by the help of filments of spider web, such as we see floating from bushes and in fence corners in the early fall. The world's great engineering feats have been made possible by the fineness of the lines that cross and recross on the field of vision in the surveyor's glass. These lines are the output of spider spinners.

Years and years ago, when men first began to survey and plot of the face of the earth, they found they needed in their instruments something whereby they could fix a point definitely, precisely and within a fraction of an inch. If you will look through the telescopes used by engineers and surveyors you will see how they solved the difficulty. You will observe lines running from one side to the other of the round field of vision. Even in the telescope these lines do not look large. Examining the diaphragm carefully you will find that those "cross wires" are nothing in the world but filaments of a spider's web.

A friend of mine in St. Louis, a maker of instruments of precision, raises a colony of spiders in his cellar. Every fall and spring he looks about in the woods and fence corners, under the bark of dead trees, in cracks and holes in logs and tree trunks and around old stumps and brush piles for certain brown spiders that are of first importance to his business; for the little spider workers in his cellar furnish the substance by which the value of a simple structure of glass, brass and steel becomes an instrument worth hundreds of dollars. No wonder he regards them with such tender concern. Not that he feeds them, for spider refuse any food furnished them and must catch their own flies. But he is most careful to collect only good. healthy specimens and to keep them in a uniform temperature and the semi-gloom they love.

All winter the spiders hibernate, but with the first sunshiny days they are ready to spin. When the owner wants a few fet of web he goes down into the cellar, selects a likely-looking spider places it on a frame and holds it out above the floor. Instantly the creature begins to figure out a plan of escape. Hurriedly she starts to spin a thread, which she makes fast to the frame. After her thin gauzy line is fastened, she drops off the frame and starts to the ground five feet beneath her, spinning out and slinding down her own rope ladder. But as fast as she spins the thread the operator winds it on the frame. Yet the spider persists. Sometimes she will spin more than four hundred feet in her patient effort to reach the ground. After the web has been rolled on the frame it is he can fit up scores of instruments maker. With a few spiders in stock he can fit up sccores of instruments since less than an inch of the filament is needed for one of the cross-lines in many levels and transits.

The filaments of the brown spider

of the north woods are the finest and most uniform threads in all nature. They have no kinks such as are found in the threads of silk worms and the large spiders. Some makers of transits and telescopes send all the way to Beaver Island in Lake Michigan every autumn for webs. The webs are also taken from the nests of Missouri wood spiders, such as those my St. Louis friend finds in his autumnal hunts. Other webs will do for makeshift repairs, so that if a surveyor making his way across wild and broken country has one of the "cross wires" of his instrument destroyed in any way, all he has to do is to find a spider's cocoon and draw from it a few inches of web. From the tiny strand he cuts an inch or so and fastens it with a drop of shellac at each side of the lens.

SILK STOCKINGS AND SEDITION.

By Henriette Weber, in The North American Review.

Does the feminine bosom heave with malice an envy at the sight of super-expensive finery in the shop windows, or anywhere else? Is there a keen, or even faint desire, on the part of Judy O'Grady to throw a brick through a window on upper Fifth Avenue, and thereby damage the glittering evening gown and costly accessories that are posed to render a picture of dazzling extravagence? Does she become seditious minded because she can not have these things?

Sedition? Pouf? Our women know how to dress well by instinct, and that being the case, why bother with a brick and a ruined window, or with red hot meetings where the unfairness of the favored few can be violently discussed? Isn't it the unalienable right of every women to look as well as the Colonial Lady? It is! And knowing that fact, she sets about having her silk stockings and everything else to go with them by resorting to clever copying, to an innate aptitude for the right thing, and an untiring alertness as to the ever-changing vagaries of style.

These are weapons for more effective in conquering the unsuspecting male, in subduing the rival female, and in making the world her oyster, than a seditious programme ever could be. Instead of "heaving a brick" at a Paris "creation," she stops, looks, and lingers to note the detail of color and design, that she may turn this information into a "creation" of her own making at a cost of thirty cents on the dollar and still be happy. Carlyle knew his Sartor Resartus. Very well. Clothes make the woman too, and women know it.

And we must not forget Jackson's anniverary.

MANY IMPROVEMENTS MADE BY SOUTHERN DURING YEAR 1927

Despite a slight recession in the general volume of business offered for movement in 1927, the Southern Railway System continued its improvement program and during the year invested $15,000,000.00 in providing enlarged and more modern facilities for handling the freight and passenger business of the South.

Early in the year a new engine terminal was placed in service at Chattanooga, Tenn., in connection with the Citico Yard, which was enlarged in 1926. A 35-stall reinforced concrete roundhouse and auxiliary buildings were included. At Grand Crossing, Fla., near Jacksonville, a similar terminal with a 10-stall roundhouse was constructed, supplementing the classification yard, built in 1925.

Andrews Yard and Terminal.

The largest project undertaken and completed during the year was the enlargement of Andrews Yard, at Columbia, S. C. and the construction of a new engine terminal. New tracks were built doubling the capacity of the yard and giving room for more than 2,000 cars. The engine terminal consists of a 20-stall roundhouse, smith and machine shop, a number of smaller buildings and freight car repair facilities.

At Winston-Salem, N. C., 8½ miles of yard track were laid and a new engine terminal with 6-stall roundhouses was built. Substantial additions were made to the yard tracks at Pomona, N. C., near Greensboro, the junction of the Winston-Salem division with the Washington-Atlanta line.

Additional yard tracks and a small engine terminal were built at East Durham, N. C., the junction of the Durham branch of the Richmond Division with the Greensboro-Goldsboro line.

Mechanical coal handling plants were built at Citico, Grand Crossing, Andrews yard and Winston-Salem in connection with the construction of the new engine terminals and also at Monroe, Va., Atlanta junction, Ga., near Rome, Bulls Gap, Tenn., Coster, Tenn., near Knoxville, Sheffield, Ala., Anniston, Ala., and Lawrenceburg, Ky.

Twelve New Structures (blk)

The line of the North Carolina Railroad between Greensboro and Selma over which the Southern handles the greater part of its traffic to and from Norfolk and Pinners Point, was strengthened to permit the use of heavier and more powerful llocomotives. This required the renewal of twelve structures, the most important being the bridges over the Neuse and Haw rivers and Back Creek.

Local freight handling facilities were improved at Asheville, N. C. Charlotte, N. C., and Rock Hill S. C. At Asheville an entirely new terminal consisting of warehouse, transfer platform and team tracks was built in the Biltmore bottoms. At Charlotte the car capacity of the freight house was increased and new track served by paved driveways were built. The warehouse and track facilities at Rock Hill were inlarged.

During 1927, the Southern continued the work of laying its more important lines with heavier rail. Purchases for the year amounted to 85,000 tons, mostly of 100-pound section, and approximately 500 miles of track were laid with new rail, while relay 85-pound rail was laid on lines formerly equipped with rail of lighter section.

Signals and Train Control (blk)

During 1927, the Southern made notable progress in the provision of protective devices, equipping 1,-279 miles of track with electric automatic block signals and 2,265 miles with the automatic train control system. It now has a total of 4,-013 miles of track protected by electric block signals of which 3,370 miles are also equipped with hte automatic train control.

Telephone diispatching lines were constructed between Bristol, Tenn., and Morristown and between Chattanooga and Memphis. A message circuit installed between Greensboro, N. C. and Winston-Salem. The Southern now has 2,808 miles of line equipped with the telephone.

Bridge renewal work was also carried out on a large scale, approximately 50 bridges and trustles scattered over 18 divisions having been replaced by structures of greater strength or more modern design. Among the new bridges erected, is one spanning the famous Sewanee river on the line between Valdosta, Ga., and Palatka, Fla. On the Alabama Great Southern Railroad between Chattanooga, Tenn., and Meridian, Miss., 13 open deck trestles were replaced by reinforced concrete box or pipe culverts and six ballast deck trestles were replaced by similar structures designed for heavier loading.

GASOLINE TAXES WILL PASS $10.000,000 MARK IN 1928 SAYS DOUGHTON.

"I have collected $9.111,000 in gasoline taxes in 1927 and have informed the State Highway Commission that they may count on $10,-000,000 in 1928," yesterday declared Commissioner of Revenue R. A. Doughton. The 1927 collections lack only $17,000 of exceeding those of 1926 by a round million dollars. Comparisons are difficult on automobile licenses because of the issuance of two sets of licenses this year, one for six months and one for the calendar year 1928.

The Department of Revenue proper also shows increases, but of smaller proportions, the collections for the calendar year 1927 being $11,921,386.58 as compared with $11,268,306.33 in the year before.

WOODROW WILSON'S WISDOM.

The only immortal thing about America is her conscience. America is not going to be immortal because she has immense wealth.

The privilege of self-sacrifice is the only privilege that lends dignity to the human spirit.

The firm basis of government is justice, not pity.

I am sorry for the man who seeks to make personal capital out of the passions of him fellow-men.

The man who thinks of himself as belonging to a particular national group in America has not yet become an American.

Leadership in America must mean service to all the people.

The great voice of America does not come from seats of learning. It comes to us from the homes of common men.

The easiest thing is to strike. The brutal thing is the impulsive thing.

Knowledge has come into the world in vain if it is not to emancipate those who have it from narrowness, censoriousness, fussiness, an intemperate zeal for petty things.

No man has ever risen to the real stature of spiritual manhood until he has found that it is finer to serve somebody else than to serve himself.

The foundation of law, the glory of law is that the weakest is equal to the strongest in matters of right and privilege.

The Constitution of the United States is a vehicle of life, not a skeleton of fear.

There is not a single individual's opinion that is not of some consequence in making up the grand total.

The roll of honor in America consists of the names of those who have squared their conduct by ideals of duty.

If you think too much about being re-elected, it is very difficult to be worth re-electing.

I want to see America pitted against the world not in selfishness, but in brains.

It takes a great deal more courage and steadfastness to represent ideal things than to represent anything else.

Revolutions do not spring up overnight. Revolutions come from the long suppression of the human spirit.

Liberty is a thing which you must build by habit.

Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together.

Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can only be saved by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ, and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit.

The nation's honor is dearer than the nation's comfort.

The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of human hearts.

The only thing that ever set any man free, or any nation free, is the Truth. A man who is afraid of the Truth, is afraid of the law of life. A man who does not love the truth is in the way of decay and failure.

Come let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is not heard or heeded, and where things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in

peace and righteousness and love.

If you are going to play a lone hand, the hand that you play must be upon the handle of the sword.

There is a greater thing than the spirit of the age, and that is the spirit of the ages.

We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile; and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye.

If you want to have your own fortunes held steady, realize that the fortunes of the world must be held steady.

The wise heart never questions the dealings of Providence, because the great long plan as it unfolds has a majesty about it and a definiteness of purpose, an elevation of ideal, which we are incapable of conceiving as we tried to work things out in our own short sight and weak strength.

This is our conception of the truly human man; a man in whom there is just balance of faculties, a catholic sympathy; no brawler, no fanatic, no pharisee; not too credulous in hope, not too desperate in purpose; warm, but not hasty; ardent and full of definite power, but not running around to be pleased and deceived by every new thing.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

The old year goes and the new comes in
And the sighs are lost in the welcoming din,
To mourn for the past is a foolish thing
Who grieves that Winter gives way to Spring?
So "a Happy New Year!" is the common cry,
"May your pleasures live and your troubles die!"

No one can tell what a year will be,
But ever hopeful of joy are we,
When the old year came as the new one here
We shouted the wish for a glad New Year,
But trouble and sorrow and care came on,
And now that it's dead we are glad it's gone.

Some of us laughingly lived it through,
Some of us mourned, as we all must do,
For a year is long and no day is born
But somewhere some of us wake to mourn,
And there isn't a doubt that this New Year brings
A burden of happy and doleful things.

So here's to your faith in times of doubt!
Here's luck to you till the year runs out!
Here's strength to you for the tasks you'll meet!
May your path be lined with life's roses sweet.
"A happy New Year to you, friend!" I cry.
"May your pleasures live and your troubles die."

—Edgar A. Guest, in Charlotte Observer.

CHANGE SIZE PAPER MONEY IN 1298.

The year 1928 will mark the first change in size of paper money since 1861.

For months the Bureau of Engraving and printing, the greatest print shop in the world, will be busy making new and smaller $1 bills, so that upon some fixed day next fall they may be issued simultaneously throughout the country and the old ones retired at one swoop, to be redeemed, of course, upon demand. Notes of other denominations will be printed and put in circulation probably in 1929.

The new notes will be 6 5-16 by 2 11-16 inches whereas the notes now in circulation are 7 7-16 by 3 1-8 inches. By the change the Government expects to save $2,000,000 annually. The reduction in size of the bills is expected to increase the capacity of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing by 50 per cent because twelve of the smaller notes can be printed at one impression upon the same press which now prints but eight.

Through the change in size the bills will be more convenient to handle and will also be more durable. The new notes will slip into a billfold or ocket, it is claimed, without creasing or folding, and for this reason are expected to have a much longer life than those now in use.

The life of the averge bill now is not more than six or seven months, treasury officials say. Folding is one of the chief items cutting short the life of paper money.

Designs on the bill are also to be standardized. Many designs now appear on the different denominations and the various kinds of notes. Washington.'s potrait, for example, appears both on the $1 and some $20 bills.

Treasury officials point out that through standarizing the designs the new notes cannot be so easily "raised" to higher denominations by the crooked gentry who make this their business. In addition to standarized designs on the new paper money there will be a relation between the portrait on the face and the engraving on the back, except in the cases of the $1 bill and thoses above $100.

On the face of the new $1 bill will be the portrait of Washington and on the back will be the word "ONE" in large letters. On the $2 bill will be a portrait of Jefferson with an engraving of Monticello, his home, on the back.

Lincoln's portrait will be on the face of the $5 bill with the Lincoln Memorial for the back. Hamilton's portrait will appear on the face of the $10 bill and the Treasury Building on the back. For the face of the $20 bill Grover Cleveland's portrait has been chosen, with the White House for the back.

Grant's portrait will be on the face of the $50 bill, Benjamin Franklin's on the $100, McKinley's on the $500, Jackson's on the $1,000, Madison's on the $5,000, and Chase's on the $10,000.

All these designs have been approved, although some may be changed later.

No retirement of the money-making machinery will be necessitated by the change, it is said.

OUR SELF-SLANDER.

By Glenn Frank.

We Americans have a habit of slandering ourselves by assuming that our ordinary day-to-day work out of which we make our living is essentially selfish and anti-social.

This habit is evident in two ways:

As individuals we secretly sign for some more "socially significant" undertaking than our ordinary profit-making business or profession, wishing that the throw of the dice had made us poets or artists or statesmen or prophets, so that we might have had the thrill of "serving humanity," instead of simply supporting our family.

As a nation we reconcile ourselves to the assumption that our oridnary profit-making business and professions are by their very nature private ventures that will quite likely produce anti-social results, and that they must be followed by socially minded uplift movements to correct the damage we have done in the way we have made our private incomes.

This results in such assumptions as these.

Social workers must eliminate slums that industry creates.

Beauty is something produced by artists who are willing to give up the advantages of an ordinary business or profession for the bleak independence of the garret.

Great architecture is something created by architects, working as geniuses wholly apart from the life of their time, and that the possibility of our having great architecture depends upon agitation by women's clubs and courses in appreciation colleges.

In this manner we throw the responsibility of all the things that give light and loveliness,, grace and distinction, to life into the hands of a small group of professional artists, architects, and uplifters.

This is dangerous business for a social mindedness that is made the special function of a special group is sterile from the start.

Public spirit, beauty, or great architecture that is the product of a small group of socially minded persons who are swimming against the general stream of a community's life can not be real; it will remain but a tinsel decoration.

The things that really add loveliness and liveableness to a community must come as by products of the way men carry on their bread and butter activities.

No small band of uplifters can permanently prevent slums if the organization of machine industry is such that slums are created by it.

We can not inject beauty into a community that organizes and administers its common affairs in a sordid and slovenly way.

We can not develop a great architecture if architects, by and large must serve a system of developmental schemes animated by no interest beyond the sale of properties. We must take the enrichment of our common life, not the main product of the work of a few artists and social workers, but the by-product of the day-to-day work of all.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Guy Tucker and Ralph Wright, members of the fifth and fourteenth cottages respectively, were paroled by Superintendent Boger last Monday.

The shoe shop boys are hard at work again, during the holidays shoes accumulated until they are nearly swamped with shoes.

Several of the printing office boys made good use of the Christmas holidays by getting the linotype machines in shape for another year.

We wish to thank Miss Helen Myers of Spencer who assisted us in our Christmas program and we hope that she will visit us again.

The bakery boys and the laundry boys did not have a whole weeks holiday as the boys must eat and wear clothes regardless of the holidays.

On account of the severe cold weather, which drove the thermometer down to about ten above zero, no work was done by the boys of the work force last Mondaay. They retired to the cottages and played games and read.

Christmas day we were honored to have as our guest Mr. Thomas Shelton, Secretary of Boys' Work Y. M. C. A. Charlotte N. C. who brought as his speaker Mr. J. B. Ivey, owner of, Iveys' department store and also Miss Davis a wonderful soloist of Charlotte who sang a wonderful hymn, which we enjoyed very much, and we gladly extend an invitation to return at any avaible time.

We all enjoyed Mr. Ivey's talk on "A Good Thing Hidden Under a Pile of Rubbish." We wish to thank him and we hope Mr. Shelton wil bring him again. Ofter the services were over, Mr. Shelton gave all the boys a small token of his friendship in the form of an apple. We wish to thank Mr. Shelton for his kind gift, and hope he will be as consistent in his services this year as he was last year.

Well Christmas has gone and we have all returned to our work after having celebrated Christmas to the best of our ability. Christmas eve we all went to the auditorium and heard a program given by the boys. It was a good one and we all enjoyed it. After the program Santa Claus visited us and gave each of the boys, officers and matrons a large bag filled with many good things among them being, apples orangges, dates, figs, nuts, and candies. After the distribution of the bags we returned to the cottages for a weeks rest, during the week we saw a number of picture shows and went to the ballground nearly every day. During the week the last of the goodies were given to the boys in the form of candies nuts and oranges which were left over from Christmas. We all enjoyed the Christmas very much and we take this opportunity to thank the people who made this wonderful Christmas possible by their generous gifts.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

—A—

James Bedingfield, Talmadge Frye, Byron Ford, Ramsey Glasgow, John Holmes, Ernest Honaker, David Julian, T. L. Jackson, Charlie Loggins, Jack Mayberry, Charles Morrow, Edward Moore, Horace McCall, Clyde Pearce, Elwood Pendergrass, George Stanley. Donald Scroggs, Guy Tucker, Herbert Williams, Douglas Williams, Elwood Webb, Lawrence Vaughan, L. M. Bolt, Calvin Dowdy, Donald Etchier, Milton Mashburn, J. L. Murray, Woodrow Padgett, J. T. Stewart and Mark Ward.

—B—

Obie Bridges, Norman Ball, Clay Church, John Johnson, Clawson Johnson, Rhyne Lowder, Ralph Leatherwood, Bruce Moser, Clarence Maynard, Jack Page, Ernest Rohr, Benjah, Newton Watkins, Nolan Woodford, Henry Bowman, Roby Clodfelter, Burch Drake, Glenn Enlow, Lawrence Fisher, Mack Henderson, Willie Howie, Luther Kallam, Sam McIntyre, W. A. McKinney, Lester Morris, David Swanner & Carl Warner.

Room No. 2

—A—

Ernest Hicks and Langley Jackson.

—B—

Lincoln Burgess, Robert Kermon, Bert Murray and Jess Mashburn.

Room No. 3

—A—

Ottis Pass, Clifford Brady, Ralph Tallent and Stanley Tripp.

Room No. 4

—A—

Louis Pearce, James Scott, Ralph Wright, Harry Price, Amos Ramsey, Vernon Cox, John Garret, Dalton Lanier, Ray Seagroves, Raymond Lowery, Ina French, Robie Gardner and Charlie McMillian.

—B—

Paul Conner, Carl Kinzey, Kelly Tedder, J. D. Sprinkle, Eldon DeHart, Mewin Canthren, Dan Wilson, Earl Faulk, John Burke and Robert Sprinkle.

Room No. 5

—A—

Roscoe Pitts, Jack Dillingham, Isaac Franklin, Lebron Vause, Earl Mayzfield, Emmett Levy, Lamar Valentine, Carl Norton, Wheeler Everett, Marvin Barnes, Thos. Smith, Perry Quinn, Hubert Grimes, Arnold Cecil, and Arthur Fowler.

—B—

Claude Whitaker, Arlie Maddox, DeWitt Duncan, Walter Mason, Ben Moore, Julian Tuck & Ernest Carlton.

Room No. 6

—A—

Victor Evans, Baker Smith, Ernest Davis Leroy Alldred, Ozell Willis, Wallace Harding, Lester Younts, John Williamson, Cordell Smith, Murray Paskins, Marvin Cook, Franklin Roberts, Gerald Grimes, Ed Permell, Leonard Clark, James Correll, Herbert Munn, Milton Manning, Brady Helmes, Lealdon Campbell, Charles Beaver, Odell Loy, Ernest Farr, Percy Long, Archie Holt, Vance, Thomas, Ernest Pleasant, Thomas Hisks, Leonard Powers, David Brown, Herbert Hines, Clarence Warren, Way Routh, Franklin Smith, Lester Whitacker, Allen Wrenn, Lee McPherson, Cecil Vause, Bill Elliott, Richard Wilder, Virgil Rufty, Albert Orr, Reid Jackson, Clyde Kivitt, Walter Ricks and William Doby.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M.
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 14, 1928. No. 51

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

"He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Ceasar without his ambition, Fredrick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."—Senator Hill.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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IT WAS STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Now he is made a Lieutenant-General. But Chancellorsville soon comes —comes all too soon.

Then fatally wounded in the dark, he falls at the hands of his own men; a pitiful mistake, but discovered, alas, too late.

In fever's delirium, he wanders to the battle-field and once more gives command. Said the dying captain: "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." Then, with a smile upon his wan face, he bids the world farewell—in that sublime but simple valedictory: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

"IT WAS STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

THE REVELATIONS OF A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

A woman in our midst was overtaken by an accute attack of appendecitis. She was too poor to guarantee the hospital costs. The doctor in attendance was certain that she could not live over night without an operation; and with that her chances of surviving were fearfully slim.

She hesitated to call upon her employer (a mill) for assistance, because a former operation on a member of the family had not been fully discharged by regular monthly payments she was promptly meeting.

The doctor, though a new comer but thoroughly reliable and with what seems a very sympathetic heart, appealed to a charitable organization to come to the rescue. The controlling genius of the corporation was consulted; he did not know the lady, but advised taking up the matter with another official. This was done. He admitted that the lady was "very worthy." He did not, however, see his way clear to assume any further

obligations, etc.

The Uplift has very fixed opinion that corporations are not, in morals, or justice, or law, obligated to assume the doctor or hospital bills of any of its employees, whom sickness overtakes. But somebody is, unless we wear in a hypocrital manner the religious beliefs that take us into church membership, the central idea and force of which is the teaching and example of the lowly Nazarine.

There is no law in ethics or anywhere else, that would require a physician to give free medical attention to an individual. Such a theory would be absurdly foolish and foolishly absurd. Heaven knows that practically every doctor in the land does an immense gratis practice, voluntary and involuntary. Too much of the involuntary class has made it necessary for the institution of a "Black List," to which self protection requires a faithful and consistent adherence. Doctors reached their high estate, not at the hands of the public treasury, but by their own expense and strenuous effort. They deserve all they receive—observation reveals that none become wealthy directly through receipts from their profession, The rich got there through side-lines and by other channels.

The charitable organization assured the doctor, finally, that it would underwrite the cost. He was requested to secure if possible the concession that usually in most hospitals is observed in "charity cases."

But that is another story. Charity prices may not be recognized in that hospital; and, by rights, may not be possible in its maintenance.

In a community where hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in magnificent churches and others in process of the expenditure, is it the religious sense of the community that its obligations end there? Do they not feel that the religion which they outwardly live places an obligation to care for the indigent poor and the sick amongst them?

The rich and poor alike are beneficiaries of public education. It is an accepted duty. Is not the public health a duty? Why let a poor, worthy woman go without hospital treatment, which she is unable to provide, and which would restore her to service or save her life? That is apparently the attitude of our community at this time. Is not health and the saving of life just as important as public education?

When this community rises to its duty in providing a public hospital, bringing hospital treatment in reach of those who are unable to afford it then will our religious and civic profession prove genuinely effective.

The Uplift is aware that there are organizations that play at this service, and that there are private individuals that respond to the call for

help in these unfortunate cases. These are most commendable; but it is a public matter and the public should bravely meet it.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A MUTUAL APPRECIATION

Talking with a successful business man, a banker and interested in the direction of several corporations, and we are forbidden for the present to reveal his name, The Uplift came into a living knowledge that not all corporations are without a soul, as we sometimes hear charged.

This is the story: a humble, faithful and upright employee had reached a physical infirmity which made it dangerous for him to continue at his job in a mill among various kinds of machinery, humming a whirring tune of ceaseless activity. The authority sensed the danger. Though faithful for twenty years, it became necessary to lay him off. And the authorities did.

"My, me," said the man, "what will I do for a living." ."Oh, well," replied the directing head of the institution, "you come around each Tuesday and receive your pay envelope as in the past. It will continue."

Now this is a wonderfully considerate act. But the story does not end here.

The faithful old fellow voluntarily took it upon himself to show a deep appreciation of the mill's act. He spends his time in seeing that the mill yard is always clean and tidy—plants flowers and nurses them— and he goes about it regularly as if there is a contract to that effect. But there is no contract—it is simply a reciprocal gratitude, nothing else.

By the way a lazy man would not be guilty of such conduct, neither would a corporation without a soul be caught doing such a deed. There is, after all, examples where one party will not permit another to outdo him in appreciation and gratitude.

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WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

Dr. Wade H. Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, is wondering what has become of the red flannel undies, which in the past were so popular and conspicuous. This makes one wonder what has become of the beautifully colored wrist warmers, which the dear girls knitted for the lads of their choice?

And, by the way, this leads to another memory. Thirty or forty years ago David Bostian conducted a 5 and 10 cent store in the community. It was a popular place. As an illustration of the change that has taken

place in the tastes and habits of folks, we are reminded of two beautiful brides going to Bostian's Racket store and buying Organdie at 60 cents per pound. With this and their own needles and their own hands made some of the prettiest dresses in all the world—and they looked all the better when the brides put them on and walked down street.

We wonder if their charming daughters actually know how to sew a button on a garment. We know they would never wear a dress made out of Organdie in which their mothers were radiantly beautiful.

Seems like red flannels have gone the way of the Organdie.

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"IT GIVES ME A NIGHTMARE."

A bright, attractive young girl of twelve years was in our presence the other morning. To be courteous we tendered her one of our choice morning dailies. She politely declined, remarking, "I just can't bear to read it; it is filled with murders, theft, infidelity and other crimes. Why, it gives me the nightmare."

That's a remarkable statement by a young girl in these days. But when we remember that she is growing up in a Christian home, has been introduced to wholesome stories and reading from the time she learned to read, it is no wonder that she takes no delight in the parading of the sins of the under world.

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AN HONOR WELL BESTOWED.

It is announced that Col. A. B. Andrews, of Raleigh, by choice of the organization, has been made president of the Alumni Association of the University. This is a happy selection.

There are few men in the state that has the welfare instinct more beautifully developed than is the case with Col. Andrews. He loves to fill positions of honor and service that carries no salary. And The Uplift's observation all these years tells us that he takes just as much and efficient interest in these worthy demands upon his time as were his own bank account being involved.

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LEST WE FORGET.

It is unselfish sacrifice that builds a perpetual memory. That is the case in the lives of two distinguished Southerners. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson will never perish from the South's memory, unless we fall

in the fine traits which characterize us.

It is no sectional feeling that prompts The Uplift to devote much space in this issue, calling attention to the anniversaries of the birthday of Generals Lee and Jackson. Rather it is with the hope of holding up for our guidance the fine examples of two matchless, Christian gentlemen, who proved a loyalty at a fearful cost to themselves. It was principle and duty, which decided their course. Lives so attuned can never die.

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WONDERFULLY FINE.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate, which calls Greensboro home, comes out from its new home (a beauty) in a new dress and enlarged to 32 pages and otherwise showing wonderful improvement

The twin preachers—the Revs. Plyler—in this splendid exhibit of their ability, such as revealed in their product, issues a challenge to the great denomination which this admirable newspaper represents. They are doing themselves proud, which will at once attract a greater interest on the part of their constituency. Bound to do it. The improvement is wonderfully fine.

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OUR QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School held its regular quarterly meeting on the 5th of January. Nothing aside from routine business engaged the Board.

Present at the meeting: Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte; Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Concord; Mr. T. C. Whitlock, Charlotte; Mr. C. A. Cannon, Concord; Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro; and J. P. Cook. Illness detained the other members from attendance.

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We see by the papers that "youths" of ages ranging from 21 to 28 years are still breaking the law in diverse manner throughout the country.

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GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

The 19th and the 21st of January are respectively the birthdays of General Robert E. Lee and General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson. We should keep these days ever in memory. Our children must be annually advised.

The world in all its history never knew finer Christian characters, in every phase of life. They lived high ideals in personal, public, civic and military conduct. The Uplift urges, if it should require urging, that every pupil in this institution read these tributes and ponder their meaning. They will prove heartening and inspiring even to the officers and to all our readers.

Born at "Stratford," the home of his father, "Light-Horse" Harry Lee, in Westmoreland County, Va., on January 19, 1807.

Entered the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, 1825.

Graduated second in a class of forty-six, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Corps of Engineers, 1829.

Was married to his boyhood sweetheart, Mary Custis, Mrs George Washington's great-grand-daughter, June 30, 1831, at his wife's ancestral home, Arlington.

Promoted to First Lieutenant of Engineers in 1834 and to a Captaincy in 1836.

Engineer of the Mississippi River Commission 1837, and five years later in charge of the fortifying of Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

General Robert Edward Lee

Selected by General Winfield Scott as a member of his personal staff at the beginning of the Mexican War in 1846.

Promoted for personal daring and military genius brevet major, brevet lieutenant-colonel, and brevet colonel, 1846-48.

Engineer in charge of fortifying Baltimore, 1846-52.

Supt. U. S. Military Academy 1852-55.

Lieutenant Colonel 1st U. S. Cavalry 1855; assigned to service in

Kanas, Texas, Utah, etc.

Summoned from the West to Washington February, 1861.

Offered the chief command of the U. S. Forces, April 18, 1861.

Resigned his position as Colonel of the 1st U. S. Cavalry, April 20, 1861.

Accepted command of the Virginia forces April 22, 1861.

Surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

Elected President of Washington College August 5, 1865, accepted August 24, was inaugurated Octobere 2nd.

Displaced fixed curriculum and substituted the elective system 1865-67.

Adopted Honor System method of government and discipline 1865.

Established at Washington College Chairs of Natural Philosophy, Engineering, and Modern Languages, 1865-66.

Added Chairs of History and of English Literature 1866-67.

Established School of Law and Equity 1868.

Established School of Practical Journalism and planned Schools of Commerce and Business Administration and of Applied Chemistry, 1869.

Was stricken with rheumatism of the heart September 28, 1870, died at 9:30 A. M., October 12, was buried underneath the college chapel October 15th.

Mausoleum dedicated and recumbent statue unveiled June 28, 1883.

Quotations From The Victor Over Defeat

"Human fortitude should be equal to human adversity."

Just Befroe Appomattox

"How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over. But it is our duty to live; for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to protect them?"

"We have humbly tried to do our duty. We may, therefore, with calm satisfaction, trust in God and leave results to Him."

"God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him." All good citizens must unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They must not abandon their country, but go to work and build up its prosperity."

"It should be the object of all to avoid controversy, to allay passion, and give scope to every kindly feeling."

It is wisest not to keep open the sores of war, but to follow the example of those nations who have endeavored to obliterate the marks of civic strife and to commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered."

"The thorough education of all classes of the people is the most efficacious means, in my opinion, of promoting the prosperity of the South."

Refusing the offer of a splendid estate and an ample annuity in England: "I am deeply grateful, but I cannot consent to desert my native state in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes and share her fate."

Refusing a salary of fifty thousand dollars per annum as President of a large Southern corporation:

"I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to

do their duty in life."

"I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they wereseeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

"Ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, learn to forgive our enemies?"

"There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."

The Bravest Are The Tenderest

Watching a fire in the mountains, the company admired its scenic grandeur. General Lee remarked: "It is beautiful, but I have been thinking of the poor animals that must perish in the flames."

Near Richmond as a storm of shell swept the field, General Lee ordered his attendants to the rear, and while attentively surveying the area under fire was seen to stop, pick up a fledgling sparrow which had fallen to the ground, and carefully restore it to a nest overhead.

Amid the carnage of Chancellorsville his orders to the Confederate surgeons were, "Treat the whole field alike."

At the Petersbug crater, in the midst of the battle, he dismounted to help a wounded man, and kneeling over him, finding him past hope, was heard to say: "Alas! poor soldier! May God make soft your dying pillow!"

At the door of his home, having given alms to a poorly clad man begging aid, he pointed to his retiring form and said to one near him, "That is one of our old soldiers now in necessitous circumstances. He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now."

Crossing the Pennsylvania line with his army he announced, "We make war only upon armed men," and on one occasion, in the presence of his soldiers, dismounted and put up a farmer's rail fence which they had torn down.

The Recubent Statue and Mausoleum

On the day of General Lee's funeral a Lee Memorial Association was formed to erect some fitting mounment as a token of the love and admiration of his countrymen. The President of the Association was General John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky; the Chairman of its Executive Committee, General W. N. Pendleton, General Lee's Chief of Artillery.

Mrs. Mary Custis Lee was consulted as to the nature of the memorial, and at her suggestion the celebrated sculptor, Edward V. Valentine, who had just modeled from life a bust of General Lee, was called into consulation. At Mrs. Lee's suggestion also, it was decided to adopt a recumbent figure of General Lee, asleep on the field of battle, and place it on a white marble sarcophagus suitably inscribed and decorated.

The commission was formally awarded to Mr. Valentine on November 24, 1870, a year later his model was approved, and on April 1, 1875, the monument was completed in Mr. Valentine's Richmond studio.

The students of Richmond College asked the privilege of bearing the expenses of its transportation and furnishing an escort. On April 13,

1875, a great procession accompanied the figure to the boat-landing, and four days later the long river journey was ended and the statue formally consigned to the guardianship of the students of Washington and Lee University.

The Executive Committee then turned its attention to the still greater task of erecting a suitable mausoleum, and in 1877 approved and adopted a design kindly furnished, as a labor of love, by J. Crawford Neilson, a leading architect of Baltimore.

In 1882 the mausoleum committee, having exhausted their funds, offered to transfer the building and monument to Washington and Lee University if it would complete the work. This proposal was accepted, the mausoleum completed, and the 28th of June, 1883, was selected as the day for the formal unveiling and dedication.

Honorable Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia, were selected to deliver orations, the first on General Lee's military career, the latter on his life and character as a citizen. Mr. Davis, however, to the regret of all, was prevented by ill-health and growing infirmities from making the journey.

On the 28th of June the monument was unveiled amid a vast assemblage of ex-Confederates and leading citizens from all parts of the country. A great procession first visited Jackson's grave and covered it with flowers, then returned to hear Senator Daniel's thrilling oration and the reading of "The Sword of Lee" by its celebrated and beloved author, Father Ryan.

Fifty survivors of the Rockbridge Artillery, using two of their ancient First Manassas guns, now in the keeping of the Virginia Military Institute, under their old leader, Colonel Wm. T. Poague, fired a last salute as the mausoleum doors were thrown open and the statue was unveiled by Stonewall Jackson's daughter, Julia.

It was a great and solemn day in the history of the South and of the nation; a great and immortal name, a heart-stirring oration worthy of its theme, a majestic monument typifying in spotless marble the purity of a matchless character, a second Mount Vernon where never-ending streams of reverent pilgrims shall evermore be hushed and uplifted, a great and sacred shrine, the South's Holy of Holies, where the spirit of the heroic Past keeps watch and ward forever over the mighty dead!

RESOLVE—

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it that I grow and gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in weakness and to walk in power!
But always fronting onward toward the light!
Always and always facing toward the right!

—Mrs. W. N. Hutt.

THOMAS JOHNATHAN JACKSON.

Immortal under the name of "Stonewall," Jackson was born in Clarskburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), Jaunary 21, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1846. In the Mexican War he was twice brevetted. Resigning from the army in 1852, he became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war. During the first battle of Bull Run he resisted a charge with so much steadiness as to win for himself the appellation of Stonewall Jackson. The promptness and rapidity of his marches and the obstinate courage he showed on the battlefield made him an important factor in the War Between the States.

He was shot by mistake by his own men, at the battle of Chancellorsville, and died a few days later. This sad event occurred in 1863.

The fame, courage and matchless military genius of Stonewall Jackson were such that he is known throughout the civilized world. Along with all these qualities, he was thoroughly devout and his influences reflected at all times his great and abiding faith in God—the God of the Universe.

"After attending to necessary Camp details," writes Richard Taylor in

His Close-Up Study of Jackson

"I sought the great General whom I had never met.

"The mounted officer who had been sent on in advance pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response Before this came, I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, a heavy, dark beard, and weary eyes—eyes I after saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the road and distance marked that day. "Keazletown road, six and twenty miles." "You seem to have no stragglers." "Never allow straggling." "You must teach my people, they struggle badly." A bow in reply. Just then my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, "thoughtless fellows for serious work" came forth. I expressed the hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gayety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons "no fellow could find out," but he was rarely with-

out one. To have lived twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty Dean.

Quite late that night General Jackson came to my camp, where he stayed some hours. He said we would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, then remained silent. If silence be golden, he was a "bonanza." He sucked lemons, ate hardtack and drank water, and praying and fighting appeared to be his idea of the "whole duty of man."

I have written that he was ambitious; and his ambition was vast, all absorbing. Like the unhappy wretch from whose shoulders sprang the foul serpent, he loathed it, perhaps feared it; but he could not escape it—it was himself; nor rend it—it was his own flesh. Apollyon and Christian in ceaseless combat. What limit to set to his ability I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to estimate him because of his peculiarities—peculiarities that would have been in a lesser man absurd, but that served to enhance his martial fame as those of Samuel Johnson did his literary eminence. He once observed, in reply to allusion to his severe marching, that it was better to lose one man in marching than five in fighting; and acting on this, he invariably surprised the enemy—Milroy at McDowell, Banks and Fremont in the valley, McClellan's right at Cold Harbor, Pope at Second Manassas.

Fortunate in his death, he fell at the summit of glory before the sun of the Confederacy has set, ere defeat and suffering and selfishness could turn their fangs upon him. As one man, the South wept for him; foreign nations shared the grief; even Federals praised him. With Wolfe and Nelson and Havelock, he took his place in the heart of the English-speaking peoples.

In the first years of this country, a great battle was fought on the plains of the Danube. A determined charge on the Austrian center gained the victory for France. The courage and example of a private soldier, who there fell, contributed much to the success of the charge. Ever after, at the parades of his battlion, the name of Latour D'Auvergne was first called, when the oldest sergeant stepped to the front and answered, "Died on the field of honor."

In Valhalla, beyond the grave, where spirits of warriors assemble, when on the roll of heroes the name of Jackson is reached, it will be for the majestic shade of Lee to pronounce the highest eulogy known to our race, "Died on the field of duty."

DAVID OVENS' ESTIMATE OF CHARLOTTE CULTURE.

Culture isn't anything much hereabouts unless it's linked up with evening clothes and the society editor putting your name in the paper.

—Ivey's Store News.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

"This poem is found in practically all anthologies of American verse. Mr. Palmer was born in Baltimore, April 4th, 1825, and died in 1906. He was the author of many volumes of prose and verse."—Library of Southern Literature.

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
  Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if canteen fails;
  We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
  Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the queer slouch hat
  Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Bluelighte Elder" knows 'em well,
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell,
The "Bulelight Elder" knows 'em well,
  That's Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
  Old Massa's going to pray,
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
  Attention! it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod.
  Amen." That's "Stonewall's Way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in,
  Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
  His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! We're with him before morn—
  That's "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

(Continued on next page)

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
  Of morning; and by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
  Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before
"Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
  In "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
  For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
  That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
  That gets in "Stonewall's Way."

SEE A PIG AND PICK IT UP.

(House and Garden.)

In strange ways does man attain his avocations. Often the merest accident sends him scuttling up the side alley of a hobby. And in many an instance is this hobby turned to good account. Perhaps the strangest is the case that began with the break-of a pig's tail.

One day a friend gave to Ladislas Medgyes in Paris a little glass pig. A fragile little knick-knack, the pig's tail was eventually snapped from the porcine torso. Now a pig's tail may be the least useful part of the beast—for you can't even make a whistle out of it—but a pig without a tail is no pig indeed. Realizing this cosmic fact, Medgyes needs must get the tail back onto Brother Porko. He bought a blower and a burner and some glass, and thus equipped, set out to fuse on the tail. But when the pig was heated, it promptly blew up, burst into pieces like the fat boy in "Slovenly Peter." Medgyes now only had the pig's tail left, and as everyone knows, a pig's tail without a body is as inconceivable as a pig's body without a tail. There was nothing for Medgyes to do but make a new pig! In his odd mements he heated the glass and puffed, and after several dismal failures a pig gradually was fashioned, tail and all. Having had good luck with this apprenticed effort, he took to making flowers. Simple flower forms at first, then, as this skill increased, more difficult types. Today his glass flowers and trees are artistic triumphs and recently an American manufacturer has used them for designs on silks.

THE NEED OF AMERICA.

By Richard H. Edmonds, Editor, Manufacturers Record.

The supremer need of this country is a nation-wide revival of the old-time, genuine prayer-meeting religion.

A religion that makes men realize that the same divine authority that tells us that there is a Heaven, also tells us there is a Hell. If we accept the belief in a Heaven, we must accept from the same authority the belief in a Hell—

A religion that makes men realize that every act of evil is recorded on their conscience and that, though it may sleep for a while, it can never die—

A religion that makes an employer understand that if he is unfair to his employes and pays them less than fair wages measured by his ability and their efficiency and zeal, he is a robber—a robber of his employes and a robber of himself of honor—

A religion that makes an employe know that if he does not give full and efficient service to the extent of his ability he, too, is a robber—a robber of his employer's time and a robber of his own character—

A religion that makes a farmer who packs bad fruit at the bottom to deceive the buyer by the good fruit on the top, realize that he is a thief just as much as the one who robs a hen roost at night, and is thereby destroying his own good character—

A religion that makes a man who robs a railroad of its fare or freight bill know that he not only robs the road, but that he also robs himself of of right to feel that he is an honest man—

A religion that makes a man realize that by driving too hard a bargain with his servant, his employer or his merchant, he can be just as much a robber as the seller or purchaser who swindles by false weight, false packing or false claims—

A religion that will teach church members who fail to contribute to the extent of their ability to the support of religion that they are robbing God and man alike, and compels them to recognize that if they are paying their pastor less than a living salary they also are robbing God and man alike—

A religion that makes the minister of the Gospel realize that he has not been called by Heaven to preach on economic questions about which he knows very little, but to preach in all its fullness "Christ and Him Crucified," or else the blood of the lost will be upon him—

A religion that will make labor men who by threats or by actual violence endanger the lives of other laboring men or the property of others realize that at heart they are murderers, for they are seeking to murder the liberty of their fellow-men, and are murdering their own best individuality and character—

A religion that will make the politician who yields principle to his party politics, who worship at the feet of any class to secure votes and sells his soul for preferment, not only know that he is a coward and a poltroon and unworthy of the respect of any decent man, but also will make him see that he is helping to murder human liberty—

A religion that makes every news-

paper worker feel the tremendous responsibility of the press to help mold and shape for good the people of this land in this day of wild turmoil in thinking and acting that he may appreciate his high calling, or prove recreant to God and humanity—

A religion that will make every man who professes to be a Christian realize that if he violates the laws of the land, whether it be the prohibition laws or others, merely to gratify his own views or desires, he is to the extent of his influence breaking down all law, and has no right to expect that his family and his friends will not violate any law, moral or statute, which does not suit their convenience—

A religion that is active, not passive—

A religion that gives a man backbone to stand for the truth, howeverr great may be the dangers that he may have to face in upholding the right as God gives him the power to see the right—

A religion that will make men realize that the most stupendous event beyond all human comprehension is that the Creator of the vast universe the study of which staggers the human mind, so loved mankind in all its waywardness that He "gave His only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." No finite mind can possibly grasp the full meaning of this love, nor of the death upon the Cross which followed for the salvation of the world—

A religion that literally burns itself into the brain and the heart and the soul of every man who professes to be a Christian, and make him realize that the one supreme thing in his life and in the life of those with whom he comes in contact is by his life to uplift the Cross, that men may be drawn unto him who, upon that Cross, gave his life for sinners—

In short, we need a revival of that soul-searching religion which will make men and women strive in every act of life to do that which on the great Judgment Day they will wish they had done, as with soul uncovered they stand before the Judgment Seat of the Eternal.

Until the people of this nation accept and live this religion, there will be strife where there should be harmony; there will be strikes and lockouts and murder where there should be co-operation and peace; there will be law violation where there should be law obedience; there will be hatred where there should be friendship and love.

With the Golden Rule followed in the fullness of the spirit of this kind of religion, there would be a solution for every business trouble. There would be created friendship between employer and employe. Capital and labor would work in harmony and with efficiency of the capital and efficiency of the labor, with profit to both.

Religion of this kind is not measured by the hope of Heaven hereafter nor the fear of Hell, but by the full fruition now of "peace on earth to men of good will." It is not merely the chanting of hymns or the offering of Pharisaical prayers, but it is in the recognition and full application by rich and poor, by learned and unlearned, that each one is indeed his "Brother's Keeper," that we can bring this country and the world back to safety. A nation-wide acceptation of this, in heart and in life, would bring peace, and world

peace, where there is now turmoil, and men would then cease to seek to gain their ends by lawless acts of immorality, but would, in spirit and in deed, follow the Divine command:

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

EDUCATE FOR INITIATIVE

(M. L. Wright in The North Carolina Teaccher)

Are you running a pumping station, a filling station, or a power plant? Is your teaching a process of pumping something out of that pupil after the manner of questions and answers, or is it a process of filling the pupil's head full of facts as you would fill up your gasoline tank, or are you helping the pupil to find himself on the great sea of life—are you teaching him to take his bearings and read his own log, think his own thoughts, came to his own conclusions, and make his own decisions — let them be right or wrong?

If your teaching process is merely a sucession of question asking, of intellectual snooping, of trying to see if the pulpit has covered the assignment, then you are running a pumping station. Do you know the salary paid to the pumping station keeper? He is a mere day laborer. He does not get much, but he gets all he's worth.

If you are doing all the talking in your classroom and are bending all your efforts to the imparting of knowledge, you are running a filling station. Do you know what the earnnings of the filling station man are? Well, there are one hundred who "go broke" for every one that gets rich. They don't earn much and they are not disappointed. They don't expect much.

Are you teaching your pupils some knowledge that they can use as a means to an end toward getting an education? Are you helping them to so organize this knowledge that they can use it when occasion demands? Are you breaking intellectual fallow? Are you inoculating the seedbed of ambition? Are you helping your pupils to find themselves? Are you arousing enough discontent to prevent stagnation? Have you walked and talked with them in the land of imagination where they can dream, imagine, achieve? Have you endeavored to set up in their systems an atmosphere of happy discontent? Are you creating currents of divine restlessness in their intellectual anatomy? Have you turned on the current? If so, you are running a power house. You are an educational engineer. You are educating for initiative. If you are not getting the price of an engineer, you are underpaid; but don't let that worry you.

Your pupils who succeed in life will be those who can grab opportunity by the naps of the neck and hog-tie it on the hoof.

Moral: Run a power plant educate for initiative.

SOME ROAD HISTORY.

Commissioner Stikeleather, who presides over the state's road business in the Asheville district, had a complimentary dinner the other evening for Frank Page and others of kindred spirits. The Citizen told the doings of that occasion.

In this we learn why Mr. Page became so wrapped up in the state's road proposition and the record that followed. It is:

Speaking last night at the Biltmore Forest Country Club at a dinner given in his honor by James G. Stikeleather, Frank Page, chairman of the state Highway Commission, told for the first time the story of how he came to take this office in which he has rendered such distinguished service to North Carolina.

"I had tried my hand at several things," said Mr. Page, "and then when the war came I had gone to France and seen some service there. I had come back and was trying to make up my mind to settle down to a desk in a bank but I hadn't much taste for it, I was restless and anxious to be at something else.

"Then one day in 1919 my friend Governor Bickett sent for me. 'Frank' he said, 'I want you to help me out. I want you to take the chairmanship of this Highway Commission the Legislature has just handed me and see what you can do with it. I want you to get it going if you can. I know that then you'll resign, I expect you to, but take it and organize it and see what can be done with it.'

"I took it and pretty soon the thing began to fascinate me. But that is how it started."

The dinner at which Mr. Page was the guest of honor, was one of unusual distinction. Mr. Stikeleather had invited something like thirty of the leading business and professional men of Asheville to meet the chairman of the Highway Commission and he called on Mr. John Sprunt Hill, both as a member of the commission and as one of the new residents of Asheville, to introduce the guest of honor. This Mr. Hill did most effectively.

Mr. Hill's Introduction

"Two things Frank Page did," he said, "which are among the most remarkable achievements any man could have to his credit. The first was that he took over at one sweep six thousand miles of road and within six months had converted them into a usable highway system. I do not believe that anything comparable to that had ever been done in the history of this country. Other State Highway Commissioners up to that time had never taken over more than a few miles of road at a time. But Frank Page in a day assumed responsibility for 6,000 miles. He built up almost over night a maintenance system which still remains a marvel.

"Then he did something else which was even more of a miracle. He changed the whole attitude of a people. Up until then the people of North Carolina had been for a hundred years under the spell of old Nathaniel Macon's homespun philosophy, whose keynote was 'Pay as you go' and 'Never build your house where you can hear your neighbor's dog bark.' That philosophy had

kept North Carolina a State that was static. Frank Page substituted for it a philosophy whose very essence was dynamic. The outlook on life of all the people—not simply some of them—was utterly changed.

"It is simply amazing how swiftly under Frank Page's leadership this new philosohpy permeated the whole of North Carolina. The first Legislature called upon to adopt the new road program gave him fifty million dollars with only 17 votes against it; the next Legislature gave him fifteen millions with 11 votes against it; the third Legislature gave him twenty millions more with 7 votes against it; and the last Legislature voted him thirty millions more—and the vote was unanimous."

Mr. Hill then told of the way costs had been reduced in road construction from something lik three dollars a yard at the beginning to $2.10 more recently, in spite of the fact that in the meantime costs generally have advanced. He laid stress on the support Mr. Page has had not only from business men everywhere but even more from the rural sections, whose confidence he has had completely and who quickly came to appreciate that they were prime beneficiaries of the highway program. "It's old Reuben," he said. "who is the man behind this movement and who is stepping on the gas."

Mr. Page Affected

Mr. Page was visibly affected by the tribute that was paid him. "Mr. Hill," he said, "has said things about me which do me more honor than I can claim. There are ten men on the State Highway Commission and what has been accomplished no one man could have done; it has been the product of the united efforts of all of these men. I have served with them from the beginning not the same men always but the present board and their predecessors, all men of the same type, and I want to say that no undertaking that had behind it such men as these, giving to it their time and thought and effort, often at great sacrifice to their own affairs, could have failed to succeed. It has been the co-operation, the teamwork, of these men that has been responsible for what has been done; and in my opinion there is no corporation in North Carolina that has a board of directors superior to the men who have composed this commision. They have served with a conscientiousness that has been unfailing.

"North Carolina has been fortunate, too, in its highway law. What we have done could not have been done if we had not had a law that was as workable as this law has been. It was in advance of the times, the first really workable highway law and the model now for many other states."

Some Early Problems

Mr. Page then went on to tell about some of the early problems that confronted the commission and the Legislature. It has been the gasoline tax that made North Carolina's road program feasible, he said and he told how this law was adopted. Only two states had tried to impose such a tax and in both of them the law had been carried to the United States supreme court. It was claimed that the tax interferred with interstate commerce. One day a group of legislators and commissioners were talking the situation over. They

were worried as to what to do and how to do it.

While they talked, said Mr. Page, Hamp Williams, one of the group took a little book out of his pocket He wrote on the fly leaf in pencil: "Why not fix the tax on the retailer and make it so cumbersome that it will take two bookkeepers for him to make his return; then insert a provision that the retailer need not keep any records if the wholesaler will agree to pay the tax and satisfy the commission that it is being paid." And this was the plan adopted—and it worked.

"It has been a great satisfaction to me," Mr. Page concluded, "to have the opportunity to serve North Carolina. There is no higher privilege that I could have sought or desired. And there is no higher honor that I wish than that when it is all through those who came after me will see the results and say, "He did his job."

If a cold night makes you think sufficient fresh air can creep in around a closed window, you are definitely middle-aged.—Robert Quillen.

LAWYER SETS NEW PACE.

(News and Observer.)

Gavin McNab, long successful California lawyer, first gained national prominence in the Wilson administration when he led in 1916 to secure the vote of California for Wilson. He had before been an able counsellor of that administration. On the day after the election in 1916, when it was apparent that the electoral vote of California would determine whether Wilson or Hughes would be chosen chief executive, Mr. McNab was one of the few leaders in California who neither ate nor slept, keeping both eyes open, until the final count was made. Several years before, when Franklin K. Lane was the Democratic candidate for Governor of California, the vote of Los Angeles was held back as in 1916. Mr. Lane always believed he was defrauded of the position to which he had been elected. The country never knew the vigilance shown by California Democrats to prevent a repetition of the theft. It was fortunate at that time that Matthew P. Synder, native of Davidson county, North Carolina, was mayor of Los Angeles. He and McNab and like honest men made it impossible for crooked work to be done, even if dishonest partisans had contemplated it.

In his will Mr. McNab directed that $40,000 be paid to a former client. That client had no legal claim on Mr. McNab, who said that at one time the client upon his advice made a transaction by which he lost $40,000 and, though he did not owe it by law, he could not die content feeling that any man had been damaged in his fortune by taking his advice.

Is this California lawyer's novel action going to set pace for all lawyers?

GILKEY'S FISH HATCHERY.

(Charlotte Observer.)

We wonder if the Morrison Fish Hatchery up on the slopes of the Balsams, west of Waynesville, one of the most beautiful spots in North Carolina, has been yet placarded, that travelers over famous No. 10 may know what it is? Some miles east of this hatchery, on the outskirts of Marion, is another hatchery, fortunately placed in charge of an enthusiast named J. G. Gilkey. The State did not furnish Gilkey with a sign board, but he got a piece of goods box and a marking brush and developed a home-made sign directing the travelers over No. 10 to detour a few yards to location of another of the State's scenic fish plants. Meantime Gilkey has been earning his pay. He was not content to propagate a supply of the fish common to the streams and lakes of this section, but he broadened out his enterprise so that now the waters of the mountain section are stocked with mackinaw salmon, from the Pacific poast. Natural Resources is giving Gilkey credit not only for this stroke of enterprise, but for other activities. This State publication says that in addition to the mackinaw salmon accomplishment, Mr. Gilkey has furnished an interesting demonstration of the importance of stocking waters with fingerlings that are large enough to take care of themselves when they are released into a large area of water which is subject to all of the natural enemies of the baby fry.

Eighteen months ago, Mr. Gilkey obtained 100,000 eggs, through the kindness of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, from Oregon. After the eggs were hatched, fry were released in a series of ponds on the streams along the mountain sides near Lake Tahoma, where they were were to be planted later.

As a result of the care of the baby fishes, Mr. Gilkey was able to release 90,000 fingerlings ranging from two to four inches in length into Lake Tahoma. The lake, it is now reported, teems with healthy fishes, which range in length from 15 to 18 inches, some of these sizes already having been caught. Other fishes with which the lake has been stocked are the lake, rainbow, and speckled trout and blue gill bream.

Recently the United States Bureau of Fisheries has offered Mr. Gilkey 6,000 steelhead trout fingerlings, measuring from three to four inches in length. These will be placed in Lake Tahoma as rapidly as they can be transported from the Federal hatchery at Erwin, Tenn.

If you and I and ewe and eye
And yew and aye (dear me)
Were all to be spelled u and i,
How mixed up we would be.
—Cornell Widow.

POLITICIANS FORGOTTEN WHILE STATESMEN LIVE ON.

(News and Observer.)

The world owes a tremendous debt of gratitude to the men and women who dared to stand alone, for it is through them that progress in all fields of endeavor has been made, Dr. J. A. Ellis, pastor of the Pullen Memorial Baptist church, declared in his sermon yesterday morning.

"Those who are afraid to get away from the crowd can never become pioneers, they are doomed to mediocrity. The politician will die and soon pass from the memory of man. The monument erected to perpetuate his memory will crumble into dust and the spot that received his body will be unknown. The statesman will so embalm himself in the affections of future generations that the multitudes will make pilgrimages to his grave and with uncovered heads will pause by the mound where his body was placed. The politician waits on the crowd; the statesman is ready to stand alone.

"The Christian religion has come across the centuries in the lives of men and women who were consecrated and courageous. The hope for Christianity and for civilization lies in those who love the truth more than they love their own lives, those who will be swayed neither by applause nor criticism, those who will not become crowd-minded, but who will calmly march on toward the lgiht, as the light may be revealed to them, knowing that where there is light and truth there is hope and security."

Men failed Paul when he stood before Nero, the minister recalled. No one would take a chance with his life except this man of Tarsus, but "the Lord stood with me." That was enough. Everyone can afford to part company with man for the companionship of God.

"When such an occasion arises there is but one course for the Christian," he averred. "Any man's presence or approval is too costly when it is purchased or held at the price of divine favor. God can do nothing with a coward until he has had the chance to turn him into a brave man, one who is willing to stand alone before Nero, or stand for truth and justice in his own town. If we would have the Lord stand with us then we must go all the way, we must gladly pay the price whatever it may be, unafraid of man, undaunted by difficulties."

The money power, which is one of the most operative and grandest of all, is only beginning to be Christianized. What we are waiting for is the consecration of the vast money power of the world to the work and cause and Kingdom of Jesus Christ; for the day, when it comes, will be the morning, so to speak, of the new creation. That tidal wave in the money power can as little be resisted, when God brings it, as the tides of the sea; like these also, it will flow across the world in a day.—Horace Bushnell.

MAKING ROADS OUT OF COTTON.

(New York Special to Christian Science Monitor.)

Experiments in resurfacing country roads by imbedding a coarse cottonton fabric into the top soil of the roadway has proved so successful they may lead to a new and extensive demand for cotton in connection with road improvement projects throughout the country, according to an announcement just made by the Cotton-Textile Institute here. Engineers here declared this is the first time cotton has been used in connection with roadbuilding.

The stretch of state highway which has been treated with the "cotton process" is located in Newbrery County, South Carolina, and the experiment is being conducted under the supervision of Charles H. Moorefield, state highway engineer. The road has been in constant use since the cotton top was laid 15 months ago and is standing up satisfactorily under traffic.

To Continue Experiments

Experiments must be continued over a period of several years, however, before the process can be declared a "complete engineering success," Mr. Moorefield said.

The roadway which was selected for the experiment was known locally as a top soil road, which consisted principally of small-size gravel with a mixture of sand and clay as binding material.

The first step in the resurfacing process was to scarify the surface of the road. As it gradually rebounded under traffic, the surface was smoothed by scrapers or drags. Then a prime coat of light tar was applied and allowed to "set." The next day an open weave cotton fabric, having a yarn count of seven threads per square inch in both warp and filling and weighing approximately seven ounces per yard, was spread over the tar.

Hot Asphalt Applied

When the fabric was in place, hot asphalt of 150 to 200 penetration was applied and then covered with coarse sand to give a wearing surface. The road was ready for traffic immediately after the surface treatment had been completed.

"After nearly a year this section of improved highway shows very little, if any, wear," Ernest C. Morse, in charge of the new uses section of the Institute, said:

"When engineers examined it recently, they found the cotton membrane was performing its function admirably. The materials used in surfacing the road had been kept in place, and there was little tendency for 'duck nests' or holes to form in the road.

"The cost of installing and maintaining this type of highway is estimated to be so low that such improvement would be practical in thinly settled localities where the cost of other types of improved highway might be prohibitive."

"It is much easier to find fault with people than to understan them; but the harder thing is the wiser and fairer."

"DAYS" OBSERVED THROUGHOUT UNITED STATES

Although the new year 1928 has 366 days and is therefore a leap year, there are only five holidays that are observed everywhere in the United States and its possessions. These are New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. Fourteen other "days" are observed in many states. Among these is Armistice Day which is observed in 23 states. Lincoln's birthday, February 12, is observed in 26 states and one Territory. The birthdays of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, June 3, and Robert E. Lee, January 19, are observed in the South. In several States banks and schools are closed in observance of the day while others mark them with lesser observances.

Following is a list of the legal holidays and the number of States and Territories observing them:

Christmas Day, December 25.....All
Independence Day, July 4.....All
New Year's Day, January 1....All
Washington Birthday, Feb. 22...All
Thanksgiving Day, November 29.All
Easter Sunday, April 8.....All
Labor Day, September 3.....46
Election Day, November 6.....43
Memorial Day, May 30.....38
Columbus Day, October 12.....35
Lincoln's Birthday, February 12..26
Armistice Day, November 11.....23
Good Friday, April 6 (legal in 11 States and Territories)
Birthday of Jeff. Davis, June 3..10
Birthday of Robert E. Lee, Jan. 19 9
Confederate Memoral Day, April 26 4
Patriots' Day, April 19.....2
Mother's Day (2 Sunday in May)
Flag Day, June 14, is widely observed but not as a legal holiday.

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778 PERSONS COMMITTED.

The State's prison received more new prisoners in 1927 than it had all told in 1921, and a majority of them were white.

To be specific, 778 were committed to the prison during the year; 473 were white and 305 were negroes. In 1921 the total prison population was only 729. Today, it is 1,735.

The white man has been gaining on the negro in the race for the prison for several years. There was a time when the negro outnumbered the white man two to one. In the year 1912 the prison received 73 whites and 112 negroes. Five years later, in 1917, there were 77 whites and only 89 blacks. In the next five years the negro yielded the leadership. Commitments in 1922 were divided 209 whites and 188 blacks; for 1927, as the records show, the white man's majority increased.

"How come? I have no idea," said Supt. George Ross Pou today. "We can give only the figures. I doubt if anyone knows. Why, for that matter, is the prison population growing at such rapid pace. Crime increasing? or are police authorities more vigilant and the courts

more severe in their punishment?'' Mr. Pou had no answer.

On first thought, the prohibition laws might be blamed. But the State's prison gets only a bare handful of these violators. An offense against the liquor laws is, in most cases, a misdemeanor; the prison takes only felons.

Mr. Pou had not compiled the list of crimes for which the prisoners were sentenced during 1927, but records for the year before, and for years before that, show that murder, first and second degree, manslaughter, highway robbery, and the graver crimes are charged against State convicts.

Buncombe County led all other counties in the number of persons sent to the prison in 1927. Superior court there sentenced 74. Wake was second with 65, Guilford third with 62, Forsyth fourth, with 40, Mecklenburg sent only 17. Every county in the State represented among the 1927 commitments except Jones.

LEADERS.

By J. Rhett Bacot.

It is said of this country that the people are specially prejudiced against aristocrats—that is, leaders of any kind—possibly pultocrats excepted. But stop to think how dull and uninteresting the world would be if all were on a dead level.

Suppose all children of a family were copies one of another. What an unsupportably dull household that would be! No surprises, no variety to the daily monotony of life.

All nature teaches the value of differences. The skies show forth stars of different magnitudes—planets, comets, fixed and falling stars.

The mountain ranges have peaks, some of moderate size, others tempting the boldest climber in vain. The seemingly quiet waters, at times rise to mountain heights.

Thus we see that in all nature diversity in unity is the satisfying law. We read in the Great Book of angels and archangels in heaven.

Man comes under the Providential rule. To some great gifts are given whereby they may serve the world. Unused, they serve to drag down, and misery ensues. Few leaders are needed compared to the whole population, but some are essential to the good of the world. And we should prize them.

Their lot is not without many and severe trials. Loneliness is apt to be one. Mountain peaks are far apart. Let us not be jealous of them. Many are martyrs to some cause which they feel to be right. And for which they feel that they must stand. It is wise broad and manly to hold up their hands and not let selfish thoughts intrude. Without them we would be poor indeed, as a nation, or as individuals.

The greatest country, as in the best society, should welcome exceptoinal talent of any kind, irrespective of birth, or breeding, provided the behavior is within the moral law.

THE MUSK-OX.

By John B. Behrends.

The musk-ox that inhabits the frozen wastes of the Arctic regions has been known for more than half a century. In the earliest of times it inhabited that vast stretch of country north of the great transcontinental forests. It had few enemies, and as the caribou traveled in larger bands and furnished more desirable meat, it was seldom molested by the Indians and Eskimos.

In summer the hardy animal lives on the grasses and herbs that are so plentiful everywhere. In winter it depends on the dried grasses, many of which the forest preserves when laden with nutritious ripened seeds. Dwarfed willows are also a favorite food at this season. Many tracts are swept bare by the wintry blasts. On others the animals must paw away the powdery snow. Most aimals are fat in summer and lean in winter, but such is not the case with the musk-ox. The winter season usually finds them fat and in the best of condition.

Like all animals that live in northern climes the musk-ox is clothed with the thickest of wool, and this is protected by a growth of long, coarse hair. His general dark brownish-black color is relieved only by a light brown or creamy area on the back. by the lighter legs, and sometimes by some white about the forehead. This long coat makes him quite immune to the attacks of insects. He needs no tail to slap the flies, and has developed none that is visible. The light-colored horns, in the mature bull, closely united and massive at the base, descend on either side of the head and turn upward in sharp hooks. The weapons are used effectively against their only natural enemies, the wolves. The older animals at the approach of danger range themselves in a circle about the younger ones. This circle of horns is a complete protection from any enemy.

There has been some thought of demosticating the musk-ox, as the disposition of the animal lends itself to domestication, and it would serve to put a higher value on the vast Arctic regions. The flesh of the animal, if properly taken care of, is palatable and the milk is very rich, while the skin can be used in many different ways. It may some day become a source of wealth.

EXCUSING PROPAGANDA.

The gruesome stories emanating from Managua that Sandino has a seal showing a Sandino soldier leaning over a fallen Marine, grasping an upraised machetti in his right hand and the Marine's hair in his left hand, may be all true. He may be an extrmeely cruel man and wages warfare as a ferocious savage. And, being in Nicaragua, our Marines must do the bidding of the authorities and kill Sandino and his arm. Soldiers do not make policies. "Their's but to do and die."

—News and Observer.

"A BLOW TO MATERIALISM."

(Selected.)

Such is the heading of an article written by B. C. Forbes in The Philadelphia Inquirer, in praise of the mother and son who have been the theme of the public press for several weeks. The manner in which both have sought to avoid publicity and have turned away from tempting offers of money to pursue their useful and honored callings in life has called forth much praise. The writer finds in their devotion to their callings a "lesson for the world" in idealism as over against the materialism that has gripped people in our industrial age. He asks: "Have not too many of us become accustomed to regard money and money-making as the supreme object of life? Have we not enthroned wealth and fallen down and worshipped it? Has not gold been set up as our god? Have not for too many of us been ready to sacrifice everything in our chase after possessions? Have we not become obsessed by the importance of things as means for indulging in extravagance, luxury, ostentation?" In marked contrast with this filthy lucre madness, he pictures the son as having spurned offers of untold wealth and said to the tempter, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He pictures both mother and son as having met the adulations and blandishments of a flattering and admiring public with a dignity and reserve that speaks volumes for their strength and studiness of character. This kind of comment is a wholesome sequence to what has seemed to many as an unbalanced exhibition of popular laudation and sentimentality. Hero worship had reached its zenith, and now a sober second thought is holding up to our gaze something in this mother and son that transcends in value the achievements which gave the latter his world-wide fame. He directed a blow at materialism, though we fear it will glance off without making much of an impression on our money-loving age.

The captain of a whaler went ashore one Sunday and attended a church service. The minister spoke to him after the sermon, and found that no impression had been made upon his mind. "The fact is, sir," the captain acknowledged, "all the while you were preaching I was thinking about where I should be likely to find a whale. There is no room in my heart for anything but whales." The one who recounts this conversation added: "We are not surprised that a whale should take up a good deal of room in a man's heart; and if all were equally honest they would confess that the real reason that the service of the sanctuary did them no good was that their hearts were too full of business to listen."—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

When the school rooms resumed work after the holiday season, about thirty boys were promoted.

Messrs. Hood and Carriker are building a trestle over the old well and will soon repair the pump.

A number of boys under the direction of Mr. Walker, have been cleaning up in and around the King's Daughters' Chapel.

A new road is being built in the rear of the cottages on the upper end of our campus. This will be a great improvement. Captain T. L. Grier is supervising the work.

The barber shop equipment has been removed to one of the smaller rooms in the school building. A new class will soon be installed in the room formerly used as a tonsorial parlor.

Last week's cold wave made it necessary to call the plumber to our aid. Several bursted pipes have been repaired and as "Old Sol" is shining out real warm again, we will soon forget the near zero weather.

Superintendent Charles E. Boger underwent a minor operation at the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital at Charlotte, last Friday afternoon. He is rapidly improving and expects to be back on the job within the next few days.

Dr. S. E. Buchanan, County Physician of Craven County, called on friends at the school last Saturday afternoon. On his return Sunday, he was accompanied by Kerney Smith, a member of the twelfth cottage, going out on parole.

Mr. T. V. Talbert and a number of the work force boys have been removing dirt from the "little" diamond at the ball ground, which is being hauled behind the upper cottages where the road is being built. This will improve the ball diamond greatly.

The boys on the chicken force are cleaning up the incubators and making ready for the Spring hatching season.

Plans are being made to raise more turkeys next season, and of a different strain, raising Bourbon Turkeys instead of the Bronze Turkeys, as in former years.

Owing to the measles epidemic raging in this and neighboring counties, we have been living under quarrantine for the past three weeks. While we have not as yet had a case of this disease to break out among our boys, the officials of our institution have decided that it is best that we remain under quarrantine until the danger is past.

After more than a week of extreme cold weather, last Saturday was real warm and in the afternoon we had our first baseball practice of the 1928 season. While most of

our old players have been paroled, there seems to be some promising youngsters among our new-comers, and when the umpire says "Play ball!" for the opening of the season, we expect to be able to put a good team on the field.

"Jesus and the Sick," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson we learned of Jesus going about healing the sick, and relieving people of the evil spirits. The Golden Text was: "He hath done all these things well, He maketh the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak."

Rev. C. Herman Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. "The Secrets of Strength," was the subject of his sermon and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

TRANSLATING DECEIVING.

When a man of intellectual gifts deliberately deceives or misleads people, what does the Bible call it?

Lying. Just plain lying. Wherever we find the word "lying" or "liars," it is translated from a Greek word which means "to deceive." Any deceiving or misleading, is lying.

And that is what many gifted men are doing today; and that is the way the world is kept in sin and wrong and vice and crime.

Then, when we read such stuff and nonsense as some brilliant writers put out for truth—in the dailies, in magazines, in text books and books for college and university libraries—"what are you going to do about it? Sigh" over it? Swallow it? Or break all the pens and pencils?—Rev. J. E. L. Winecoff.

RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To	New York	9:21 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	2:12 A. M.
No.	136	To	Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	To	New York	10:23 A. M.
No.	34	To	New York	4:33 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:09 P. M.
No.	32	To	New York	9:03 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	3:36 P. M.
No.	35	To	New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	To	Birmingham	2:15 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:15 A. M
No.	11	To	Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	39	To	Atlanta	9:45 A. M
N.	37	To	New Orleans	11:29 A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop ni Concord except No. 38 northbound.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Recreations — Pages 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 21, 1928. No. 52

LITTLE DEEDS.

McCauley once said, "When life's real history is written it will be the biography of little deeds performed by great souls."

The names of very few people rise to the level of popularity. Thank God it is possible to possess a great soul in humble and obscure surroundings.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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WHAT SYMPATHY COSTS.

Sympathy, the giving of one's best and most earnest self is exhausting work.

One cannot weep with people and suffer with other people and enter feelingly into their very experiences and not feel that much of himself has gone from him. Only superficial people fail to appreciate the cost of sympathy, the price of going about to do good.

The hardest workers of the world are not they who work with their hands exclusively, but those who work with their hearts. We venture the assertion that manual labor in itself is conductive to length of days—all other things being equal. And we shall risk the statement that heart ministry shortens days.—Selected.

RECREATION.

The average reformer and authority on child welfare are more concerned about means and measures that promise play, rather than an exercise that carries with it at least a slight training for the duties ahead when approaching manhood. We are all familiar with the old, worn statement that *"all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."* This is accepted by the intelligent as orthodox.

This statement, however, can well be put to a test in this form, *all play and no useful training develops a helpless individual, if not a parasite on society.* This is a fact as sure as gun is iron.

Now that the public has come to believe that crime is on the increase, especially among the youths, seems not far wrong. For honesty's sake, don't blame the youth. The fault is the lack of proper kind of training at home; and, for the lack of it, he goes out into environment that means

no good to him. Blood is all right. It held back yonder when classifying the individuals of society; later the placing was by the route of wealth —some of these days, they may be far removed, it will depend for classification on brains and character and achievement.

We have seen too much already to question the influence of environment and example. And we are led to refer to those splendidly written articles read before the recent convention of The King's Daughters, held at Henderson, N. C. They question the salutary influence of the movies. There are good movies, we make believe; but there are terribly bad ones. Pictured examples of theft, sharp practices, social infidelity and immoral suggestions are bad ways to give the youth proper recreation. We have movies at the Training School. The Uplift feels that the majority of the pictures are educative; but some of them are calculated to stir unhealthful thrills. We may work out a way to have them censored more minutely. Any picture that thrills to nervousness that longs for one of greater thrills is an evil thing.

But we make sure that the Welfare Officers of the several counties and other leaders, who are brought to study the matter of Recreation, to whom we are requested to send this issue of The Uplift—in many instances there will be duplicated copies—will find great pleasure and profit in reading the opinions of the serious ladies, who have contributed these articles for public use, with the sincere hope of doing a lasting good.

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DOGS.

Some people do not like dogs; some dogs do not like certain people. We are reminded that Dr. Wade Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, used to have some fun and nurse a wonderment over the fact "that the sorriest town usually sports the best band." It once looked that way—doesn't now. And we have often wondered at the devotion of an otherwise handsome dog taking up with a sorry man. But they do it sometimes. It is probably a sense of pity the dog has for the unfortunate fellow, though down in the ditch, he will stay by him until he perishes.

We have in this issue two stories of good dogs. We know that our boys will enjoy them, as we did ourselves. We underrate the intelligence and sagacity of the average dog, and many may see in them a devotion to friend and master an example worthy of our appreciation.

Were our old and lovable friend, the late Hal. S. Puryear here, he would read them; and, finding great delight in them, he could cite one to other

just as fine examples of gentlemanness in dogs. We know our friends, Alex Howard and William Bingham, and a host of others among our readers, could cite us to thrilling records in the sphere of dogdom.

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JESSE E. JONES.

Jesse E. Jones, of Texas, is the man of the hour. Strange and wonderful men come out of Texas to astound the people. Of course, we must admire any man, who, in his own rights, can sign a perfectly good check for two hundred thousand dollars. That's what Mr. Jones did to carry the National Democratic Convention into the very heart of the South—just a little to the South of it. But to get there, one must ride through a most glorious section of these United States.

The Uplift has no desire to be honored with the credentials of a delegate; but if necessary arrangements can be made we are willing to spend that much time and money to see a real patriot. A man who would sing a song in money like unto the act of Jesse Jones, for the sake of his home town, his home state, his South, is a patriot and worth the trouble of seeing him. Unlike another Texan, who mussed up things when his head turned, Jesse E. Jones is able, strong and intensely handsome. He's got sense, too.

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DON'T BECOME FRIGHTENED.

They are beginning to fear the heat out in Texas in the month of June. Summertime is the proper time for heat; why shouldn't it get hot out in Texas?

Unless the climatic machinery that prevails in this country slips a cog or two, there need be no concern about getting too hot in Houston, Texas, in June. Those who have tasted some of the samples of the heat in New York City, when reaching Houston may wonder why they left their top coats back home.

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CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE TELLS THEM.

The New York World has this to say with reference to a statement by Will Rogers:

"Will Roger, jokingly introduced to the House Flood Control Committee as Congressman at Large, not only provided the members with the expected entertainment, but along with his goodnatured banter he succeeded in putting in an effective word for adequate flood control. After remarking that Andy

(Secretary Mellon) must have skimped and saved enough for flood relief, he added:

'I don't know how the people in the flooded districts can pay any part of it. It seems to me that the Nation should pay for all of it; we should not try to keep them half-drowned.'

"That is the nub of the matter. The people in the flooded area are unable to pay. They are still heavier in debt for building levees which the last flood washed away. If they are not to be left "half-drowned," that is, subject to a repetition at any time of the recent disaster, the government will have to undertake the whole job. And as the Congressman at Large says, the whole country wants the job done right. Mr. Rogers saw every phase of the great flood, and he also knows the sentiment of the country much better—apparently—than any one in the White House."

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RIGHTEOUS PEOPLE VIEWING "COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE."

Judge John M. Oglesby has been holding a term of Superior Court in Gastonia. He said something very worthwhile in his charge to the Grand Jury—Judge Oglesby has made a proud record in delivering sensible and strong charges wherever he holds courts—and the correspondent sent an extract from his message to the Charlotte Observer, which, thinking so much of its importance, printed it boxed up on the front page. This is it:

> "Companionate marriage, as fathered by Judge Ben Lindsey and adopted in recent notorious instances, is nothing more nor less than "legalized adultery," Judge John M. Oglesby told the Gaston County grand jury in a formal charge today.
>
> "Judge Oglesby deplored the fact that Judge Lindsey's "wild theory is attracting the most highly educated class of people."
>
> "He told the jurymen that lawlessness is due to the lack of a proper attitude toward constituted authority and lack of a sense of moral indignation on the part of the people, and gave a list of statistics to show that crime is on the increase in North Carolina."

Judge Oglesby characterizes "Companionate Marriages" in just the manner that all righteous people do. This high sounding thing has been in existence for ages. Electric chairs, gallowses, penitentiaries, wrecked shells of human beings dragging along the streets of many towns, broken homes, examples of lost hope and samples of human misery, all bear testimony to the fact that this so-called improvement in the marriage contract dates for years back.

The idea is filth itself; and no man, who respects his mother and loves

his God can tolerate this fool business, that leads inevitably to utter ruin for both parties that sanction it. This is not the usual stuff that finds place in the columns of The Uplift; but we rejoice when clean, able men in authority speak out against the new theory governing the very foundation of home and civilization.

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VOLUME XV COMPLETED.

With this issue volume XV of The Uplift is completed.

Fifteen years of life, growth and filling an important place in the work of the institution, is entirely pleasing to us.

We have gathered about us without campaigns and solitation, personal or otherwise, a bunch of the finest folks ever. We are proud of all of them.

We are thankful for the past and we look to the future with an abiding hope and faith.

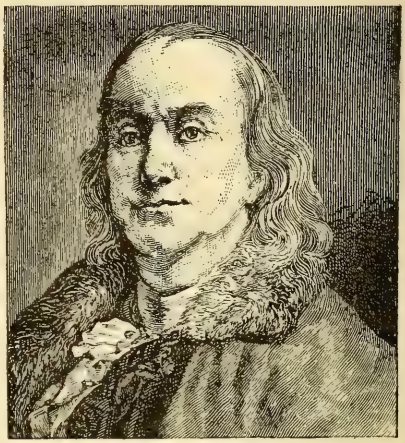
The Uplift must, however, make a confession. It involves a vital phase in the life of the little magazine and the enlarged usefulness of our Printing Department. We are sadly in need of a Printing House, suitable and so arranged as to give to a larger number of boys the oppportunity of gaining a fine trade.

We know several men and women in the state to whom this is a calling opportunity to serve the present generation and others for years and years after the hoped-for donor has been gathered to his Father.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—APPRENTICE.

By Sarah Elisabeth Roberts, in Young Folks.

Of all the long list of America's illustrious men, Benjamin Franklin is perhaps held in the most universal and affectionate regard by all classes of people. His life exemplifies the very best in Americanism, and in humanity, too, for he truly won his place, not by the influence of family or of wealth, but by his own efforts. Though not highly endowed with remarkable gifts and talents of an extraordinary degree, Franklin so developed and cultivated what ability he had that he says he "stood before five kings, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner."



There is no other really famous man who is so many sided as was the versatile Franklin. He was printer, journalist, author, inventor, statesman, philosopher, scientist, public benefactor, reformer, philanthropist, and diplomatist; and the uncommon thing about his numerous activities is that he made a success of them all, and in most instances added something entirely original and worthwhile in each of these varied fields of endeavor. Yet in all his life of many ideas and remarkable achievements, there were two fundamental principles, underlying the whole, industry and frugality. Upon these two homely virtues Franklin built his long and successful life.

Though of honest and selfrespecting parentage, Franklin's family was by no means either an influential or a wealthy one. When he was born on the 17th of January, 1706, the fifteenth child of Josiah Franklin, tallow-candeler and soap-boiler, no one in Boston, probably not even his mother, Abiah Folger Franklin, dreamed of the heights to which he would rise. As the tenth son of the Franklin family, young Benjamin was considered the tithe son, and was accordingly sent to school to be educated for the ministry. The schooling prooved beyond the family's slender purse, and when he had been in school scarcely two years, and had learned little beyond reading and writing, he had no relish at all for arithmetic, he was taken out of school at the age of ten, to help his father boil soap and make candles.

Small Ben cared even less for his father's trade, if this were possible, than he did for arithmetic. He wanted to be a sailor. The vastness and the romance of the sea called him, and he spent as much time as he dared from his father's shop, "The Blue Ball," among the fisher folk. Benjamin's father, having already given one son the sea, and

knowing the fate of so many of those who "go down to the sea in ships," disapproved of his son's nautical learnings as heartily as Ben disliked his father's vocation. To find out just what compromise could be made in the matter of choosing a trade for Benjamin, his father took him among tradesmen, that he might see what iterested the child most. The plan was not highly successful for little Ben's heart was set on following the sea, and he showed no interest in nothing else whatever except books which he had always loved.

Because his fondness for books his father decided to make a printer of Benjamin, and apprenticed him to his half brother, James, who owned a print shop. Benjamin liked his brother's trade far better than that of soap boiling and candle making, and set about his tasks with the diligence and the industry that marked his whole life. He loved reading even more than he did his new work in the shop, and spent all his spare time in reading books. These studious habits attracted the attention of a Mr. Adams, who offered to lend the little fellow his books. Benjamin read these books avidly and took great care to return them "soon and clean." Among Mr. Adams' books he found his first poetry. He imitated the poetry quite clevery, and his brother, thinking that he could make some profit from these first attempts of his youngest brother's, encouraged him in his work and put him "on composing occasional ballads," which he sent Benjamin about on the streets selling. The first were about the sea, and being timely, "sold wonderfully." Benjamin's father, however, wanted no poet among his sons, and discouraged him by ridiculing his performances, and telling him verse-makers were generally beggars. So, I escaped being a poet," wrote Franklin, "most probably a very bad one." But the young apprentice did not give up his idea of writing prose, and worked diligently at improving his style, using Addison's "Spectator" as a model.

Being employed in a print shop, and at the most impressionable age, was a great advantage to Benjamin's literary aspirations. His brother's paper, The New England Courant, was among the earliest to be established in the American colonies, and as owner and editor James Franklin had a certain literary prestige. His shop was the mecca of literary men of the town, who gathered there to discuss authors and their writings. Young Ben listened to these discussions and to the men's comments and criticisms on the literary output of the day with silent but eager interest. This literary talk fired him with the ambition to become a writer himself, and he resorted to strategy to test the value of his literary ability. He secretly slipped an anonymous paper, written in a feigned hand, and in prose now, under the door of his brother's print shop. "It was found in the morning and communicated to his writing friends when they called as usual. They read it, "commented on it in my hearing," Franklin tells us, "and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity." This was enough for the amateur author. He saw that his writings were worth publishing, and he became more of a bookish youth

and aspiring author than ever.

When Franklin was only sixteen, he chanced upon a treatise extolling the advantages of a vegetarian diet. He wanted to try out the ideas for himself; and asked his brother to give him half his board money and that with this amount he would feed himself. The penurious brother, always glad to save a penny, willingly agreed to this plan. Upon the meager allowance Ben not only bought food which he prepared for himself, but by self-denial and frugality saved half of the money, and used these savings to buy books.

About this time an incident occurred that showed Benjamin that his ignorance in arithmetic was a grave handicap in his business. So with dauntless energy he worked every problem in Crocker's Arithmetic, and then learned what geometry he could from a couple of books on navigation that he found in the print shop.

It is unpleasant to relate, but nevertheless true, that little brotherly affection existed between Benjamin and his brother. James was not only a stingy man, but also jealous and high-tempered. Ben was high spirited and self-opinionated, and far from a Christian martyr himself under provocation. So there were frequent misunderstandings between the two, and James was not above resorting to blows when Benjamin displeased him. The praise that Benjamin's anonymous writings elicited led him to reveal the author's identity to his brother, who did not appreciate his apprentice's literary abilities as Ben thought that he would, and the relations between the two became more strained than ever. To help bring matters to a crisis, James was clapped into prison for a month because he published in his paper an article that was displeasing to the authorities. The responsibility of editing the paper thus fell on Benjamin's shoulders, who had no doubts whatever, it seems, as to his complete ability to fill the editorial shoes. This newly-acquired dignity by no means overawed him, and he went about his exalted duties with much enthusiasm, more self-confidence, and with entirely too much sense of his own importance. But he was thoroughly indignant at what he considered the injustice done his brother, and he attacked the methods of colonial justice, the principal persons in the colony, and those in authority with such outspoken zeal and frankness that no sooner was James liberated than he received an arbitrary order to discontinue the publication of the paper called the New England Courant.

As there were as yet no Constitutional rights regarding the freedom of the press, James had no alternative but to obey or to circumvent the decree. He evaded the order by putting the paper in Benjamin Franklin's name. At the same time he made out new apprenticeship papers for his brother to sign, stating that the change in ownership of the paper was only a nominal one, as for as the younger brother was concerned.

The differences between the two brothers now became more frequent and more heated. Benjamin chafed at the older brother's arrogant dominance and churlish ways, and resented more openly his ill-temper and blows. On his side James was no doubt tried with his younger brother's youthful egotism and self-esteem.

There was an exceptionally bitter quarrel, and Benjamin left his brother's print shop forever.

When James found that Benjamin had really left him for good, he took pains that no other printer would hire him by going around and speaking to every printer in Boston. Benjamin, finding that he could not get work, and by this time having given up all idea of becoming a sailor, as he considered himself a very good printer now, realized that if he continued his trade he must seek his fortune elsewhere. Knowing that his father would oppose his leaving home, Benjamin sold his books to raise the money for his traveling expenses, and with the help of a friend, Collins by name, left Boston secretly.

Travel conditions in the American colonies in the first quarter of the 18th century were far from the comfortable and safe conveniences of today. To make the trip from Boston to New York one had to go either by water or on foot. The country was sparsely settled, and the public inns were miserably dirty and uncomfortable. Georgia, the last of the thirteen colonies, was not yet settled, and George Washington not yet born, when young Franklin was setting out alone, unknown and unbefriended, and at the age of seventeen, to seek his fortune. But he had the blood of pioneers in his veins, and inuring himself to hardships, set forth for New York, undismayed by possible dangers.

The trip took three days, and when Benjamin reaced New York he found that the printer there did not need his services, though he kindly told the young Bostonian that his son, a printer in Philadelphia, had just lost his apprentice, and might be able to use his services. At this time there were only four printing houses n America outside of Boston and Cambridge. One was at New York, and that off Franklin's list of prospective jobs; one in New London, and Franklin decided against that one as it would take him towards instead of away from his native city. There were two printing shops in Philadelphia, and Benjamin resolutely set his face southward in the direction of the city of Brotherly Love.

The journey was far from pleasant and when young Franklin reached the Quaker City he was tired, dirty, hungry, friendless, alone, and almost without funds. He must have been a pathetic figure, as he trudged along the streets of the city, eating one of his now famous three enormous buns, the other two under each arm, and his pockets stuffed to capacity with extra shirts and stockings. Yet he says with his unfailing sense of humor that he was no doubt a humorous sight. At any rate, history records that she who laughed most heartily at him, a young Philadelphia girl, Deborah Reed, afterwards became his wife.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

—Whittier.

MODERN METHODS OF RECREATION.

At the recent annual Convention of the State Branch of The King's Daughters, held in Henderson, N. C., October 6th and 7th, the matter of Modern Methods of Recreation or of Amusements was one of the features of a most admirable program.

Mrs. Henry Perry, of Henderson; Mrs. J. H. Norman, of Raleigh; and Miss Virginia Henderlite, of Salisbury, were the chief speakers on the subject. These serious and earnest papers have come into the hands of The Uplift, and it is our pleasure to reproduce them in our columns. We make sure they will deeply interest those who have children to rear and all who are concerned over the welfare of youth in general.

MODERN METHODS OF AMUSEMENTS

By Mrs. Henry Perry

The question of how to get clean, wholesome recreation for young and old is one of the most vitally important problems of today. Amusements and morals are so closely allied that the subject is worthy of our serious consideration.

No one can read history without being impressed with the fact that the downfall of every nation was heralded by low ideals, indecency in dress and impure amusements; nor does it take a prophet to read the hand-writing on the walls of our civilization that we too, are being weighed in the balance and are found wanting.

The increase in crime for the last few years has been alarming. In 1906 this country spent a little over one billion dollars annually on criminals. Now we are spending ten billions and yet very little thought is given to the cause and prevention of crime. Most of our money goes to jails, reformatories and penitentiaries, yet as Jane Adams and other successful philanthropists assure us, wherever supervised recreation is provided, there crime decreases. Constructive work is the greatest known agency for robbing crime of its human prey.

Since the war, a spirit of decadence has crept into America. From the hedges of the old world it has shaken off the dust of its filthy contacts and come here to flourish and to prosper and we have made it welcome. It brings its own literature, its arts, amusements and dress. It exploits youth, destroys beauty, establishes new and false standards, develops life along abnormal and neurotic lines and sets up its own code of ethics which are false and dangerous. This code claims that black is white, it recognizes no punishment, present or future and is making a deliberate and commercial attempt to force us to lower our standards. It is because vice today masquerades under other names, that it has made its way into our life without being suspected. We call it literature and our presses pour forth promorgrapic books and magazines, some of which under the name of realism discard the decencies and verge on the obscene.

The theatre and the motion picture produce plays which 21 years

ago were only given in Vienna or France behind closed doors after midnight; now they are shown in family theatres, to poison minds which see in them not the exotic exceptions but life itself. Ugliness and sordidness have crept in and we have an increasing group exalting, the abnormal, and the fantastic.

Aldous Huxley, grandson of the English scientist, says that we owe many blessings to labor saving machines, that they have brought some degree of leisure and prosperity to almost every body, and that universal leisure and variety of impressions make possible a rick and universal culture. But are there any signs that this fuller life is imminent? "Let me advise anyone," he says, "who believes in the near approach of the millennium, to go to any city and see what the majority of men and women do with their new found prosperity and leisure. A great many people don't want to be cultured and are not interested in the higher life. For these, existence on the lower animal levels is perfectly satisfactory. Given food, drink, the company of their fellows, sexual enjoyment and plenty of noisy distractions, and they are happy. They cannot bear to be alone. Contemporary urban life with its jazz bands, its negroid dancing, its movies, theatre, footballs, prize fights and the like is for them ideal. More leisure and more prosperity mean for them more dancing, more parties, more movies and more distractions in general. Most of the inhabitants of ancient Rome belonged to this type, and so do most of the inhabitants of modern New York, and other cities of today."

Enviornmental forces can push the great mass of indeterminate human beings, either toward culture and uplift, or away from them. In the Americanized world of the present those forces are set against culture and the higher life.

No nation, no state and no community can be fine or enduring that does not make provision for recreation, for there is a craving for joy and beauty in every heart and the seekers after betterment must recognize this truth or else forever fail. Never before has there been such need of clean, stimulating amusements as now. When our country was young, life itself was an adventure. There were immense forests to be felled, Indians to overcome, fierce wild beasts encountered. Life was a thrilling experience, but now all is changed. After long monotonous hours, spent in offices, shops and factories, a tired mass of humanity pours forth, eager for diversion and fictictious adventure. At present, with only commercialized recreation provided, this craving for amusement is a dangerous thing. Like Aaron's rod, it has become a serpent, beautiful, glittering and full of deadly poison; but if lifted up by clean hands it would become so pure, so sacred a thing, that it would be worthy to be placed in our Holiest of Holies. Grown ups have too long assumed an indifferent attitude to amusements, regarding it as unworthy the consideration of thoughtful men and women, where as it is of vital importance. George Elliot said, "As important as it is to organize and direct the industry of the world, it is even more important to direct its leisure time, for upon the use of leisure time depends the destiny of the nation." As scien-

tific research and inventions cause labor to become less incessant, so much the greater will be the necessity to train the public in the wise use of leisure time.

It is important to supervise and correct all public amusements, but there is one particular form of recreation that calls aloud for supervision. It is our national amusement, the Motion Picture. The invention of the Cinema will go down in history as of equal or greater importance with that of the printing press. It is the most powerful force for good or evil in the world today. It is the most effective moulder of character, of fashion and of ideals on the earth. Its cheapness and its universal language makes it the most democratic art the world has ever known. For the first time, the poor man might have within his reach poetry, beauty, culture and joy. But while its potentially for good and uplift is immense, at present the motion picture is a menace to civilization. Most of the pictures are positively breeders of crime. The Juvenile Courts reveal a startling number of youthful criminals who draw their inspiration from the motion picture. In our own town a small boy was caught breaking into a store, and when asked why he ever thought of such a thing he replied that he had seen it in the movies. And most terrible of all, are the suggestive sex plays in which stars figure as the seductive prostitute, who is openly the ideal and adoration of many an emotional girl in her teens. We have driven out the open saloons and are trying to put out the red light districts of our towns and yet night after night we allow our young people, in a dimly lighted hall, to drink in scenes from low dance halls and brothels and over all is cast a glamour—a fascination—"a light that never was on land or sea."

There should be a censorship of motion pictures for the same reason that there are pure food laws and legislation for the control of contagious diseases. The health of the spirit should be safe-guarded, at least as carefully as the health of the body. We have learned to make bread scientifically but pure, wholesome food, must be furnished the mind to keep it healthy just as the body must be nourished by food of good quality. Permit so potent an agent for good or evil as the motion picture to go unregulated by law and there is a broader scope for vulgarity and indecency. Sex problems and such matters as civilization bids us keep in reserve are more openly and vividly presented and greater laxity is shown in the treatment of subjects for which religoius people have the highest reverence.

Our films are barred from Japan and other countries and may not the fact that America among all civilized nations leads in crime, justify their action?

As long as the motion picture remains unchanged, the church, the schools and philantropic organizations will never regenerate society. It is like trying to sweep back the ocean's wave, with a broom. Vicious pictures will continue to poison the minds of our people and lower standards of morality and our jails and reformatories will always be overflowing.

The King's Daughters should enlist the co-operation of the town officials, the Chamber of Commerce, men and women's clubs, the school

boards and teachers and with these agencies, plan Hallowe'en parties, Community Christmas Trees, May Festivals, Pageants, Community Songs, Dramatics, Bands and Orchestras.

Parks, playgrounds, swimming pools and libraries should be provided.

No city, state or nation has ever included in its propaganda the pursuit of happiness linked with righteousness, and the beautiful yoked to the practical. The world awaits the application of the Golden Rule and I believe that it is practicable, as it is imperative. Mr. Daniels has asked if there could be a greater work than that of mending boys. I reply, "Yes, there is a greater, finer task, that of preventing boys and girls from breaking by providing playgrounds for them and wholesome recreation for their leisure time. It requires money, time and brains to provide tonic, clean stimulating amusements, to offer counter attractions to the dazzling fascination of commercialized recreation. It would be a task too great, did we not know that there is One working with us, who is greater than those who fight to destroy us. One, "who giveth power to them who are faint, and to him that hath no might, He increases strength."

King's Daughters, let us pledge ourselves to the task of getting clean, wholesome amusement for our community, let us work for beauty, purity and joy for all.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely—think on these things."

MODERN METHODS OF RECREATION

By Mrs. J. H. Norman

Recreation is in reality re-creation, a making anew, a putting of new thoughts into the mind, of new strength into the body. To the average person of today, the term recreation, means only play or pastime, but this renewing, this refreshing of mind and body, is vastly more. It is of the greatest importance and should be given more than mere passing thought.

The modern forms of recreation which we, who are here today, are most concerned, are those with which we come in contact through our children and all of these forms need our closest oversight. I offer just a few thoughts and suggestions concerning these forms; the dance, card playing, swimming, automobiling, and athletics as sponsored by the high-schools and colleges. No one of these recreatons is wrong within itself, but each, is very wrong when carried to excess, and we should inveigh against no one of these forms, but against the excess in the performances of any one of them.

The moving picture, perhaps the most popular of all the recreatons of today, does call for censure, for the picture which could be made and should be made a medium of uplift and educaton, has been turned into a school for the futherance of crime and sensuality. Any moving picture-man, when questioned, will tell you that he gives only what the public demands. Is this true? If it be true then we are the guilty ones, you, and I, and all other parents.

It is up to us to know something of a picture before we allow our chil-

dren to go and see it. The screen program for the ensuing week is usually printed in the Sunday edition of the home paper. This should be studied, and if a screen version of an unfamiliar novel or story, appears on the program for the week, I suggest the novel be scanned or some review of the work in question be read, lest our children see crime pictured too attractively, or sex appeal displayed too alluringly. This may be difficult, but it is our duty.

I approve of censors for the pictures, provided they be chosen most carefully. Persons of breadth of mind, but not too broad, of church affiliations, who occupy their own homes and have children of impressionable age, should be given first consideration; rather than the professional theorist, who lives in rented quarters, no home, no children, no church affiliation.

If our children be allowed to attend the pictures, very often, one of two conditions will arise. They will form the "movie" habit, or will become surfeited before they have reached the age to appreciate the points of a good play, or to appreciate the artistry displayed in the settings. Then again our children should be in the open after school hours, not housed in a dark room nor should they attend the pictures during the school week. If we desire progress in school work we should go back to "Friday night" as was done in the old days, for the recreational night, swerving from this rule only upon exceptional occasion.

I know very little concerning the modern dance, but I feel sure that a great deal of the censure attached to Terpsichorean gatherings would be dispelled if hours were made earlier. The moral fibre seems to slacken with the passing of the midnight hour, and the Fairy God-mother was indeed very wise when she named twelve o'clock as the time to retire. Then too, can't we stress simpler costumes? The pocket-book of the average parent is strained beyond its means.

Speaking of costumes reminds me of what our girls do not wear, when caparisoned for swimming. I protest most heartly against the brevity of the present day bathing suits as seen at the sea-shore and other watering places. Swimming is a most delightful recreation and exercise, a most desired accomplishment and asset, but excess here in the attempt to reduce the bathing suit to a swaddling cloth is causing this approved sport and recreation to be regarded merely as a back-ground for bodily display and sexual appeal. What are we going to do about it?

Card-playing is a delight, and the knowledge of cards certainly rounds out one's social life, and is also a tremendous solace for those past the meridian of life. In fact, so much of enjoyment is cantained in a pack of cards, that Satan, jealous, hides himself within. He has planted himself there in the form of prizes, money consideration and bets. I am told that many of the leading women of today refuse to play any game of cards if money be not used in the game. The charming wife of an Army officer recently told me, that she with many other ladies had been forced to give up card clubs and card parties because of the money that was in circulation and neither her moral nor her pocket-book would stand for that.

Surely we are not going to let old Satan deprive us, so craftily and so easily, of something that still has its family appeal around the evening lamp.

No recreation is more real than automobiling. A spin over smooth roads gives rest and refreshment to the tired body, and if one be his own chauffer, the tired brain too is enlivened and quickened. But what do you think of automobiling for our own young daughter in the night hours; for our boys, when we do not know where the gas is obtained nor the extra tires gotten? And how many of us adhere strictly to the law forbidding the driving of a car by any one under sixteen years of age? How many of us attempt to learn, and observe the signals prescribed by law? The automobile ns a most striking example of an object one hundred per cent good, or one hundred per cent bad; and we parents must see to it that neither our boy or our girl falls by the wayside because of it.

I should like to say a great deal concerning athletics as sponsored by the high-schools and colleges of today, but I shall content myself with touching lightly upon this form of recreation. The Greeks of old thought the human body the most beautiful thing in the world and they strove in every way to develop it and improve it. and so there came about in the Ancient world the wonderful Olympic Games. I fear, we of today are following too closely their lead and are stressing the physical man more, than the mental man or the spiritual man. The recent bout between Tunney and Dempsey but emphasizes this trend of interest. No other entertainment of whatsoever kind could have gathered together so many spectators, nor accumulated so much money from entrance fees.

This call of the primitive man is being felt in all of the colleges, and is proving a stumbling block in many for a college is for the growth and development of the brain primarily, and of the body secondarily. The athletic squad of the college today is considered of prime importance. A letter on a sweater is desired by many of our boys much more ardently than the letters on a sheepskin.

The development of the human body through the recreations of boxing, wrestling, foot-ball, baseball, and other forms of track sports and of field meets is alright, is desirable, is necessary, but in the worship of brawn beyond brain lies terrifying possibilities. This excess of bodily cult must be frowned upon by us, the parents of today, before the gods of the ancients be set up too firmly in high places.

We of today sorely need to heed the word—"Be ye moderate in all things."

METHODS OF RECREATION

By Miss Virginia Henderlite

In speaking of modern recreation we have a large field to cover. Recreation, in the broad sense of the word, covers all of one's leisure time.

In planning supervised recreation for young people we must take into account all of their waking hours. We must have something to fill every minute of their day. Even though we may not approve of the things

they choose for themselves we must not prohibit too strongly, for often prohibition leads to excess or to secretly going on as before. All psychologists will tell you not to say "Don't" to a child but to substitute what you woud have him do in place of what is objectionable. Lay a good wholesome book where that trashy novel usually stays! Suggest a game of tennis instead of that questionable movie.

If we are going to attack the modern recreaton of youth we can't afford to forbid them pleasures, take away the things they now enjoy and leave them knowing no other forms of recreation and amusement but what they are now engagd in and that closed to them. Under such circumstances they would lose faith in us entirely. There are so many things we can suggest in our plan for directed recreation—tennis tournaments between groups, basket ball and baseball games, book-of-the-month clubs, etc.

So before we try to change the situation, let us be sure that we have a positive program of good, wholesome, wide-awake recreation to offer the young people of our community.

OPEN FOR USE.

(Young Folks.)

It was rather a common place expression somebody used the other day, but it was suggestive of a necessity in a score of things we have and seek to employ profitably. This was the expression, "A parachute must be open to be useful"—just a plain sensible conclusion such as anybody understands. The extension of the expression was just as true to fact, but very frequently it is not practiced. To the above expression was added, "and, so must the mind."

An open mind is a teachable mind, one that seeks and welcomes new facts and well-proved truths. The closed mind is static. It knows as much as it cares to know, or ever will know. Only the open mind receives information. Only the open mind is progressive. But the mind that can be opened differs from the parachute that can be opened. The parachute depends upon external conditions solely for its opening, whereas the mind has an opening power in itself. Something in the mind controls its attitude towards offered knowledge. It can accept or reject. It can discriminate and be decisive about what it admits or keeps out. The parachute opens and thus increases its resistance in falling and thereby becomes more useful, for a parachute is supposed to fall with its suspended object but make the fall safe for itself and this dependent object. The open mind increases its worth, provided it receives and uses what has lasting value and diligently refuses what it is convinced is without value.

Being open minded in matters religious means that offered tenets of faith and proposals for conduct are honestly evaluated and welcomed for use if found usable and repelled if found worthless or destructive. There should be an open mind in such things or there are bound to be barren places in our religious experiences, such barrenness being inexcusable in this day of available facts and truths that tend to enrich life.

CAN YOU LOOK AT YOURSELF AND SMILE?

By Vance Havner, in Elizabeth City Independent.

It is not greatness, but recognition, that most of us want.

We swear that we want to be noble and wonderful and inspiring but really what we are after is the laurel and the applause.

We are out for effect we want to impress others, we are more anixous to be thought great than to be great.

Some of us never learn the difference between wishing to appear great and willing to really be great.

We are not so much interested in actually being a superior character.

* * *

The truly great man does not bother himself about recognition. He does not worry if he is not in the headlines and he does not fret if a fickle world is slow to see his virtues. Nor does he shed self-pitying tears because a calloused public lets his genius bloom unnoticed. He knows that fame and fortune and the acclaim of the mob are but the gestures of a deaf and dumb race that punishes its heroes by making them great. So he is content to play his small part in the great cosmic game and check out with a smile.

* * *

When you consider the tastes, the appreciation and the sense of values of most folks, it is a compliment to be popular? To be famous, you must do something to please the crowd in the grandstand. When you reflect what it takes to please the majority of us, it is no disgrace if you fail to tickle the public funny-bone.

* * *

The only recognition worth having comes unsought. If you seek it, you spoil it for only the great can enjoy greatness and the fact that you sought it proves that you are incapable of enjoying it if you had it.

You are great only as you find and fill your place in the cosmic process called Life. You are not great because men have pronounced you so, nor are you insignificant because you have never "bust-ed" your way into a Hall of Fame. You are great if you have stood in the secret councils of your own soul and graded "satisfactory" by your own conscience.

* * *

The great man is the fellow who can come to his dresser at sundown and look at himself with an honest smile, whether he sells gas at a filling station or listens to gas in the United States Senate. If he can drag in from his task, tired in mind and body, but clean within, no register can guage how much he is worth, no rating system can measure his value.

After all, that is the supreme thing in Life, to be able to look at yourself and smile. Not the sour smile of the synic, the sickly grimace of self-pity, the grin of the fool but the clean, wholesome smile of him who has nothing to conceal. What if you are poor and unnoticed and live on an obscure street, you are one

of God's aristocrats if you can look at yourself and smile.

That is the only thing worth living for the only satisfaction that really satisfies. Money and goods and great possessions, fame and the plaudits of men, these we seek while those who have laugh at their folly. Many schemes there have been and many there will be for a happier way to spend these passing days. But there is nothing magical about it, no new secret to be discovered, there is only one luxury that does not turn to wormwood in our mouths, only one delight that does not disappoint us, And that is the serene charm of a clean conscience, the sense of having kept faith with yourself, the thrill of a day that has honorably passed.

* * *

Are you proud of yourself? Can you look at yourself with a smile?

Then you belong to the Elect, the True Aristocracy, the Church of God.

A NEW YEAR PRAYER.

Oh, young New Year, take not these things from me—
The olden faiths; the shining loyalty
Of friends the long and searching years have proved—
The glowing hearthfires, and the books I loved;
All wonted kindnesses and welcoming—
All safe hard trodden paths to which I cling.
Oh, glad New Year, blithe with the thrill of Spring—
Leave me the ways that were my comforting.—Selected.

OUR PARDON COMMISSIONER.

By J. E. Carraway, in Asheville Citizen.

Edwin B. Bridges, Pardon Commissioner of North Carolina, announces that under no circumstances will he seek or accept re-appointment at the end of his present term of office. He will retire with the McLean Administration and will be done with the office of Pardon Commissioner forever. Mr. Bridges explains that the nervous and mental strain of hearings in capital cases, where commutations or pardons are sought is well-nigh unbearable. One can readily understand his point of view. While the Governor has the last word in any appeal from a death sentence, still he usually follows the recommendation of the Pardon Commissioner. This is too much of a burden for one man or even two men. What North Carolina really needs is a Board of Pardons consisting of at least five members. The issues of life and death will be strain enough on such a board, but at least it will be divided. It will also be less personal. It is to be hoped that the next session of the General Assembly will take note of this situation and render a service to the State which is urgently needed.

SHOULD DO AS HE LIKES.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

While Mr. Coolidge was en route to Cuba speculation began as to what the President of a theoretically dry country would do about the "rare wines" that would be served at the dinner to be given in his honor by the President of Cuba. One group is sure that Mr. Coolidge will leave his wine untouched, will turn down the glass if he has a chance before it is filled. Another group is saying that Latin-Americans are very sensitive about their hospitality and that refusal to drink a toast might be considered a grave breach of etiquette. The American damps think it woud be discourteous for Mr. Coolidge to refuse to drink with his host, while the drys are equally sure that the President will refrain on principle, and if he should refrain they would no doubt expect his example to make such an impression on the Cuban wine-bibbers that they would immediately declare for prohibition.

Pending the test, the show-down as to what the nation's head may eat and drink while he is a guest in another country, it may be suggested that it is the privilege of the President to determine that for himself. He may drink the wine because he wants to drink it, or he may drink it because it is a custom of the country in which he is a guest. He may turn down the glass or leave the contents untouched either because he doesn't care for drinks with alcholic content, or because he may feel that he has a principle to uphold. In either event it is believed the country will survive.

There are all sorts of ideas about the duties of guests and hosts on such occasions— some of them very foolish. It is so much of a custom to require a certain kind of dress at these functions that many who object to wearing clothes of style they abominate will put them on rather than miss the occasion, or seem diifferent, if they are permitted to dress otherwise. So powerful has that tyranny become that guests at the Jackson day dinner were required, compelled, to don formal evening dress, and even Congressman Hammer, of North Carolina, who hates the evening garb with a great hatred, surrendered to the decree and went out all dressed up in the spike-tail, or the tuxedo —final report not in—rather than miss "the feast of reason and flow of soul" (nothing else flowing, of course) at the Democratic feast. But while fashion may compel one to conform to the style in clothes for certain occasions, surely it won't go so far as to compel one to eat or drink something he doesn't want, that is unpalatable, or that he may object to as a matter of principle. What is the idea of hospitality that would make a guest sick, or require him to violate cherished principles, in order to comply with a custom at the table of his host? The idea that compliance is essential is nonsense, puerile.

An idea of hospitality recognized in this country, which seems to be

sensible, is that the host, in so far as possible, will entertain his guest in the way he thinks he would like to be entertained. The host would not be so fooish as to make his guest miserable by requiring him to do that which would make him unhappy. But the host is not expected to violate the principles and practices of his home simply to please a guest. If the host is opposed to strong drink and doesn't serve it in his home, the guest who would demand it would deserve to be thrown out. Mr. Bryan, who was much criticized for serving grape juice to the foreign diplomats who were accustomed to wine, was entirely within his rights. If his guests criticised him they simply manifested their lack of manner.

If Mr. Coolidge drinks the wine he will be criticized for inconsistency. If he doesn't drink he will be criticised for bad manners. That is a matter for Mr. Coolidge. But if he doesn't want to drink wine, for any reason, we hope he will refuse, even to the point of dashing the glass in the face of his host, precipitating a war if need be, to show that while free-born American citizens may be compelled at times to wear clothes they don't want to wear, that they will resist to the death the attempts to force something down their throats they may not want to eat or drink.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

LUDWIG'S NAPOLEON.

By J. F. Henden, in Greensboro News.

In these days of the making of many books, the majority being of no value, it is refreshing to one who has lived long enough to see all sorts of crimes perpetrated in the name of literature, to have the opportunity of reading a book worth while.

Thsi observation is made by reason of the writer having read a recent book styled, "Napoleon" by Emil Ludwig, published in 1926 in our Country. On the title page is a quotion from Goethe, "Napoleon went forth to seek virtue, but since she was not to be found, he got power." The author states a striking truth when he says, Cæsar, Frederick and Napoleon only became great powers through their victories in the battlefields, and yet their battles tend, more and more to become unmeaning for posterity. It is the political genius of Cæsar, Frederick and Napoleon that makes these men supreme. "In his highest embodiment, the statesmen shapes all our destinies." Ludwig, in this book, tried to write the inner history of Napoleon and truly says the author, Napoleon's life is a great epic written by the hand of fate, and what

a man can attain through self-confidence and courage, through passion and imagination, through industry and will, he attained.

Most of us think of Napoleon only in the terms of a great general, a born fighter, whose personal courage on the battlefield inspired his soldiers to almost accomplish the impossible, yet this man of destiny was intensely human. Witness the things he did for his brothers and other kin. His love for his unfaithful wife, Josephine, caused him to delay the divorce which was sought only because Napoleon desired a son to carry on after his death. It is true that Napoleon's personal morals are not to be emulated as is proven by the fact that several illegitimate children were born as the result of these connections. Had not Josephine been childless, Bonaparte would have not sought a royal mate after divorcing Josephine. In his last days on Helena when he realized that the end was near, his tribute to his mother showed the man's inner self. Lincoln said that all he accomplished was due to his mother—who was a North Carolinian. Perhaps Lincoln had read what Napoleon said in his last days, as his mind went back to the gladsome days of youth. Speaking to one of his personal attendants the emperor said, "All that I am and was I owe to my mother; she taught me her own principles, and encouraged in me the habit of work. True it is that the mother makes us most that back of every great man is a great mother and to many weary mortals tramping along the dusty highway of life in times of stress and storm, mothers' prayers have proven the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Napoleon, who laughed at the pope, in his last testament declares that he dies in the apostolical and Roman religion, in the bosom of which he was born, the faith which he always protected, although in his innermost soul, he never accepted its teachings. The great Corsican, shorn of his power, dying away from his beloved France, is once more the soldier. He shouts Massena, "Victory is ours! Quick! Forward! We have them."

Murmuring in delirium, his last words are "France! Josephine!" thus showing the ruling passion strong in death.

BE EXACT.

A clever lawyer, addressing a class of aspirants for legal honors, sought to impress them with the necessity of carefully weighing the exact meaning of words or phrases used by a witness.

"For example," he said, "suppose I told you that three frogs were sitting together on a log, and one decided to jump off, how many frogs do you think would be left on the log?"

"Two!" cried the class.

"Wrong!" corrected the lawyer. "The frog I specially referred to only decided to jump off. He didn't jump."—Yale Record.

JEST PLAIN DOG.

By Ina Long Perry.

A small, wiry boy in an old plaid lumber-jacket, much the worse for wear, emerged from the Golden Goose Hamburg Shop on the corner of Somerset Street, and was greeted joyously by his boon companion, a small, brown, nondescript dog, with friendly eyes and a lot of wag in his tail. The boy, closely followed by the dog dodged cars and trucks as he made his way to the opposite street corner, which was not so badly crowded at that particular hour of the day. When he reached the sidewalk he began opening the brown paper parcel in his hand. The dog immediately sat up on his haunches, crossed his paws in front of him, and began to beg for his dinner.

A gentleman, waiting for his car, stood watching the procedure. After the dog had made known his wants, the boy gave him a big hunk of a weenie sandwich which he had bought in the shop. As soon as the dog ate it he sat up on his haunches and begged for more.

"Why do you make him do that?" asked the man.

"That's the way he asks the blessin'," replied the boy.

The man was not expecting such an answer. It took him very much by surprise, but at the same time interested him in the dog more than ever.

"He's a fine little fellow! What's his pedigree?" he asked.

"Jest plain dog," answered the boy.

The boy was Archibald Cullen, one of the many hundreds of newsboys in Philadephia who spent much of their mornings and evenings doling out papers to the public. This is how he got the dog:

One afternoon in December—the fourth to be exact—Archibald did a record business. The other newsboys of the vicinity had gone to the last soccer ball game of the season, and Archibald found himself with his sack of papers on the corner, alone. When the workers came rolling out of the big Bromley Mill, and the people from the offices and stores piled off the cars, he handed out papers faster than he ever had in his life. In a short time he had sold out and was rushing off to get a new supply. He had not gone but halfway down the block, however, until he saw a big truck stop and back up to the curb. Curious to know what it was going to unload, he parked himself in front of the cigar store on the corner.

"Aw, shucks! Simmons beds!" he exclaimed in disgust, and was about to continue on his way when he saw something that caused him to tarry. A small black and white dog jumped out of the truck and went scampering around to see if there were anything of interest in the neighborhood. Circling around a few times, sniffing the air, he soon discovered a black cat stretched in a doorway, lazily sunning herself. He trotted up to her in an amiable sort of a way, but the cat bristled up. Unmindful of her warning, he edged up a little closer. A second time she bristled up, scratched at him with her front paws, and spat at him in a very vicious manner. He

dodged her attack, barked a little louder and, keeping a safe distance from her, trotted to the other edge of the steps to tease her. She sized that opportunity to get away from him. Across the street she ran, scooted in front of a huge oil truck and barely escaped being hit by it. The dog, so intent on chasing her that he did not see the truck, was ready to run right under it when he was seized, hurled into the air with a mighty lurch, and with a thud on the other side of the truck—safe from danger. Archibald, curious to see what the outcome of the fight would be, had saved him.

His master, unloading Simmons beds across the street, saw the miraculous rescue.

"Hold on a minute, boy," he said and made his way toward the newsboy. Half-way across the street he met the hero, carrying the frightened dog in his arms.

"Boy, I'm proud of you," he said slapping him on the back in a grown-up sort of way. "You've saved my dog!" and he pulled from his pocket a five-dollar bill.

"Thankee sir, but I don't want nothin' fer savin' the little feller," said Archibald, shaking his head.

"But you saved him at the risk of your life," continued the man. "If it had not been for your quick thinking and acting he would have been ground to smithereens."

"I've been taught to do my duty without pay. It would a been a pity fer the frisky little feller to be kilt," remarked Archibald, stroking the dog's silky ear.

"This is different," replied the man.

Archibald still hesitated.

"Wouldn't you like to use this money to buy yourself something you have been wanting for a long time?"

"Not lessen it'ud be a dog—friendly, like him," he replied, indicating with a look of his brown eyes just how much such a companion would mean to him.

"Well, here's the money to buy him," declared the man, thrusting the bill into Archibald's hands and hurrying back to his work.

Archibald was stunned. It was the most money he had ever had in his life. He stroked it lovingly and stuck it into his pocket. Even then he could not loosen his hold upon it. Swiftly he made his way to the corner where the other newsboys were trying to drum up trade to make up for lost time.

"Hello, Arch!" called Sam Gilchrist carelessly, as he saw Arch coming. "Where you been?"

"Havin' a adventure!"

The boys soon all flocked around Archibald, eager to hear what had happened.

"Boy, where'd you git it?" they asked almost in one breath, as he proudly showed his money.

"Fishsed a man's dog from under a truck," replied Archibald in as matter of fact a way as though that were an everyday occurrence with him.

Whew! All that money fer savin' one dog!" exclaimed Sam.

"Some purp!" exclaimed two or three of the others in unison.

"What you gonna do with it, Archibald?" inquired Tim Mullins, the raggedest, but the best natured boy in the entire bunch.

"Take it home to granny, and mebbe she'll lemme buy a dog."

"Say, Arch, I know where you kin

git a dog fer nothin','' said Tim.

''Where?''

''At the dog compound.''

''Don't let him string you, Arch,'' advised Bill Daugherty, as he started off to sell papers.

''Archibald wondered if Tim might be joknig.

''It's a fact, Arch. Ask some of these other boys. They'll tell you it's straight.''

''Yes,'' piped up a little tad of a fellow with red hair and several smudges of dirt on the top of his freckles. ''My uncle done git a dog there—an Irish setter.''

''Then I kin use this five spot to feed him! I do hope granny'll let me!''

''Say, Arch. I'll go with you tomorrer an' look 'em over,'' volunteered Tim. ''I know where it's at.''

The boys reached the compound early the next morning and began looking around.

''Where'd all these dogs come from?'' they asked an attendant.

''Oh, they're just cast-offs! When people move into a new home they don't want to take their dog, or else they get too poor to keep him. Sometimes, too, a dog gets old or crippled, or sick; and sometimes a man just gets naturally worthless and shiftless and abandons his dog. The peolicemen gather them up and bring them here.''

''What does he mean by 'bandon, Arch?'' whispered Tim.

''Puts him some place where he thinks some one else will take care of him, like what some folks do when they leave a baby in the station, or on a doorstep.''

The boys saw all kinds of dogs —collies, water-spaniels, bull pups, pomeranians, a grey-hound, a German police dog with a sore foot, an old grey-hound, and all kinds of mongrels. An old negro workman in a grey coat peered over his glasses to look at the young visitors.

''We're lookin' fer a dog,'' Arch hastened to explain the object of their visit.

''Jes' he'p yo'self,'' replied the old darkey, and the boys passed on, leaving him to finish his task.

There were a great many dogs of different colors, sizes and dispositions, but news boys are observant, and these two missed nothing. They petted some, admired others at a distance, but, for the most part, felt sorry for the poor fellows awaiting their sad fate. It was hard for Archibald to choose one that he wanted. Finally a big white and black spotted dog looked at them wistfully, wagged his tail and licked Tim's hand when he reached down to pet him.

''I like the looks of this 'un!'' exclaimed Tim. ''And he's friendly all right!''

''I like him too,'' replied Arch, stooping over to pat his back. ''But granny said git a little one. She thinks mebbe he won't be so hard to keep.''

They left the big dog reluctantly and walked on. The more dogs they inspected the more at a loss they were to choose one. They were almost in despair of getting one which they thought would meet the approbation of Archibald's grandmother when Arch happened to hear a dog whine. He looked around and there stood a little brown dog with one ear perked up and the other flopped down, and with a tail that kept up a steady wagging. Whatever had

been the conditions in his old home there evidently had been a boy in it. He seemed to be as pleased to see the boys as if he had always known them. Arch stooped down to pet him, and that made him the happiest little dog imaginable.

"Arch, he's so tickled 'at he's fairly grinnin' at you!" declared Tim.

"I'm tickled, too, Tim. This is the dog fer me!"

"He's friendly all right—and little," remarked Tim, as he bent over to examine the ear that flopped down over the dog's head. "Slit right through the middle! A pirate dog sure as you're born!" declared Tim, jubilantly.

"Well, ain't that luck!" exclaimed Arch, and they lost no time informing the attendant that they had found their dog.

While they were going through with the necessary preliminaries about taking the dog the little fellow stood close to the boys, wagging his tail, and eager to be off. To be among real live boys again meant that once again he would really live.

"What's his name, mister?" asked Arch, as they started away.

"Don't know," answered the man gru y. Then, seenig the look of disappointment on the boy's face, he said, "Believe now I ocme to recollect his name's Jip."

Archibald's face brightened.

"Jip the Pirate," whispered Tim, and the boys hurried off with the dog tagging at their heels.

There never was a happier boy than Arch, nor a happier dog than Jip the Pirate. On the snowy winter evenings they hustle about selling papers and then make their daily purchase at The Golden Goose. When Arch emerges from the shop there is always a group of boys waiting for him.

"Look at him!" they exclaim as they gather around Arch and Jip the Pirate. "Look at him now. He's askin' the blessin'."

If we wish to be just judges of all things, let us persuade ourselves of this: that there is not one of us without fault; no man is found who can acquit himself; and he who calls himself innocent does so with reference to a witness, and not to his conscience.—Seneca.

WOULD YOUR DOG COME BACK?

(Elizabeth City Independent.)

Dr. Mora. S. Bulla of this city vouches for the following remarkable story of a hound dog that comes to him from a friend in his old home town of Richmond, Ind. Every dog lover will appreciate this story: And here it goes:

"Jack", a hound dog owned by M. S. Simpson, New Madison, O., is home again after a hike of more than 1,200 miles quite emaciated but otherwise none the worse for his remarkable exploit. His master is out of pocket $275, representing the dog's purchase price he reluctantly accepted from a resident of Minot, N. D., and is glad of it.

"I will never be so foolish as to try to sell Jack again. He just won't stay sold. The old fellow will make his home wth us now until he dies." Mr. Simpson said last week.

Only Jack knows, and, of course, he can not tell, how he was guided on his journey from Minot to the little Dare county town where his beloved master and mistress reside.

Although Jack's feat is unique it is not unprecedented. Albert Payson Terhune famous authority on dogs, recently published a verified account of a collie which had walked from a town in New Mexico to his former home in Kansas City, a distance even farther than the journey made by Jack. Like the Kansas City collie Jack traversed territory with which he was unfamiliar. Jack was taken to Minot, November 20 and he was back in New Madison again on Monday, December 12.

The man who purchased Jack was a visitor in New Madison last November and he took a great fancy to him. His offer to purchase the dog became so persistent that Mr. Simpson finally put a price on Jack whch he regarded prohibitive, $275. Much to his surprise and chagrin, the North Dakota man accepted the price without question and wrote out a check. The breaking of home ties was as painful to Jack as it was to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. As for Jack he tucked it into a billfold and there it remained until the dog's unannounced return. That same day the check was placed in an envelope and returned to Minot, N. D.

Limping into New Madison from his long hike Jack went directly to the Simpson home but found no one there. Mrs. Simpson was teaching school and Mr. Simpson was out of town on business. Jack then went to the school house. While she was instructing her class Mrs. Simpson heard a familar baynig and went to the school yard to investigate and was immediately overwhelmed by the hound's demonstrative affection. The children joined with their teacher in extending a warm welcome home to the traveler who was but little more than skin and bones with considerably worn foot pads.

Since his return home Jack has been feasting on double rations three time a day and the wrinkles in his skin are rapidy disappearing.

"Sentiment is in the saddle."—Presbyterian Standard.

THE SOUTH'S NEW GOSPEL.

(Asheville Citizen.)

"Lindbergh's flight to Paris or his good will expedition to Central America," declared Representative Rankin, of Mississippi, in a recent speech in the House, "has not been more revolutionary in execution or effect than the invasion of a section of Mississippi by the great milk condensing companies and cheese plants in the last three years. They have aroused our people to the realization of the possibilities of an industry that is changing our one-crop system, putting the farmer on a monthly payroll, doubling his yearly income and inspiring him with hope and confidence in a lasting prosperity surpassing anything the South has ever seen."

This is another contribution to the magic story of diversification in farming in the South. It is a part of that new gospel which, if followed to its logical conclusion, is bound to make the South the dominant section of the country, since it will enable agricluture to keep pace with our amazing industrial development. In this way, and in this way alone, shall we make it certain that the South will realize to the full all her possibilities.

Such a gospel is of supreme importance to Western North Carolina, as it is to every part of the South. The Farmers' Federation, under the inspired leadership of Mr. McClure, and with the aid of its new endowment fund, is translating the gospel into practical results on the farm. The prime lesson in it is that, the more things the farmer produces, the more things he has to sell; and this means that he is insured in multiple ways against failure and want.

The farmer who depends upon one or upon two crops to make him financially independent, is playing a gambling game against nature, with the odds big against him. This is true in Mississippi, where the dairying business has wrought such wonders. It is true here among our own people. To escape defeats and discouragements, all our farmers must become ardent converts to the South's new gospel; the preaching that it is every farmer's duty, to get from his farm everything that it can produce.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Last Sunday afternoon being real warm, a number of boys sat around on the lawn.

Mr. Sam B. Kennett, a former officer of this institution, now employed in the Railway Mail Service, visited old friends here last Monday.

Well, this is January—a winter month—but by the weather you would think it was May or June. We have

not had much cold weather, but what there was of it was real cold.

A number of boys were carried to Charlotte last Tuesday to have their tonsils removed. For the next few days they will be going around complaining of the sore throat. But, anyway, it is best for them

---

A number of our radio "fans" enjoyed hearing the speeches from the Pan-American Conference held in Havana, Cuba, last Monday morning. It was quite a treat for some of our youngsters to hear the voice of our President.

Last week some of the dairy boys had a fine time helping with a porker weighing nine hundred and seventy (970) pounds. This did not belong to the school, but one of our "neighbors." Anyway, he was a fine looking fellow.

Last week all the officers and most of the boys had the pleasure of seeing a new Ford. It created no little excitement around here. Mr. Shinn, of the Reid Motor Co, Concord, was the demonstrator. Several of the officers took a spin and all seemed to like it very much indeed.

Last Saturday was real warm and we played our first practice game of baseball. Messrs. Lisk and Godown were the opposing pitchers and a very good game resulted. After playing eleven innings, the "supper call" made it necessary to call the game with the score tied at two runs each.

As yet we have no measles among our boys, although there are a number of cases in the community. As a precautionary measure the officials of the school thought it best to refrain from assembling in the auditorium for some time. Conseqently there were no "movies" last week, nor were any religious services held here last Sunday.

Some of the boys have gotten the habit of getting the picture of an automobile and trying to "stick" somebody on them. There are several boys here who are waiting for someone to "stick" them. Why, they can sit on the campus and tell you the name of any car that passes, old, new, American or foreign make, or in other words, all of them.

The boys of the third cottage are not allowed to mingle with the rest of the boys, because the measles were in that cottage. Captain T. L. Grier in charge of them, decided to give them a little exercise, so last Tuesday they gathered up some shovels and went to the ball ground and shoveled dirt for a change.

The ninth cottage is also not allowed to go with the "bunch," so all they have to do is to play around the cottage and go rabbit hunting once in a while.

Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half mind, with a faint heart, and with a lame endeavor.—Barrow.

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RAILROAD .SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	40	To New York	9:21	P. M.
No.	30	To Washington	2:12	A. M.
No.	136	To Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	To New York	10:23	A. M.
No.	34	To New York	4:33	P. M.
No.	12	To Richmond	7:09	P. M.
No.	32	To New York	9:03	P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To Charlotte	3:36	P. M.
No.	35	To New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29	To Birmingham	2:15	A. M.
No.	31	To Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	To New Orleans	8:15	A. M
No.	11	To Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	To Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	39	To Atlanta	9:45	A. M.
N.	37	To New Orleans	11:29	A. M.

Train No. 34 will stop in Concord to take on passengers going to Washington and beyond.

Train No. 37 will stop here to discharge passengers coming from Washington and beyond.

All trains stop in Concord except No. 38 northbound.

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VOL. XV CO[illegible]D, N. C., DECEMBER 4, 1926 No. 1

USE A MIRROR.

A candle loses nothing of its light by lighting another candle.

We lose nothing but, in turn, increase our capacity for smiling when we illuminate our countenances with a cheerful smile. It isn't difficult to smile with the pathway a bed of roses and Fortune pouring out a bountifully filled horn of plenty at our feet.

The big test is to have in reserve a beaming smile to light up the dark spots of life's pathway, when the night is blackest and stormiest.

The homeliest face may beautify itself by the cultivation of a cheerful smile, but the perpetual wearing of a frown by an otherwise handsome one will mar its attractiveness for those with whom it comes in contact. It is far easier for the facial muscles to relax and mould themselves to expressing a smile than a frown.

Stand before a mirror and prove it to your own satisfaction.—Old Hurrygraph.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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SPENDING AND BEING SPENT.

"Lord, make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me;
And quick to do;
Oh, grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day,
And purpose true,
To go as Jesus went,
Spending and being spent,
Myself forgot;
Supplying human needs
By loving words and deeds—
Oh, happy lot!"

TROUBLED OVER GOV. AL SMITH.

Elsewhere in this number we reproduce an editorial from the Charlotte Observer concerning the South's attitude towards Gov. Smith, his policies and his religious connection.

Smith's popularity, which everybody recognizes, is not accounted for by his denominational attachment, or his policies. The governor is popular because he is honest, clean, out-spoken and never a straddler. Speaking only from the standpoint of political expediency, at this time Gov. Smith seems the only democrat who could possibly be elected. Were that to occur, is there any sane person who honestly believes that Smith would, or thought he could, turn everything into the channel of Romanism? Is there a sane person who

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entertains that Smith would try to annul the Volstead act, which makes the prohibition constitutional amendment operative? There is such a thing as impeachment.

Why get so excited about the religion of a probable candidate for the presidency? In the long line of distinguished men who have held this exalted position, none of them was overly religious. Perhaps Wilson come nearer being clearly and pronouncedly orthodox than any in the whole list. Yet Mr. Wilson's closest friend and adviser throughout his administration was a devout Catholic.

Mr Taft, good fellow that he is and able Chief Justice at this time, has never been hurt with religion—he is a Unitarian, which isn't much to hurt; even our present president, escaping the duties that a church membership involves until he accidently became president, thought so little of it that he made quick, convenient work of it by joining the church by means of the telephone; and talking about Rum, why the late President Harding didn't quit using whiskey until he got in the White House, or at least he is credited with having cut it out at that period in his life.

It is said that Gov. Smith is a very temperate man, if not a teetotaler. It is well, therefore to fight Smith, if you must fight him, on grounds other than "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." That resulted in making a great President.

Governor. Smith has the manipulators of political fortunes powerfully scared.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM.

The Asheville Citizen sets forth in a most admirable manner the ethics of journalism. It says:

Too often when a newspaper, faithful to its conception of duty, censures a public official, the retort of the man under criticism is that the publisher is prompted by personal animosity. Such an accusation against a reputable newspaper is as unfair as it is untrue.

The ethics of journalism is clearly defined. The code recognizes no more heinous offense than the prostitution of the journal to the personal aims and objects of the journalist. The man guilty of it is beyond the pale. He betrays his trust. He smirches the good name of his profession. He incurs the contempt of his colleagues.

Criticism is one of the inescapable duties of the press. To call attention to the mistakes and misdeeds of one entrusted with the business of govern-

ment, whether he be the President, a Governor or the mayor of a city, is a newspaper's solemn obligation as surely as that of upholding the wise and able administrator. It is so because the newspaper is the people's sentinel.

When the public welfare makes adverse criticism necessary, the editor can no more refrain from it than the physician can refrain from warning his patient against the disease threatening his life, or a preacher of the gospel from rebuking the misdeeds of members of his congregation, or a friend from pointing out his friend's error of judgment when asked for an opinion.

The journalist is as jealous of his newspaper's professional fair repute as the gentlemen of his honor. Unless he has right ideals and is true to them, he knows that it is refuted by the work of his newspaper and by his loyalty priest of service. When he attacks a public official or anybody else, he is moved not by the littleness that would gratify a private animosity, but by the bigness which, for the sake of duty well done, is willing to risk small men's charge of such smallness. He is indifferent to the accusation because he knows that it refuted by the work of his newspaper and by his loyalty to the ethics of his profession.

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DOESN'T QUITE HARMONIZE.

That was a readable story carried in a recent number of the Charlotte Observer, telling how Mr. W. D. Graham, of west Rowan county, had made such a wonderful success of his farming operations. Incidentally it carried a picture of Mr. Graham and ten of his children—boys, the three girls not showing in the picture.

The article went on and enumerated what is produced on Mr. Graham's farm, and the parts that each of his sons played in this wonderful game. It made us think of a well-regulated organization, in which each one had a particular department. It looked like one was chairman of this and another was a chairman of another committee, until all of the phases of farm operation were personally directed by a son. The story did not say so, but where such a success was recorded there must have been a Ways & Means Committee—and here is where the old man himself shone, and without saying it, The Uplift will wager that Mrs. Graham was secretary of that committee if not its chairman.

Mr. Graham is an up-standing citizen, taking an active part in all movements that look to the betterment of his community and his county. Such a citizen is an asset to any community.

On Tuesday the Observer carried a communication from another leading

citizen of west Rowan. Mr. Goodman, if we rightly understand what he was driving at in his long communication to the Open Forum in The Observer, is moved by an entirely different spirit than that which prevails in the household of Mr. Graham. Mr. Goodman is a prominent citizen, but seems that he is just looking through glasses that make things appear blue. He is full of doubts.

It is ever thus. We find all kinds of views, even amongst our very best people. The old pendulum swings and swings in like manner all the while, until a something occurs to disturb its orderly movements and the mechanic effects a remedy—so in our own affairs, we sometimes need a mechanic to overhaul our machinery and that mechanic is rightly named—HOPE.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

GIVING THE WORLD OPPORTUNITY TO CRITICISE.

There is a row in Christ Episcopal Church, of Norfolk. This is said to be the most fashionable church in that city, and is regarded "high church," whatever it amounts to in a religious way.

This is the last church in America, so report runs, to cease praying for the King during the Revolutionary period. Just a few miles away across in another county, patriotism was of a different order. The rector loved the King too ardently and attempted to set at naught the spirit of independence. When the rector got going pretty strong in his discourse, a leading vestryman advanced and profounded a pointed question. The answer failed to satisfy the independent spirit that prevailed throughout that section and the rector was told where to "get off." He did so.

But Grace Church held fast in its adherence to the king of England, until toryism became in the community so obnoxious that the congregation run a mark through the name of the king when engaged at prayer.

Sometime in the past this congregation built what it named the Selden Memorial chapel. Among other statues placed in niches was that of Virgin Mary. The vestrymen decided to remove this statue, and the rector, Dr. Steinmetz, has brought suit against the vestrymen to restrain them from so doing.

Of course, all church troubles, like this, have their origin in something that does not appear on the surface. This is the way, perhaps, they have of terminating the rectorship.

A Cabarrus county congregation, years ago, growing tired of a certain pastor, made up a fat purse and presented it to the aged preacher with the

suggestion that he take a vacation. After he was gone, the officials wrote him that he need not return.

The cause of true Christianity in the sight of the world suffers by disturbances between preacher and congregation.

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GOT THEMSELVES MUDDLED.

It has been handed down from Washington that the "scientists" of the agricultural department have declared that the moon has no effect whatever on crops, their planting etc. The government wasting money on a bunch of folks that probably couldn't tell cotton from Irish potatoes seems ridiculous.

If these "Scientists" could knock off from their arduous job for a period to spend a time in Eastern Cabarrus where people make money on their farms, educate their children, provide good homes for their families and live on the fat of the land—mighty few of them do not watch the phases of the moon in planting their seeds and the few that don't regard the moon as a factor, and take heed accordingly, oftimes go about trying to borrow money and solicit aid.

What's the moon for, if not to contribute to the pleasures and sucesses of the people?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

EDITOR CROWSON.

Just as the day was passing, on Tuesday, the soul of Editor Ogden Finley Crowson, of Burlington, took its flight to the beyond.

For years Mr. Crowson took a prominent and conspicuous part in North Carolina journalism. At the time of his death Mr. Crowson was president, owner and editor of the Burlington News Company which issued a semi-weekly and an afternoon daily.

Though battling for years with a physical infirmity he was industrious, capable and manifested a high order of mental force.

Until Tuesday last, he stood by his post, faithful and active until, it seems, that death gave him a touch and bade him to follow. A fine character, a sincere gentleman and useful citizen was editor Crowson.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ere long may we hope that all these tiresome reports of the Halls-Mills case be ended and the true murderer ascertained and headed for proper punishment; and that the Fall-Dohney trial has been properly assized by the

jury and that they are put in a position where they may never again annoy the public. It's a pair that shows but little of true Americanism.

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Col. Fair, of Lincolton, is probably nearer correct than most people imagine, when, in a speech he asserts that in less than six months the United States regular troops will be actively engaged. There seems evident that a fuss with Mexico is brewing, and would probably figure in the next National election. Coming events usually cast their shadows ahead of them.

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OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Calling attention to the fact that there are 450 folks at the Training School, for whom a reasonable Christmas treat must be provided for, The Uplift expressed a wish in the issue of the 27th that there would be forthcoming from various friends contributions to this cause. Responding thus far are:

Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord	$ 10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	10.00
Mrs. Bettie C. Gibson, Concord	2.00
	$ 27.00

Yet needed about four hundred and twenty-three dollars. We confidently look forward to a successful issue of this effort to provide for the youngsters who look to us to see that they are not neglected at the greatest and sweetest season of the whole year—Christmas. Let this be an outpouring of gratitude for the manner in which the Lord has blessed you.

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VOL. XV, No. 1.

This youngster—The Uplift—enters with this issue upon its fifteenth year. It started as an experiment and a duty to the institution. It has been a gratifying success, doing much good and but little harm.

The same editor and the same foreman have been continuously on the job.

Our readers have always heartened us by their cheering words. That constitutes the sum total of our salaries.

Here's hoping for the future.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is good sense to buy Christmas seals, and good cents gets them.

The newspapers are printing many cross-word puzzles; but the thing that puzzles me is so many people speak cross words.

A Durham goat chewed up a couple of auditorium theater tickets, and he doesn't do a thing now but hang around the city auditorium.

Those people who are drinking so much hair tonic as a substitute for "hootch" had better watch out or they will be growing whiskers internally. A bald head at my elbow says if the hair tonic they are drinking has no more effect in producing hair than the hair tonic he is using on his head, they need have no fear of the consequences.

A fashion note says small hats show a decided advantage over the large and medium-size hats, according to a survey of 1,500 hats, made on three fashionable corners where most of the fashions pass. It is also noticed that the smaller hat the larger the price. The girl with the big head will have to have her hats made to order.

Some of you older readers remember the old-fashion houses in the country, had wooden floors that would also shine with their brightness immaculate neatness. The house keepers in those days would scour them with sand, and scrub them with soap and water until it looked like they would wear them out. In these days the hardwood floors are ground to a smoothness with an electric machine. All of this was done, in both instances, to get a smoothness the right kind of finish; the proper surface; to get out the rough places. Life is very much like the floors of your house. There are many rough places that need smoothing up a bit and polishing until the shine appears. There are many things that could be bettered. Many profitable changes that could be made which would mean much for mankind in general. Schools are being supported and sustained that these rough places of ignorance be smoothed up. Churches are being opened daily that the spiritual forces may help in the smoothing process. Hospitals are being run that the bodily roughness may be smoothed. States are being supported in order that lawlessness and criminality might be rubbed off. The scrubbing and the grinding must go on that life may be polished and made what it should be. Gold has to be refined to make its best appearance. All of us need to have some rough edges taken off.

The originality of children is something wonderful. A little fellow not long ago ran to his father, who was reading his Morning Herald, and exclaimed excitedly, "Daddy, daddy I tan whistle!" "Can you?" asked the father, laying aside the paper and lifting his boy to his knee. "Let's hear you. How do you do

it?'' ''Why, why oo-oo dess make a hole in o-o-r face and push, see. I'll show oo-o.''

In times past there have been all sorts of ages, called by all kinds of names, but no such age as the present one in which we are now living. This may be very properly styled the noise age. There is more or less noise about everything. I do not think Illinois had anything to do with it; but Illinois is a state. and this is the state of affairs in the present day. You don't need an alarm clock to wake you up in the mornings. By daylight the big motor trucks begin their rumblings that jar the whole house, and from then on big ones and the smaller ones, and the jazz and spitting automobiles keep up line of noises that would almost awake the dead, certainly those who are dead asleep. We live in noises. We work in noises. We walk in about the streets in noises. Noises from dewy morn till dusky eve. Such is modern life. A quite spell, in a quite place, is like unto an oasis in a great desert. Oh, for more oasises!

Little Julia had returned home from a visit to her cousins in a neighboring town, two fun-loving and romping boys. She was telling her father about her trip and the two boys. ''Papa, every night John and George say their prayers. They ask God to make them good boys,'' she told him. ''That's good,'' said papa. Thinking a few moments soberly, Julia said, ''He ain't done it yet.''

Folks let us not be too Scotch about spending—effort. The Scotchman, who, when informed by a dentist, that the charge for extracting a tooth would be $5 asked the dentist how much he would charge to just loosen it a bit, wasn't a bit more tight with his money than a lot of us are with effort. When it looks as though it would cost a lot of effect to extract the business we set out to get, too many of us compromise on loosening it a bit. What the Scotch are jokingly charged with in respect to money, too many of the rest of us are guilty of in respect to the expenditure of effort.

A stenographer is the only woman a man can dictate to and get by with it. And a dentist is about the only man who can tell a woman to shut her mouth and get away with that.

The most rousing time of the day is just before breakfast.

A little graded school boy went home and told his mother that his class had nicknamed him ''Corns.'' When his mother inquired as to why they had given him such an uncouth cognomen replied that it was because he was always at the foot of the class.

Undersirable books for children are those that leave the child with nothing gained in information inspiration or literary appreciation. They give nothing of value because they contain nothing of value, although they may carry a strong momentary appeal of the elements of the plot, sentiment, mystery or adventure. Some writers have written twenty or more stories of impossible adventure around a single character or group of characters, and juveniles of this type usually describe unreal adventure, pse-

udo heroism, athletic prowess or unreal school life. They are written with no regard for literary style, and they find a market because only because they gratify the child's desire to find in his reading the fulfilment of his day dreams and subsconscious wishes to excel to be popular and lead the "gang." When a child is stimulated to useful activity by the stories of the accomplishments of others the result is well worth while; but when the exploits of the heroes are too fantastic to admit of duplication in real life, the result may be extremely harmful. As soon as a child begins to seek this reading the total satisfaction of his desires, he is entering on a road of dreams and phantasies that may lead to disaster.

So many are hungry for appreciation. How many times we get up dinners, or other forms of entertainment which are successful, and those who are seen by the public giving after dinner speeches, or singing from the stage, are highly praised for their brief part, while the faithful womeu who work hard all day in the kitchen, preparing the dinner, are never mentioned at all. Their work is just taken for granted. Could we not see that some bit of appreciation is given them.

How many are in need of sympathy It is sometimes hard to know just how to express one's sympathy in times of bereavement without seeming to intrude, but there are many ways we could find if we tried. And there are many other causes of suffering besides the loss of a loved one, where our sympathy would feel hungering hearts. Just a word of understanding and comprehension; just a warm clasp of the hand, may be meat and drink to one who is carrying a heavy load and thinking that no one cares.

Then we all are in need of hope; the hope of that which is unseen. The apostel says we are saved by hope. I suspect that when Jesus told the disciples that the crowd need not go away, since they could be fed with a few loaves and a few fishes, His idea was to teach them to minister to their deeper needs as well as their physical hunger. You needn't send anybody away. Give them some food yourself. Much is said these days about social service. We all feel the need ourselves. We all want divine help. The sermon on the mount is a guide to social service. The idea is not to get, but give; not to be served, but to serve. When you think that you have nothing to give no wherewithal with which to serve, remember the disciples confronted with the problem of feeding more than five thousand with five little loaves and two small fishes. With God's blessing it became enough for all. With the some blessing, our loving smile, our moment of pleasant conversation, our word of appreciation our invitation to share a meal will be enough. Do you want to go to heaven and not know anyone there; not find a soul to whom you have pointed out the way, or to whom you have given needed help? or a kind word; or a person you have made happy? The sermon on the mount contains the jewels that will adorn our lives in the future life.

NOT THE SOUTH, ALONE.

(Charlotte Observer).

The New York Times finds "in The Charlotte Observer an intelligent summary of the steps already taken or planned in several Southern States to prevent the nomination of the Governor Smith for President." By the analysis of the Times, "the chief emphasis at present is laid on the religious qeustion." It cites as instances the circumstance that "both Methodists and Bapists have individually and in public meetings resolved that Governor Smith cannot be President of the United States because he is a Catholic." They profess to fear a union of Church and State, in which very act, according to the view of The Times, "they show that they believe their own churches are in control of the State." They cry out against mixing up religion and politics, yet it looks to The Times that they are, "unconsciously, the very ones who are rushing headlong into politics with their religion." Contention of that sort is just exactly what these Methodists and Bapists were warned by the The Observer to expect. The Times arrives at conclusion that this is, "so far, the head and front of the attask upon Governor Smith." It is so far the only openly demonstrated head and front of the attack, if such it may be called, for The Times is certainly premature in assumption that the prohibitionists will play seeond fiddle in the merry war of politics. The main campaign against Smith is going to be waged by the Anti-Saloon League organization, during the heat of which the religious issue, so much deplored, may become secondary, but not at all quescent. Nor will Protestant prejudice against Governor Smith be confined to the much-berated South. Because Southern religious sentimnt has been the first to speak out in the open, is no reason to believe that the Northern friends of Governor Smith should expect him to escape criticism, or "attack," from Protestant elements in the North. If, as The Times seems to fear, there is to be set up "a standard of bigotry and intolerance from which there can be no deviation," the South, which appears the favorite target for the Smith champions, will have quite an army of side-partners scattered over the Nation. Some development of opposition, on the score of religion, might even become manifest in Governor Smith's own bailiwick.

The religious revolt against Governor Smith may be classed as founded on bigotry and intolerance, but it is not to be sectional, by any means. The same criticism which is which is hurled against the Southern States may be hurled with equal justice against the Protestantism of the North, East and West, as well. However much the drawing of the religious line may be deplored, it is a fact that the line is to be drawn, but not in the South alone. It would be a misake to form opinion that objection to Smith is centered in the Protestant South. The sentiment here has been voiced a little in advance of similar sentiment in other sections, and there will be no more occasion

for pillorying the South than any other section of the country. And while the church people and the prohibitionst as a body are set against the Smith proposition, the Governor yet has supporters in both ranks. Dry champions and church leaders in North Carolina have pronounced in favor of Smith in face of his Catholicism and his wetness. Sifted down the truth of the situation is that there is no more bigotry and intolerance in the South than there is in other American States—and probably we may have cause not to except New York.

Meantime, it is a source of pleasure to learn from The Times that "the object of this tyrannical assault in the name of freedom, is pursuing his way undisturbed." He has "again let it be known that he and his friends are not going out to hunt delegates for the next Democratic National Convention." We have a faint recollection that they said something of the kind previous to the famous New York Convention, but let that pass. The point The Observer is proposing to keep to the front is that the South is no more rantankerous on the subject of the Smith nomination than other parts of the country will be; that in the South, Governor Smith has supporters—men and women who have faith in his intergrity—as well as opponents and it would be just as well not to single out this section as a special object for assault.

LIGHT OF ETERNITY.

Nothing is more important than that we look at all things in the light of eternity. There are many dangers that lurk around in the night. You hear the footfalls in the dark. You do not know whether they be of an enemy or brother, but when the darkness disappears and the sun shines in its glory you will perhaps discover that it was a dear brother. We may be surrounded with commonplace things. Our places in life may seem dingy and secluded, but if we open the window of our hearts we see the great ocean lying out before us and even our surroundings will appear beautiful. If you just want to behold the beauty and glory of the erternal world view your surroundings in the light of eternity. —Bishop Mouzon.

SPIDER.

A Folk Story of Liberia, retold by Margaret E. Stewart.

When the boys and girls in Africa see a spider on the wall, they think of a story their mothers and fathers tell them. Their grandmothers and grandfathers told it to the mothers and fathers, and the great grandmothers and great grandfathers told it to their grandmothers and grandfathers.

Once upon a time Spider had not the form he has now, but he was a little man with skinny legs and arms. His eyes were not deep-set, but seemed ready to pop out at any moment. His head was large compared with the rest of his body; his voice, somewhat like a frog's only deeper was his pride.

One day while passing through a large town, he noticed that most of the people were excited about something. Touching a man on the knee, he asked what all the excitement was about.

"The king will give a feast next week, the man said, "and the person who sings the best before him can have anything he wants. That girl yonder can sing well. Maybe she will get what she wants. Will you come, Spider?" he asked laughing.

"Yes, I will come 'for true.' I think I will try myself, to see if I can get what I want. My voice is good and I just know what I would ask for if I please the king."

"Spider, talk something, man! I know you are just joking. Your voice would hurt our ears!" exclaimed the man.

"I don't care," said the Spider going on, "I shall try anyhow. That man is just jealous of my voice." So saying, he went on his homeward way.

Now, Spider never liked to work, and being really conceited about his voice, he thought this a fine chance for him to become rich so that he wouldn't have to work any more. And so he walked slowly, thinking how he could win, when suddenly he stood motionless. From somewhere above him came the softest, sweetest music he had ever heard in his life. "I wonder where that music comes from?" he said aloud to himself.

"It comes from someone you don't like," a soft voice said. The voice continued, "If you promise to do me no harm, I'll come closer."

"Oh, how could I do you harm, sweet voice? Do come nearer, for I promise you I'll not harm you" plead the Spider eagerly.

From limb to limb the little bird flew until it came near him. Spider stood staring in amazement. A thought flashed swiftly through his brain. "Now you have seen me, are you satisfied?" the little bird asked.

"Oh, no, dear sweet bird. How could I be? Your voice is so lovely! But listen. Do you want to earn something with it?" he asked eagerly.

"Earn something? I don't have to earn anything," said the bird.

"That's true," agreed Spider, "but I know you would like the praise and everyone would make much over you." His heart beat hard and his eyes seemed ready to pop out with eagerness. It was great, the idea that flashed through his mind.

If only the bird would consent!

"What do you mean?" the little bird asked. "I know there are a few gentle people who are kind to us, but some men and boys are cruel to the creatures."

"Ah, don't say that, dear bird! Just listen and I will tell you. Next week there will be a great feast in the large town where King Gobie rules. Just now I heard that the king says whoever sings well enough to please him may have anything he asks for. I have made up my mind to try for the choice because this is a very good chance." He stopped for breath and then continued: "And now, sweet bird, lets us make a bargain. If you help me to win, half of what I get will be yours. Ah, don't say no. You may even choose what you want. I know if you help me we shall win. Will you help me with your lovely sweet voice, friend bird? I promise you I shall not harm the smallest feather of your wings."

The little bird looked at him intently and then said, "I love to sing, but I don't have to do it to earn a living. I can hardly believe you, for some men are not always true and kind; but anyhow I shall try you. And now, tell me how you will manage it, for I'm not to be seen."

"Yes, yes, dear, sweet friend bird! Thank you over and over again! It will be just as you wish. And about the managing, I was just thinking. You are so small, not half as large as my fist, maybe if I could slip you in my throat you wouldn't go very far down, and then you could pour out the music while I move my lips and pretend to sing. It will be all right I know. Just trust me. Do you agree?" Spider asked anxiously.

"I cannot see how it will be, I have given you my word and you may trust me to do my best. I will say good-bye now. We shall meet a week from today." And so saying, she was gone in a moment, and Spider could only wonder whether he would see her again.

The week flew swiftly by, and Spider once more passed under the tree in search of his bird, for the evening of the big feast had come. Almost hidden by the leaves, he did not see her until she spoke his name. Then he took her gently in his hand and went on toward the town.

A lively scene met their gaze when they arrived. People were laughing and joking, the drums were beating, the women were dancing, the children playing and screaming, and the king's messenger was just calling the people to come to the great assembly kitchen.

All followed the messenger and after they were seated and silent, the king arose from his seat and said, "We came to hear music, and then we shall feast and play some more. Now, somebody sing!"

All was silent for a moment, and then a shy lovely girl rose to sing. Her voice was soft and sweet, and she swayed her slender body as she sang. The king was well pleased and snapped fingers with her. Many others also snapped fingers with her. Then the king asked if there was anyone else to sing, and the Spider rose at once and went forward. He looked so small and funny, and someone said, "But who is that?" And all the people laughed. Lifting his hand, the king spoke, and once more there was silence. Standing on a high platform before all the people, Spider

began moving his lips and immediately there was poured forth into the room the sweetest, most wonderful music they had ever heard. Softly it died into silence and all were still. Then the king rose and said, "Today we have heard the most wonderful music, and I take great pleasure in shaking hands with the one who has given us such great enjoyment." After they had shaken hands he said, "And now after our honored friend Spider has eaten, we shall ask him to sing for us once more." Lifting his hand he dismissed the shouting crowd from the room.

Spider was given the best in the king's house to eat and was left alone at his request. He had a hard time trying not to swallow the bird, and as soon as he was left alone, he took her out of his throat and set her on the table. Being very fond of eating, he at once laid hands on the food and forgot all about the bird. After a little while, she crept near and picked a grain of rice from the plate. "What do you mean?" growled Spider. "Remember you place, creature! When I have finished, you may have the rest."

Bowl after bowl was cleaned, and not one grain of rice left lying on the table. The bird tried once more when she saw the last bowlful disappearing; but Spider pushed her so hard, she fell on the floor. At last he was finished and fearing that the bird was hurt, he picked her up saying, I didn't mean to push you so hard. When we are finished singing I'll find something for you to eat We must go now, for they are waiting." Slipping the bird in his throat he went out.

The people were all in the large kitchen and the king sat in his place. Spider walked proudly up front. threw back his head and began moving his lips. Then out from his throat flew the poor little bird, and rested on the king's chair. Spider stood speechless and shame overcame him. When the king asked what was the meaning of that, the bird answered and told the story of Spider's unfaithfulness to her. The little tale was pitifully told, and the people's hearts were touched. In a mad rush they went after Spider, and with one hand someone mashed him to the wall and thus he was formed into the spider of today. So punishment comes surely to those that are cruel to the weak.

The little girl got her choice and was happy ever after. The little bird flew to a land far away and was never heard of again. Spider stays forever on the wall.

SLOW.

"One hundred and one eh?" exclaimed the vacationist, who had pointed out the oldest inhabitant of the town. "Well that's quite a record. I suppose the townspeople are mighty proud of him."

"I dunno," responded the native. "His record ani't so much. He ain't done nothin' in the town 'cept grow old, and it took him a long time to do that."—Boston Globe.

HOW WE LOVE THE FAKES.

(Monroe Journal).

Of all the fakes while abound in this land of the free and the home of the brave the religious faker seems to find easiest sailing. Of all the preposterous humbugs, he never becomes too preposterous to find a following and he operates in all kinds of ways. The more outlandish his claims the more tightly do his followers seem to cling to him. Let any kind of a long-haired male or any kind of sniffling female come along and profess to be the side partner of God and he will have some knd of a crowd forthwith.

Out in Michigan they have at last caught the criminal who professed to be the Saviour's brother and amassed a fortune from his deluded followers, and for four years was a fugitive from justice under the charge of having ruined young girls in his ritualistic orgies. Out in California a woman has been on trial for many weeks and on Sundays preaches to her followers in her temple, and everybody outside of the gullible ones she has hypnotized believes her whole story is a fake to cover up a spree in immorality. Out in Texas a he devil pastoring a church with thousands of members killed a man who had come to his study unarmed to talk with him and next Sunday preached a sermon justifying murder.

At no period in the history of the country has there been a lack of such manifestations of religious faking. Joseph Smith founded a sect which defied the laws of the country for years, ran the politics of states, exercised a bloody tyranny over friend and foe, practiced poligamy contrary to the laws of the country. All founded upon Smith's fanastic claim of having found a lot of flubbery revelations under a stump or somewhere.

The whole country is flooded with smaller apes of the larger ones and the old time political soap box orator has been superceded by the fanastic evangelist. It is all a money-making humbuggery pure and simple, and in many cases humbug is not unmixed with crime.

Now why do people take on to any kind of fake that comes along in the name of the Lord? The Lord endowed us with common sense in most things, why not in matters of this kind? Why are people so willing to forget common ordinary sense when the religious fake comes along? Any fool who claims to confound the wise by being a fool, any one who claims to have mysteriously acquired some fact unknown to the rest of mankind, anything that runs counter to the common sense and the experience of men, can get a following. And usually the more fanastic the claim the more frantic the following. Every now and then some one comes along with an old rig-amarole claimed to be a letter written by Jesus and hid by him under a rock, said letter calling down maledictions upon all who do not accept it.

And constantly there is the chain letter which pronounces a doom upon any one who fails to keep it in circulation. The folly of it all! The religious impulse in man, noble and

elevating as it is, is exploited and always has been. Perhaps it always will be. But how in the world the crassly ignorant and vicious fatteners on it can delude the masses so constantly and so thoroughly is a mystery beyond comprehension.

A MISTAKEN ESTIMATE.

(Selected).

When Willie was five he kicked his nurse
  Whenever she washed his face,
And his conduct went from bad to worse
  Till the kid was a hopeless case.
He fought and struggled when put to bed
  And his grandfather said, "He's spiled!"
"He isn't at all," his mother said,
It's the temperament in the child."

At school the lad was a skulking sneak
  Who vented his petty spite
On boys who were undersized and weak,
  But never would stand and fight.
When home at last was the urchin sent,
    Excuses he shrilly whined,
But his mother said that his temperament,
  Was proof of the gfited mind.

When Bill grew up he was sent to work—
  He was healthy and big and strong,
But he loved to soldier and loaf and shirk—
  And his jobs didn't last for long.
His grandfather, dour and hard-boiled gent,
  Declared: "I would lick him good!"
But his mother observed, "It's his temperament
    That makes him misunderstood."

Now Willie resides in a steel-lined cell—
  His home for the coming year—
And his work is done extremely well
  When the guard is standing near.
And perhaps his doting parents knows
  What his grandfather long has seen,
That excess of temperament often shows
    That a youngster is really mean.

THE FRUITS OF CERTIFICATION.

(Mecklenburg Times).

In every home we go where there are children of elementary and high school ages, the conversation if very long will have something about our schools. Parents are very much interested in the education of their children and often say that algebra and science are subjects about which they know very little and can't help the children.

And yet these very pupils who are giving so much time and study to the advanced subjects can't spell correctly and can hardly write so that it can be read.

We see a great deal of copy written by high school pupils and much of it is almost illegible and nearly all of it contains misspelled words. Some simple words are not spelled correctly.

Usually the copy we see is written by the brightest and best pupils in the school. We wonder what it would be if all were to write.

It does seem that writing and spelling are of enough importance to be more thoroughly taught in our public schools. We are inclined to think that these subjects are being taught but something else is lacking. And that is care and thoroughness.

Many students today are careless. It makes little difference to them whether a word is spelled correctly or not. If they "get by" they are satisfied. And they give little thought to the time it will require a person to read a letter they write, so they carelessly scribble the letter and let the reader decipher it.

Care and neatness are just as important as Latin or French and should be taught in the schools when the pupils are young. If this is done we believe that the student will get a greater benefit from all subjects.

Typewritters and stenographers cause many men to become careless about their writing and spelling, but if they have been properly trained they demand better stenographers and neater letters.

There are some fundamental things that are just as important and useful in life as figures and foreign languages. Our schools should make men and women who are useful as well as scholarly.

KEPT ON GOING.

"Papa" cried little Ethel, running into the living room in tears, "a man knocked my candy out of my hand."

"Where is he?" demanded her father angrily. "I'll fix the brute."

"I don't know, but his automobile is up on Mabel Johnson's porch and halfway through the front of the house."—American Legion Weekly.

CAN YOU NAME ALL TWELVE OF THE APOSTLES?

The next time you happen to fall into one of these fool parties where some Smart Aleck ask a lot of questions that he or she got out of a book and that nobody can answer, you can always turn the tables on them and have lot of sly fun by just asking the crowd to name the Twelve Apostles.

S. Gregory Hartwick writing in the New York Sunday World, says he has been using the Apostles for years and hasn't yet found a mortal who could name them correctly.

Pop the question in any gathering and there is usually a blank silence at first; and then some one starts in on the job, says Mr. Hartwick.

"Oh, that's easy. Let's see—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, of course. Then there's—oh, yes—Peter. And—let me see—er—-

At this point I interrupt.

"Perhaps it isn't fair to ask you to name them all," I remarked soothingly. "I'll let you off easily. In fact, I'll bet you can't name six."

This sounds like a risky offer, but I know my onions—and my Apostles.

"Six? Why, I've just named five! All I need is one more—let's see—why, of course! Judas! That's six."

"Yes, of course, that's six," comes the chorus, my host joining in. "Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Judas."

"No," I say, with a gentle smile at man's ignorance. "Your score is just exactly four."

Paul Named Often and Wrong Each Time.

"What ! ! !"

"Just four. Do a little thinking now and see if you really can name six."

"But which ones are wrong?"

"Well, I won't tell you that. Surely you can think of two more.

Heavy concentration. Then a bright somebody pipes up "Paul!"

"That's so," say the others, "we forgot him.: That's five. Now, one more—er—James! There you are! That's six.

Once I smiled in a melancholily superior fashion.

"Sorry, but you've named only five."

There is a terrific uproar at this.

"Five," I repeat firmly. "Five." And then I decided to take pity on the boys.

"If you recall, Paul was converted long after Christ's death. I know he was called 'the Apostle,' but he wasn't one of the Twelve. By the 'Twelve Apostles, is meant the group who were present at the Last Supper. You've managed to name five, as I say. For your edification, Mark and Luke were not among the Twelve. You've named Matthew, John, Peter, Judas and James."

Of course, with that start, some one remembered a sixth name, but I have succeeded in putting the party pretty much to shame, which was my original intention. And I have knocked my host's questionnaire for a row, which was also my

original intention.

Now I don't wish to imply that the readers of this great organ of information are as ignorant as my host: but in a somewhat extended investigation I have yet to meet any one who could name the Twelve, and only three who succeeded in getting six at the first trial. Nine out of ten start glibly by reciting the four Evangelists, which gives me the bulge right there. Peter is almost invariably remembered.

Curiously, but few name Judas in the first list they give. When I first formulated the question I fully expected him to be well up, but in at least half of the cases he was not mentioned at all. The usual formula is, as I have said, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, followed after a little consideration by Peter, and then the guessing begins. I was caught once by a rank guess; I knew it was a shot in the dark, but I had to admit that the Apostle named was one of the Twelve, and so lost out.

Paul is almost invariably lugged in. It is on him as on Mark and Luke, that I depend for the putting to rout of my adversaries.

Some strange imaginings occur when the guessing stage is reached. Barnabas. Zachariah, and even Ezekiel have been hopefully offered in a frantic endeavor to name the one more needful. James is fairly frequent—I don't see why; But it seems that more people recall him than remember Judas.

One Apostle, whose name is certainly proverbial, is almost never thought of. This is Thomas. One would think that "Doubting Thomas" would be on every one's tongue-tip but he's seldom or never included.

Clergymen Not Tested, But Are Held Fair Game

It would seem that a nation of Sunday school goers would certainly have imbibed the Apostles along with the rest of the instruction; but if the people to whom I have put the question did, they have most industriously forgotten them. I did not include clergymen on the list, for the excellent reason that I don't know any; but I should attack one without much trepidation. Not on the six end of it, too much chance of losing there. But as for the whole Twelve—well, they'll have to show me, that's all.

Who were the Twelve? Here is the list, not necessarily in the order given in the Bible, written without recourse to any reference book:

Peter, Andrew, James the son of Zebedee, and John, Phillip, Bartholomew, Matthew and Thomas, James the son of Alpheus, Thaddeus, Simon and Judas. See Mark iii, 14-19.

Visitor: "And how old is your baby, dear?"
Small Sister: "He isn't old at all. He's this year's model."

THE RACKET IN THE ATTIC.

Within a few miles of Lancaster is a big old brick farmhouse which was a wayside tavern many years ago.

No drover was ever murdered there and buried in the cellar nor his money taken to line the coffers of an enterprising landlord. Neither was any peddlers killed and buried in a cornfield while his goods were held as security for his board. The greatest tragedies ever occuring there were perhaps a family quarrel, the breaking of dishes, fighting children, or running out of soap on wash day or burning of the soup when good paying visitors were to be served. But every big old brick farmhouse which was once a wayside inn is bound to have a mystery connected with it, sooner or later, as sure as the sun rises and sets. This is, of course, a figure of speech and may be a symbol for uncertainty. The ancients believed that the sun travelled through the heavens at a height of about six miles above the earth. We know now that moons revolve around the planets and planets around the sun, while the sun itself and the entire solar system are travelling through fathomless space at an inconceivable rate of speed. Do not think then, that you are an insignificant thing in this marvellous universe. You cannot destroy your own soul nor undo what you have done. There must be and is, a great lestiny for you, as part of this eternal universe. You must make good in this life or else in a life to come. You may receive assistance, but you must make the main effort yourself or live in torture until you do.

Now we will go back to the old farmhouse and enter the big main hall. A circular stairway arises there and goes up to the highest part of the house, an attic or tower-like place. Looking up through this circle, it seems almost a hundred feet high. There was a time, for about a year when a racket of some kind was heard in this highest place, from time to time. There was a pounding or thumping as though a big dog might be romping about and perhaps a snarl or growl would be heard. No dog was never found up there and no dog was ever seen to go up or down the stairway. Being rather fearless and practical and busy, the family ignored the noises most of the time. During the same time but beginning previously, the landlord had been having some trouble with one John Smith over some business transactions. One of their differences was about the value of a mule sold to the landlord by Smith. The mule was guaranteed to be a good kicker, but proved to be to lazy to even shake the flies off itself. Smith would not do the fair thing and the two men were apt to get into an argument, every time they met. The wife of the landlord pitched into him once in a while and rather unjustly censured her husband for being unreasonable. One day she got provoked and told her husband she wished he would go and make Smith settle and not bother her about it any more. The landlord had just been chasing one of Smith's hogs out of the melon patch and his feelings being hurt still more by this tongue

lashing, he left the house in a bad humor. In the village, he met Smith and they got into another argument. The landlord was so exasperated that he hauled off and gave Smith a sock on the jaw but mutual friends prevented any more fighting As the landlord walked away he regretted his hasty action and felt so very bad about it that he went to the squire and filed suit against Smith for a settlement of the account. It was not until Smith had received a jolt on the jaw and been sued that he realized the error of his ways. The next day he went to the landlord and settled up like a man. The landlord being a generous man, threw off fifty cents to pay the doctor and twenty-five cents for liniment to go on the jaw Both men being of a naturally forgiving disposition, shook hands and agreed to be friends thereafter especially as the son of the landlord was making calculations to provide for a daughter of Smith. There was a good deal of noise in the attic that night. The next afternoon while the landlord was dozing on the back porch he heard some kind of a noise in the big hall. He went in and saw there a big black, strange dog. Het commanded the dog, two or three times to get out but the dog would not go. Being sill somewhat ruffled, the landlord rushed forward and gave the dog a hard kick. To his astonishment, the dog vanished instantly! It had evaporated into the thin air in the twinkling of an eye! As the years went by, it was recalled that no noises were ever heard in the attic after the day of the dog. Having no reason to doubt this occurrence we will speculate as to the nature of it. Now, the landlord had been having trouble with Smith and there was more or less quarreling and after a while, strange noises were heard in the attic of the landlord's house. It sounded as though there might be a dog up there although none was ever found. Now the noises in the attic did not make themselves nor turn themselves into a dog by jumping around. A dog must have been in the attic but from whence came he? He evidently existed in the fourth dimension we would be able to escape from. Philosophers and scientists have speculated and reasoned as to the existence of a fourth dimension. Higher mathematics seem to require and indicate a fourth dimension in space. We, of earth, know only of there dimensions. If we understood the fourth dimension we would be able to escape from sealed rooms or chests and to make ourselves or things invisible. It is only by dying that we learn the fourth dimension. Now, did some good dog die and go up higher—to the attic? We think not. It was a dream creation like the phantom horse of the October story. When we dream we seen numerous persons and animals perhaps. The are not real but are dream phantoms. Phantoms are composed of something; a vapor or force thrown off by the brain. Thoughts are things. Some person may have a vivid dream, awake and open their eyes and perhaps, see in the room one or more cluodly or steam-like human or animal forms. They may be snowy white or grey black and are phantoms belonging to the dream.

Dream ideas may be also objectify themselves to the sense of hearing.

People may sometimes have waking dreams like the visualization of artists. Now the landlord had been having quarrels with Smith and this objectionable person became transformed into an objectionable dog, as a dream phantom. It was heard in the home because the discord had penetrated to some extent into the home. It was not to be seen because the emotional influences had not yet became strong enough. The snarls and growls heard were echoes of the discord. The matter had come to a crisis when Smith was struck. The strong emotional effect brought the phantom dog out of obscurity. In coming down from the attic he was made dizzy by the numerous turns and twists of that high stairway and tumbled into the world of three dimensions until he was kicked out again. The blow struck at Smith was symbolized by the kick at the dog. As a settlement had been effected and peace restored the phantom died for lack of sustenance and the noises were heard no more.

If the reader does not choose to accept this plausible and reasonable explanation, it does not make a dog-gone bit of difference to the writer.

We would advise anyone, however to study carefully, the disposition and general make up of a debtor before hitting him on the jaw and not to kick a big, black, strange dog, without first being sure he will evaporate.

WHERE DO WE GET OUR MATES?

A short time ago an old man died in this country. He had lived all his life within a mile of the place where he was born. When he died they buried him beside his wife who was also born and reared in that same community. They went to school together and knew each other for years before they married. Their lives were filled with happiness and they enjoyed the association of friends and neighbors.

A few weeks a divorce was granted to a woman who was born in a New England state. The divorced husband was from the West. They had known each other only a few months when they married and in another few months found they could not live together.

A preacher who is well known in North Carolina and who married a woman near home said recently that when he was a boy the common advice of older people was, "do your courting where you can see the smoke from your own home."

It is a rare thing that a divorce is ever granted when the couple has followed this sound advice.—Mecklenburg Times.

CAMILLA OF THE CAUCASUS.

By Minna McEuen Meyer.

One morning a little child crept through a narrow twisted street in the city of Tiflis at the foot of the Caucasus Mountains. Her clothes were in rags and the small body upon which they hung was pitifully thin. Grime besmudged her face, but could not hide its pallor. And she looked out upon the world with a look of dull hunger, from great round eyes.

Her step was uncertain and frequently she stopped and leaned against the wall of a house. At last she fell. She strove to get up, but could not.

Jane Oliver, American relief worker, came down the narrow twisted street. She stopped at the sight of the little heap on the uneven sidewalk. A thin arm was stretched outward and a head with matted hair rested on it. The relief worker bent over the little heap and felt the child's body with her hands. Then she lifted it in her arms, and carried it to the house of the waif-babies, the Near East Relief orphanage.

It was hours later that the child spoke. A little group of American Armenian relief workers bent over her bed.

Her name was Camilla, she said. She had come from Lake Van.

That was all, but it left the workers wondering. Lake Van, they knew, lies almost three hundred miles south of Tiflis, and Mt Ararat stands midway between, almost directly in the way. Could this child of two years—for she could not be older—have journeyed all this distance? How long had her little feet tramped the roads? How long had she been alone, and how had she found food and shelter and protection from the many dangers?

They questioned her, but her answers were vague. Her only clear memories were that her name was Camilla and she had once lived beside Lake Van.

Months passed and with wholesome food and loving care tiny Camilla grew plump of body and ruddy of cheek. The dull hungry look vanished from her eyes, and a sparkle came instead. She learned to play and to work. She was not yet three years old when she learned to knit.

All the orphanage workers and visitors were drawn to the little girl that learned so quickly, but she became the special protege of the American relief worker who had found her—a tired lamb left behind when the flock was driven on—to wander hither and thither.

Months before Christmas the orphanage family began to plan for that greatest of children's festivals. There would not be many gifts, but there would be songs and stories and poems, and the children were as radiantly happy in anticipation of the day as they were later in the memories that followed it.

The New Year was approaching At the house of the Allied High Commissioner there were great preparations, for the lady of that house, knowing the loneliness of living in a foreign land at the holiday season had invited many friends to be her guests on New Year's Eve. There

were to be tableaux of the passing of the old year and the coming of the new. An American officer was to play Father Time. Another was to be the Old Year. But for the New Year a baby was needed, and a note was sent to the Near East Relief baby orphanage, to ask if one might be borrowed.

"Which one shall I send?" asked the orphanage director, after she had read the note aloud.

"Send Camilla," each one of the group of relief workers answered.

"She is so friendly and unafraid. she will surely usher in a happy New Year," continued Miss Oliver.

On the last evening of the old year a large company gathered in the house of the Allied High Commissioner to speed the passing year. It was nearing the midnight hour when the folding doors at the end of the great room were thrown open. Father Time stood revealed, an old greybeard in a long robe, with scyth and hourglass, supporting the bowed and aged figure of the Old Year.

The doors closed. The clock began to strike. They parted again, but the lights were switched off and all was dark.: The last stroke was heard, then the room was flooded with light. Father Time was now seated upon his throne, and in his lap, smiling and with a look of eager anticipation, sat little New Year—Camilla.

In Camilla's short, sad life she could remember just one holiday, the one which a week before had brought such joy to the children of the baby orphanage, and now on this festive evening it seemed that a second Christmas had come and that the Christmas story should be told.

So in a clear, ringing voice, she recited the story of the first Christmas—of the shepherds abiding in the fields—of the glory of the Lord, and of the Babe in the manger.

The listening company were taken by storm. They readily understood that Camilla's Christmas story was not a part of the program. Then a hand was placed gently and almost reverently on the childs head. "Whosoever receiveth one of such little children in my nam receiveth me," quoted Father Time.

"CONFIDENCE IN THE GOVERNOR."

(Durham Herald).

"State institutions and departments have filed their budget requests for the next year, and if they get their wants, it will mean an increase of some four million dollars from the general fund to those institutions and departments. As all know there is frequently a wide difference in the amount asked and the amount allowed, and this year will probably not prove an exception to that rule.

"Whether these requests are all worthy of approval, only those persons who familiarize themselves with the needs of the institutions and departments can say. Heretofore the budget commission has been hardboiled and not inclined to grant all that has been requested. Governor McLean is still head of that commission,

and there are no signs that his ideas on economy have undergone radical changes in the past two years. That means that every item in the requests will be carefully scrutinized, and only allowed after conclusive proof that it is absolutely essential for the carrying on of the proper functions of the institution or department.

"An increase of four million dollars sounds big, and is big. But there are elements which, upon full consideration, show that there can be reason for the requested increase. It must be remembered that heretofore the budgets have been closely trimmed and blanket cuts applied in addition. Then some of the institutions and departments have refrained from asking for their full needs because of the desire on the part of the government to put the state on a pay as you go basis, and stay within the revenues. That has resulted, probably, in a slowdown of development.

Now, however, as the state is living well within its income and has accumulated a surplus, those institutions and departments feel more at liberty to ask for their full needs. Then, too, the rapid growth of the state and its advancement along all lines has resulted in increased needs for nearly all of the state supported agencies. They have been living on just what was required for conditions of last year and must make ready to must the increased demands upon them for service. That alone would naturally bring about an increase in their budget demands. As the comparison is between what was actually spent under the curtailed program and what is needed for the next year the increase probably isn't all out of reason.

But, the people of the state will not worry about it. They have the utmost confidence in the governor, and know that when he gets through with those budgets, only a plain necessities will be provided for. The governor assumed a heavy load when he took unto himself the directorship of the budget. Heretofore that has been largely the problem of the general assembly. Now, the governor makes it the problem and responsibility of the executive department. He has handled the difficult job so well that the people have full confidence that he will do what is right both by the institutions and departments and by the tax-payers.

"Leave it to the governor," is the way the people feel about such matters, and they are not worried at all about the result.

The man today who hides behind a woman's skirt is not a coward; he is a magician.—Lord Dewar.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

During the past week the print shop boys have been busy in finishing up the The Stonewall Cook Book, on which they have been working.

Sam Poplin, a member of the ninth cottage was paroled by Supt. Boger last week. He was also a member of the barn force.

Last Sunday afternoon the boys in several of the cottages walked about the campus, by the dairy barn, and the Cannon Memorial Building. They all like to walk around Sunday afternoons.

The soccer goals have been put up and a great many of the boys like the game. Foot-ball is also played by the boys. Also all other games are played by the boys. Horseshoe games and basket-ball are two of the interesting ones.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A. Charlotte had charge of the services that were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Helms, a lawyer from Charlotte was the speaker for the afternoon. His was a most interesting talk, and well illustrated. The boys all hope that he will come out and talk to them again, soon.

The result of our rabbit hunt on Thanksgiving Day was amazing. All totaled the boys captured 44 rabbits and two birds. That night they all enjoyed the movie show in the auditorium. A very good picture, "The Volga Boatman," was shown to them there. The boys all had a fine time Thanksgiving and as told before are now thinking of Christmas.

Last week letter writting day came around again, and of course particular care will be taken with them, as they have always done, but probobly they will take more care in writing these. The twenty-fifth of this month is—Christmas Day! We all know that, and we almost know that a great many of the letters of these boys will carry the Christmas Greetings, and it's not too early either. It doesn't make any difference to them if this day is twenty-four days away, they are thinking of it far in advance. We can guess that this message, or one similar to it went in a large number of the letters. "I hope that you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The subject of our last Sunday's lesson was: "Gideon and the Three Hundred." In this lesson it tells us how the three hundred men under the command of God, but He was carrying out His plan through Gideon, to put the Midianites to flight. This lesson also explains that out of 32,000 men, 22,000 were afraid to go into battle. Still the Lord said he had too many men to do good. He put them to another test to reduce their numbers. All the men that went alongside the brook and dipped wa-

ter up in the palm of their hands were to go with Gideon. The rest were to return to the camp just as the 22,000 who went back, afraid to go. Three hundred remained to attack the Midianites. They did attack them and put them to route, through the help of God. Of course these 22,000 men returned to their camps, but were they all afraid, or were they made afraid by God as to reduce their numbers? The golden text for this lesson was: "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Ephesians 6:10.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Obie Bridges, Clyde Bristow, James Beddingfield, Amaziah Corbett, Alton Etheridge, Brochie Flowers, Everett Goodrich, Robert Gupton, Britt Gatlin, Carlyle Hardy, Frank Hill, John Hargrove, T. L. Jackson, John Johnson, Clawson Johnson, Fred John, Charlie Loggins, Robert McDaniels, Horace McCall, Jack Mayberry, Charles Morrow, Donald Pate, Theodore Rivers, George Stanley, Nolan Woodford, David Williams, Archie Waddell, Newton Watkins, Hurley Way, Graham York, Albert Buck, Clyde Brown Dena Brown, Henry Bowman, Russell Capps, Wm. Creaseman, Clay Church, Lev Caraway, Harold Crary, John Faggart, Byron Ford, John Hurley, James Hunsucker, Mack Henderson, Paul Hager, Henry Jackson, Vernon Literal, James McDaniels, Albert Mills, Clarence Maynard, Troy Norris, George Pearson Paul Parton, James Reddick, David Seagle, Theodore Teague Lawrence Vaughn, Walter Williams, Doug. Williams, Melvin Williams, John Wilson, David Fountain.

"B"

Roy Adams, Horace Bridges, Vance Cook, Leroy Carlton, David Driver, Glenn Edney, Homer Montgomery, James Phillips, Earnest Rohr, Don Scroggs.

Wm Beaman, David Swanner, Guy Tucker, John Wilson, David Fountain.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Milton Mashburn, Bruce Sprinkle, Olen Williams, Elwood Pendergrass,

"B"

Cox Ralph, Creech Jno. Lindsay Fred McIntyre Sam, Murray Bert, Roundy Jess, Sasser Ben, Taylor Jno. Wiles Fonzo, Ward Mark, Harmon Wm, Horne Chas., Robertson Elmo, Stanley Delmas, Smith Burrus.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Herman Hemrick, Earl Greene, Henry Andrews, Lester Campbell, Carl Richards, Zeb Hunsucker, Elgar Rochester, Bowling Byrd, Jas. McCoy.

"B"

Roy Lingerfelt, Manley Spell, Wm. Harvey, Morvin Thomas, Kenneth Lewis, Tom Grose, Wm. Wofford, Chas. Murphey, Clarence Henley.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Samuel DeVon, Vaughan Rice, Warnie, Frink, Brunelle Frink, John

Hill, Burton Emory, Fessie Massey, Gibson Lanier, Howard Riddle, Roy Clinard, Millard Leonard, James Williams, Chas. Carter, Bernice Wilson, J. D. Sprinkle, Bill Goss.

"B"

Edgar Carthron, Hallie Bradley, Claude Wilson, John Glenn, Nicola Bristow Leon Matthews, Robie Gardner, Elias Warren, Earle Cooper, Elias Warren, Earle Williams, Joyce Rose, Vernon Cooper, Ralph Wright.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Ferman Gladden, Albert Stansberry, Chas. Huggins, Lonnie Wright, Guy Thornburg, William Shirley, June Marsh, Lee King, Robt. Munday, Kellie Tedder, Earl Mayfield, Paul Sapp, Roscoe Franklin, Clevelend Shaw, Elden Deheart, Hubert Grimes, Raymond Lowery, Emmitt Levy, Early Brown, Chas. Norton, Melvin Cauthran, Arnold Cecil, Vernon Jernigan, Allen Cabe, Leroy Tompkins, Earl Griffin, Dalton Lanier, Johnnie Daughtry, Chas. Beam, Dewy Walker, Wheeler Vandyke, Tom Parsons, Williams Doby, Edmond Hodge, Carl Shoaf, Earnest Pleasant, Walter Quick, Claud Whitacker, Hubert Hines Munford, Glasgow, Hubert Munn, Ozell Willis, Clarence Whitter Quick, Claud Whitacker, Hubert Pink Wren, Lester Whitacker, Wilson Dorsy, Walter Way, Franklin Smith, Carl Sopshire, Cordell Smith, Ben Chatton, Henry Oldham, Stanton Hale, W. W. Whitfield, Smith Baker, Therman Parker, June Marsh, Chas. McMillan, Wylie Moore, Woodrow Hines, Robt. Chatten, Eugene Lewis, J. J. Moose, Lenard Stenson, Lester Rouse, Earnest Carlton, Norman Bradford.

BE WHAT YOU AM.

De sunflower ain't de daisy, an' de melon ain't de rose;
Why is dey all so crazy to be sumfin' else dat grows?
Jess stick to de place ye're planted, an do de bes' ye knows:
Be de sunflower or de daisy, de melon or de rose.
Don't be what ye ain't, jess ye be what ye is;
If ye're jess a little tadpole, don't ye try to be de frog;
Pass the collection plate if ye can exhort an' preach;
If ye am not what ye are, jess be what ye is.
If ye're jess a little pebble, don't ye try to be de beach.
When a man is what he isn't, den he isn't what he is;
An' as sure as I'm a-talkin' he's gwine to get his.

"Sunshine in the soul is worth more than sunshine in the world."

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M

U. N. C.
PERIODICAL ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV. CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 11, 1926 No. 2

EXCEPT THE GAMBLER—HIS MOTIVE IS ROBBERY.

We are in this world to help one another. Nothing else is worth while. Most of us do help one another without being aware of it. There are motives in words as well as in actions, and when a man may appear to be egotistical he may merely want you to know as much as he does himself. It is nature's way of advertising some of the good things she has in store and wishes others to share. Generous impulses are frequently hidden in what appears to be a hard covering of selfishness. Big achievement often emerges from the most unlikely places, and benefits are imparted by the most trivial minds. Progress in real endeavor is thus assisted and the way opened for far-reaching service.—Henry Ford.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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SOUNDING THE PEOPLE.

A commission is sounding the people, at spots, ascertaining their views relative to making the public schools uniform throughout the several counties; to increasing the term from six to eight months; and in regard to other changes.

The commission held a meeting at Wilson, N. C., and in all likelihood the facts ascertained in that meeting will very largely fit into the opinion prevailing in other sections. Wilson is the parish of Prof. Chas. L. Coon, the best informed public school man in the state, as proven by the marvelous success he has achieved as city and county superintendent.

Prof. Coon's judgment regarding the needed changes in the public school system and law is worth that of a train load of mouthy, self-constututed leaders. He has all the while had to combat the injury and mischief wrought by a former administration of school affairs, who came near wrecking the system and now seeks to reform County Government.

In that Wilson meeting, Prof. Coon is quoted as having said among other things: "I am opposed to a uniform system of schools in the State—it is a foolish idea. If the uniform system law is passed there would be more school inspectors traveling about the State than there are prohibition agents."

Prof. Coon, favoring the minimum State regulation recommended "that the equilization fund be used to make counties accept the consolidation system." He has found out that many counties are afflicted with standpat, visionless boards, and he thinks the screws should be put to them. That's the only way that some counties will ever get into a progressive attitude—con-

solidation is no longer a theory; its wisdom is established, but some officials have not yet heard of it.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SCANDAL OF IT.

"I am inclined to be for Al Smith for President," said an ardent prohibitionist recently, "because in spite of his wetness I believe he would give a better enforcement of the prohibition law than Coolidge has given. He talks about prohibition being 'salutary,' but the administration's policy has been ineffective and many of the agents named to enforce the law were named by politicians and care more about political manipulation than securing observance of the law."

Captain Thompson, relieved at his own request as prohibition officer in New Jersey, says that out of 16 agents in that State he could trust only three. The others "were under the control and domination of the wet forces of New Jersey and were receiving their orders from that organization rather than from the official of the prohibition department, and in addition to that, certain emoluments and remuneration."

The scandal of it.!—News and Observer.

Is this condition confined to New Jersey?

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DIDN'T TREAT THE BOY RIGHT.

The Uplift accepts as genuine that no editor is supposed to endorse the views entertained or the position assumed by a correspondent.

Yet it seems bounded upon the editor to set aright one who essays a grievous error or does violence to well established facts, which have become fixed in historical records. This by way of introduction to an explanation of an article taken from the Albemarle News-Herald and the same reproduced in this number of The Uplift. The title is "The Framers Of The Constitution," the prize essay credited to Claude Dunn, a member of Oakboro school in Stanly county. The prize was given by the Albemarle D. A. R. Chapter.

It does not seem probable that the young fellow is guilty of writing the said essay or even compiling it. It does not sound like a common school pupil's effort, and, granting that he did compile it, he has been under the influence of a teacher or books that warrant the inquiry of County Superintendent Reap.

The wonder, however, after all is that a D. A. R. Chapter would countenance the position taken in the essay, which slaps history square in the face. This

patriotic Order is supposed to be engaged in preserving history when it is not engaged in a contest over offices.

There is nothing remotely in the Constitution that suggests the touch or spirit of Hamilton—he was a monarchist, every inch of him. Had his views obtained we would today be living under a Monarchial form of government. The established historical fact is that Congress appointed a committee to draw up a formal Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, drew up the document, and it was presented to Congress on July 2. After some slight changes, the declaration was adopted by Congress on July 4th. Hamilton was not even a member of that famous committee.

It is of record that Hamilton was a monarchist. That is he wanted to establish in this country a government that should be, in everything but its name, a kingdom instead of a republic. There is abundant proof of this fact. For instance Luther Martin, one of the most distinguished statesmen in the convention that made our constitution, speaking of the Hamilton party in that body said: "There was one party whose object and wish was to abolish and annihiliate all the State government, and bring forward one general government, over all this extended continent, of a monarchial nature."

Jefferson and Hamilton were both in Washington's Cabinet; and thirty years afterwards, while calmly reviewing the opinions of Hamilton, he says: "Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption." Even while in Washington's Cabinet, Hamilton declared, "for my part I avow myself a monarchist."

Yet with indisputable records, a D. A. R. Chapter has given a prize to a school boy, who ignores history and gives undue credit to an individual not even a member of the committee, which drafted the constitution, but who boldly avowed himself a monarchist—didn't treat the boy right.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

TEACHER RANK.

The Chapel Hill News Letter devotes considerable space to rating the ability, preparation and qualification of the teachers in the rural public schools in the several counties.

Durham county heads the list, being No. 1; Cherokee county is at the foot of the one hundred counties; and Cabarrus occupies the rank of 77. That is Durham is in a position 76 points higher than Cabarrus, and Cherokee, which foots the list, is just 23 points below Cabarrus.

The foregoing is arrived at via the rating of certification, which is impotent in ascertaining who are capable and efficient teachers. Yet in the name

of certification, many folks hold jobs in the department and in the school room that are regular tax eaters without giving much in return.

No wonder that the average graduate of the public schools is unable to compute the interest on a note, carrying a number of payments; or can keep a simple set of business books; or write a check properly.

There is a reason.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LET'S GET IT RIGHT.

Some five or six years ago Miss Beatrice Cobb, editress of the Morganton News-Herald, most cheerfully agreed to write an intimate story of the remarkable people who have settled in Burke county—this for The Uplift. She has never made good that promise, and, while always courteous, she shies a a little bit whenever the subject is mentioned.

The nearest response to an earnest request for a story about the Waldensian people who have made a poor spot in Burke county blossom like an American rose is the following editorial taken from last week's issue of sister Cobb's interesting paper:

"Dr. P. E. Monet, scholarly Waldensian minister, who after many years of service to his church has retired from active ministerial work and lives at Valdese, has been distressed b the misuse and confusion by newspaper writers and others of the words Waldensian and Waldenses. Waldensian is an adjective and should be used as such, he contends, and of course he is correct in his argument. It is incorrect to refer to the people who live at Valdese or in their native country as "Waldensians," as is more frequently done than not. They are "Waldenses."

Recently Dr. Monet wrote The News-Herald: "It is absolutely astonishing that our name, so simple, cannot be learned by our American-born friends. In the oldest time we, and the French evangelicals, were 'Vallens.' Then on the other side of the Alps (Italy) 'Valdens.' Our true name in 'Valdese' (plural 'Valdesi'), in French Vaudois.' In English—see all dictionaries—it has always been 'Waldense'—plural 'Waldenses,' 'Waldensian' is the adjective. Excuse me, but let us be 'Waldenses.' We have a Waldensian bakery, Waldensian enterprises, Waldensian houses, etc." Signed: P. E. Monet, a Waldense."

We trust that hereafter all who have occasion to refer to the Waldenses or anything Waldensian will take note of Dr. Monet's comment on the words and try to use them correctly."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

PAGE DR. HIGHSMITH.

According to the Hendersonville correspondent of the Asheville Citizen, a few admirers of Dr. Highsmith are turning loose some propaganda, intended

to make him the successor of the scholarly Dr. Poteat, when the latter retires from the presidency of Wake Forest.

If that news don't get into the comic section of The Citizen, this propaganda may never reach the victim of its designs. It is said that some people don't read North Carolina papers except the comic sections.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The public is coming more and more to the belief that rural police are a necessity. Not so much to watch the local communities, but very largely to control the conduct of passers-by and wicked folks who go into the country to do their devilment. Even in our own county there is work for such police. Within two miles of the court house there are maintained joints that all but openly defy the law: gambling dens, patronized by idlers from town with a few corrupted by the boldness of the conduct and a belief that the law is blind, deaf and decrepit.

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OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Calling attention to the fact that there are 450 folks at the Training School, for whom a reasonable Christmas treat must be provided for, The Uplift expressed a wish in the issue of the 27th that there would be forthcoming from various friends contributions to this cause. Responding thus far are:

Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord	$ 10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	10.00
Mrs. Bettie C. Gibson, Concord	2.00
Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, Concord	5.00
Mr. A. B. Pounds, Concord	25.00
Mrs. J. S. Melers, Charlotte	10.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord	35.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
W. B. Ward Co., Concord	50.00
Ritchie Hwd. Co., Concord	25.00
10-13-8 (Cash) Concord	50.00
Mr. Clarence Graeber, Concord	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Pearl Drug Co., Concord	5.00
Efird's, Concord	10.00
Total	$287.00

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A reasonable hypothesis why some people do not succeed in this world no better than they do is because they plan their work but do not work their plan.

It is not given to every one to write checks, but there is no limit to wearing checks from the number of women, men, girls and boys that are enveloped in highly-colored crossbars.

A good story is going the rounds to the effect that a father asked his son why he was "always at the foot of his class." The son replied "that it didn't make a particle of difference; they teach the same thing at both ends."

The mistakes of stenographers, like the mistakes of other people, are sometimes very amusing. It has come to my attention that a lawyer dictated a letter to a party in a slander action and notified the party that his client contemplated bringing action for defamation of character. The stenographer incorporated in the letter this sentence: "She contemplates bringing action against you for "definition" of her "character." Another instance is where the dictation to the stenographer stated that "a certain question was res adjudicate." The young lady's interpretation of the phrase was "raised juda cota." I imagine it raised some language much stronger than the Latin of it.

Who does not remember grandmother's preserves? The room in which she stored them, to a small boy's inquisitive olfactory was like a peep into and a whiff of heaven. Such jars of peaches, pears, plums, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, quinces, gooseberries, huckleberries and currants, to say nothing of crabapple and citron preserves rich enough to melt in your mouth. And, besdies there were lucious jams and marmalades and the spiciest of pickles, as well as jellies galore. It was a peep into a veritable land of sweetness. And when grandmother would smile with sweet complacency and spread some of her preserves upon a slice of bread, and give it to the youth with all eyes and mouth working like a clothes wringer, it was a superlative joy on earth. The culinary skill of grandmothers in their time was something simply wonderful.

I was out in society some time ago and wore one of the regulation dress suits. The other fellows doing the same thing; and when you are out in society you must do as society does. The other fellows looked as if they had been pruned and compressed from the appearance in their business clothes. I guess I looked the same way. I certainly felt so. I shall never forget to my dying day the first dress suit I ever wore. It was one of those pigeon-tailed coats that is cut back in front and hasn't much to it but the flap behind that goes down to a rather sharp point. Winston was the place, in the '80's, at a marriage, and I was to wait on my friend Don Shelton. In the wed-

ding procession, and before the minister my nervousness caused my hands to seek the side pockets of my usual suit for quiettude. But there were no pockets there. A dress suit is devoid of side pockets, and wearing one of them for the first time you don't know what to do with your hands. They swing down loose and unconsciously feel for the sides of the coat that are not there. You feel as if you have lost some of your wearing apparel. That you have been bobbed; or robbed of something. The sensation of it all comes to you but once; the first time you wear a spike-tailed coat. This foresaid coat touches you from the rear down about the back of your kneecaps it gives you the feeling that your suspenders are about to divorce your pantaloons and are about to make looney of you. You are full of emotions, commotions and everything but devotions. These oldtime dress suits were wonderfully and fearfully made and they give one the thrills of a life-time. I'll never forget it. That suit has long since gone to the rag bag, but some of the old thrill lingers still.

Speaking of hogs, we have the end-seat hog; the road hog; the sidewalk hog; the greedy hog; but of all the annoying hogs is the movie hog, who comes in with much bluster, walks over your feet before you can get up to let him pass; flops down in a seat in a nochalant manner, and spreads out both elbows across the seat arms on either side and scrouges the occupants on both sides and then begins to announce the readings on the screen as if those present were blind and could not see for themselves. This species of hog is the most obnoxious of them all.

A dry dock has been described by a student as a physician who will not give you a prescription—when you are thirsty.

The movie advertisements in the papers, when taken and strung together make interesting reading. For instance: "Watch Your Wife," every night this week; "Mother I Need You," for three days beginning December 15; "Geraldine Farrar," supported by her husband for the first time; "Her Wedding Night." every night this week.

We are now passing through the month with the crowning thrill of the year. The magic of Christmas! The very name is a shibboleth of joy and delight. "Merry Christmas!" Ah, the glamour in the greeting—a veritable bond of sympathy, of memory, of high tradition holding us to the best, the sweetest traits of our common humanity! Now are the scenes from Dickens' immortal tales relived in all their engaging vividness, and the odours of savory dishes Christmas-spiced, mingled with the pungent scents of evergreens. The glad, gay days are near—days that warm the heart-cockles of every one, from the most sedate to the prattling infant, and fill the air with song and good-will. When the whole world is in love with itself and the rest of mankind. Christmas deeds are smilingly done. If the world would only do this in all things. Warmth and mirth and happiness against a background of vivid green and crimson holly and brilliantly lighted Christ-

mas trees. Happy faces turning homewards from the far corners of the earth; little children's rapturous faces and hushed delight, their eyes aglow with the mystery and enchantment of it all. Sweet recollections to older ones of visions of Christmases long past. The festival of giving. Was there ever so gracious a spirit to actuate a holiday? The blessed Savior gave His life to redeem a lost world from sin. Was there ever greater love than this? Should not that sacrifice meet with a hearty response as the ages roll on? The gifts of Christmas are not only of the sort we wrap in snowy tissue or gold and silver paper and tie with red satin ribbon or gold cord, but those of the spirit of love, courage and good cheer; of happy reunions; of lives re-attuned to harmony before the ushering in of the New Year. Let Christmas bells ring and joy and love to Jesus and the Father be unconfined.

There are Christmas bells and Christmas belles. You can "ring" them both. The ring of the former is one of glad tidings; the ring of the latter is usually a diamond.

In Micah 6:8, it is written: "What doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God." This is Christianity pure and simple. Willing obedience. It is in accord with the command of Jesus himself, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul and thy neighbor as 'thyself'." No one sect or denomination has any monopoly of obedience to these commands. Justice has been represented as a blind goddess. What does that mean? God is no respecter of persons. It is hard for many to believe that He gives the same consideration to a dirty vagabond that He does to a respectable worker in an important position; but He does not look on the outward appearance as man does. Nobody ever had so many desreputable children as God has and parents should remember that and deal patiently with their own children. We must have just dealings; just doings; just feeling. In doing justly we must give service that is equal to our compensation; we must give just judgments. Many who would not take so much as a nickel from another will take his very life by harsh judgments. Who knows but what such unjust estimates keep many from crossing the threshold of Christian character. That is why the Bible tells us that God knows the proud afar off.

Don't grin all the while. Smile. There's a difference between a grin and a smile. A grin may have the effect that the person you are grinning at, maybe like a child looking at an undecided parent; it doesn't know whether to cry or laugh. An Optimist is never found without friends and following; but how many great leaders of men are recorded in history as Pessimists? Very few, if any. They would never have succeeded to leadership if they had been anything other than Optimists of one form or another. When you are having difficulties with your business; your family affairs; your neighbors smile. When others complain—smile. When you spring a puncture, ten miles from nowhere—smile. When you have to put on a tire—smile.

If trouble beset you, and cares pull you out of your automobile—smile. Smiles smooth over the rough spots and cheer up the weary. A smile is the most efficacious panacea for all imaginary ailments ever discovered. There is no patent on a smile. It is no patent medicine; but it is the joy tonic of all peoples. Paraphrasing a great American if I may: "The world will little note nor long remember a grouch; but it will bestow laurels upon the brow of an Optimist with an ever-ready smile."

POTS AND PANS.

(Douglas Malloch).

Not all the melody life can hold
Must all be played on a harp of gold.
I am glad that my ear has caught the tunes
In things like dishes and forks and spoons,
There's lots of music, I often think,
In the clatter of pans in a kitchen sink,
And every morning a broom goes swish
With all the melody heart could wish.

Why, the finest music that ever I heard
Was the call of a crimson bird,
But a peddler passed with a creaking van,
And I almost went with that roving man.
For his swaying pans and his swinging pails
Rolled and rattled and ran the scales,
And filled my soul with their gypsy song
Till I nearly followed that van along.

The gypsy van dropped over the hill,
But it left its music behind it still.
I wipe the silver, I rattle the pans,
And make a tune like the gypsy man's.
It's really remarkable what is in
A pot, a kettle, a plate of tin,
For the hand that works with a heart that sings
Finds many a tune in the commonest things.

THE FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

(Albemarle News-Herald).

The following article written by Claude Dunn, of Oakboro school, took the medal offered by the local D. A. R. Chapter:

"After the discovery and colonization of America by the English, other European countries began establishing colonies in America, too. By and by disputes arose over the boundaries between the different races or colonies. This led to the French and Indian war with the result of the expulsion of the French power from America. This war lasted seven years burdening England very heavily to protect her colonies. England then sought to relieve themselves of the burden by placing taxes on things that the colonies had to have. This aroused bitter opposition in the colonies. Then to show her sovereignty over the colonies England passed laws more drastic than ever. These laws could not be tolerated by the people who had fought and sacrificed so much for their ideals. Then it was that the colonies took their first step towards independence by declaring themselves independent of England. Soon British troops were called over to try to subdue the colonies. In the beginning of the war, in which the colonies were victorious with the aid of France, Spain and Holland, a federation of states was formed under "The' Ar- of confederation there was on central government, and very soon the states became jealous of their rights. Every meausre of any kind proposed was nullified at the very beginning. The continental congress saw the needs of the infant nation but it was powerless because, it lacked an executive, it lacked a Judiciary, and it lacked a Legislature with power to act. In short it could declare everything, but could do nothing. After the war had somewhat subsided the learned men began maknig plans for a better government.

"Thus is was that a body of noble-minded men drafted one of the greatest documents ever written, which is now our constitution.

"Alexander Hamilton, it has been said, was the master spirit of the Constitutional Convention. Chancellor James Kent said, "All the documentary proof and the current observation of the time lead us to the conclusion that he surpassed all his contemporaries in his exertion to create, recommend, adopt, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

"Hamilton believed in a strongly centralized government. He saw very clearly the evils of a loosely bound confederation of States, in which there could arise such animosities as arose between the states under the Articles of Confederation. Believing thus Hamilton suggested an aristocratic republic and a balance of authority. In the eleventh number of "The Federalist" he wrote; "Let the thirteen states bound together in a strict and indissoluble union concur in erecting one great American system, superior to the control of all trans-Atlantic force or influence."

"In this great work," says John

Lord, "Hamilton rendered a mighty service to his country. Nothing but the conclusive arguments which he made, assisted by Jay and Madison aroused the people fully to a sense of the danger attending an imperfect union of states."

"James Madison is the father of the Constitution. To him we are indebted for all the information concerning the proceedings of the Constitutional convention as they worked behind closed doors. He guarded the notes carefully until his death. Seven years after his death an order of congress gave the notes publication.

"Madison was more than a patriot; he was a student of causes and efforts of history. He made elaborate notes, thus establishing himself on a firm basis of facts in the convention, thus exerting a subtle influence into the constitution that no one suspected of the quite, hardworking little man.

"George Washington, the presiding officer of the convention, made his influence all powerful although he took no active part in the heated debates between the leaders and supporters of the two plans for a Federal Constitution.

"In 1870, in writing to James Duane Washington said: "There are two things, as I have often declared, which, in my opinion, are indispensably necessary to the well-being and good government of our public affairs. These are,—greater powers to congress, and more responsibility and permanency in the executive bodies," and these two points are exactly the points that the convention carried into effect. It was by such letters as this, by his conversation, by his conferences with leaders and his many speeches that impressed the convention rather than anything he said to the convention itself.

"Several less important men of the convention such as Jay, Franklin, and Jefferson, exerted some influence of less inportance on the Constitution but John Marshall should be classed with the most important men of the convention because of his loyal support to the constitution. While Chief Justice of the United States, altho' he was not a member of the convention, he held the constitution supreme over all else. Thus giving his very essential aid to the constitution during its infancy.

The problem that confronted the framers of the constitution was not merely vast, but the most stupendous as well as delicate that up until that time had engaged the minds of men. Despite this fact it was a constitution that was framed, and not a statute subject to repeal. They might have tacked together a rocking-cradle for the sick infant nation, but they were more than upholsterers, they were builders in state craft of the order of Michael Angelo in architecture. Every word of the preamble proclaims the sincerity of their faith that they were building for the ages. They were wise enough not to believe themselves all-wise, therefore, they provided that their work be amended but they were careful to prescribe the mode of amendment.

For these reasons the constitu-

tion is not a boulder of sandstone to be chipped and marred by the chisels of impatient, ever-ardent politicians, but stands as a citadel of principles, a rock of defense in time or trouble unshaken and sublime.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A HANDICAP.

(Asheville Citizen).

Man is an ingenius creature, and it is stimulating to see what he can do sometimes in the face of apparently insurmountable handicaps. Look at the trouble that Mahomet had in getting his religion started. Practically surrounded by the wives that the custom of the country permitted him to enjoy one would have said that he had very little chance to leave anything to posterity except the name of being the head of a large family, but by eternal plugging he kept on until he had acquired power and fame, and even Mr. Wells' Outline of History he has to take notice of his activities. If his way had been made smooth for him he would probably never have been heard of, and the annals of the race are full of similar examples.

Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote his Dictionary single-handed while forty French Immortals of the Academy were still toiling painfully through A andB in committees and subcommittees, and in our own time Unthan, the Armless Wonder, used to deal cards and wash his face with his feet and even attained the art of pulling a cork out of a bottle which in those days was a perfectly legal gesture. Charles 11 wandered about flat-broken in France and Holland for years before he could get General Monk to come out and endorse him in what passed in that comparatively benighted age as the public press but he finally sat on the thorne of his ancestors as firmly as George V sits there today and earned more truly than any other British monarch the title of his father of his people.

A handicap can be made to serve as ballast to keep the ship steady on her kneel, and a man or woman with nothing to overcome is only too apt to sit back and take it easy. Who knows the efforts it may have cost yon stately matron to get rid of the handicap of her hair? To see a modern Turk in a bowler hat one would never guess that he had staggered down the centuries under the burden of a fez, but it is safe to say that if he had been born to the luxury of a bowler he never would have amounted to much. Sweet, said Mr. Shakespeare, are the uses of adversity, and in the light of history we may count that man or people blessed who starts life under a handicap.

Farmer—"Hi there! What are you doing up in my cherry tree?"
Youngster—"Dere's a notice down dere to keep off de grass."
—Boston Transcript.

A NOTABLE WOMAN.

Friday Richmond helped one of her most distinguished citizens, a North Carolinian by birth, Mrs. Elvira Evelina Worth Moffitt, celebrate her 90th birthday. And Richmond which has watched with pride and amazement the achievements of this woman since she came to this city 17 years ago, feels that it has, after all, a certain claim to her.

Mrs. Moffitt was 73 years old when she left Raleigh, N. C., to make her home in Richmond—an age, most people agree, when one is expected to let up a bit on the activities of life, and just "sit in the sun" and take things easy. Mrs. Moffitt had certainly earned the right to sit back and enjoy life, for 73 years had been filled to overflowing with much work in behalf of all sorts of organizations movements, etc., but she was not the sort of person to feel that such activity should be stopped even at the age of 73. Coming to a strange, new place she, nevertheless, launched the movement which formed the Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, and she has been the president of that organization ever since.

Mrs. Moffitt's devoted offorts to raise, through this organization, funds with which to erect a statue in Richmond to this Confederate hero, so strangely unhonored, have recently been crowned with success. At first contributions came in rather slowly but gradually through individual subscription, appropriations from the State and city, and from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, $40,000 was received. A group of Richmond businss men decided then that Mrs. Moffitt should not wait any longer for the completion of one of her life's dreams, and so they underwrote the $60,000 necessary for the monument—$40,000 of which was already at hand.

Mrs. Moffitt has given most of her time in Richmond to this association, but she has been active in other things as well. She is a member of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities and the Virginia Historical Society. A resolution indorsed by Mrs. Moffitt orginated the movement for placing a memorial window in old Blandford church in Petersburg, commemorating the 23,000 Confederate soldiers who are buried there.

In 1915 she joined the War Relief Society of Richmond thus making the remarkable record of active service in three wars. In 1861 she with the other ladies of Asheboro, N. C., mades tents with which to equip the Davis Guards. In 1898, in the Spanish-American War, she was a member of the Soldiers' Aid Society of Raleigh, which made garments for the soldiers. And in 1915 she made surgical dressings for the relief of the sick and wonded of the World War.

The Biographical History of North Carolina, by Ashe Weeks Vannoppen, devotes four or five pages to Mrs. Moffitt's activities in that State. She was born December 3, 1836, the daughter of Jonathan Worth, who became Governor of North Carolina. Her mother was a Virginian, Martitia Daniel, and a Presbyterian, which

Mrs. Moffitt became, in spite of the fact that most of the Worths were Quakers. She is descended from John Carver, John Tilley and John Howland, who came over in the Mayflower. John Worth, the earliest ancestor of that name, was killed during the Cromwellian disorders, and his three soons emigrated to America, William Worth, who settled in Nantucket, Mass., in 1662, being the ancestor of her father, Jonathan Worth. She is the mother of Herbert Jackson of Richmond.

Mrs Moffitt's activities in North Carolina include a long and varied list of things. In 1900 she helped organize the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, and the following year was made its vice president. In 1901 she organized the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and was made its president for life. She was a charter member of and the first contributor to the North Carolina Confederate Monument Association. She organized the Wake County School Betterment Association, a branch of the State association.

In 1903, in her own home, she organized the St. Luke's Circle of King's Daughters. In 1904 she founded the Woman's Club of Raleigh, and in that same year wrote the history of the club movement in North Carolina. She participated in the North Carolina Peace Society, and was appointed twice by two governors to the national meeting of that association. In 1908, under the leadership of Mrs. Moffitt, the Daughters of the American Revolution in North Carolina unveiled a tablet on the rotunda of the Raleigh capitol, to the "Ladies of the Edenton Tea Party of 1774." She is a life member of the Roanoke County Association a member of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, and has been an active member of the Stanhope Pullen Memorial Association.

For a number of years she was co-editor of the North Carolina Booklet, established in 1901 as the official organ of the North Carolina Daughters of the American Revolution. During these years she wrote all the biographies of contributors to the magazine. A fund raised by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to erect a memorial arch in the Raleigh Cemetery was abandoned and the money voted to be invested and the income devoted to the education of a girl at the State Normal School. It was unamimously voted that this should be called the Elvira Worth Moffitt Loan Fund.

There are other things which Mrs Moffitt has done about which the world knows nothing. One of her friends says, "She does so many little, nice things, so many little kindnesses."

When Mrs. Moffitt announced that she was coming to Richmond to make her home, the Woman's Club of Raleigh gave her a brilliant farewell dinner. One of the greatest tributes paid to her at that time was by Miss Edith Royster, who said: "Only those who have worked closely and intimately with Mrs. Moffitt can know what she means to those who are associated with her. A calm courage, absolute lack

of self-consciousness, a serene superiority to class distinctions recognition of the worth of the individual, indifference to criticism where there is a plain duty to be performed, and a tenacity and strength of will rarely found in a woman—the characteristics that make a man a master of men."

THE SILVER LINING.

Oftentimes we travel this road of life, going we know not where, seeing we know not what. In the course of our journey we weary and become tired and do not dare rest, fearing that if we do so we may never be able to make up the losses of ground caused by our rest. But there is many a rest in this road of life. They are there if we care to see them. We think that all voices are still to us, but in reality there are always those who may have a kind word for us if only our turbulent soul would find them and awake their spirits. If we fill our spirits with joy, if we allow the sun to shine upon our beings and instill in us a new life, for us the grass will always be green and the flowers beautiful even tho the storms are prevalent in our being.

If only we could hope, even though everything around us seems so dark and dreary. If only we could keep our eyes lifted to the skies in an endeavor to find the silver lining that is somewhere behind those dark gray clouds. Remember that no matter how violent the storm, the rainbow is always sure to follow, or no matter how dark the night, daylight is bound to come. Are not these the symbols of hope? No matter how dark or gloomy our spirits may be at times, the darkest hour is always the one before the dawning.

We have often glanced in jeweler's windows and wished that some of the gems that we saw therein were in our possession. Yes, wished, indeed, to call them our own. And how often have we exclaimed "Gee, if I only had some of them gems!" And yet, lying before us on this path of of life, there are gems so rare and if we care to take them they can be ours. But we, in our idle pleasure, spurn them. We pass them by. And yet those gems are far more expensive and rarer than those we saw in the window and for which we so ardently craved. The jewels that we spurn may be the hand-clasp of some one who would like to call us a friend, it may be the love of a little child who looks up to us as a symbol of everything that is good and true, it may be a Mother's prayers to heaven, or may be just a beggar's thanks for a coin or a cup of water that we may have given to him. These are the gems that we spurn. Are they not better than those which we saw in the window? For those gems can be stolen and ever crushed under the heel of our boot. But a true friendship is the rarest and richest gem of all. A gem that we may carry to our resting place. When weaving the web of life, it is the best that we fill in with threads of silver and gold. This will make us place a higher value upon our character.

A VICTORY FOR SILVER CLOUD.

By Virginia Reid.

The children of the pueblo shall never go to the canon school.'' Rain-in-the-Face pulled his blanket over his shoulders and faced the agent obstinately.

''The children shall go,'' replied the agent quite as obstinately. ''The Great White Father at Washington has sent the order and it must be obeyed.''

Both men spoke in the Hopi dialect, for the chief detested the whites so much that he refused to try to learn English.

Silver Cloud, in the background. listened wistfully. No one knew how much she longed to go to the canon school, away from the dirt and discomfort of the pueblo. Had not her best friend, Half Moon, been there for years, and now that she was at home again did she not tell wonderful stories of what went on there? They actually had enough to eat always, and not half-decayed melons, flint corn and beans, but bread made of wheat flour, even ginger-bread sometimes, fresh vegetables and all sorts of good food, and many interesting things to see and do. There was warm clothing, too, clean beds, Half Moon said there was a box that could talk and sing when you turned a handle. That seemed too much to believe, but it might be true.

She sighed as she watched her father's stern face and saw the decision with which he strode toward his pony and mounted without a backward look. She swung herself into her saddle and rode beside him, but heart was heavy with longing for the joys of the canon school.

As they neared the pueblo, the dogs rushed out barking, but no one came to meet them. It was not until they stopped before the door of their home, one of those curious little houses of stone and mud which the Hopi build, that they saw the reason for this. It seemed as though the entire population of the pueblo had gathered there, but at the first sight of Rain-in-the-Face and Silver Cloud they separated, and there, before the door, sat the wife of the chief, holding on her lap the treasure of his heart, the baby son, known as the little Chief, because he was not yet old enough to name himself. The baby lay struggling and gasping, now and then giving a faint choking moan. The mother could not speak, but Half Moon sprang forward with an exclamation: ''The little Chief has a bone in his throat and he is dying.'' She wrung her hands in agony, but Silver Cloud came close and spoke quickly:

''At the agency is the doctor, the great white doctor, who is on his way to the canon. I saw his box full of shining knives, and old Lone Wolf told me he could do wonders with them. Let me take the Little Chief to him; he will save him yet.''

''It is of no use, the child will die,'' replied Rain-in-the-Face. ''I have seen other children die like that.'' He cast one glance at the little face of his son and strode through the pueblo, out toward the desert. No one should watch him or see how he suffered.

Silver Cloud did not hesitate. She seized the baby and ran toward some

ponies tethered at a little distance. She thrust the child into Half Moon's arms for a moment and then, as she took him again, she shouted over her shoulder: "Follow me to the agency, Half Moon! Ride, ride for the baby's life." (

Half Moon obeyed, and the two girls dashed over the ground. The ponies were fresh and galloped as though they knew a life hung on their speed. Silver Cloud watched the little face against her shoulder. The little choking moan continued but the baby seemed no weaker. The hot sun glared down pitilessly, but neither girl felt its rays, so intent were they on their errand. Never before had it seemed so far to the agency. Perhaps the white doctor would be gone and they could not overtake him! They, as well as Rain-in-the-Face, knew that more than one of the pueblo children had died in just this way. They must save the Little Chief, and at the thought they shouted to the ponies and urged them to their utmost speed. At last the buildings of the agency were in sight, and to their joy they saw the two white men standing before the door, examining a pony which Lone Wolf had just brought in.

The girls reined in their panting ponies and Silver Cloud ran forward, holding the baby toward the stranger. All her Indian reserve was forgotten; she could think of nothing but the little brother who needed the help which could be given him by the white doctor alone.

Half Moon hurriedly dismounted and began an explanation in English but the doctor gave one look at the suffering baby and then turned to the agent. "It's a case for operation and every moment counts. Clear off the office table and call your wife. I remember she used to be a nurse, and I must have help. Luckily I have my case here. We'll save the little chap," he said cheerily to Half Moon. "But you girls must stay outside."

She drew Silver Cloud out of the sun and into the shade of the little porch on the agent's house. Both stood looking with burning eyes at the closed door of the office, while the minutes dragged like hours. What were they doing to little Chief in there? All the tales of the medicine men of the pueblo rushed through Silver Cloud's mind. She might never see her little brother again, and she clutched her friend's arm in terror at the thought. Half Moon had no fears, however, and she tried to reassure the trembling girl, until at last—really in a very few minutes—the door opened and Mr. Norris came out.

"All over," he said cheerfully; "the bone is out and the baby will be all right. Dr. Elson says the little fellow must stay here until tomorrow though, but you girls may stay with him, and I will ask my wife to show you how to take care of him. We'll send Lone Wolf to the pueblo, so they will understand." As he spoke he led the way toward his house and the girls followed eagerly.

Mrs. Norris, a woman with a sweet happy face, who, because of her fair hair and blue eyes, looked like a vision to the awe-struck girls, guided them into a room where the Little Chief lay on a white bed. They watched in amazed silence as she took off his dirty rags and made him as comfortable as possible without dis-

turbing him too much. Silver Cloud stared with unbelieving eyes at what seemed to her the extraordinary sights all about her. She had never been in the agent's house before, and all Half Moon's stories had not made her understand what the houses of the white people were really like. But she was diverted from the Little Chief for only a few minutes, then she sank down by the bed on which he lay and remained motionless, watching the beloved little face until the tired eyes closed in sleep. It was with difficulty that Mrs. Norris persuaded her to leave the baby long enough to eat the food she prepared, wonderful as that seemed to the girl who had never seen any fare but that of the pueblo.

Silver Cloud could not sleep that night; it was enough to watch the sleeping baby and to think of all the happenings of the day. How she wished her father would consent to the agent's plans! Why did he hate the ways of the white people so? Surely they were better than those of the Indians!

The next day the Little Chief was quite well again, and Silver Cloud tried, with Half Moon's help, to tell the white dostor and Mr. and Mrs. Norris of her gratitude. Half Moon interpreted eagerly what Silver Cloud struggled to express, but neither in Hopi nor English could they make their meaning clear. It was a comfort that Mrs. Norris seemed to understand, as she placed the baby tenderly in his sister's arms.

The girls were half pleased and half dismayed to find that the doctor and Mr. Norris were going with them, since the former had expressed a wish to see a pueblo.

"Well," laughed Mr. Norris as he mounted, "Rain-in-the-Face's is a fair specimen, but you want to forget all your romantic notions about Indian villages. I never saw one that wasn't full of dirt and discomfort. How a girl like that," nodding toward Half Moon, "can bear it after she has learned what living may be, is a mystery. She tells my wife that she came back for the vacation, hoping she could overcome the chief's prejudice, so that the others could go to school. It seems that she ran away when she left the pueblo."

He urged his horse over the burning sand, for the girls were almost out of sight. The men overtook them, however, and the little party rode into the pueblo, surrounded by barking dogs, excited children, frightened squaws and shouting braves. Dr. Elson was not a coward, but he shrank back a little, not understanding all the confusion and fearing it might mean attack. The situation changed when Silver Cloud, with the Little Chief in her arms, ran toward her father, who stood, tall and stern, with his blanket over his shoulders and his warbonnet flaunting its eagle feather. Before she could reach him her mother darted forward and seized the baby in her straining arms. When the little fellow laughed and put up his hand to pull the bright beads dangling from her neck, all the children shouted and danced, while the braves uttered deep grunts of approval.

The agent stood before Rain-in-the-Face and spoke with firm determination. "Rain-in-the-Face, the White Father at Washington says that the children of the pueblo must go to the canon school."

The Indian stood for a moment, looking at the baby in his squaw's arms, then he turned toward the agent and spoke:

"The white doctor has saved the Little Chief. Last winter many children died in the pueblo and we could not save them. Our medicine-men could do nothing. If Silver Cloud had not taken the child to the agency, we should have had no Little Chief. It is Silver Cloud who has showed me what the white people can do. All the children of the pueblo who are old enough shall go to the canon school."

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

By Henry Ford.

The only thing worth while in this world is to help one another. It is the only real incentive to action; the motive power that begets beneficial accomplishment. We are here to assist one another to overcome difficulties that are obstacles to the happiness of the whole.

There are always motives behind words as well as behind actions. If you tell a man what is on your mind —it may be merely a story, it may be an account of something that interests you and which you think might interest him—the underlying idea is generally that you want him to know as much as you do yourself, but sometimes it is egotism impelled by the idea of displaying how much one knows. But even egotism has its uses. A man unburdening his mind in this manner is nature's method of giving information, of advertising certain facts.

Nature itself abounds with such methods. The nectargiving flowers and blossoms attract the bees by their bright colors. They flaunt their flags of pink and white and gold so that the treasure-seeking insects may know where to find them. Each has its particular odor fulfilling the same purpose. In the same way birds find their food, as is well known, fishes will follow the most brightly tinted lures.

It may be that when one man unloads his mind to another he may be only telling how much he thinks he knows instead of revealing that which he actually knows, but even in this there may be helpful information. He may strike the keynote of an idea which can be developed to some useful purpose. By such intercourse, carried on in the right spirit, with an honest intention of rendering service or of giving pleasure, much good may be accomplished. An interchange of ideas is invariably beneficial. A blend of ideas, no matter how trivial each individual idea may be, often forms a serviceable whole, and leads to some result that otherwise might have been unattainable.

Once during a great flood a man was borne away by the swift current when he managed to cling to the branches of a tree. There was much confusion of advice as to how he might be rescued before the flood carried him off, and wise heads suggested this method and that; but it was the village simpleton who pointed out that a boat attached to a rope and allowed to drift with the current

would follow the same course as the man had done, and a rescue was effected. So also with the steeplejack who, owing to the detachment of his scaling apparatus, was stranded on the summit of a very tall chimney. When all plans for his rescue had failed it was his wife who signaled to him to tie a piece of brick to the unravelings of his sock and thus provide the means of drawing up the string to which a rope was attached. So also nations have been saved and battles won by words let fall by someone who was not credited with knowing a remedy but whose words implied that they thought they knew.

Sometimes when an idea is put forward or service is offered, the man who does so may think that there will be some reward, that he may make some money out of it, but subconsciously the main idea is to help someone, because human nature is good at bottom and the good will come out on top irrespective of material gain.

It is human nature to help, not to destroy or to gain advantage at the expense of a fellow man. This motive invaribly lies within the shell of egotism, or self-glorification, or personal reward by which it is inclosed. The shell will be broken when time comes for the use of the meat within. Men are in this world to help one another, and money is only an incident, not a governing motive.

A man may think he is only doing things for the dollar, but he is really doing it to help somebody. It may be to buy a winter coat for his wife or to send his son to college; but what supplies the motive power is the desire to help. He thus, consciously or unconsciously fulfills one of the great laws of nature.

There may be times when selfishness gets uppermost, but this invariably brings its own disillusionment, for selfishness does not pay. Kings and politicians, financiers, and profiteers have tried it, but in the end it is invariably found that their harvest of ambition has failed or that the fruit they have been storing has rotted in their hands.

In the course of real endeavor very little progress would be made if it were not for that which urges a man to make known to his neighbor what he thinks will add to his happiness.

Almost everyone is worth listening to if we only knew it. Pearls of great price lie concealed in unsightly shells in sand and silt, waiting for the light of day to show their beauty and value. So also nature impels a man to disclose his merits in a way that will give good service to his fellows.

In New York Judge Otto Kosalsky condemns a Broadway play because it spreads propaganda for "coddling criminals": in at least one other State such propaganda is sometimes spread by judges themselves. —Asheville Citizen.

THE FATHER OF THE CHRISTMAS SEAL.

Twenty-three years ago a young mail clerk in a small postoffice in Denmark was working far into the night on Christmas Eve distributing holiday greeting cards and letters. He saw that as a rule they would go to comfortable homes, housing happy, vigorous families. But he knew, too, that where kind Christmas wishes and good Christmas deeds were most needed, there likely would not come even a brief word of greeting. An inspiration seized him. Why not spend this money to alleviate the condition of an unfortunate? Perhaps by a tax in greeting cards this could be accomplished.

His fertile imagination soon pictured a device to encourage the practice and put a voluntary tax on it too—and thus in Denmark was born the idea of the Christmas Seal, in 1903.

Now let us permit this erstwhile postal clerk, the father of the seal, Einar Holboell, to tell the story of the evolution of his dream into reality.

"The people of Denmark regarded Christmas as the greatest holiday of the year," stated Mr. Holboell, who is now postmaster at Charlottenbund, on a recent visit to New York. "Every body observes it, and all hearts and hands are open at this seoson.

"I saw at once that the Christmas stamp ought to be sold at postoffices and should cost only a trifle, so that everyone could afford to buy it. The well-to-do, who send many letters, would spend more money, but the poor could have the pleasure of helping, too.

"A committee of men of distinction was formed, and through their influence, I obtained the permission of the Ministry to sell the stamps at postoffices for the benefit of a fund to erect a hospital for tuberculous children. So a year after the idea came to me, the first tuberculosis Christmas stamps were sold in 1904.

"The return for exceeded our expectations, totaling 70,000 Danish crowns, and during the twenty years they have been sold, a total sum of 2,700,000 crowns has been realized.

"Our committee has erected a hospital accommodating 165 tuberculous children and since it was opened, a total of 3,000 little boys and girls have gone to the institution at Kolding Fjord and been healed. We now have three homes for weak and undernourished children, and besides have contributed generously to societies which aim to help sick and poor children in various ways."

The first sale in the United States was in 1907, when Miss Emily P. Bissell, of Wilmington, Deleware, adopted the idea to raise funds to maintain a tuberlosis shack of eight beds on the banks of the Brandywine, securing $3,00. She in turn, had read a magazine article by the great philanthropist, Jacob A. Riis, describing the Danish tuberculosis stamp he had received on the back of a letter from the city of his birth—Copenhagen.

Miss Bissell next aspired to extend the work by a national campaign and interested the American Red Cross. The first national Christmas Seal occurred in 1908, and brought in $135,000. Each year since the sum has increased just as it has in Denmark.

Einar Holbell, the inventor of

the Christmas Seal, could not possibly have forseen its magic health value today, not only in raising funds to continue the work, but in carrying to millions of people every holiday season the stimulus to guard against disease. These tiny pieces of paper, multiplied a billion fold, have had an inestimable part in teaching the public that tuberculosis can be prevented—can be cured. The double-barred cross which each one bears is the emblem of the anti-tuberculosis work throughout the world.

The Christmas seal has carried to the farthermost parts of America the news that people need not die from tuberculosis. During the period the seal has been in existence, the death rate in this country from the disease has fallen from 198 per hundred thousand population to 95, a saving of over 100,000 lives this year.

Who would have guessed that Mr. Holboell's little penny Christmas Seal could grow to be so big?

GIFT BOOKS.

Christmas giving is more according to sanity and intelligence than it used to be. The growing tendency is to give what is useful as well as enjoyable. If we were a little more thoughtful about what we should give a few days before Christmas we would be less sorry about it a few days after Christmas.

What is better than a good book? Only one thing, and that is a friend. But books are friends too. They may be kept close to us; they speak to us; they cheer us; provide food for our thought and help us to grow better and more useful lives.

Books are the tools with which we work. For most people the moment they stop reading and studying their efficiency is reduced. Any workman will tell you that the character of that which he turns out depends to a large degree on the kind of tools which are placed in his hands.

A good book is an inspiration. It sends us to our tasks with a braver heart and a stronger hand. It brings to us the stories of men long since dead, of the handicaps they had imposed on them , of the courageous spirit with which they toiled, and of the ideals they cherished. It brings to our very presence the heroes of the cross, and introduces us to lovers of truth and makers of progress. If you were to ask some people why they are what they are they would answer you, "I once read a book."

The last thing we have a desire to do is to dictate the character of your Christmas gifts; but may we venture to suggest that it would be difficult to think of any better service you might render than to place a good book in the hand of some one else. And by a good book we do not necessarily mean one that is avowedly religious; however it must be one that is creative of right impulses and useful standards. It must strengthen faith.

"Dat bane gude yoke on me," said the old Swede, as he spilled the egg on his vest.—Clipped.

ABOLISHES MILITARY TRAINING.

When Dr. D. L.. Marsh last spring took charge of Boston University one of his first acts was to abolish military training as a compulsory course in the university. On Armistice day this year in his first report to the board of trustees the new president of the university set forth his reasons therefor. Dr. Marsh says:

"I am opposed to compulsory military drill:

"First. Because I am an American, and believe in America. I am opposed, to Russianizing, Prussianizing or Europeanizing Ameirca, Compulsory military drill is foreign to the genius of America.

"Second. Berause I stand shoulder to shoulder with all good Americans in their opposition to war. Some feel that a high state of military preparedness is the best guarantee against war. I do not agree with them. It seems to me that an accurate reading of history shows that military preparedness creates the will to war instead of the will of peace. Just because America is rich and powerful is all the more reason why she should be an example to the rest of the world. This does not mean that I would not go to war when necessary. I am not a 'pacifist' in the modern meaning of that term. If America's life or ideals should be imperiled, I would advocate the conscription of human life for their defense, and I would go further than that: I would insist upon the conscription of wealth and labor as the counterpart of the conscription of life.

"Third Because I believe in Boston University. It was not founded to train men to fight. It was chartered to promote virtue and piety, and learning in the languages and the liberal arts and sciences. It is set for an education that means unfolding of personality, the cultivation of ideals, the bestowal of vision, the clarifying of purpose, the strengthening of will, the development of power. It is not an anomaly to require a young man to take two years of military drill before he can receive an academic degree from Boston University? In sticking to its business of education the university serves the nation best. Government by force has become a tragic failure. Men are tried of physical domination. They are not in mood to try out the ideals of physical domination. They are in the mood to try out the ideals of government by instruction.

"Fourth. I am opposed to compulsory military training because I try to be a Christian. I do not say that those who differ from me are not trying to be Christians. But I must make my actions square with my own best convictions. If I understand the spirit of Christianity, it is opposed to war, and the best interpreters of Christianity are opposed to a high state of military preparedness because, in the past instead of guaranteeing peace it has only guaranteed war. The inspiration of our opposition to compulsory drill does not come from the Russia of today—that it does is a charge too silly to be noticed. Our inspiration comes from the Palestine of long ago."

AIN'T IT SO.

Now again this is the parable of two young guys that went them off to college. And, behold, they were exactly alike, only they were different. And in the process of time one of them is ground out and is finished, completed, and topped off. And he cometh him back home. And, lo, he snorteth and sayeth within himself, "Behold, the old town is not like our college city, the people are crude. Moreover, look at me, for I am better than they, in learning and in culture, and far superior." Then he pulleth in the skirts of his two trousers and draweth his little, tin self in his little, tin shell. Neither will he come him out or mix up with the bunch nor mingle with the "common herd," he is so superior. And he goeth him not to the church of his dad or mother, nor yet to the Sunday School nor yet to the Endeavor. And they get the impression that he is stuck up. Neither is the impression so far-fetched either, for he never did have much sense and now he is an educated fool, and rotteth in his own unprovoked self-esteem.

And now again cometh the other guy to his home town. And although he is more scholarly than the other, yet is he made entirely different mud, for he sayeth, "Hello, Henry," and "Hello, Bill," right and left, and "Hello Susan, bless her little heart." And he goeth him to church and taketh his old place. And afterwards he kiddeth the preacher and slappeth the deacon on the back. And they make him president of the Christian Endeavor. And he taketh the big things of his education and maketh them common unto them all. Now I tell thee that that young fellow is on the high and royal highway to success and jumping like an high-powered, double-acting jack-rabbit, doing sixty.

Yea, verily, if thou wouldst succeed in life and have one big and glorious good time while thou art doing it, then keep thou close to the beating, throbbing heart of humanity. For after all, we are all on one big, common level, and the bigger thou art the better thou knowest it.

Ain't it so.

TO KEEP YOU GUESSING.

What is the cleanest state?—Wash.
The most egotistical state?—Me.
The sickliest state?—Ill.
The most maidenly state?—Miss.
The most medical state?—Md.
The most paternal state?—Pa.
The mining state?—Minn.
The most self-confident state?—Kan.
The deepest in debt state?—O.

—The Transit Guest.

THE CAUSES OF CRIME.

(News and Observer).

It is much easier to set down the conditions or lapses that can be called the causes of crime than to name or carry out the remedies. All the same it is well to have a diagnosis. That is the first step. A South Carolina judge recently made a catalogue of the reasons why crime is prevalent. He gave nine causes, as follows:

1. The carrying of concealed weapons.

2. The persistent violation of the prohibition law.

3. Illiteracy and ignorance. Eighty per cent of the crimminals are those who never reached the third grade in school. Fifteen per cent were high school men, and five per cent were college men.

4. The tendency to confuse license with liberty.

5. The failure of petit jurors to do their duty.

6. Delay in the administration of justice. Lawyers are to blame for the laws delay. The practice of law in a great many instances has degenerated from a profession to a game.

7. Operating under antedated criminal law and procedure, which needs reformation.

8. Failure of the parents to rule their homes. The breaking of the home is the failure of parents. Dances begin now at 12 o'clock.

9. Failure to carry the tenets of our Sunday School religion into week days.

The jurist should have stressed the failure of judges to exercise the large powers given them to prevent packing juries, their fining convicted men who ought to be sent to prison, and their seeming lack of righteous indignation at methods that defeat justice.

Back of all, there is another reason: the indifference of the public to law violations and their failure to back up officials who do their full duty.

With a jolt the car came to a sudden stop in the middle of a busy street. The self-starter refused to act, and the driver was forced to dismount and endeavor to crank up the engine with the aid of the starting handle. For five minutes he twirled the handle furiously, while a small crowd collected, and then at length an old lady stepped forward and pressed a penny into the perspiring motorist's hand. "My good man," she said gently, "I wish all barrel organs were as quiet as yours." —The Tattler.

"BUCKING McLEAN."

(Lexington Dispatch).

"Either an effort is being made to organize a sentiment against the McLean program in the forthcoming Legislature, or else some of the newspaper correspondents are hearing plentiful rumors that contain material for readable stories. The former is likely the situation, in view of some distinct signs that have been observable for weeks.

The McLean program since the last Legislature has undoubtly worked well and has justified much of the sanguine hope expressed for it at the beginning. But this program was revolutionary in some respects. It interfered with the peace and comfort of some who did not care to be disturbed. It was bound to arouse some opposition.

Governor McLean, however, no doubt fully understood that this reaction would naturally result from the operation of his plan for a better business system in the operation of the State government. He did not announce this program until he had the facts in hand. And that is the hopeful part of of it for the administration in the coming session. It will undoubtly be able to show irrefutable figures to justify what has been done, and to justify further steps in the same direction.

Naturally a balanced budget system is not going to permit everyone to have what they ask for. Even the old budgetless, hit-and-miss system would not permit everybody to heap their plate as high as their appetites desired.

Somehow we have a feeling that the sentiment among the folks at home Loanhahtetiuo rvatMeehthethetheth is too largely on the side of the McLean program to permit it to be overturned by any rebellion at this stage."

A STATE CONSTABULARY.

There is deep interest and much approval of the suggestion of a State constabulary, recently advocated by Highway Commissioner Page. Until last week it was supposed that Mr. Page thought it should be under the control of the Highway Commission and paid out of aState license tax to be imposed on all drivers. Mr. Page now makes it clear that he does not wish the constabulary under his department and that the problem of financing is one for the Legislature.—News and Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

John Keenan, a former boy of this institution was a visitor here last Sunday.

The boys of the carpenter shop have been busy during the last few days painting the fire hydrants.

The boys had to remain in their cottages most all day Sunday, on the account of the rough weather.

During the past few days a large number of boys have been shucking corn. The barn boys have been hauling the corn from the fields.

Christmas is 'a comin',
'A coming on 'a run,
Help us to enlarge
Our Boys' Christmas Fund.

The boys in the band have been practicing regularlly during the last month. The boys sure have been progressing rapidly under the direction of Mr. Bush, our bandmaster.

Four hogs were killed by Mr. Talbert, Mr. Ritchie and a number of boys. The hogs were soon made into sausage which will be given to the boys at an early date.

The boys on the paint force have been doing some good work, by finishing the dairy barn in a few weeks. They are expecting to start painting in the bakery soon.

Mr. Poole has been teaching Prof. Johnson's school section boys during the past week. Chances are that we'll have to call him a "Prof." too.

Several days last week, the ice plant was put in operation after it had been idle for some time. A boy has been given the position of staying there, to run it.

The boys all went to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The basket-ball team practiced all afternoon. The other boys engaged themselves in such games as football and horseshoe pitching.

Two new flags arrived at the institution recently and they were put into immediate use. These new flags were put in place of the old ones which have been in use during the past several months.

During the past few days the weather has changed considerably. It has begun to get cold sure enough, although "Mr. Weather" seems to have waited a long while before he sent his "real cold weather." The weather reports prophesy that the weather will get colder every day. No doubt, but we will have snow during Christmas.

Recently Mr. Ben Dixon MacNeill, a writer for the News and Observer came out to the institution to make a visit. Not only did he come back to visit us but also left his idea of how the boys here could sing. All the boys like to sing, and all join in heartily when it is started. (If

you don't believe it just ask Mr. MacNeill, or come and hear them.) This they do and most everyone who comes to visit us, and hears the boys sing, come back to visit us again. Wonder if that was what brings most all the visitors back? We were very glad to have Mr. MacNeill visit us again and hope that he will come again, soon.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly conducted the religious services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His text for the sermon was "Be ye therefore perfect." Rev. Lyerly took three verbs from which he talked to the boys about. "To have," was the first one and it means to possess. "It's all right to have some things. "To do" was the next verb, and "To Be" was the last, and this is to be a man. To have a character, and a good one. You can't put on character like a Sunday coat. You have to build up your character; have a good reputation, instead when being in one certain crowd you have a good reputation, and being in another not have such a good one." Rev. Lyerly's talk was well illustrated and was very interesting.

"Ruth and Naomi," was the lesson text for last Sunday. This lesson tells us that when we show our loyalty is when everything seems to go wrong. Ruth showed her loyolty for Naomi by saying: "Thy God shall be my God; thy people, my people, where you lodge, I will lodge, and where you die I shall die and be buried." This showed her loyalty and also when she gleaned in the fields to support her mother-in-law she still loved. All of us never have much of a chance to show how much loyalty we really have until something happens in our lives, just as in the life of Uaomi. She had lost her two sons and husband by death. She started back to Bethlehem, a city sixty miles away. Ruth went with her to the Borderlands, but there she did not turn back as Orpah did. She loved Naomi and stayed with her. Naomi finally changed her name to Mara, which means bitterness; sorrow. The leading thought for this lesson was "Showing Loyalty."

TRUE IN ALL PERIODS.

Spoke Woodrow Wilson: "I have not read history without observing that the greatest forces in the world and the only permanent forces are the moral forces."

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M.

PERIODICAL ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 18, 1926 No. 3

THAT WHICH LIVES.

Let us remember that what we do for ourselves dies with us, but what we do for others lives long after we are called hence.

Let it be our endeavor to live for the good of others. The greatest good we can do in this old world of ours is the service we can render to our fellowman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

WORTH.

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary.*

THEY SHALL LEAD US.

The greatest and best problem that confronts the world is childhood. Who is not interested in a child? That person, whose soul has not been introduced to the finer things of this life. You may take a score of individuals who have reached the period of maturity and by applying the rule, "it is more blessed to give than to receive" nine times out of ten you can tell what influences prevailed on them in childhood.

Step on a child, mistreat him, and you have invited a resentment even from the most heartless cuss that walks the street—surely a litle child shall lead us.

Mrs. L. A. Fisher and Miss Addie White sponsor a King's Daughters Circle amongst a number of little misses of our community. They go about do-

ing good to the less fortunate. It touches one to see with what zest these precious little girls enter into their deeds of helpfulness.

Consult our Christmas Fund. There you see a voluntary gift from these little misses. Forgetting themselves, they have looked out upon the horizon and they have found that at this institution there are over four hundred youths, practically orphans, who have heard of Santa Claus, who have learned since here the story of the lowly Nazarine and what it all means. Let these youngsters go unremembered at the gladdest of all seasons! Never. And these precious little women of another year began in their childhood innocence to taste of the joys of giving.

The Uplift, which is sponsoring this Christmas Fund to the end that our youngsters, who have Christmas in their little hearts just like other children, may taste of the season's fullness, is touched by these little girls voluntarily, unselfishly and without the remotest blood ties, adding their contribution to the Fund.

Boys of the Training School, we site you to this example of thoughtfulness for others. Let the act be unto you an inspiration.

The following young misses of Concord constitute the Silver Cross Circle: Ida Patterson, president; Hazel Gardner, vice-president; Margaret King, Secretary; Mariam Cannon, treasurer, and Alice Armfield, Sara Boger, Nancy Dayvault, Sarah G. Davis, Caroline Ivey, Sarah F. Fisher, Orchard Lafferty, Claudia Moore, Louise Means, Martha Means, Pauline McFayden, Carale Means, Susie Mund, Margaret E. Peele, Billy Pike, Lila G. Pharr, Virginia Pharr, Caroline Rowan, Gertrude Ross, Virginia Smart.

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SOUTH HAS GREAT ASSET IN RESOURCES OF POWER.

The great asset for the development of industry which the South has in its resources of coal and water power is the subject of the third of the series of advertisements being carried by the Southern Railway System in national publications having a circulation of 10,000,000.

This advertisement, appearing in the December magazines under the caption, "Towers of Southern Industry," is illustrated by a view of a modern electric transmission line crossing the Southern mountains and reads as follows:

"Great towers and slender steel march Indian file up over the wooded hills and down through valley fields, carrying power and light to the farms, homes and factories of the South.

"The rapid increase in the production of electricity in the South, from

water and steam power, is an outstanding industrial achievement of our time. It has risen more than 275 percent since 1912—in the rest of the country about 275 percent.

"Cheap and abundant electricity is a magnet to modern industry. It effects economies and makes for better industrial methods.

"This is one of the many advantages that are making the South a national manufacturing center—that already have made the South the textile center of America."

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OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Calling attention to the fact that there are 450 folks at the Training School, for whom a reasonable Christmas treat must be provided for, The Uplift expressed a wish in the issue of the 27th that there would be forthcoming from various friends contributions to this cause. Responding thus far are:

Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord	$ 10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	10.00
Mrs. Bettie C. Gibson, Concord	2.00
Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, Concord	5.00
Mr. A. B. Pounds, Concord	25.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte	10.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord	35.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
W. B. Ward Co., Concord	50.00
Ritchie Hardware Co.,	25.00
10-13-8 (Cash) Concord	50.00
Mr. Clarence Graeber, Concord	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Pearl Drug Co., Concord	5.00
Efird's, Concord	10.00
R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
W. J. Swink, China Grove	10.00
Kiwanis Club, Concord	17.75
Social Hour Club, Kannapolis	5.00
C. W. Swink, Concord,	10.00
A Friend of many years, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
A Generous Widow	2.50
Total	$347.25

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PICKING A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

Frank Grist, the Commissioner of Labor and Printing for North Carolina,

has gone on record and prophecies the nomination of General Perishing by the Democratic party. He gives his reasons. They are not sound in the light of another urge, some years ago.

The late Gov. Bickett, genial, able and patriotic that he was, was nevertheless the poorest politician who ever reached the high position of governor. That was demonstrated when he urged most vehemently the nomination by the democrats of Hoover—he is a Republican, so is General Pershing.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Historical Society of the State has a strange boarder, or, to be more accurate, a roomer. A marble figure, alleged to be the statue of Virginia Dare, has been presented to the society. It's the product of a strange imagination. And her form of dress shocks Ben Dixon MacNeill.

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The Uplift hopes to make its Christmas edition, which will be issued the middle of next week, a fitting contribution to the glad season.

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The State has been blessed in the years that have passed by the Lucy Hawkins. In this number we tell of one of them.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A bear show will draw a bigger audience than a bunch of accomplished musicians in some cities. You know them, too.

THE DAY'S RESULTS.

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
This day is almost over, and its toiling time is through;
Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word to you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,
Or a churlish sort of "howdy," and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way,
Or is someone very grateful for a deed you did today?

Can you say tonight in partingwith a day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or use it? Was it well or poorluy spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber, do you think that God can say
You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?

—Detroit Free Press.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

LET IT PASS.

Has it been a weary day?
Let it pass;
Lots of others on the way—
They will pass;
Soon the skies will start to lighten,
All around begin to brighten,
And misfortunes cease to frighten—
Let it pass.

Does the world the wrong way rub you?
Let it pass;
Did your best friend seem to snub you?
Let it pass;
Chances are you were mistaken,
None is ever quite forsaken,
All for naught your faith was shaken—
Let it pass.

—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

One of the older citizens of Durham said the other day that when he came to this town it was a little bit of thing. "It had only one policeman," said [illegible] man I got that job. As the town grew they put on another one—a day policeman. I went from night to day policeman. When I came here I was as green as any green grass you ever saw." Getting in a reminescent mood he continued: "I was country green at everything I went at. The first time I was in a barber shop to get a shave, after the barber had shaved my face he asked me if I wanted my neck shaved. I told him yes, and turned right over on my face in the chair. Could anything be greener than that?" he asked me. I told him I didn't think there was; unless it be he took off his shoes in a shine shop, when he wanted his shoes shined.

I spent last Sunday in Warrenton, the capital of Warren county, this state, and it is a capital place. Warrenton is just saturated through and throughout with historic lore. It has many quaint and beautiful homes. The antique and the modern houses keep company with each other in an attractive way. I visited Emmanuel Episcopal church one of the oldest, historic churches in the state. It is solemnly impressive with the venerableness of age. It has ten memorial windows, very attractive, dedicated to the older communicants of the faithful band who have wor- memorial. For once I had the pleasure of receiving the holy communion in this historic place, and a new thrill given my soul in so doing, at an altar where so many saints have knelt. To take a long-desired peep into this church I happened to go there just as Bishop Pinnick began the communion service, It was the day of his official visit there. I was glad he was there as well as myself. The people af Warrenton take great pride in telling visitors of the historic places about the town and especially this church.

Two darkies were discussing a capital case in court, and the probability of the defendant being hanged. One said: "Dey doan't hang 'em any more in Nor'f Car'liny." The other asked what they did to them and the reply was: "Dey jes kill 'em wid elocution."

Mottoes are very nice things to have in offices as well as in homes. Some of the handsomer ones make pretty adornments. When I see them I often wonder if they are really the honest-to goodness sentiments of their owners. You may fill the walls with the most beautiful expressions and the most touching sentiments of life, but if you are a crook, they will not make you a saint. I wonder when I see a motto, "God Bless Our Home," if the inmates are living in a way to invoke a blessing. What a mockery it is to have about you. "Smile," and all are frowning. "Do it Now," and everybody lingering,

hesitating and waiting on some one else to do it. "Help the Needy," and all the time they are tramping down men and women. "Love," and the inmates are harboring hate; envy and malice. And so on. The motto that hangs on the wall does not make the man. It's the motto that one lives that counts.

It is highly amusing to watch the curiosity of folks. Some have this bump to a large degree; some none at all. Curiosity will carry or bring anyone anywhere at least once. It is one of the leading motives of the brain. It is an old motive—it is older than the human race, having originated in the brain of the lower animals. It is one of the mainsprings of progress. It has added much to human knowledge. People curious to know things find out things they never knew before. Curiosity is a help in some things, then again it is a nuisance; when wrongly used. Some folks with curiosity are pioneers; and some, with idle curiosity. are pryoneers. They pry to much. But watch the curiosity of human beings. The man who sells shoes is ever watching the feet of those he meets. The man who sells hats looks at your cranium first, then sizes you down. The haberdasher views you with a critic's eye, and surmises how much better you would look in one of his suits. There is method in some curiosity; and devilment in some others. I don't believe in a person being so curious that he will neglect his business to chase around just to satisfy his curiosity; or peep into and pry into what doesn't concern him just to appease that morbid curious appetite. They are nothing more than curiosity shops, and their stock in trade is very much shop worn. The old adage is "that curiosity killed the cat." From observations of human beings I have about come to the conclusion that cats are not the only things curiosity is likely to kill.

December is a jolly old month! It dances gaily into the calendar, wearing the cap and bells of revelry. It starts off in festive mood, remembering the warmth and cheer of Thanksgiving; and ends with the crash of cymbals as noisy multitudes usher in the New Year, The holidays are happy days for hostesses; guests; for all of us. You can entertain informally; gather friends together and make merry in the good old fashion way. December brings in all the old beloved dishes, and delightful winter games. Fried chicken gives place to sausage, hog and hominy, spareribs, chine, jole, souce, and the cake, family of buckwheat, flannel, pan and flap-jacks, turkey again; plum pudding and mince pies, an ev'rything; even uncomfortable feelings from eating too much.

December brings in Christmas, for instance. Glad tidings. Good cheer. Joy to childhood, and pleasures to old age. Far back across the ages lies smoldering the embers of old Christmas fires. The cooling sparks flare up each year to send their whispered greeting across eternity. "Merry Christmas!" It throbs through all the generations of life. It quickens the pulse like joyous music. It stirs the heart like some rare

old memory. "Merry Christmas!" In an instant we are all children again playing at being grown up! Woven eternally into the traditions of Christmas is the spirit of hospitality Even the pace of great cities slows down a little as strangers pause to offer the hand of good fellowship; as friends outdo one another in gift-making and entertaining. Every one is on tiptoe. Aunts and cousins come a-visiting. College sons and daughters breeze home from school. There's a breath of holly in the air, Yule-tide decorations, smilax, cedar, holly, mistletoe, add a picturesque charm to homes and delight the eye. A spirit of jollity everywhere. Enjoy yourselves, folks. Make others happy.

I see it announced that the "serge blue." felt hat is the most recent addition to the demand for the "apparel blue." It is said the hat will match the blue overcoat, and the blue suit. It is either of the raw edge or raw welt and of the flatbrim type. In color, it is exactly what the name implies and has a band of the same or quite similar blue. Now if men are to adorn themselves in all sorts of fancy colors. I would suggest that they wear the colors suggestive of their feelings, and it will help business men in approaching them and understanding their moods. For instance, if they are up to mean tricks, wear yellow; if blue and cross and snappish, wear blue; if full of pep and energy, wear red; if envious, and jealous of others, wear green; and so on.

Little Mary, four years old. She had had her hair cut and was visiting a neighbor when the neighbor observing it remarked: "My, what a nice haircut you have."" Yes," replied Mary, with a toss of her bobbed head, "mother took me to the barbecue shop yesterday afternoon."

A little Miss was in a Durham shoe store trying on a pair of patent leather shoes. She was asked if they fit. "No," she replied; "they are too tight across the bust."

It has been demonstrated time and time again that anyone can live on love alone—but for a very few minutes.

"Yield not to temptation," is a pretty motto the old famaliar hymn gives. But there are a whole lot of people who go about just looking for temptation to yield. And most people find what they are looking for most in generally.

The people who are such stricklers for sanitation in everywhere, and in everything, but they cannot beat the hen. She delivers the goods wrapped in the original sanitary packages.

There is nothing more interesting than the study of biology, and that it only one of the great sciences. As some study one, and others another, all can say with the great scientist: "My God, I thank thee I can think thy thoughts after thee." With the mystery and marvel of God's material world as yet only vaguely glimpsed, we are beginning to think of the immaterial world; of such things as truth, justice, mercy,kindness, which are not things but qualities, with which

we are acquainted only because we are God's children. The more we try to understand matter, the more we are drvien back to the immaterial field of law; the way in which God manages the material world; and so realize that back of His power in the material world is His greater power in the immaterial.

We are just beginning to try to find the immaterial over beyond the material. I take it that radio is just a bungling effort to get at the immaterial things that are more truly real than the material. The wires and other parts of the radio are the material, but the immaterial harmonies picked up are the real things for which the radio was constcructed.

And so we are beginning to find out a little more about the spiritual side of the universe—the wonderful, mysterious way in which the spirit of Almighty God manifests itself through all material things. A book has no value as a material thing. It is its mental and spiritual content, its contribution to the mental and spiritual self which justifies its existence. And in a certain sense that is true of everything. Unless God becomes the dynamic, the motive power, of my life, I have no life worth living. And if God can so sensitize a needle that it will point always to the pole, am I to think He can do more for that inanimate thing than for me who can feel and think?

GERMAN FOLK SONG.

As many as sand-grains in the sea,
As many as stars in heaven be,
As many as beasts that dwell in fields,
As many as pence that money yields,
As much as blood in veins will flow,
As much as heat in fire will glow,
As much as leaves in woods are seen
And little blades of grass in green,
As many as thorns that prick on hedges,
As grains of wheats that harvest pledges,
As much as clover in meadows fair,
As dust aflying in the air,
As many as fish in streams are found
And shells upon the ocean's ground
And drops that in the sea must go,
As many as flakes that shine in snow—
As much, as manifolds as life abounds about, abroad,
So much, so many times forever, we must thank our God.

OLD STYLE BURYING.

R. R. Clark, in the Greensboro News, calls attention in his fine style to the changes that have taken place during the years in the method of burials. He recognizes the fact that it is expensive to live and too expensive to die or be buried. He fails to tell us what to do about it.

Years ago a cabinet-maker, the late Laban Petrea, who could join two walnut plank together so effectively that it would require an expert to find the joint. School boys bothered his shop, which was never locked. Boys liked to play with sharp tools and Mr. Petrea always had them, when the boys were not about. People were honest in those days—not even corn-cribs, meat-houses or any buildings were honored with a lock.

This man Petrea, with the co-operation of a neighbor, who by the way, was a prominent citizen, had represented his county in the N. C. General Assembly, and very thrifty and looked ahead, got rid of the visits of the boys. He proposed to this ex-legislator that if he would furnish the walnut lumber he would make for his personal use a coffin, as they called them in the good old days, and keep it in his shop until the sad day arrived. It was quickly resolved into an accomplished fact. There are living today grey-headed men, who have passed the zenith of a normal life, who can see that coffin staring at them when they visited Laban Petrea's wood shop in Mt. Pleasant—but the boys first made sure the proprietor himself was at home when they called.

Now to the point; if memory serves us right, the estate of that prominent Cabarrus citizen and legislator encountered a burial expense of less than twelve dollars. No such luck awaits a present-day legislator; but Laban Petrea died a poor man; undertakers today grow rich—that's where the difference comes in.

But read what Clark has to say about this business:

A correspondent of the Shelby Star tells of the burial of Bill Peeler, Confederate veteran of Rutherford county, which was conducted according to the custom of a half century ago. Mr. Peeler had requested that he be buried as simply as his father was laid away—in a home-made coffin untrimmed and lined with black calico; that he be laid in the coffin without shoes; that the grave be dug square; that his remains be hauled to the cemetery (he called it graveyard, of course) in a wagon. His request was complied with as nearly as possible. Friends made the coffin. Black calico was unobtainable and satin was used. Mr. Peeler would no doubt have objected to that if he had been in position to object. Satin wasn't used on his father's coffin. His feet was unshod. The corpse was hauled to the graveyard in a wagon. The services of an undertaker were unnecessary. Friends and neighbors performed the simple services for the dead, just as others had performed a similar service for Mr. Peeler's father. But it was impossible to follow the style of father's burial to the letter. "Many were the flowers sent as a mark of respect and

tribute to the dead veteran,'' says the report. There were no flowers at his father's funeral. Funerals in the ancient time were flowerless. There were few flowers in season and none out of season, and none could be bought. While it isn't mentioned in the report, there were of course automobiles in the funeral procession. They would have to ride in cars or walk. There were no cars at father's funeral.

Multitudes of people now living who were raised in the rural districts (they were ''raised,'' not reared, in the country in former times) remember when an undertaker was unknown. Generally there was an old-time cabinet maker somewhere in the territory who made coffins on order, keeping seasoned lumber on hand for the purpose. If a cabinet maker was not available there were some who could handle carpenter tools. All coffins were made by hand and that means that two or three men worked all night, maybe, to get the coffin ready for the funeral. Friends and neighbors gave their services freely, and sympathetically, to the simple duties necessary to prepare the corpse for burial, and the dead were laid away as decently as circumstances would permit. A wagon was furnished by a neighbor—there was no other means of transportation—to haul the remains. The dead man's team was never used.

The burials of former days were simple and crude as compared with the present. But they didn't cost much. There were no big bills for the family to pay. The sympathy and help at such times were abundant. The neighbors turned out en mass as a token of respect. And there is no reason to doubt that the dead rested just as well.

But the styles in funerals change same as the styles of living. It costs more to live now than it did in the time of Mr. Peeler's father and it costs more to die—to get buried rather. A funeral such as Mr. Peeler insisted in having would now be accounted a dishonor to the dead if it was put on except by request, and in few cases would the request be honored, the demands of fashion being inexorable. And often a serious burden is entailed on the family to provide the style for a funeral.

Man convicted in Greensboro of handling liquor told Federal Judge Yates Webb that he had 24 children; news report credits the Judge with remarking that the man ought to be ashamed of himself—ashamed of selling liquor or having so many children?—Asheville Citizen.

MISS LUCY HAWKINS–THE EDUCATOR.

The following from the Raleigh News and Observer is a pen-picture of an abiding appreciation for a teacher, whose success in the school room is attributable to love for the child and a true spirit of service.

Three generations of pupils gathered at Warrenton on Thursday night to give public expression of their love and appreciation to Miss Lucy Williams Hawkins, principal of the Misses Hawkins school here since 1872 and a teacher since 1867. More than 100 students answering the call of the alumni association came to the banquet at Hotel Warren and others unable to be present sent words of greeting.

Men in dress clothes who formerly slyly tossed a piece of chalk at some matron now, once a girl of school day romance, and children who may some times obey that impulse today were among the guests whose ages ran from 12 to 80 odd, all united in praise to their teacher.

For Miss Hawkins, known to all Warrenton as "Cousin Lucy," is more than a teacher. She is an educator—one who loves children one who leads their minds into inquiring channels, one who impresses upon youth the qualities of Christian living as she patiently teaches the methods of interpreting the laws of life through knowledge. Born in Vance county, then Granville, the descendant of ancestors who wrote their name large upon the calendar of time in county, state and nation since the family came here 190 years ago, Miss Hawkins was reared in that era when gentleness, kindness, courtesy and courtliness ruled, unruffled by the maddening pace of the commonwealth today.

Warrenton appreciates these qualities and grandchildren of former parents, in spite of an excellent public school system, troop to the same building today to learn from the lips and by the example of their teacher the lessons which their forbears cherish. Miss Hawkins was graduated from the Warrenton Female Academy, conducted in the same building in which she now teaches, in 1865.

The old school building was formerly a Presbyterian church and was moved to its present location some time prior to 1848. N. Z. Graves was the first teacher there before the fif were a greatreve-ts e,lttatsiMsetaoin ties and then Daniel Turner. congressman from this district. who married Miss Key. a daughter of Francis Scott Key, opened a school there in 1848. He was followed in 1858 by Edwin E. Parham to whom Miss Hawkins went to school.

Prefacing my question with an apology, I asked: "Cousin Lucy, how old are you?"

"If I'd give folks my age, I wouldn't get a pupil," she replied with a laugh, kind and musical. But she countinues to get both pupils and. results.

From 1867 to 1869, Miss Hawkins ran a private school in Warren county. In 1870 she went to Baltimore where she taught for two years. She returned to Warrenton in 1872 to become principal of the Misses Hawkins school. Her sisters, the late Misses Mary and Liz-

zie Hawkins, and Miss Annie Hawkinskins, now a member of the faculty of the school, went to school to Miss Lucy Hawkins and later joined the faculty. Miss Mary Hawkins was in charge of the boarding department, and Miss Lizzie taught.

"I have had the best patrons, the best pupils and the best health of anybody in the world," Miss Hawkins said. "I have never been out of the school room more than six weeks altogether in the 59 years I have taught. Teaching is a real pleasure to me. I love it, and no one ever had more able assistance than I have had. Lizzie was a splendid teacher of mathematics and Annie is fine as an English teacher."

In 1914 Miss Lizzie Hawkins died, and Miss Annie, who had been working in the United States mint at Charlotte, a portion of the time as an assayer, returned to Warrenton to join the faculty of the school. She and Miss Lucy Hawkins compose the faculty today.

"Are you still teaching the Blue Back Speller for which you were so long famous?" I wondered.

"No, but I'm still teaching Maury's geography."

Miss Hawkins' fame as a teacher of spelling caused Capt. Tasker Polk, a former student who was unable to attend the banquet to, send the following:

" 'In days of old when knights were bold,
And ladies all were fair,
And castles stood on stream and flood,
And giants were everywhere."

"Once upon a time in these good old days there was a terrible giant by the name of Webster. He lived in a castle whose walls were blue, and for that reason he was generally know as 'Blue Back Webster.' Cousin Lucy had charge of the castle, and none of us were afraid of the giant. This giant had a small compact army consisting of a number of columns—the first column being commanded by Captain Baker. In the old giant's castle were a great many crabbed and crooked imps, among which were imprisoned many thoughts. These imps were hid here and there among soiled and tatered leaves, and Cousin Lucy commanded us to release these prisoners from the castle. There were also many shifting numbers of changing value, and it was our duty at Cousin Lucy's command to change these numbers of shifting value to others of changeless worth.

"Cousin Lucy taught us many other things besides the hidden secrets in the old giant's castle. She taught us to be gentlemen and ladies."

Many persons have built upon the foundations of character and knowledge laid in the old schoolhouse and have carried her teachings as they climbed to success in the world, often far removed from the little schoolhouse on the hill. One of her former pupils, George C. Green, of Weldon, delivered the principal address here Thursday night; greetings came from another in Oklahoma, Ben E. Cook, son of the late Judge Charles A. Cook, of North Carolina, and other words of good wishes came from Gen. Albert Cox, of Raleigh; Will Battle, of Roanoake, Va., and a host of others whose hearts turned toward Warrenton on the evening of the alumni banquet.

The loving cup, presented by Miss Mariam Boyd, successful as a teacher in the Waorrenton high school, was but a token of appreciation which strikes a deeper chord. Engraved upon it were these words from Samuel Johnson:

"And sure, the Eternal Master finds
His intrusted talent well employ'd"

That is the verdict of Warrenton and of her former pupils. And we have from this teacher, old in experience but young in a continuing purpose to serve and in her attitude toward life, these words, "I have really enjoyed my work. The only way to be successful is to feel joy in the things one gives their life to. I have always loved children."

BAWLING CONGRESS.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Now is the proud and stirring time in our square-deal Republic when the smart-Aleck commentators whoop up the sport of besmirching, knocking, ridiculing and maligning the Congress of the United States.

They sweep the boards, play no favorites and make no exceptions. Trotting out their hoary libels, lampoons and pasquinades, they give their readers to understand that all Congressmen are fools, four-flushers, loafers or crooks.

They find their lofty inspiration in the ancient advice: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose pen, no matter." Neither the dictaates of fair play nor the cannons of good taste move them to sane discrimination.

For example, a professional humorist, whose laugh-getting capacity depends upon his costume and stage properties rather than his mentality, sought to distinguish his blast against his country's legislature the day before it convened by indulging in execrable vulgarity which verged on blasphemy.

All of these third-rate performers assail Congress as a whole. If they went after individual members of the House and Senate, if they criticized the vote of Mr. Smith or the speech of Mr. Brown, they would be within their rights and duty.

But that sort of thing subjects them to a definite, scathing and hide-searching come-back. They take no chances in their one-sided warfare. For they know that Congress, as a whole, is not vocal when thus slandered. It can not sacrifice its dignity by taking notice of such obscure yelpings and snappings.

The upshot of the situation is that the journalistic Willie-boys, safe in their obscurity, continue to shoot Congressman in the back by snipping at Congress in the mass.

Apparently they are governed by a variety of motives.

One is their conception that slapstick stuff is the only real humor. They are the gentry who sit with frozen faces while hearing the play of delightful and rapier-like wit but shake the ceiling with thunderous guffaw when one clown, weilding an explosive paddle, smites another clown

on his bulging and upholstered paunch.

Another is that this sort of dispenser of malice, being dimly aware of his own littleness, seeks to compensate for it by regarding himself as another Warwick, "proud setter up and puller down of kings," with the emphasis on the "puller down."

And still another is their desire for an alibi for their own lack of patriotism. Deaf to the call to public service, they can not conceive it to be a force in another man's life. Devoid of love of country, they laugh at the idea of anybody's being moved by a high ideal of devotion to America.

But notwithstanding all this, they do a lot of harm. What they are trying to do, purposely or unconsciously, is to undermine patriotism and dynamite public sentiment. And in some degree they accomplish their object. They will accomplish it as long as there are peace-time slackers to read their fulminations.

What they have already accomplished is evident in the comparatively large number of half-wits and yes-boys who belittle and laugh at Congress, say that it is composed of unimportant and inefficient men and charge that both Representatives and Senators go to Washington because they can't earn in private life the equivalent of their official salaries."

That such statements are untrue, stops neither the pens of the slanderers nor the mouths of their disciples. They are out to raise a laugh or to give dubious entertainment, and as long as they do the one or the other, who are they to regret the blasting of a career or the assassination of a character?

In Congress today are men who, having amassed immense fortunes in private life, are gratifying their higher ambition to do something worth while for their country. In both House and Senate are those who, having turned down opportunities for self-enrichment in other forms of work, are satisfied to scrape along on small pay and to face the danger of impoverished old age so long as they can have a hand in legislating for the betterment of the nation.

There are many who labor like truck horses, putting in long hours from which many a successful man in private life would shrink. Nearly all of them give themselves enthusiastically to the heavy and exhausting routine of committee work. As a whole and in the long run, they are magnificently true to their trust.

It is these smart-Aleck defamers who, in trying to smirch and discredit Congress, proclaim themselves astonishingly stupid and small.

The ladder of life is full of splinters, but they always prick the hardest when we are sliding down.—William L. Brownell.

PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

(Oxford Friend).

Knowledge is not only power as has been asserted these many times, but it is dangerous power. Everything has its price; civilization with its wonderful progress no less than butter and eggs. With every good gift there goes a cost for the improper use of it. On that certain good pious folks with a big strain of pessimism say that any departure from what they call the simple life costs more than it comes to. They forget, if they have ever known that advances must take place, bringing their problems and producing their effects, some of which are not good, if the world is not to come to a standstill and start retrogression.

A West Point officer has invented what seems to be the most destructive war weapon yet known. It is a machine gun, weighing a little over nine pounds, less than a pound heavier than the rifle used in the army. The ancestor of this automatic machine gun used in the World War, weighed over 30 pounds, and a number of men were required to work it. The new weapon, as easy of manipulation as a rifle, shoots 500 times a minute, and makes a poor marksman armed with it more dangerous than a dozen bad men of the days of the wild and wooly west.

Thugs and gangsters in cities have already managed to get a few of these guns. Ever since the war there has been a big flare-up of criminality; hold-ups, robberies, murder, and savageries of sundry kinds. Automobiles and better roads, affording quicker and better ways of escape, are great assets of criminals who have been using them to the full. The odds have always been against a desperado when the law went after him with determination. Surrounded by numbers of armed men a few bandits eventually had to give in, but with the advent of the new machine gun the chance of the bandit has been enormously increased.

Few people yet realize that liberty and knowledge have reached the point that they must be regarded from new viewpoints. They are the great makers of civilization and nothing can with safety be done that will weaken them, yet at the same time something must be done to keep them from being used as criminal ends. This can be brought about solely through the intelligent action of law-abiding people. It is a matter of education; a matter of bringing to the public consciousness the necessity for higher conceptions.

The new machine gun is typical of modern advance. The gun was invented to protect; to be placed in the hands of defensive agencies, but as is always the case somebody is eternally fumbling and the criminal population is always on the lookout for fumbles.

Those who advocate the simple life—who advocate going back to times and conditions that they consider better—waste their effort. There is no going back. "Forward" is the eternal marching cry, and those who want to stop and pitch camp for ever or even go back will get run over for their pains.

What can the average citizen do in the arising emergency? Nothing con-

spicuous, nothing of dominant quality. One man can do nothing in the large. But he can practice a principle that if made general would solve the most baffling of problems; that is, he can obey existing laws and present towards all questions with which he has to do an honest, straightforward attitude, with prejudice and selfishness strained off. Eventually civilization must be preserved not by the brains of living generations alone but more by their spirituality.

Most people consider the Golden Rule optional. They will not admit the fact; the average proponent would be indignant if accused of this attitude towards it, but most of us, whatever we may say to the contrary, instinctively feel that we can't put on and take off the Golden Rule as suits the convenience.

The Golden Rule is not optional. It is a necessity; it becomes more necessary every hour.

CREATION.

If I had an acre of land—
O an acre of land!
Within the cry of the hills, the high hills,
And the sea and the sand,
And a brook with its silvery voice—
I would dance and rejoice!
I would build a small house on my land—
So I would, a small home!
Within call of the woods, the high woods,
Within flight of the foam!
And O, I would dig, I would delve.
Make a world by myself;
O I would keep pigs, and some hens,
And would grow apples and peas:
All things that would multiply, flowers
For my hive of striped bees—
If I had an acre of land
Life should spring from my hand!

—Hamish MacLaren.

A CRITIC CONFOUNDED.

(Asheville Citizen).

Ho Ho, and Ha Ha, and other ejaculatory expressinons of merriment at the teacher who has been ketched in a big mistake by the pupil—yes, we said "ketched" deliberately and with confidence that the discomfited professor will not venture any comment on the saying: Seems like teacher don't' know no more than what we do. Teacher in this case is The Greensboro News and the pupils the other newspapers of the State.

The News has come to be accepted as the official critic whose duty it is to correct mistakes in language made by other papers and right religiously has it performed this duty. Sometimes sarcastically and again with deft humor has The News hinted at the misuse of words by the rest of us, and it has been kept pretty busy hinting too because this here English language is a pretty complicated one by heck, and first thing he knows when a feller goes to writing something in a hurry he says something that is against grammar.

The North Carolina journalistic class has accepted The News as a well-meaning mentor and has made little complaint at the kindly chidings because it realizes that these are for its own good. But of course those of us who been bawled out and gotten laughed at by the rest of the class have sometimes considered The News a confounded critic. Now we naturally laugh when the critic is confounded—human nature.

It came about through The Citizen's story that Judge Sinclair had described certain conditions here as "unsanitary." The News benevolently remarked that millions of people made the same mistake in using a word that does not exist. It said that recently there came to it "a tremendously scholarly book, the work of one of the great intellects in North Carolina education." and "yet in the first dozen or so pages 'unsanitary' is found." The News charitably exlained that "unsanitary" is found "nearly everywhere, except in the dictionary.

Promptly rose a clamor of contradiction and a pointing out to The News that "unsanitary" is in the dictionary, and the critic, taking a look in the office copy, did find it there. It thereupon manfully admitted it was in error, although somewhat excusing itself by saying that the word was hidden in a fine type list of obsolescent words at the bottom of a page. It conceded that it had made a mistake.

A mistake. We say so, and a worse mistake than The News realizes. This is in its self-exposure that it essays the role of linguistic critic with no better equipment than Noah's Unabridged. And terms it "the" dictionary! It seems never to have heard of Century, Standard and the monumental Oxford of which most sections are now available. Had the critic looked originally in the Century it would have found "unsanitary" ranked as any other word in good usage—and itself not confounded. Gosha'mighty, teacher! get you a new book.

THE IRONING.

By Eva R. Baird.

Not the family ironing, for the Chinese rarely iron, nor yet a laundry, for it is chiefly in America that the Chinese run laundries. And this was in China. It really wasn't ironing at all as we understand it, but it was called the ironing shop, where cotton cloth was pressed for market. There was a U-shaped stone which rested on a flat base. In the U rested a wooden cylinder not unlike a rolling pin This was rolled back and forth by another U-shaped stone above, which was manipulated by a man's legs which straddled comfortably from one side of the stone to the other. The cloth crept slowly across the lever U as the cylinder under the man's weight rocking on the upper one pressed it smooth.

Bettie and Billie never wearied of watching the blue cloth come through and hearing the ironing man sing his song:

"Back and forth and right and left,
Here the weight and there the heft,
See the yards of cloth come through,
Fresh and smooth and clean and blue"

They always stopped at the ironing shop as they took the hour's walk that mother had decided they were old enough to make alone on the Chinese street.

American children living in China see strange sights, but they are such a strange sight themselves to the Chinese that they attract too much attention. But Mother Berry insisted that courtesy was the same everywhere, and that if they were polite they would have no trouble in passing through the streets. So the people of Lofei had grown used to seeing the manly little American boy and his twin sister pausing, hand in hand, to see any interesting thing.

Old Ironer, as every one called the ironing man, was very friendly to the children. This morning he called good morning, and sang his rolliking ironing song faster than ever, so that the blue cloth came flying through.

"Could children do that?" asked Billy when Old Ironer paused to pick up a piece of cloth and fold it ready for delivery.

"Legs not long enough," said Old Ironer. "Couldn't reach across."

"But couldn't there be a child on each side?" persisted Billy "If Bettie was on one side and I on the other we could balance, couldn't we?"

"Come and try it," said Old Ironer, as he dragged in some fresh cotton and placed it around the stone for possible falls.

Billie helped Bettie up one side, while Old Ironer steadied the stone. Then he climbed up the other side himself.

"Ready?" said Old Ironer, and let go. And they did exactly balance. But they didn't rock.

"Now I'll jump," said Billie, "and then you jump Bettie. And we'll keep it going."

"Don't! Don't!" said Bettie, "I'll fall." So Billie waited for Bettie to muster up her courage. A crowd had gathered at the door to watch the performing children. Old Ironer's two big boys began to sing: "Back and forth, and right and left,"

Bettie suddenly inspired to action, jumped without warning. She landed in the pile of cotton one one side while Billie sprawled on the other amid the laughter of the crowd. The children picked themselves up and brushed the fuzzy cotton from their blue serge coats.

"It could be done," declared Billie stuotly. "If Bettie were a boy, we could do it."

"Come again," said Old Ironer, as the children started home.

"We'll come tomorrow," said Billie.

Everybody knows how things will all happen at once sometimes. Old Ironer hadn't been out of his shop a day since New Year. But less than an hour after Billie and Bettie had tried to run the iron he received an urgent message regarding a business transaction which he had guaranteed for another man several years ago, demanding his immediate presence. In great haste he departed in the chair that had been sent for him.

And in less than another hour his best customer appeared at the door of the shop in great haste for the delivery of his cloth. Old Ironer's agreed that this was the day it was due, but a few days more or less rarely mattered. She doubted if her husband had even thought of the date. The two big boys, called Big Brother and Two stood listening to the conversation.

"Could the cloth be ready tomorrow?" asked the customer. Mrs. Ironer was afraid it could not. Her husband would be gone from home three days.

"It's the end of my patronage," said the cloth merchant angrily. "If my cloth isn't pressed by tomorrow at noon, it's the last piece that ever comes into this shop." Big Brother and Two had been whispering together, and suddenly Big Brother stepped forward, a manly lad of fourteen.

"Master Merchant," he said, your cloth will be ready.

"It had better be," was the answer, as the irate customer departed in his chair.

"What in the world do you mean?" asked the boys' mother.

"We're going to do it," said Two, "the little foreigner's way."

"You can't," said their mother skeptically.

"Watch us," said Big Brther as they brought in more of the cotton crop that their father had brought in for Billie and Bettie.

Their mother steadied the rocker as Old Ironer had done in the morning. And twelve-year-old Two, who was large for his age, co-operated more intelligently than Bettie had. There were some falls on the cotton, of course, but presently, with hands clasped together and swaying bodies, they got the swing of it, and the blue cloth was creeping through as smoothly with two boys on the rocker as it would with a man's divided weight.

Billie and Bettie, true to their promise, paused at the ironing shop on their morning walk the next day, and, to their amazement, found the ironing being done exactly as Billie had said it could be.

"I knew it could be done," said Billie jubilantly. "Let's sing for them." And their voices piped out shrilly on the ironing song:

"Back and forth and right and left,
Here the weight aid there the left,
See the yards of cloth come through,

Fresh and smooth and clean and blue.''

And this was the scene that Master Merchant found when he came for his cloth, the two husky Chinese boys rocking the stone while the little Americans sang.

''What's all this?'' he asked gruffly.

''Your cloth, Master Merchant,'' said Big Brother as he and Two jumped together from the rocker, and, after making polite bows, began folding up the last piece.

''Looks to me as though this shop would pay to stick for another generation,'' said the satisfied customer as he took his cloth and went on his way.

PAYING FOR A SEAT IN THE GRANDSTAND.

It is reported that 15,000,000 Americans this year paid $30,000,000 to see the football games of the season which has just closed—a snug sum for one form of play. At the Army and Navy game in Chicago 110,000 persons paid to watch 22 college lads play to win. That is to say, those who played to win were but a handfull as compared to the multitude that paid to watch. Yet we call ourselves a nation of athletes. Are we? Certainly not.

The same is true of the great national game baseball. The average American is a grandstand player. He pays the price, sits through the nine innings, abuses the umpire perchance, and then goes home with the glad consciousness of being an authority in baseball.

What does it all mean? Simply this, men are trying to buy their play. But there are a great many things that money cannot buy, and play is one of them. Why not learn to play if it be nothing better than mumble peg or marbles? Quit paying and begin to play would be a timely motto.

But there is a tendency among those who buy their play to buy many other things. Why toil to be musician when it is easier to buy one's music by the roll? Why take the time to read a book when one can look at a movie? Why visit the poor and sick when one can make a contribution? Why not pay to build one's church, to hire those who sing and those who preach and let it rest at that? In a word, why not make life and civilization a grandstand performance by the purchase of a ticket at the gate—Greensboro Advocate.

COMRADES OF THE STORM.

By M. Wilma Stubbs.

This is an outdoor age. To be quite up to the minute, you must revel in hikes and tobogganing and skating in winter and in camping and out-of-doors sports in summer. You see, folks got in the habit of staying indoor so much that tuberculosis and a lot of other ills were ready to pounce upon them and devour them. Then somebody discovered that out-of-door air and sunshine are a lot better than medicine. And now everybody believes it.

Well, the Snow Buntings learned that a long while ago. At least, the practice it, whether or not they know why they do. And who ever heard of a snowbird having tuberculosis?

The Woodpeckers are hard at work hollowing out winter lodgings when the Snowflakes arrive from the northland. For Downy, you know, likes nice snug winter quarters for the long below-zero nights and the driving storms.

Whence and whither? The Snow Buntings, I mean. Downy, of course hasn't traveled farther than Farmer Somebody-or-Other's fruit orchard. However, the Snowflakes are better travelers than that—much better. They may have traveled all the long way from Labrador or Greenland or the British or Alaskan shores of the Artic Ocean.

The neighbors are all glad to have the Snow Buntings back again—Chickadee, with his merry "Dee, dee, dee," the Lapland Longspurs; Brown Cap, the Winter Chippie; and even the busy Nuthaches. And why shouldn't they be? As cheery a lot of winter visitors as you will find anywhere in birddom are the Snowflakes, full of frolic even in the storm. That is where they outdo even the Chickadees. For Master Chickadee, on stormy winter afternoons, seeks his home early—a snug, hollow branch or maybe a nice birdhouse that some thoughful person has provided, where he is protected from wind and snow. Not so the Snowbirds. They whirl in upon us in the first storm and all winter seem to love to play hide and seek or tag with the real snowflakes.

Perhaps you are already acquanited with these dainty little folk in brown and black and white winter suits. Perhaps many times you have seen them running along the country roads in search of undigested grain, or listen to their warble and whistled call notes from the weedstalks in the field. You know, then, that nothing daunts them not even a below-zero January "cold spell." If anybody, or any bird, in all the world really loves winter, it is surely the Snow Buntings.

The reason, a reason, is not far to seek. They are born in Winterland. You remember we said they might have come to us from the barren lands or the tundras or even from far- away Greenland or Ellesmere Land. Somewhere at least in the northland, we may be reasonably sure, is the place of their birth, and usually they return to this Polar home very early in the spring or rather late winter. There, in lands of ice mountains and

singing cataracts, of brightly flowered tundras and great ice rivers, of a never setting sun and an endless summer day, they build their nests on the ground, lining the snug little cradles warmly with feathers. They have to build on the ground, for there are no trees up there, you know, at least no trees growing up into the air. Instead, the few willows and the like braving the Arctic winds spread out into tangled mats or branches, hugging the ground closely.

By the time he arrives in his Boreal home, Daddy Snowflake will have shed the rusty feather tips of his winter coat and will flit about resplendent in a new spring suit of shining jet black and spotless white. He will practice, too, his sweet little song, which he never sings in his winter home. In fact, his is about the only really musical song one hears in the Polar Uorth, where, nevertheless, bird life in summer is very abundant.

The doors of your soul are open on others and theirs on you. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence—an influence compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble.—Horace Bushnel.

"UNSANITARY."

(Greensboro News).

"Take your railroad stations and your passenger stations in the smaller towns—outside the larger towns, they are a disgrace." So Judge Sinclair is telling Superior court grand juries, the quotation being from a recent deliverance in Buncombe. As a rule he finds "county boards of health are worthless." The judge has been impressed with "the fact that we are living in a dirty state. The average man does not realize that, does not stop to think about it. Our state board of health is doing a great work, especially in its tubercular campaign; but I tell you, gentlemen, in nine-tenths of the markets in the towns of North Carolina there are unsanitary conditions that are a menace to the public health." (Judge Sinclair might find interesting things in the hotel and restaurant kitchens, of this and other states, boards of health or no boards of health; but that is another story).

We seem to recall that the judge has been confiding his conclusions along this line to grand juries for quite awhile, and the Chapel Hill Weekly has uttered fervent amens to the observations about depots. But he is using a word which has a status perhaps unique amongst the many thousand in the language; the work "unsanitary," which, officially, may be said not to be in the language at all. At least, it does not seem to be in the biggest and latest Webster dictionary. The Asheville Citizen quotes Judge Sinclair as using it, and like as not

he does. Millions of people do. Lately there came to this desk a tremendously scholarly book, the work of one of the great intellects in North Carolina education. It has been edited with the utmost care; no doubt by the best copy-readers the pubishers have, and also by its meticulous author. In the first dozen or so pages "unsanitary" is found. No doubt it is frequently to be met with in the columns of the Daily News—and we wish nothing more in need of explanation might ever be.

You find "unsanitary" pretty nearly everwhere, except in the dictionary.

All truth is safe and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward, or a criminal, or both.—Max Muller.

RETIRES IN ORDER TO SERVE COUNTRY.

Through courtesy of the Scottish Rite News Bureau we have received an interesting item which tells of a New Yorker who has retired from business in order that he may devote his energies to the promotion of Americanism. Judging from the excerpt taken, the member of the Stock Exchange who sold his seat for the purpose alluded to will give special attention to the immigrant problem. One of the big jobs Americans have is that of fitting for citizenship aliens who have entered the country and providing the conditions that will give their children all the privileges enjoyed by native born American children and cause them to accept the responsibilities that go with American citizenship.

Here is the item referred to:

After thirty-six years as a member of the New York Stock Exchange, Dwight Braman has sold his seat for $160,000 to devote the rest of his life to the service of his country. He wants to devote all of his time to the work of the Allied Patriotic Societies, of which he is president and co-founder. To disseminate the teaching of the English language to the millions of ignorant foreign born in our midst, to prevent the wholesale immigration of undesirables, to do his part in offsetting the use of America as a dumping ground by European nations, are the ends toward which he will labor.

"Wall Street is not the most important thing in the world," he told a reporter of the New York Sun. "We must give these poor ignorant people who come here from abroad a chance to live happily. And we must keep out undesirables. Somebody has to do this work, and I might as well do it. But it is easier to found a nation of 3,000,000 than it is to perpetuate one of 123,000,000 with people in it speaking forty-three different languages."

It is Mr. Braman's idea that if the immigrants are taught English they

will spread out, leave the little foreign districts they establish in the big cities, and go into farming and other industries.

The method of disseminating knowledge of English which is employed by the Allied Societies is to teach the children to teach their parents. There are 800,000 foreign born, non-English speaking people in New York alone, Mr. Braham said, and only 56,000 of them go to night school,'' he said. ''The young teach the old. And our method is begining to take hold. Out in Chicago two weeks ago the Board of Education established it, and in San Francisco they're thinking of taking it up, too.''

Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.

WANTS PRACTICAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT.

Members of the State Board of Education Commission Saturday sounded out opinion in Wilson County on educational problems. Here for the commission were Stanley Winborne, of Murfreesboro; F. W. Morrison, assistant executive secretary, and M. C. S. Noble, Jr.

F. W. Boswell, of Old Fields, said his children knew more about Socrates than they did about everyday affairs. He said he would like them to know the amount of money received in taxes and what this money is paid out for. He lamented the absence of practical education, saying his children did not know how to write a check. He said he favored more technical education and less ancient history. Mr. Boswell said he was willing to be taxed to help buy books for those who were unable to buy them.

W. R. Dixon said he was in favor of the State furnishing textbooks to all children, rich and poor, alike. T. J. Ellis favored furnishing books up to the seventh grade, but not higher.

Mr. Dixon said he was opposed to an eight months school for the reason that there are so many farmers who cannot work and house their crops without the aid of their children. Orren Bullock and others expressed opposition to eight months schools for the same reason advanced by Mr. Dixon.

Doane Herring, chairman of the County Board of Education, said that landlords and tenants could not finance tenants except as these used their children in farming their crops. He pointed out that all the white schools in the county are running eight months, but attendance is compulsory only six months.

Professor Coon discussed the equalization fund of the State and county. He stated that he was opposed to a uniform system of schools in the State, adding that it was a foolish idea and that it could not be enforced. If the uniform system

law is passed, Mr. Coon said, there would be more school inspectors traveling about the State than there are Prohibition agents.

He went on record as favoring the minimum State regulation, and he recommended that the equalization fund be used to make counties accept the consolidation system.

Mr. J. W. Cox was opposed to adding to taxes in the face of low priced cotton. Mr. Cox paid a high compliment to Mr. Coon. He said he was the best school superintendent in the State.

Taking a vote of those present on the proposed eight months school term the committee found the audience about evenly divided on the program.

SPEAKING OF TREES.

(The Pathfinder).

A branch from a weeping willow tree planted at the original tomb of Napoleon at St Helena in 1821 has been planted in the Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia. The branch of the famous tree was presented by Cuyler Reynolds, of Albany, N. Y., and was accepted by Secretary of War Davis on behalf of the government.

The ancestors of all the weeping willows in this country stands on the Curtis estate in Virginia. A traveler in Syria once sent Alexander Pope a box of figs in which was a twig from one of the willows upon which the exiles hanged their harps beside the rivers of Babylon. The twig was planted by the Thames and it grew into a beautiful tree. A British officer who came to this country during the Revolution brought with him a slip which he intended to plant when the colonists were subdued. But this didn't happen and he gave the slip to John Curtis.

There are many interesting trees scattered over the world. Probably th largest tree in Europe is a chestnut growing on the slopes of Aetna. It has a circumference of 160 feet and has sheltered 100 horsemen at a time. Beside the grave of Abraham in Palestine stands the oldest oak in that land. Under its branches, according to legend, the Terrible Three rested before they departed to destroy the city of the plain.

The trees of the new world are the largest. Venezuela is said to possess the real giant of them all. It has a circumference of some 561 feet. It was discovered by Guerro in the sixteenth century and was visited by Humboldt in 1800. Mexico claims the oldest tree in the world. A cypress at Oaxaca, measuring 176 feet around, is said to be at least 5000 years old.

Some of the Sequoias in California are 4000 years old. The ancient dragon tree of the same age, on Teneriffe, was destroyed in 1868. The sacred baobab of Senegal is estimated to be 4500 years old. A famous tree, though not so old, is an olive in Greece under which Plato and Socrates sat; centuries later Saint Paul sat under it as he debated with the Athenians. Its gray branches still bear fruit.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

During the past week a large number of the boys have been busily enengaged in cutting wood.

The paint force boys have started to work, painting the interior of the bakery. They need to be congratulated for their work on the dairy barn.

Several days last week we had a considerable amount of bad and rough weather. We all hope that it will soon clear off and the sun will again shine.

The boys all interested themselves in games of amusement at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The most interesting game in which a number of boys took part was the game of soccer.

Repairs have been made on the bell. This bell has been in service approximately for five years. It has rendered to us it's best service and now is being strengthened so it will give us more service in the future.

"The Boy Samuel," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells us of a boy that was called by God when he was only twelve years of age. Three times did God call before His voice was finally answered. Thinking that Eli called him Samuel ran and said: "Here am I for thou didst call." The fourth time Samuel said: "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." Then God told Samuel that He was soon to judge the household of Eli. Eli's two sons had not been good men, Eli knew this and did not correct them from doing their misdeeds. For this the Lord told Samuel that which He was going to do. The next morning Samuel did not go to Eli with this news, possibly because his love for him was so that he knew if he told Eli that this would hurt him very much. But Eli only said that this was the Lord's will and that He knew best. This was a very interesting lesson. The golden text was: "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."—1st. Samuel 3:9.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. C Herman Trueblood conducted the sevvices in the auditoruim. He read a passage of Scripture from the Gospel according to Mark. He talked the boys about the different "ships" in our life. "We all are ships on the sea of life. The first of these "ships" which I am going to tell you about is 'kinship,' 'friendship,' 'fellowship,'. Then 'stewardship, and 'partnership.' When the men were in the boat upon the lake that the storm had made rough and also made the occupants of the boat afraid; they called and said to the man in the most hindermost part of the boat: 'Master, would you have us perish?' And He arose and stretched out His hand over the lake and the wind ceased. The other men of the boat were astonished and amazed that He could do this thing. God told them that they did have little faith. Rev. Trueblood's talk was a most inter-

esting one and all the boys hope that he will come out and talk to them again, soon.

Well—its only a week from today and all of us know what day this will be. No use to mention it yet. We already have $247.25 toward giving all the boys a Christmas treat. All are looking forward to that day which is not far off, now. In most of our newspapers we read: "How We Should Celebrate Our Christmas —and the Christmas Holidays." No doubt all the boys at this institution will have their good times and also celebrate our Christmas holidays in the right way. Already some of the boys here have, by this time, received a card from some of their home-folks, or perhaps others who are wishing them a Merry Christmas. Although these cards have been sent to them a week ahead of time this is a good idea, and also to avoid the usual mail rush. It has also a greater effect on the sender and also the receiver of the card. Later on probably all the boys will receive a card of greetings—and also a New Year's with—these also will the boys be glad to receive. Maybe the change in most of us during the past several weeks has been due to the oncoming of these holidays—or as we should say "we have Christmas in our bones." This spirit has seized about all of us by now, and probably it will get someone else that hasn't yet been taken into its clutches.

THE UPWARD ROAD.

I will follow the upward road today,
  I will keep my face to the light,
I will think high thoughts as I go my way,
  I will do what I know is right;
I will look for the flowers by the side of the road.
  I will laugh and love and be strong,
I will try to lighten another's load,
  This day as I fare along.

—The Girl's Own Book.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M

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Carolina
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The Uplift

VOL. XV. CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 25, 1926 No. 4

Christmas

Nearly two thousand years ago, on the first Christmas Eve, the holy Star of Bethlehem gleamed as the symbol of the most sublime event in history. Watching and waiting that night those Three Wise Men of the East had Faith in their hearts—Faith serene, invincible.

Every worthwhile human achievement since has been in some measure based upon Faith. The professional man, the captain of finance and industry, the artist, the craftsman at his task—all need Faith to carry on successfully.

Thus the true spirit of the Christmas Season is best evidenced by the expression of Faith in our fellow-men and in the many worthwhile things which have helped in our development.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

THE MADONNA.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

CHRISTMAS.

'Tis Christmas, hark! the merry bells
Are chiming loud and clear.
Of love and hope, their pealing tells;
Be still, my soul, and hear
The story old. Two thousand years
Have passed since Christ was born
And, still, it ever new appears
In hearts of men, each Christmas morn.

THE EVENT.

It is a fact that no event in all history has received the recognition or observance as is accorded to Christmas. It is not confined to any one country nor to any one people or nationality. It is an event that attracts the attention of all people, whether they be believers in the story of the Nazarine or not.

It is inconceivable to think of any event than the birth of a Saviour, for which the world had been looking for two thousand years, could bring to its celebration, year after year, such hosts of people throughout the world where the story had been told.

There are people who sometimes lament the exchange of presents, the giving of gifts and the contribution to one's pleasures and enjoyment. But after all it has had the effect of bringing to the attention of the world the greatest

event of the world. In other words, it sets an example of unselfishness and oftentimes sacrifice and—Love.

It was love that conceived and gave to the world the greatest gift of all times—a Saviour.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

JOY UNCONFINED.

The whole campus is thrilled. There is a reason. The over four hundred population here has unmistakable proof that the good people back in the busy affairs of life are very mindful of the interest, entertainment, pleasure and welfare of the youth committed to this institution.

For the fourth time members of a distinguished and outstanding family have given substantial expression of their helpful consideration for the cause in which the Jackson Training School is engaged.

The Uplift announces with genuine joy and deep appreciation of a late gift that was practically slipped in unbeknown to us by Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Cannon.

There was installed in the past few days in our auditorium a $3,000.00 Theater Pipe Organ, Christmas gift by these generous and thoughtful people. It fits in most beautifully and completes the equipment of the auditorium. The organ is a handsome piece of furniture, full of melody and makes glad the heart of all.

Just a few years since Mrs. J. W. Cannon gave to the institution fifty-eight thousand dollars for the erection and furnishing of a beautiful and useful building—The James William Cannon—a memorial to her distinguished husband.

The Uplift knows it to be a fact —not a theory—that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Speaking for the Board, the officers, and the boys The Uplift is profoundly grateful for this late expression of these most choice citizens.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

WE ARE FORTUNATE.

The boys and all the others who constitute the population of the Jackson Training School have ample reason and excuse for being extremely happy—happy in the realization that generous friends have so cheerfully and finely responded to the call for a Christmas Fund. What their generous contribution will supply in Christmas goods is not all by any means.

The fact that people on the outside see to it that these youngsters have

a full Christmas is not lost in the grand total. Every boy on the campus feels a pride in the thoughtfulness and consideration of these generous donors —his little heart throbs as he contemplates that Mr. So and So, Mrs. So and So, and Miss So and So, while no akin to him, in fact does not know him, forgetting self went about enjoying the real and vital spirit of the season—that's what makes the whole performance so pleasing.

In this gratitude the officers and teachers share, being happy over the fact that others have it in their hearts to see childhood, wherever found remembered at this glad season.

For all of them The Uplift, obsessed with a joy over the outcome, wishes to express genuine thanks to all who made our Christmas Fund such a success. In the language of Tiny Tim:

"God bless us everyone!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HOW WE ALL FARED.

Before you read these Ramblings again Christmas will have come and gone. May the spirit of Christmas cheer spread o'er the land this week, and remain with us throughout the coming year. Christmas! Childhood's fondest dreams! What memories it brings to us whom years have passed by; whose hair, perhaps is sprinkled with a bit o' gray, but whose hearts are ever youthful through this glorious Yuletide season. Let's all be "little tots" for just a happy moment. 'Member that Christmas "way back" when we just couldn't wait for the day to dawn. How we counted the hours 'till the night before when we eagerly sought a place for our stockings by the fireside, only to be rushed off to bed a few minutes later. How mother, when tucking the cover over us would admonish us to "keep quiet or Santy won't leave anything. Go to sleep now, maybe by morning—" But our youthful curoiosity got the better of us. We'd close one eye but keep the other open for a possible glimpse of cheery old Santa en route to the chimney. And we'd lie there and wait for sounds of his sleigh bells—and wait, and wait, until the Sand Man closed our drooping eyelids in dreamless sleep. Later, perhaps we'd be aroused to greet his jovial majesty. Santa. Neverously, we'd toddle into his presence only to be caught up in his arms there to answer what we thought were a million questions before he'd open that bag of gifts we were so eager to look into. How it thrilled us; what-never-to-be-forgotten happiness it brought to us! Time, alas, has passed those joyous moments on to other generations. Christmas to us older ones now has a more significant meaning. It's spreading of good cheer where'er we can;

extending the Yuletide spirit to all man-kind in fulfillment of the Christmas message of "Peace on Earth; Good Will towards men!"—Old Hurrygraph.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

HE RENDERED A CONSPICUOUS SERVICE.

Catawba county and the state have lost a choice citizen in the death, on Wednesday last, of Hon. Charles H. Mebane. Though desperately sick since early in August, the public was not aware of the real seriousness of his affliction.

Mr. Mebane has occupied positions of trust and honor, but the chief one was that of State Superintendent of Education. He came under trying circumstances and public discontent. But, notwithstanding the unusual circumstance of that period, he made a real superintendent. He threw into his work a fine spirit, tireless devotion and conspicuous ability.

Let it be said to his great credit, he was the first state official who had the courage of his convictions and the love of the child to demand from the state a supplementary fund. He broke the ice—he led—he demonstrated how it could be done. Today is it just a question of how much we can get.

Chas. H. Mebane was clean, honest and fearless. He may have erred in some of his positions, but there be none who counted him other than honest and sincere. He was a loyal friend, dating through the years, and we join his many friends and relatives in mourning his passing. He will be missed in the state as a man, as an educator and as a journalist.

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CAN'T AFFORD TO BRAG.

The state press has made note of an address before the Optimist Club, of Asheville, by Judge N. A. Sinclair, who forcibly dealt with several live questions. Among them was that of the proper care of youth. Judge Sinclair's utterances were both sound and timely.

"Every day," said the judge, "I find boys I want to send to Jackson Training School. But I cannot. There is no more room there." In theory Judge Sinclair is correct in this statement. We have the room—room for sixty more boys, but the Maintenance Fund is inadequate. The Board has undertaken the business, in answer to the promise of a former chairman of the Legislative Appropriation Committee, to provide the room, but the State has not responded with the needed maintenance.

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THIS NUMBER.

Missing the issue that falls on January 1, 1927, our readers will find the

present issue a combination Christmas and New Year edition. They will find the several Christmas stories very engaging; and as the old year silently slips away and the New takes its place without a jar, Rev. C. F. Sherrill's contribution will furnish us food for thought as we approach the future.

Oh, it is Christmas, anyway—The Uplift can't stop it but has done its best with the aid of the little printer fellows to let our readers know that we too have Christmas in our hearts.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

In keeping with a custom that has prevailed in this office for years, and a custom that finds favor in many weekly offices, The Uplift will take a week off.

This number, therefore, will be the last issue for 1926 and The Uplift will take a rest along with the boys and officers of the Printing department during the Christmas holidays. The next issue will bear date January 8, 1927.

Now, in wishing all its readers a merry and beneficial Christmas, The Uplift would be untrue to its feelings did it not hope that all its good friends are facing a prosperous and sucessful year.

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The exigency of the occasion makes it impossible to use all our contributions which generous friends have sent in. We particularlly regret passing up Old Hurrygraph's weekly delightful ramblings. But the fine old fellow will be our companion throughout 1927.

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THE AUTHORITY.

Luke 2:8-20.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they had heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

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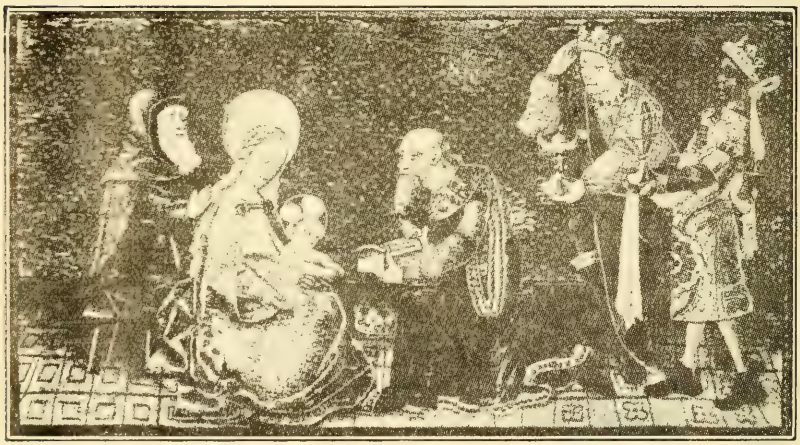
OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Calling attention to the fact that there are 450 folks at the Training School, for whom a reasonable Christmas treat must be provided for, The Uplift expressed a wish in the issue of the 27th that there would be forthcoming from various friends contributions to this cause. Responding thus far are:

Stonewall Circle King's Daughters, Concord	$ 10.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	10.00
Mrs. Bettie C. Gibson, Concord	2.00
Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, Concord	5.00
Mr. A. B. Pounds, Concord	25.00
Mrs. J. S. Myers, Charlotte	10.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord	35.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
W. B. Ward Co., Concord	50.00
Ritchie Hardware Co.,	25.00
10-13-8 (Cash) Concord	50.00
Mr. Clarence Graeber, Concord	5.00
Mr. E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Pearl Drug Co., Concord	5.00
Efird's, Concord	10.00
Mr. R. S. Huntington, Greenville, S. C.	5.00
Mr. W. J. Swnik, China Grove	10.00
Kiwanis Club, Concord	17.75
Social Hour Club, Kannapolis	5.00
Mr. C. W. Swink, Concord	10.00
A Friend of many years, Charlotte	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
A Generous Widow	2.50
Two Sisters, Concord	2.00

Rev. T. W. Smith, Alanta, Ga.	2.00
Miss Martha Cook, Beaver Falls, Pa.,	2.00
Mr. T. M. Shelton, Charlotte	5.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
Mr. Parks Lafferty, Concord	5.00
Mr. G. B. Caldwell, Box Nuts	
Davidson & Wolfe, Charlotte	25.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte	25.00
Mrs. Addie Odell, Concord, Box Oranges	
Kiwanis Club, Winston Salem	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin	25.00
Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, Concord	15.00
Prof. Charles L. Coon, Wilson	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, Kings Daughters, Rockingham	10.00
Total	$523.25



Adoration of the Magi—French Tapestry About 1500.

CHRISTMAS TREE'S ORIGIN IS GIVEN.

By Louise Jackson.

Contrary to popular belief, the Christmas tree, perhaps the most essential feature of the season as we now observe it, is a recent custom in the Christmas celebration The tree was not generally known until the beginning of the nineteenth century, and was not widely introduced into England and France until about 1840. In Germany, however it was used earlier. Goethe in 1774 wrote first of the Christmas tree and described it as being "decorated with candles, fruit and sweetmeats." Schiller, in 1789 called it the "green tree." There was a time when the Christmas tree, which in our age is an accepted symbol which brings joy and pleasure to millions of children, was severely condemned by theologians. But in time it displaced other Christmas rites of olden times.

Carol Singing.

Christmas carols were born seven centuries ago. A wave of heresy was sweeping Italy, and St. Fracisc of Assisi was endeavoring to combat its spread. Therefore, in the little village of Crecia he caused to be built on Christmas Eve a reproduction of the scene in the Bethlehem stable. There were the manger, the ox, the ass. All the properties of a stable were set up in the tiny church. He called the community together and men, women and children came thronging to the church, where they joined in singing hymns. All night the singing went on, while tapers and torches burned, and when it was over the Christmas carol and the Christmas mystery play had been given to the world.

Carol singing has become perhaps the most popular service of the season in churches throughout the country. But it is carol singing out-of-doors in the crisp December air that makes the deepest impression. After years of comparative disuse, they are coming more and more to be a part of the great anniversity. The man who can hear their quaint, medieval tunes without having his heart stirred, is a hopeless Old Scrooge indeed.

In one New Jersey town a carol is sung before every door. The church choirs divide into groups of four and six and see to it that no home is neglected. That town is typical of hundreds where the carols are heard every year.

Through the centuries the carol has lived as a joyous expression of the Christmas spirit, whether sung in a church by a choir or in the snow in the streets by little groups of untrained voices.

A REVISED CHRISTMAS.

By Laura Cromer Hemingway.

Doris Spring made an attempt to shove her work underneath the library desk as the door opened to admit Lucia Wells. But she was not quick enough for it to escape Lucia's attention.

"I'll just bet you are making my Christmas present!" Lucia cried merrily.

"The conceit of some folks!" Doris replied saucily.

"Have you finished all those lovely calendars you were painting for the Exchange?" Lucia asked, with a shade of longing in her voice. If there were anything in the world that Lucia longed to possess it was one of those exquisite little water color calendars that Doris painted. She had tried frequently to buy one at the Exchange, only to be told that she was just too late. They sold like "hot cakes" the pleasant faced young woman had informed Lucia. It was not Lucia's disposition to impose upon the unselfishness of a friend, hence she would not ask Doris to make one specially for her. She knew Doris would accept no pay from her. And Doris needed all the extra money she could earn to help with the expenses of a younger sister she was educating. "The girls" knew only too well that Doris was content to wear shabby clothes, even, in order to give her sister every advantage possible. Even now she was wearing a coat three years old, and it was nothing short of shabby.

Doris reached beneath the desk and pulled forth a deep oblong box which she placed before Lucia.

"I have finished these six, all but a few finishing touches—see—like pasting on the pads and running in the cords. I can do that easilly after closing hours this afternoon," Doris informed Lucia as she turned away to greet a patron.

Having disposed of the patron, Doris turned again, who was holding one by one, each scene off at arm's length to study it admiringly.

"I've been getting a dollar and a half for these this year!" Doris exclaimed in a sudden burst of enthusiasm.

"I don't wonder; they're little gems!" replied Lucia. "I suppose these are already engaged?" she ask-as casually as she possibly could.

"Well, not exactly," Doris answered. "They told me they felt sure they could sell more right at the last—the Christmas rush, you know."

"Yes," said Lucia absently, as she returned the calendars to the box. I'm afraid our gifts don't mean much to you; they are so shabby and insignificant beside yours. You are such an artist, Doris with your needle as well as with your brush."

"You are mistaken," Doris was quick to deny. "My gifts to you girls are really selfish ones. Why, you have no idea how much pleasure I give myself making them! Library patronage always drops off a few weeks before Christmas. Christmas presents and the lure of the shops I suppose. Anyway, I have so much idle time then to make my gifts. It's so quiet and solemn-like sitting here alone working day after day. Why,

my heart just overflows with love for you all—and for everybody, I guess, and I become so thrilled with the real Christmas spirit!''

Lucia cast a searching glance at her animated expression.

''Well,'' she said, ''all I have to say is that you do deserve better treatment from us.''

Two days before Christmas Doris returned to her boarding place later than usual. She had spent an hour in the shops after leaving the library. When she opened the front door she saw the girls huddled together in the sitting room. Helen's voice drifted out to her.

''Oh, Doris won't mind; she understands us well enough to not expect—''

''Sh-h-h!'' some one warned, glancing toward the door. Instantly a hush fell over the group.

It struck Doris as a bit odd; why she could not tell. She was quick to shake off any such impression. She walked in and tried to attach herself to the group as usual. But a a curious feeling of restraint seemed to have seized upon every one. It was not long until they began to offer excuses and one by one left the room. Finally, Doris gathered up her parcels and sought her own room.

Helen's words kept ringing in her ears. They made her feel weak and sick around her heart. What could they mean? She had never before felt herself to be an outsider among these girls. Why had they acted so strangely?

That little imp, Suspicion, is ever ready to step into one's heart at the first opportunity. Although Doris fought to refuse him admittance, he finally forced his way in.

''It's just as Helen said,'' he suggested craftily, ''they never give you anything but store-bought trifles.''

''What of it?'' Doris demanded loyally. ''They can't afford any better. It's not the gift that counts anyway.!''

''No, but they make things for each other—things that you really long for. Remember that black sateen apron?''

For a moment Doris felt that the little imp had scored. She recalled how badly she had wanted a black sateen apron to slip on while tidying the library shelves. Last Christmas Lucia had made one for Helen, and gave her a nail-file!

Again Helen's words came back to her. How they stung! Doris thought of the articles at the library waiting to be wrapped daintily in red and white tissue paper and tied with tinsled ribbons. She had just come in from a search through the shops for sprigs of holly to place beneath each ribbon.

The imp lifted his head again. ''Haven't you any pride—or resentment?'' he demanded.

''Pride, yes; but resentment—well—that doesn't belong to Christmas at all!'' she flung back at him.

''Your friends will think no more of you than you require of them,'' he reminded her testily.

It was a torturing night for Doris. She awoke often, haunted by thoughts that she told herself were entirely un-Christmas-like. She went down to breakfast with her heart feeling cold and leaden with resentment toward these girls who had been her closest friends during her three years in the city. She made it a point to avoid them. Not again would she

permit herself to be excluded from the inner group to which she had felt she belonged. She imagined they regarded her curiously.

Resentment flamed higher in Doris' breast as she stooped before the library desk and looked over the articles she had fashioned in love. They were useful, every one of them, as well as pleasing to the eye. There were laundry bags, handkerchiefs and dresser set. Suddenly she reached a resolute decision.

"I'm going to keep every one of them myself!" she concluded. "I need them, and it's the only way I can get them. Let them give me their trifles; this year I'll return their gifts in kind."

With that decision all the joy-giving Christmas spirit vanished from Doris' heart. Several times she caught herself wondering what had happened to her. But the little imp that had caused the trouble was very careful now not to enlighten her as to the real source of it all. He was entirely too crafty to do that.

Toward noon old Mrs. Farrinleigh hobbled into the library. She selected a book with care.

"I hope you are going to have a very pleasant Christmas," Dorris said, as she stamped the card. Somehow the words sounded cold and automatic on her lips.

"Indeed, I am!" she replied with a smile that revealed a spirit at peace with the world.

"I've actually dreaded this Christmas, my dear," the old lady said. "I have five friendships that have ripened with the years. We have never failed through all these years to make each other some little gift for Christmas. But this year my poor old hands have become so crippled with this dreadful rheumatism that I have not been able to sew a stitch for several months. And, as you know, my dear, I haven't the means to buy anything." A whimsical light sprang into her eyes. "Anyway, I don't believe they would care about a bought present. It's not the gift that counts so much as that touch of individuality we always tried to put into the things we made."

Dorris felt something swell within her heart. She nodded with understanding.

"I'm just going to remind them by these little cards that my heart is right—if my hands are not!" The poor old soul tried to smile cheerfully, but back of her bravery Doris detected a pathetic wistfulness.

"You'll write these cards for me, won't you, my dear? My hands pain me so."

Doris seized the cards, glad to give of her young strength to one less fortunate than herself. Suddenly a suggestion struck at her mind and held it. For a second time that morning she came to a swift and resolute decision. She reached underneath the desk and pulled out the gifts she had made for the girls. Doris saw the old lady's eyes brighten with interest and admiration as she laid them upon the desk.

"You are going to send your cards with these," Doris announced.

Mrs. Farrinleigh started as though she could not believe her ears. Then she began to object.

"I couldn't take your gifts," dearie," she said.

"These are for myself, and I can make others later," Doris assured her. She saw a wave of relief sweep

over the wrinkled old face.

"Oh, I thought you intended to give them to some of your friends! But wouldn't it be selfish of me to deprive you of all these beautiful things?" There was real concern in her voice.

"Not at all," declared Doris. "I enjoy making them."

After further persuasion, Doris had the satisfaction of seeing her relent. Doris reached under the desk and brought out tissue papers, ribbon and gaily colored seals, and they began to wrap the packages. Fortunately no patron entered until they had finished. They giggled and joked together like happy schoolgirls.

"I've never had such a lovely time wrapping packages," old Mrs. Farrinleigh declared with happy tears in her eyes.

"Nor I!" Doris said, dabbing at the corners of her own eyes.

"Now for those calendars!" Doris murmured as she locked the library doors after the last patron and placed the "Closed" placard.

As Doris pasted on calendar pads and punched holes through which to run the pretty silk cords, her thoughts reverted often to a long coat on display in Cogswell's window. There was a very special holiday reduction on this and tomorrow was Christmas Eve. After tomorrow that coat would either belong to some proud owner or be returned to the racks to be sold at the old price which would be prohibitive for a girl earning so small a salary as Doris. All the innate feminine love of pretty clothes was aroused in Dors' heart every time she passed that shop window. And, too, she felt a real need of the wrap. She had worn her present one two principal and see what we can do. But why can't you do the work after school?"

There was a long pause, and then a friendly smile spread over the face of the boy, a smile that told the teacher that at last he trusted her.

"I'm building my ship."

"A ship? What kind of ship?"

"A Spanish ship—a galleon. A model, you know. I've been working on it for most two months, but it's about finished now. And I've experimented with paints until I have a color that will make the sails look old and weathered."

"I'd love to see it," Miss Allison said, her interest increasing. "Are you going to use it for a mantle piece?"

The boy looked puzzled and shook his head. The thought of actually putting the ship to practical purpose had not occurred to him.

"Where did you learn to make the ship?"

"My father taught me how to make a lot of things like that before he died. He was an artist, too, and he taught me a little about painting—that was before we came over from Ger—."

The boy checked himself quickly ad ommitted the name of his native country. Miss Allison only smiled, and did not show that she had noiced.

"Perhaps you will show it to me some day," she said.

Miss Brown was not easily convinced of the value of the suggestion which Miss Allison offered the morning after her talk with Paul.

"believe," Miss Allison declared, "that he is afraid of making mis-

takes and of having people laugh at him. He seems to be afraid that in some way people will discover that he was born in Germany—probably because he thinks that he would be treated with less consideration.''

But we have other foreign boys and girls in our classes, and they don't feel that way. Why, it makes no difference. We treat all exactly alike, and the pupils would think no less of him.''

''Of course not, but he apparently can't see that, and he's especially sensitive. I believe that he knows his lessons perfectly and would recite in class were he not afraid he would speak with accent. If you will allow him to take art in one of my classes, I'll try to help him. He really is very talented.''

''Well,'' the older teacher hesitater, ''it really seems questionable, when he is failing in his other subjects. But if you advise it, I'll try him for a week. I remember very distinctly when I helped him select his subjects he offered no suggestions, and, of course, I did not know that he was especially gifted in certain lines''

That very day Paul took his place in Miss Allison's class. He loved the work from the very start, but at first did not respond well when questioned in class. Without seeming to do so, Miss Allison gave him extra time to think over a question before answering it, and in that way he was able to make his short sentences conform to the rules of perfect English.

Gradually he began to recite in his other classes and, although he always waited until called upon, he seldom failed to respond when questioned.

''He's coming out of his shell'', Miss Allison told Miss Brown rather proudly.

And yesterday I discovered that he could speak French as well as German. I told him I thought it was fine that he could read and write German, and he warmed up and, after class, confided to me that he was born in that country. He acted as though he were afraid I would condemn him for it.''

''He thinks you are about right,'' Miss Brown smiled. ''And he certainly is changing under your treatment.''

It was two weeks later that Miss Allison received the high tribute. She was at her desk rather early in the morning and school had not begun. She heard a timid knock upon her door and a moment later it opened and Paul came in. In his arms he carried a large package, carefully wrapped with paper. He glanced about to see that Miss Allison was alone in the room, then unwrapped the covering.

''It's my ship,'' he said.

Miss Allison grasped in delight. it was a beautiful model—a trifle too large for a mantle piece, perhaps, but perfect as to detail. From its carved decks to the sails and the tiny flag with pirate design the ship was complete. Miss Allison knew values and in art shops she had seen similar pieces advertised at prices ranging from fifteen dollars up.

''Why, Paul,'' she said, ''it's perfect. We'll show it to the others.''

Paul shifted uneasily as was his habit when troubled.

''They might laugh,'' he said.

"They couldn't," Miss Allison smiled. She thought a moment then added: "Paul, Christmas is coming, and people are looking for unusual gifts to give their friends. Would you like to sell your ship? I'll give you twenty dollars for it."

Paul looked surprised but he shook his head.

"I wouldn't like to sell my first one," he said. "Would people actually pay money for this?"

"It's a very good piece of work, and I'm sure I could find some one to buy every ship that you could make between now and Christmas."

"We need money," the boy offered. It was the first hint that Miss Allison had received of the financial condition of the family. "Mother works but it doesn't bring in very much, and she won't let me leave school to help her. But I could make ships, and if I built smaller ones, could finish them in a few weeks. this year. We have found real pleasure in denying ourselves some little indulgence each week and putting that money into our 'Doris Fund'."

There were tears in Doris' eyes as she listened. She found words difficult; her heart was too full of gratitude and love for these faithful friends.

"You don't mind the nature of the gift, do you Dorris?" Lucia asked half fearfully. "You see—we wanted to be sensible and give something really useful. We all work, you know, and we love pretty clothes and know how hard it is to feel able to buy them. Helen said you would understand our real motive back of the gift and not expect us to select something impractical. She said you would be too sensible to take offense—"

"Offense!" cried Doris, with happy tears in her eyes. "That is not the thing to consider; it is your beautiful unselfishness and gratitude for my trifling favors that make me feel like weeping for sheer joy. Oh, you darlings!" She threw her arms around Lucia's neck and kissed her affectionately on the cheek.

As Lucia closed the door after her some time later Doris slipped into the coat and stood before the mirror admiring it.

"I must say," she breathed happily to herself, "that this is what I would have to call a revised Christmas, everything considered."

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS.

By Charles Dickens.

Old Scrooge was a rich and grasping business man; Bob Cratchit was his underpaid and overworked clerk. On Christmas Eve three spirits in succession appeared to Scrooge; Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Yet-to-Come. The second showed him, with other visions, this Christmas feast in Cratchit's home. The lessons the spirits taught him so influenced Scrooge that he set out early next morning to spend a real Christmas; and he was a changed man ever after.—Selected.

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his own son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the sauce pan lid to be let out and peeled.

Tiny Tim

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim! And

Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an honr!''

''Here's Martha, Mother!'' said a girl, appearing as she epoke.

''Here's Martha, mother!'' cried the two young Cratchits. ''Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!''

''Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!'' said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

''We'd a deal of work to finish up last night,'' replied the girl ''and had to clear away this morning, mother!''

''Well! never mind so long as you are come,'' said Mrs. Cratchit. ''Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!''

''No, no! There's father coming,'' cried the two young Cratchite, who were everywhere at once. ''Hide, Martha, hide!''

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable and Tiny Tim, upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

''Why, where's our Martha?'' cried Bob Cratchit, looking around.

''Not coming,'' said Mrs. Cratchit.

''Not coming!'' said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. ''Not coming upon Christmas Day!''

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

''And how did little Tim hehave?'' asked Mrs. Cratchit when ehe had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

''As good as gold,'' said Bob, ''and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.''

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabbly—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to summer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rar-

est of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course —and in truth it was something very like it, in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts; crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim excited by the two young Crathchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all enough, and the youngest Cratchits, at last! Yet everyone had had in particular, were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchet left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Halloo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copped. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half or half a quartern of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and ialmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done,

the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelfull of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reechoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—A Christmas Carol.

THE SHIP THAT CAME IN.

By Mildred Augustine.

"I can't understand that boy at all and that's one of the reasons I'm asking you to take charge of the case." Miss Brown, principal of the Eldwood High School, tapped her pencil thoughtfully against the side of her desk as she addressed the young girl who sat facing her.

"What seems to be the trouble? Not insterested in school work?" Miss Allison, the pretty art instructor, asked.

"Very indifferent. Yet, unquestionably, he's a bright boy. I know this sort of thing doesn't fall in your department at all, but you have tact and you might do the boy a valuable service. He isn't very friendly and doesn't invite aid."

"Tell me a little about him."

"As a matter of fact, I don't know very much." Miss Brown crossed the room and hunted for a moment in one of the files, returning with a small card in her hand. She read aloud:

"Paul Schmidt, aged fifteen, born in Hamburg, Germany."

"Oh!" said Miss Allison. "I thought he was an American."

"He likes to give that impression. Even his teachers did not realize that he was a foreigner until I told them, for he speaks perfect English, and seems just like any other boy. But he won't associate with other boys and he doesn't recite in class."

"A problem of naturalization, you believe?"

"No," Miss Brown said slowly. "His case is different, just as Paul himself is different. I can't put my finger on the difference, however, and that's why I'm asking you to help me."

"I'll see what I can do."

"Shall I call him to the office so that you can talk with him?"

"Oh, please don't." Miss Allison shook her head quickly. "The meeting would be too forced, and I would so much rather get acquainted with him some other way."

Miss Brown smiled with satisfaction as the youngest member of the teaching staff left the office. She liked Miss Allison because of her charming personality, and she also appreciated the fact that the pupils in the art classes worked with more zest than those in any of the other classes. Miss Allison had a way of understanding young people—perhaps because she remembered her own college days, only a few months past.

From her desk, during the period of the Friday afternoon assembly of which she had charge, Miss Allison watched Paul Schmit with particular insterest. He was an attractive boy, she thought, and he seemed to be absorbed in the preparation of his lessons. His attitude contradicted the grade report. How could she establish the desired contact?

She walked down the aisle, noted a piece of candy that was quickly slipped from behind a book to the safer screen of the desk, but decided to

say nothing. The boy knew that she had seen him and that was all that was necessary—he would not try the trick again. She continued down the aisle and stopped at Paul's desk. Immediately the entire room of pupils was electrified into attention.

"I wonder if I could get you to make a poster for me, sometime when you ain't too busy?" Miss Allison spoke so quietly that even the pupils sitting nearby could not hear.

The boy had never taken art, had never drawn a line on paper, as far as Miss Allison knew, but the poster offered her an opportunity to make the neccessary contact.

"Yes, ma'am."

The reply was polite, mechnical, half-frightened.

"If you will stop at my office at recess, I'll give you the material."

"Yes ma'am."

It was discouraging, Miss Allison thought. He seemed so utterly disinterested, and his old-fashioned "yes ma'am" seemed to build a barrier in front of him.

Recess came, and Paul presented himself promptly. In a business-like way Miss Allison gave him cardboards, colored pencils, and the most detailed yet simple instructions. In a tactful way she attempted to draw him into a conversation, but it was impossible. He replied to her questions politely but briefly, and offered nothing more. Miss Allison felt a certain delicacy about openly questioning the boy.

The recess lasted twenty minutes and, at the end of the period, Miss Allison was startled to see Paul returning. Was he going to give up.

He placed the neatly lettered poster on her desk, glanced up, saw her look of surprise, and smiled. Miss Allison picked up the poster and examined it. The work was simple of course, but no novice could have done it as Paul had. Every line of the pencil showed that the boy had received a great deal of art training.

"Paul," she said quickly, "did you ever study art at school?"

"No, ma'am."

Miss Allison felt defeated. Every letter on the poster told her that Paul had training in lettering and yet for no reason at all he denied it. But she would not give up—not yet.

"Paul," she said on sudden inspiration, "would you like to earn money making posters for me?"

She saw the gleam of interest in his eyes and with relief heard the inflection of his voice change as he made the habitual reply: "Yes ma'am I would like that."

"Could you do the work after school?" was the next question.

Paul shifted uneasily from one foot to another.

"Couldn't I do it at recess and during school? I could work lots harder and get my lessons early."

"I'll tell you what," Miss Allison said, "if you study and recite well in class for a week, I'll speak to the seasans already, and it was beginning to look shabby in spite of the excellent care she had given it. Doris reasoned wisely enough that it would not be extravagant to purchase a real nice coat at a reduced price. This was an advanced model and she would rather wear a very nice wrap three seasons than to buy a cheap one every year. It would be cheaper in the

long run, she told herself. The only drawback was the urgent need of every cent she made to apply to her young sister's education.

Doris had sold almost enough of her fancywork and calendars in the Exchange during the holiday season to justify her buying the coat. She lacked so small a sum as nine dollars. If she sold these last six calendars as she most probably would, the coat would be hers.

Thinking thus Doris bent over her work. She could visualize herself decked out in her new possession. It was only girl-like that she should. The soft russet shade of brown would harmonize nicely with her coppery hair. The jaunty little green hat which she had bought during a special Monday sale in the fall would furnish just the proper note of contrast to make the outfit striking.

Doris reached in the desk for the last calendar pad. Her hand encountered something that struck a sudden death blow at her Christmas spirit. It was the remainder of the tissue roll from which she had wrapped the gifts for old Mrs. Farrinleigh. It recalled the girls and the horrible emotions she had just experienced. She tried to put all thought of them aside and concentrate on the contemplation of the beautiful new garment so soon to belong to her. It was useless. She had lived too close to those girls during the past three years to push aside all thought of them at this happy season. They had shared too much of each other's hopes and discouragements. Her old spirit of charitableness and good will began to reassert itself.

Doris sat gazing idly at the calendars lying now completed before her. Something seemed tugging at her heart strings.

"I simply cannot regret giving their gifts to poor old Mrs. Farrinleigh," she told herself, "and it's too late now to make others. I intended to go out and buy them each an inexpensive dainty handkerchief; that ought to answer the purpose."

But Doris knew, deep down in her heart, that it would not answer the purpose, as far as she herself was concerned. A sudden suggestion presented itself. She immediatley set it aside. But it persistently returned. She argued the urgent need of the new coat. Still the suggestion persisted. The Christmas spirit would have been of no avail if Doris had not finally surrendered.

"Oh, well!" she said as she drew out the tissue paper and began to wrap the calendars separately, "I can wear my old coat the rest of the season and get a new one in the spring. That's what I'll do. The money I already have will be enough to buy a spring wrap."

As soon as Doris had finished wrapping the packages she tucked them under her arm and hastened to her boarding place. She fairly skipped along the streets, smiling back at happy faces that smiled at her in passing.

At the house she tip-toed to the door of each girl's room and laid her gift against it. Then, smiling happily, she sought the sanctuary of her own room.

As Doris threw open her door she halted abruptly on her threshold. There, upon her bed, was a voluminous package wrapped in holy paper, and

tied with a huge bow of red satin ribboi. What could it be? Impatient to satisfy her curiosity, she bounded across the room. Upon the parcel lay a card bearing the inscription: "For our dear, thoughtful, unselfish Doris, from 'The Girls,."

Doris stood an instant gazinz at the card in her hand. So that was the way they felt! How silly and how childish she had been to allow herself to become sensitive at a chance remark. She had made a solemn resolution right then never to do so again.

With eager rapid movements she removed the paper from the package to reveal a large box bearing Cogswell's trade-mark. With hands trembling with excitement she lifted the cover. There lay the coat of her dreams!

Doris stood an instant gazing at down upon the coat when a tap sound-at her door, to be followed instantly by a beaming Lucia.

"You darling!" Lucia cried hugging her calendar to her breast. "At last you have taken my hint! Didn't you know how I've longed for one of these and how persistently I have tried to buy one at the Exchange only to be told I was too late?"

"Why—" gasped the astonished Doris. "Why didn't you ask me to make you one? You know I would have been—"

"Yes, I knew you would have been delighted to do so, just as you have helped me time and again with my extra work and refused any of my extra pay; just as you have sat up until midnight very often to help Helen make out those tiresome old reports and refused to consider it anything but your privilege; or embroider lingerie for us, or perhaps make a dress for one or the other of us after a tiresome day in the library. Oh, Doris, you don't know how we feel about these things, and it has always seemed that we could never express our appreciation in any way whatever. We didn't dare offer you our careless needlework even at Christmas time. So last Christmas we decided to each save a little every month and pool it and get you something really worth having The second wouldn't take as long as the first one did, as I have the planning all done."

"That would be fine," the teacher approved. "And I'm sure the work will not conflict with school duties, as Miss Brown tells me that your grades are much better than formerly. Let's show yonr ship to the other teachers, and perhaps they will want to buy one, too."

Paul smiled his willingness. He had forgotten to be afraid that people would laugh at him.

The next few weeks were busy ones for Paul. As soon as school was out he hurried to his home where he had fitted out a workroom, and there he toiled until it was time to go to bed. As Miss Allison had promised, many of the teachers were interested in the ship, and the boy was flooded with more orders than he could fill before the holidays. Miss Allison had told him that he could let her ship go until after Christmas, when he had more time.

"And I have some other orders that I can fill after the Christmas rush," he told Miss Allison with enthusiasm. "It means I'll be helping support the family."

"It's your ship coming in," Miss

Allison laughed.

The holidays came all too soon for Paul, but practically all of his Christmas orders were filled a week before the deadline. New orders to be attended to later were pouring in every day, for the clever hand romantic looking ships attracted the attention of all who saw them.

The Eldwood High School closed for the vacation period on Friday preceding Christmas, and the entire school took part in a holiday program. A large tree added to the spirit of the affair, and the pupils exchanged gifts by drawing names.

The program ended and the distribution of the gifts began. The teachers were all showered with presents, and Miss Allison espesially received a generous assortment. Then a bulky package was placed in her hands. She looked at it a moment in wonder, and, as the other teachers watched her curiously, unwrapped the tissue paper.

"What do you suppose it can be?" she was asked.

Miss Allison looked in Paul's direction, and the smile which was flashed back to her told the story of perfect understanding.

"I think," she said, "that it's my ship coming in."

VERNA'S CHRISTMAS MONEY.

By Hope Daring.

Walking along between two rows of fruit-laden young orange trees, Verna Long raised her arms above her head in a rapturous gesture. "You golden globes of sweetness, beauty, profit! I do you honor. If only Lyn could see you now. What's that?"

She stood still, listening. The sound came again, a girl's voice calling:

"Verna! Verna! dear, are you here?'

"Yes, Bernicia, dear. Coming."

She ran lightly along to where a white-washed picket fence separated the grove from the country highway. In a handsome little roadster on the other side of the fence Judge North's daughter was sitting.

"No, I can't come in, Verna, but I couldn t ride by without a word. Out gloating over your brother's crop, are you? Daddy says it is wonderful. Verna, you are going to be here for your holiday vacation?"

"No, Berne, I can't go to our old home for various reasons, but I am going up to Nashville to spend Christmas week with my aunt. I can leave the grove in old Tombo's care. Mr. Jones is to begin picking the oranges the day after New Year's, and I will be back for that."

Bernicia's face grew wistfully tender; she thrilled to the courage and enterprise of her new friend, who among strangers, was bravely assuming the responsibilities of another. "I'd love to give you a happy Southern Christmas, Verna, but I am glad you can go to some of your own kin. Why don't you go to your old home in Michigan?"

"Can't afford it. I've just seventy-five dollars saved from my salary for my holiday vacation. That will pay my fare up and back and buy me a pair of satin slippers. I've my gifts all ready, and my cherished green taffeta is remade. And you know my pale yellow crepe is new. I am sorry I can't help you with the Sunday school tree. You'll take my place, Berne, dear?"

"Can't do that, honey, but I will do the things you would do if you were here. Good night. I'll see you Wednesday night."

Verna watched the car out of sight then walked towards the house. She walked slowly, her dark head bent, her eyes fixed on the ground. Instead of thinking of the crop or the approaching holiday vacation she was going over the events that had brought here there.

She had been motherless since early childhood, with a devoted father and a single brother who was six years her senior. In the World War Lynn went over-seas, returning to find his father dead and Verna in a normal school, preparing for teaching. The young man had suffered no physical injury in the war, but his vigor and vitality were impaired. On the advice of an eminent doctor he went to Florida. The senior Mr. Long had left little property, but from an uncle Lynn had inherited enough to buy a tract of land. On it was a small house and a fine young orange grove that had not yet come to bearing and that would furnish him outside work.

All went well with him for a

time. Six months before that December day a slight illness had disclosed a case of incipient tuberculosis. He went to a government hospital for treatment. Because there was no one else, Verna gave up her position in a city school to take charge of her brother's holding. She was teaching a rural school a mile away and living in Lynn's house which she shared, as he had, with the Carters. Mr. Carter was an invalid, and his wife the housekeeper for them all.

On reaching the house Verna went to her own room. There were many little things to do to make ready for her trip. That was Monday. School would close on Friday, for a two weeks' vacation.

"I'll get off Saturday," she decided. "Oh, how good it will seem to see some of my own! Am I homesick? It is a sickness for home folk, not nostalgia."

Verna was up early the next morning. She cared for the flowers herself and also worked in the big vegetable garden she had hired faithful old Tombo to plant. On leaving the house for the garden, by the back hall door, she stopped to speak to Mrs. Carter, who was slicing oranges for breakfast on the screened-in kitchen porch.

"Good morning. And it is a good morning, Mrs. Carter."

"Your voice tells me that, dear girl. Old Tombo wants to see you. Said he would wait for you 'out on Mr. Lynn's seat'."

Verna walked along to where, aroung his single big live oak, her brother had built a rustic seat. Tombo had been devoted to her brother. The old man and Tiny, his wife, occupied a one-room cabin in a negro settlement on the outskirts of L'Anse, the nearest town. He rose at the girl's approach, doffing his battered old hat.

"Morin', Miss Verna. It's 'nother one of the Lord's pretty days."

"You are right, Tombo. How I wish my brother was here to see his oranges shine in the sunlight. You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, ma'am. I done reckon I better plow dat bit o' land we's a goin' to put in to garden sass, plow it tomorrow, 'stead of next week. You see, Miss Verna, I's a-goin' to lose Jinny May."

"Why, how is that? How can you get along without your mule?"

"The Lord only knows how I's a-goin' to. But I reckon He can take care o' me and Tiny, someway."

It took much questioning to get the facts of the case from Tombo. Jinny May was the old but stout mule which for years had aided Tombo to earn a living for himself and his wife. Three years before, when Tiny was sick, the mule had been mortgage and the mortgage had been renewed each year. Tombo had paid the interest, but that was all. Now, because Jinny May was growing old, another renewal was refused. If seventy-five dollars was not paid within the next week, the mule would be sold.

"Don't know but it's all right, Miss Verna; land knows that mule won't bring more'n seventy-five dollars. But it's goin' to be mighty hard on Tiny an' me."

"Can't you borrow the money of someone?"

"No, 'cause you see Jinny May has —now what does dey call it when a thing runs down like?"

"Do you mean depreciated in value?"

Notwithstanding the seriousness of the case, the old man's face brightened. Vaguely he was thrilled with pride for the erudition displayed by one whom he had come to regard as his patron. "That's it, Miss Verna, ma'am. You sure makes me think o' Mr. Lynn; big words were's natural as breath to him. An' somehow his fit. He tole me how I better try to save money fur that mortgage. I did try, but, if I got a dollar ahead, it jest slipped through my fingers."

Tombo went on to tell of more illness and on Tiny buying, on the installment plan, "a mighty nice cushioned settee." Verna listened a little impatiently; she was trying to convince herself that the old man's plight was only the natural result of his inefficiency.

Tombo's grief was so real to him that the sensed her inattention. He started to walk away, then stopped and faced around. The morning sunlight fell directly upon his wrinkled old face, and Verna saw that his lips were trembling like those of a grieved child.

"I reckon it serves me jest right right fur not bein' smarter, Miss Verna. But it's right hard and it's hard on Jinny May. I's fearsome that whoever gits that ole mule won't understand her. She's kinder contrary like, but she's mighty clever, an' she's served me a long time."

"I am so sorry for you Tombo. If there were only some way I could help you! I'll think about it and see you again."

Tombo straightened his bent figure, as if dropping a burden. "Thankey, Miss Verna! An' thank the good Lord fur folks like you and Mr. Lynn. It always meant somethin' when he thinked things over. An' the Lord can find ways fur folks like you-alls to raise seventy-five dollars."

He was gone before the girl could speak to dispel his illusion. Soberly she walked back to the house. Seventy-five dollars, the money she was to spend on her vacation, would free Tombo from the calamity that threatened him."

"Now I am silly," she thought as she stooped to pick a Pink Radiance rose from a bush that Lynn had set in the border. "But Tombo was so good to Lynn when he was sick. And he serves me faithfully, for Lynn's sake. I could not have gone on here without him. The old man said he would fight weeds 'fur Mr. Lynn cause he fit for the hull world'."

All day Verna found her mind going back to Tombo and his problems. After dismissing school she hurried home and went out into the orange grove. Somehow Lynn always seemed nearer to her there. It was not alone because he had looked for the grove, aided by hard work, to bring him the competence that it is a man's right and duty to win. The grove had stood to her brother for a means of helping others and doing it with growing things. Once he declared to her that he rejoiced in "the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind."

"I came down here to do my beloved brother's work, to fight his battles," she said aloud dropping down on an overturned box. "Is this his

work? Poor old Tombo! I doubt if he can earn food for himself and his wife, once he is deprived of Jinny May.''

A long time she sat there, lost in thought. The sunset glow was fading from the sky when she sprang up and walked briskly towards the house. Somewhat surprised she found Tombo at the back door his hat in his hand. Mrs. Carter, who had been talking to him, turned to Verna with a smile.

''See what Tombo brought us, Verna. A fine fish, all cleaned and ready to cook for dinner.''

The lod man smiled. ''I m'membered how Mr. Lynn liked fish, so I reckoned you did. Miss Verna. I didn't have no job fur this afternoon, so I went down 'long the river bank. You see—well, I kin trust in the good Lord better, when I's out under the sky. An' I got three right peart fish.''

Verna thanked him. ''If you cook the fish for dinner, Mrs. Carter, I'll have time to walk through the grove with Tombo. There is something I want to tell him.''

He waited for her to speak. Verna was silent until they reached the little gate that opened on the highway. Then she said:

''Tombo, I will give you the seventy-five dollars. I had saved it for another purpose, but you shall not lose your mule.''

He began to cry, sobbing like a child. The girl heard him murmur thanksgivings and blessings. She quieted him by making arrangements to meet him in a L'Anse lawyer's office on Saturday morning, to transact the business.

''I must be sure, for Tombo's sake that the thing is legal,'' she said to herself as she strolled back to the house. ''And it shall be a gift; I don't want a mortgage on a mule.''

The transaction was made so quietly that only a few knew it was the reason for the young teacher's change of plan regarding her vacation. Bernicia scolded and hugged her in the same breath, declaring that Verna's presence in the community was the best Christmas gift she could receive.

Verna decided that to make a martyr of herself would spoil the gift she had made. There was only one way to avoid feeling sorry for herself, and that was to keep busy doing things for others. She made the Carters happy by a dozen little acts of love. The Sunday School tree and the concert were her special charges. She added to the delight of Bernicia's parties and dined Christmas day with the Norths. To Lynn she sent, with other things, a great box of oranges from his grove. He sent her some books she had long wanted and a letter, telling her what she was to him.

Christmas was a cool day, and, as time went on, the temperature dropped lower. On the morning of the day before New Year's Eve the papers contained warning of a ''freeze'' that night. Verna looked up from the paper left in their box by the rural carrier, to demand, in a voice hoarse with fear:

''Mrs. Carter, would not that mean the loss of the crop? Oh, if we had only picked the oranges before!''

''They were not ready for picking; these are a late variety. It is not only the fruit, but also the trees may be in danger.''

The girl sprang up dropping the paper to rush out-of-doors. Only in

the open and alone could she face the fear of Lynn's loss. What would it mean to him? And he was fighting his way back to health in the hardest possible way, by lying still through long days and nights, by enforced quiet while the sister, for whose care he had so proudly planned whose care he had so proudly planned, did his work. The loss of the grove would blast Lynn's hopes for the future.

That was a hard day for Verna. She telephoned wildly to various parties: Judge North, the minster, the nearest newspaper office, other growers. Several called her to talk over the situation. Bernicia was one of those, and there were the parents of some of her pupils, and various men who had become interested in Lynn and his adventures. All were afraid for the outcome of the drop in temperature. None had anything to offer save expressions of sympathy.

The firest offer of help came from Tombo. It was three o'clock, and the mercury had fallen two degrees since noon. Ranging disconsolately through the grove, Verna came on Tombo, who was crossing towards the house.

"Miss Verna, I's a-coming to help you help Mr. Lynn," he said simply.

Already Tombo had his nephew and six other men from the settlement cutting down pine trees in Lynn's stretch of tangled forest land. They had Jinny May with them and another stout mule that belonged to one of Tombo's neighbors.

"We'll smudge that grove," the old man said with more confidence than Verna had ever heard him speak. That's the only way to save it. I Wouldn't a knowed 'nough to have thought o' that, but there's Ned, my brother's boy, what worked once in a grove over on the east side. He helped do it once."

Verna's interest was aroused. There had been talk, over the telephone, of smudling. Judge North was going to try it, with crude oil. The girl had not thought it would be possible for her, but now the way had opened.

"O Tombo! If only we can! I'll pay you all well."

"Pay? No ma'am none o' that. We's adoin' it fur Mr. Lynn, an, on 'count of Jinny May."

There was no time to lose. Ned a man of thirty, took command. Fortunately, the woods' where the material for the fire was to be obtained, were not far off. The timber was small, of no money value. Lynn had planned, when able, to clear the land and put out more oranges trees.

Before the mercury dropped to the danger point a heavy black smoke was mantling the little grove. The vegetable garden and at last a part of the flowers would be saved. At their task the workmen laughed and sang; success was assured.

Mrs Carter and Verna stayed out with the men much of the time. At times they went to the house to make hot coffee and carry it, with food, to the place where the fires burned. When there was no more bread Mrs. Carter waited long enough to make and bake great pans of biscuits. Verna called up the Norths to report what was being done. She learned that many others were saving their crops by the same method.

All night long the girl worked

She watched the fires, a little afraid of the men becoming careless. She was tired from dragging heavy branches, her face and hands were blackened by smoke, a blazing brand in falling had struck her bare wrist she was worn for sleep, but she toiled on. Her heart was strangely at peace. When she stopped to catch her breath, she would look up at the gleaming stars, murmuring words of praise for God's goodness to her and to hers.

At four in the morning the thermometer, registerer two below freezing. It fell for an hour, then began to rise. At daylight the danger was past. It was an hour later when Verna went to the house. She tried to tell the men what their kindness meant to her. Ned laughed goodnaturedly.

"I know Mr Lynn, ma'am. He went cross, to fight the battles for some of the rest of us. And we all 'preciate what you done for Uncle Tombo 'bout the mule. If it gits cold agin, and you need us, we'll be on hand."

Verna had a hot bath and drank a cup of milk. Then she laid down on her bed, at once to fall asleep. When she woke, the little clock on her dresser pointed to the hour of two.

For a few minutes the girl lay still, luxuriating in a sense of well-being. Lynn's crop was safe. At last she sat up, aware that she was hungry. As she rose to her feet she heard back of the house a man's voice. Advancing to the open window she looked out. It was Jones, the man engaged for the picking and the packing of the oranges. He was talking to Mrs. Carter.

"Well, the crop came though fine, not an orange or a twig nipped. That girl is a wonder, to get the niggers to work for her. Tell her I'll be on hand to-morrow, as I said, to commence the picking. And you might as well tell her the crop will net her and her brother close to two thousand dollars."

The New Year---January Nineteen Twenty-Seven

MARCH ON!

March on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay!
March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—
The path of faith made by the sons of God.
Follow the marks tha tthey have set beside
The narrow, cloud-swept track, to be thy guide;
Follow, and honour what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained.

—Henry Van Dyke.

PASSING THE MILE STONE.

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill.

"Each man is the captain of his soul,
And each man is his own crew;
But the Pilot knows the unknown,
And He will bring us through."

As travelers on the ocean of time, we set sails for another year. Sailors who embark on the surging seas must know that his compass will point true. If faulty, and deflected, he may be dashed on unseen rocks. The seas are charted and the safe and dangerous places are made known.

The Bible is our chart on the sea of life. The wise sailor will consult divine chart. The Good Book marks out the reefs and rocks for the soul's safe sailing.

The inexperienced sailors wonder why the old sailors are so thoughtful and serious when they cross the Arctic circle. Everything seems the same to them—the surging billows, the same heavens above, and the steamer drives on and on.

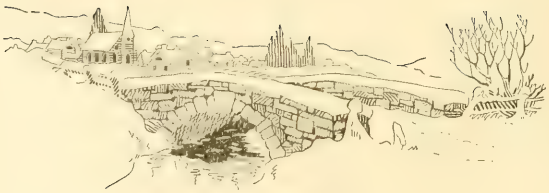
The old sailors know they are crossing a line, though unseen, that carries them, going South, from a sparse vegetation and a sparser civilization, to a land of light and love, of luscious fruits and blooming flowers.

Much the same it is in passing the mile stone of another year. The thoughtful serious soul is conscious of a transition.

In meditation, a man of great heart pauses. Backward, forward, and up-

ward he looks. Wise is the sailor on life's seas who can make this transition in love and light, in duty and delight, from the Old to the New Year.

"Flitting away, flitting away,
Hour by hour and day by day;
Never a break in the running thread;
Never a pause in the solemn tread;
Onward, onward, day and night,
Through joy's bloom and sorrow's blight;
On through childhood, youth and age;
Over ambition's tinted cloud;
Over despair's funeral shroud;
On through labor, on through rest;
On when cheered and when depressed;
Ever our life is flitting away,
Hour by hour and day by day."



What to Talk — In 1927

Talk Happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth; so hurt by one continued strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk Faith; the world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self
Say so; if not push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk Health; the dreary, never changing tale
Of fatal maladies is worn and stale;
You can not charm or interest or please.
Say you are well, or all as well with you.
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 8, 1927 No. 4

A CHALLENGE FOR YOU.

Resolved to live with all my might while I do live. Resolved never to lose one moment of time, to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can. Resolved never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of one another. Resolved never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.—Johnathan Edwards.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

Farewell, Old Year, with goodness crowned,
A hand divine hath set thy bound.
Welcome the New Year, which shall bring
Fresh blessings from my God and King.
The Old we leave without a tear,
The New we hail without a fear.

—*Anonymous.*

THE LEGISLATURE OF 1927.

The General Assembly of North Carolina is now in session. It is believed to be a thoroughly representative body of men. Many of them are seasoned legislators. Already, however, attention has been called to the fact that out of the 170 members, who constitute the Senate and the House, only twenty-five are dirt farmers. Of course, there are some agriculturists among them, which is by no means to their hurt.

The prevailing number are lawyers, as is the case with congress. This condition is not hurtful; on the other hand is, in many ways, beneficial. It so happens that the average lawyer that seeks membership in a North Carolina legislature today is one who has no special purpose to serve other than for the general good of his state and people.

While this is being written a decision as to who is to be the president protem of the Senate, a position of honor, and who is to be speaker of the House has not been reached; but those who aspire to these exalted positions are all very worthy and patriotic men.

Since the foregoing was put to type, Senator W. Lundford Long, of Halifax county, has been elected President protem of the Senate; and Hon. Richard T. Fountain, of Edgecombe county, has been named Speaker of the House.

This observation would be mightily incomplete without saying that Miss Rosa P. Mund, of Cabarrus, was elected engrossing clerk. Safe to say that no body of legislators ever had a more careful, considerate and efficient clerk.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

EIGHT MONTHS.

The general impression has obtained that State Superintendent Allen, backed by the school folks, would bounce down upon the Legislature and demand that it provide, at this time, for an eight-month school term for the rural schools. This is an error. Mr. Allen is quoted as saying that all he and his colleagues desire at this time is that the legislature provide for a referendum on the subject; let the people decide the matter, and if it carries, the assembly of 1929 will have the duty of providing funds for same.

As this is written in the midst of a rural district, we are fully aware that for some reasons this district is not even ready for a four months session of public school. Out of a census of over thirty, less than fifteen have been in school for the past one month and half. Whose fault is it? Is it the head of the system, the committee, the teacher, the children, the parents or conditions? All of these have been accused for this deplorable condition. Some even say it is wholly the fault of the Welfare Officer, who seems to be functioning in a peculiar manner. Doubtless all are somewhat contributors to this condition.

The truth of the matter is that the residents, for the most part, have persuaded themselves to believe that they cannot spare their children, that labor is wanting at prices that farmers cannot pay &c, &c. How far this condition prevails throughout the state is a problem.

At any rate, the burning necessity existing today in the rural schools is for teachers who are able to teach their pupils how to read intelligently. In many instances concrete examples in proof can be cited where even seventh grade pupils make a "terrible out" at reading. Or course, teachers

are not expected to furnish brains for their pupils—only for the teaching end of the proposition.

We are glad that Superintendent Allen, in his caution and wisdom, is asking for merely a referendum; to force the proposition on the legislature and the people, under present conditions, will mean a burden and an intolerable tax upon the people.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

PRINCE PEANUT.

A territorial Chamber of Commerce, composed of several eastern North Carolina counties, has recently closed a session at Windsor, Bertie County. It was assembled to do honor to the peanut, or, to use the most familiar name prevalent in this section, the goober.

The attending throngs were welcomed by Judge Francis D. Winston, who, in doing honor to the occasion, gave vent to his opinion that no longer is "Cotton King," but that The Peanut has dethroned him, because of the latter's virtue and capacity to fill so many needs of the people. Elsewhere in this number The Uplift carries the delightful speaker's address of welcome on that glad occasion.

The Judge figured it out that were the goobers raised in Bertie county strung end to end they would make a necklace that would reach around the world fourtimes—or it may be his calculation involved the entire crop of the territory represented at that Peanut Feast; anyhow the production in bushels is simply immense.

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THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Gov. McLean's message to the General Assembly is lengthy, a clear presentation of the problems confronting the state, breathes a spirit of cautious progressiveness is honestly frank and inspires confidence and hope. It is the message of a sincere, courageous and business governor. It will impress the people of the state as an able message.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The convening of the present General Assembly was the occasion of a number of references to the inaugural fifty years ago and to the campaign made prior thereto by two of the state's giants, Gov. Zeb Vance and Judge Thomas Settle.

Vance was the winner by 13,000 and he it was that was inaugurated fifty

years ago in Raleigh in the midst one of the severest snow storm ever known in the state. The inaugural of Gov. Vance may be summed up in this: "There is retribution in history."

In another portion of this number you will find a very readable and interesting reference to this subject by Judge John W. Thompson, who was an eye-witness of the events.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A WELCOME FROM FAR WEST.

They never forget their friends—Col. and Mrs Al Fairbrother, who have taken up their residence in California. A Christmas remembrance comes from them to the editor and it is a unique one and full of the spirit that characterizes these good people.

The folder carries beautiful half-tone pictures of the exterior and interior of the Fairbrother home at Long Branch, California, and on the front page this cordial welcome is issued:

This you will know as the Fairbrother Home,
Where a welcome you'll always find:
For though to the ends of the earth we roam
There are still the ties than bind.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Previously acknowledge	$523.25
Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Foushe, Greensboro	5.00
Stonewall Jackson Jr. Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Guilford County Board Public Welfare	15.00
Park Mfg. Co., Charlotte	5.00
W. M. Yorke, Greensboro	10.00
A Former Boy of the School	10.00
Christmas Cheer Com., Greensboro	25.00
T. M. Shelton, 4 boxes apples	
City, High Point, Fruit and Nuts	
Men's Bible Class, First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, 4 boxes apples	
Total	$598.25

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

IN ITS NEW HOME.

The Charlotte Observer has a new home. It cost practically $500,000. It is modern in every particular. It is said to be the finest newspaper office in the South. The Uplift congratulates The Observer; and when we

get our much needed Printery we will then know how good the Observer folks feel over their good fortune.

The young man, who edits The Observer and who is an institution himself is reported to have passed on December 31st his 69 birthday. Who would have thought that Col. Wade Harris was approaching his three score and ten—his actions, climbing mountains and working all day on his birthday, belies what we are proned to attach to the actions of a 69ther. He too, merits hearty felicitation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Notice is herein served on Raleigh and all concerned that the Representative in the General Assembly from Cabarrus county is heart whole and fancy free, and should not be. The way is clear for a direct drive to a handsome new bungalow in No. 10 Township.

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I OWE NO MAN.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

"I don't owe any man anything." This statement was made to an Albemarle man by a Stanly County citizen who called the said citizen in to write his will. "I don't owe any man anything." Get that, folks? Who is it who does not owe any man? Of course, this fellow meant that he was out of debt so far as all express contracts to pay may have been concerned. But when the man told us what the Stanly testator said, we asked, who is he who claims to owe no man anything? And the answer came back to us almost audibly, "Only he who has burned out every ounce of his energy, and given all his time and money which good business principles would permit, only he who has spent a life in the service of his fellow men, and faces the end of the trail a worn out, burned out machine—only that man can truthfully say "I owe no man anything."

Most of us are too prone to make ourselves think that when we pay every person that which we have promised to pay, we owe no man, but we should remember the example set by Him whose birth we have just celebrated, how He made himself poor that others may become rich, how he went about wearing His physical body and burning up his human energy, healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind making the deaf to hear, gladdening the hearts that were sad and finally giving Himself as the world's supreme sacrifice for mankind.

Who is he who owes no man anything? It is he who has spent all for the welfare of his fellows, and has neither money nor time nor energy left with which to do service. He it is, and he alone, who owes no man anything.

Five-year old-Daughter: "Look at that funny man across the road."
Mother (looking in shop window): "What is he doing?"
"Sitting on the pavement talking to a banana skin."—Tit-Bits.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity and a provision in old age; it maketh young men sober and comforteth old men; it is wealth to the poor and a treasure to the rich.—Aristole.

I believe that virtue shows quite as well in rugs and patches as she does in purple and fine linen.—Dickens.

In this world it is not what we take up but what we give up that makes us rich.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Glory is a poison, good to be taken only in small doses.—Balzac.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The reason some people never make any New Year resolutions is because they can't think of any thing they don't want to break.

"There's a honeymoon over at Forest Hills," said a grocer to his clerk. "How do you know?" inquired the clerk. "Because the bride has just phoned down an order for onions."

A junk shop near a railroad crossing in Denver carries a sign with this hint to motorist: "Go ahead; take a chance. We'll buy the car."

It is always the way. Whenever a mild case of scandal arises in a community, some people take her part and some take her husband's part. Then there are a few eccentric individuals who mind their own business.

Two skinny boys were discussing the thinness of each other and one said: "Your mother could use you for a book-mark." The other replied: "You've got nothing on me. Your Mother could take some grapefruit juice and use for a thermometer.

Fair Customer—"I'd like to look at some candelabra."

Fresh young clerk—"All canned goods are in the grocery department in the rear of the store, madame."

It is a self evident fact that all of our laws, written and unwritten, value private property above human life; and it is the same in many other things, including many of the pleasures of the present day—the driving of automobiles for instance. It does look as if we are all rewarded in inverse ratio to our usefulness to society. The efficiency expert in the factory finds a method of preventing waste and draws a salary of $5,000 a year. A physician finds a method of saving lives of thousands—and continues to eke out a living from his practice, just as before. Never mind, doctor. You have been legislated against, abused, underpaid, neglected and kicked when you are dead, but you can sit on the edge of a damp cloud, let your feet dang over, and thumb a golden lyre with the best of 'em!

A Durham man not long ago employed a new maid. Going home one evening and not finding his wife, he inquired of the new maid if she knew "anything of his wife's whereabouts." The maid replied that she had "sent everything in de wash las' Monday."

Berating things or folks never helps to make the world better. A whole lot of people and things may deserve it. Still the abuse doesn't mend matters. It may make enemies of those who ought to have been enlisted in a better cause. Many approach their troubles in a wrong manner. They make things doubly hard by thinking them harder than they really are. They begin to fuss over it and lose what ability they

did have in the bugling of their minds. Easy things can be mastered by anyone. So can the hard things when good sense and lots of effort are used. It is so easy to sit around bemoaning the fates. Anybody, without a grain of gumption, can do that. Think "darn" and your whole nature acts that way. Get real measures and true values. Start in on things with a reasonable degree of reason, with a calm conscience, and you will be surprised how far it will go to ward making a solution easy.

It does seem that a great many people seem to content themselves with merely believing in Supreme Being. If that were all, how then shall the human soul keep hope alive? How shall we have a grasp of the faith How in the strife of selfishness,greed in the strife of selfishness, greed and other earthly sins shall we keep burning a love for God and a love for man? Would anyone suppose that were easy? To chain the lightning, mine for gold, or dive for pearls is comparatively easy as against the effort man must make in the realm of mind; and I suspect that writing the great drama, composing the great oraterio, or painting the great picture is comparatively easy as compared with finding the standards for honesty and manliness and courage that will not flinch though a cross confronts one. A man might easily give his life for his country as compared with one who makes the great endeavor to ask, seek and knock before the door of character development.

The great concern of our being here on earth is not to find the hidden values of material things, or all the legends of life one's mind can carve out of words; but it is to seek to gain personal character, to develop a soul patterned after Jesus Christ—a soul without a wrinkle, so that at last we can stand approved in God's holy sight.

That is what the church the Bible all services all prayers are intended for; in order that you and I may come off at last more than conquerors over sin, and stand accepted at God's right hand.

When you pick up a newspaper these days and find it full of murders, and suicides, and fires, and floods, and tornaoes an earthquakes, an scandales, and divorces, you kind of wonder what things are coming to anyway. A man working alongside of me says that everything is going at such a rapid clip in these days that before very long the whole business will blow up, and turning to me he ask:

"Then where will you be?" But I told him he is wrong. Back yonder, when I was a boy, when you wanted to talk to your neighbors you had to go to see them; now you can shoot your words over a wire, and when you want to speak to a crowd of people all at once you don't have to use a wire even. The papers in those days were usally weeklies, coming out late in the week, and things that happened the fore part of the week the editor forgot, and many things we never heard about like we do now, as soon as it happens, and over radios almost before they happen. The population of the United States has more than doubled since that time, and of course more things hap-

pen. While we hear so much of the evil side of life, I believe there is more good in the world than evil, even if I am not as good myself as I ought to be. We never hear so much of the good as we do the bad. The bad gets all around the world while the good is putting on her hat. The good dosen't get the first page chance in the newspapers the bad does, and hence many people come to the conclusion that the bad predominates. No; there's more good in the world than bad.

I do not remember the lady's name, but that is of no moment to you because it is alleged she says "husbands are an expensive luxury," and the newspaper article to which my attention was called stated that she is all out of husbands now, in fact, she never had one and dosen't want one. I do not know whether it is "sour grapes" or not. It may be she is trying to get even with some men folk, in times past, speaking of women, said, "We can't get along with them, and can't live without them, but the upkeep is something terrible." In the light of luxury, men are expensive. When this no-husband plan gets into full swing, by the bread-winners, it does seem foolish for her to tie herslf down with the needless expense of a running mate. Where is the necessity for her to spend large share of her income in maintaining a home; keeping a husband all dressed up; buying him powder and puffs, and high-heeled shoes; living alone four or five months a year while she sends him away to rest up well, the whole blamed thing would be senseless. I don't think the scheme is going to be a success. I am of the opinion that the husbands that are, are glad they are, and the majority of the women will, sooner or later, say, "Who cares for expenses, anyway?"

Most everybody is pulling for something. The New Year is upon us. Let us push throughout the year 1927. I don't mean scrouging and shoving someone else out of the way to get in his place. Just genteel pushing; helping things along. More people succeed from pushing than pulling. The driving wheels of an engine are not in front. The back wheels of an automobile do the pushing, the front ones guide. Wherever there is power, something is pushing. To pull it up would ruin everything. Many a man is ruined by too much pull. Steam does not pull the piston rod. It gets behind it pushes. You never find a crowbar pulling; it gets down under things and pushes. Life in all of its phases in a pushing thing. A sprig of grass will push its way through a crack in a concrete pavement. It is the same of huma nendeacor. It made Edison, Mark Twain, thousands of otherDid you ever hear of pull making a great man? Push is the Almighty dynamo in man.

"Is there trouble everywhere?" is a line from a familiar old hymn. I should answer it "Yes." Everybody has troubles. Born to it "as the sparks are to fly upward," as the biblical sage puts it. Some have more troubles than others. Some people need greater testing than others. All of us are so inclined to tell others

our troubles. I guess this comes partly from the habit formed in childhood of telling our childish troubles to our mothers in the hope of getting sympathy; and then again, it is a form of self vanity in grown-ups. But I am persuaded that others have their own troubles, and do not care to be burdened with those of other people. But, say what you please about it, it is a great relief to unbosom yourself to some one some times. A load rolls off. But let us not roll too many of these loads on other people. They will soon know more about our troubles than we would care for them to know.

If you are going to be a friend to anybody, for Heaven's sake as well as humanity's sake be a friend! Don't be a gimlet to bore him. It doesn't take money to be a friend; and get rid of the ideas that all friends want money. The capital to back the bank of friendship is a sunny disposition; a wish to help another; a kindly hand extended; a will to lend or give. Draw your drafts on these. They will make you somebody's friend.

Here s a New Year greeting to every reader of these "Ramblings," with a heart-felt wish for great prosperity and happiness the next twelve months. Sent in cordial appreciation of your good will in taking time to read my remarks, and your friendship I treasure among my greatest assets. From Florida to California remembrances have come to "Mrs. Hurrygraph, and me." Greatly over two hundred and fifty Christmas cards, letters, and gifts have filled the "Ramblers" mail box, and our hearts with gladness; and there have been other valuable presents which have made our Christmas the most joyous ever. We, that's "Mrs. Hurrygraph" and myself, treasure all of the beautiful sentiments and good wishes expressed by each and every one. It makes us exceedingly happy in the warm friendships so abundantly accorded us. Speaking for myself, I hope I deserve them; I know "Mrs. Hurrygraph" does.

It seems that our schools may just as well continue to have athletics, and other exercises, to see how far pupils can jump. It ought to help in dodging automobiles.

You cant blame a New Year for coming in with a noise when it sees what a noisy world it is coming into to inherit.

Pandora has nothing on me. She had a box which curiosity led her to open, and out hopped all the ills of life which escaped. Hope was the only thing Pondora saved. I had a box last Tuesday and I, out of curiosity, like that women, opened, and a crimson glow illuminated the Rambler's home as beautiful as the artistic colorings of aurora. It was a Christmas remembrance from my young in years, but old in acquaintance, friend Sid E. Dula, of Lenoir, N. C., owner of the Dula fruit orchards, near the beautiful town the angels named; jointly with the good wishes and compliments of the News-Topic newspaper. It was a box of over a bushel of the "Dula Beauty" apples. Some of them are as large as your two fists put together. I think it must have been

the "Dula Beauty" apple that Eve gave Adam to eat. I can hardly blame Adam for eating it. They are beautiful enough to tempt the most pronounced saint; and even cause the breaking of the eighth commandment. These apples came out of that box like large red roses, and smiled with all the blushes and colorings of lovely girls whose beauty captivates the imagination and hold admiration everywhere they go. That's "Dula Beauty" apples. They please the palate, and gives epicures the joy of their lives. Thy furnish me a "news topic" for some time to come.

No one knows better than myself, after all my association with artists of sculpture and painting, how truly my art comprehends all the others, and surpasses them in so far as the study of mind is more than matter. —Charlotte Cushman.

VANCE IN 1876.

By John W. Thompson, in News & Observer.

"I was living in the western part of the country when Vance was inaugurated," said Judge John W. Thompson, "and along with nearly everybody else in that section came to Raleigh to the inauguration. It was the coldest day ever. There had been a heavy snow. It was not very deep, but the icy wind blew over the snow and people suffered who were out in the open. The plan had been to have the inauguration in Capitol Square, where Aycock was inaugurated in 1901, and a stand had been erected and seats provided but it was too cold for anybody to stay out of doors that day, either to speak or to hear speaking. It was decided to hold the inauguration exercises in Tucker Hall, then Raleigh's only theatre.

"Governor Vance was stopping at the old Yarborough House and everybody went there to see him. I remember there were trees in front of the Yarborough. When the inaugural committee and the distinguished escort came out of the hotel, Mr. Seagraves, who lived near Apex, who was with Vance in the war and who had been standing behind a tree in front of the Yarborough House in the snow, with his clothes and large wool hat literary covered with snow, ran up and hugged Governor Vance, shaking snow all over him as he did so. Mr. Seagraves then got hold of the axel of Vance's carriage and waved his snowy hat and walked all the way to Lucker Hall beside the carriage.

"Governor Vance was sworn in by Chief Justice Pearson and made a very brilliant inaugural speech and his opening words were, 'There is retribution in history.' Aunt Abbey House occupied a front seat and in the midst of his speech Governor Vence went down and shook hands with her. An immense crowd came for the inauguration and Tucker Hall was entirely inadequate to hold

more than a small fraction of those who came.

"During the gubernatorial campaign between Governor Zeb B. Vance and Judge Thomas Settle, said Judge Thompson, I heard them in joint debate four times, first at Jonesboro, N. C., where an immense crowd assembled to hear them. There was an excursion trainload from Fayetteville, very lively and very enthusiastic, and several clubs came on horseback. Then there was a large crowd of colored people on one side of the grounds. One white man accidently got in the midst of them and someone remarked that he was in a dark cloud.

"Judge Settle was an able speaker and a very fine orator, but Vance could puncture a fifteen-minute speech of his in two minutes. Judge Settle made a lengthy eulogy of the flag, remarking that the United States flag which floats over the land and the sea and of the homage paid it by all nations. When Governor Vance replied he said: "Mr. Settle worships the rag upon which the flag is printed. I worship the flag of co-equal states. He worships the temple; while I go inside to worship the God whose spirit pervades the temple.

"Judge Settle remarked of the carpet-baggers and said, "The Good Book says that we shall take in the strangers." Vance said," He complains of me not taking the strangers in, the Littlefields and Laflins and like strangers. My God! The strangers took me in." That set the crowd on fire and you never heard such shouting.

"A terrific summer rain interrupted the speaking for about a half hour and during the time a great number of the crowd became thoroughly drunk. There was plenty of hard cider, and drinks could be obtained at the saloon, which were open in those days. When the speaking was resumed the crowd was very noisy and when Mr. Settle spoke of the Ku Klux Klan "as hell hounds," there was almost a riot, and but for the efforts of many influential men who were present, there would have been one.

"After the speaking was over I started home in a buggy and when the trainload of people from Fayetteville passed me on the way I first thought they were shooting fire crackers but as I noticed more closely I saw the people holding pistols outside of each window and shooting straight up in the air. They were exciting days.

An Account at the Time.

"I recall continued Judge Thompson, that the Raleigh Sentinel printed an account of the Jonesboro speaking that must have an interest today. It is as follows:

After the heavy rain had run the crowd from the first stand the candidates finished their reply speeches in the upper portico of Ryan and Buchannan's store. A great mass of human beings stood below in the street, nearly all of them wet, and some few up to their chins in hard cider and mean whiskey. Judge Settle waxed fiercer than usual in his recital of Ku Klux outrages in 1870. This set the bad blood to work in the whiskey men. They groaned at the Judge. He flushed at once. He then denounced them. He said, "I tell you, those Ku Klux were men like you who bray at me;

you scoundrels; you infernal friends of hell, you!''

''Hurrah for Vance!'' yelled the crowd.

Judge Settle—''If my competitor does not rebuke you for this conduct, he is not the gentlemen I have always found him in this campaign. If he does not tell you he wishes no help from such as you, he is not the gentleman I have always known him since our boyhood.''

Another groan and cries for Vance.

Settle—''Will the decent people of Moore county suffer me to be thus interrupted by a mob?'' (The Judge was about to sit down.) Vance arose and calmed the troubled waters and the crowd cried, "Keep quiet, men,'' ''silence!''

The Judge then continued on the subject of habeas corpus, and cooled off rapidly at every inch of returning reason. He did Vance the justice to say that he believed he never in all his life laid hand on any woman save in the way of kindness. (The crowd clapped their hands.) The Judge closed.

Vance arose perfectly at home and three times as natural, and told the crowd he knew that the handful of men who had interrupted his competitor were wet at the time, both inside and out, that the campaign had always been pleasant between them, and wherever Settle's friends had predominated he had always been treated with respect. He could not tolerate such conduct in those men, and at the same time he condemned the severe language used toward them by Judge Settle. He thought in his cooler movements the Judge would see his own mistake and apologize for such hasty speech. The admirable self-poised of Vance, the easy way he smoothed the passion of the crowd, and set the Judge himself to laughing, won him the full measure of a well balanced man in the minds of all that crowd, and the sun set on as brilliant a Vance victory at Jonesboro as it has reddened in the whole campaign. Judge Settle arose after Vance and explained how easily such taunts could provoke a speaker into madness, that, he had no reference in his offensive language to those of the Ku Klux who had never hung or stabbed or drowned, (and right here a half drunken fellow brayed); ''but I do not wish you, sir, to take any of this apology to yourself.''

Industry, economy, honesty and kindness form a quartette of virtues that will never be improved upon.—James Oliver.

WINSTON CROWNS THE PEANUT KING.

(Extracts from address of Judge Francis D. Winston at the Peanut Exposition at Winsdor under the auspices of the Eastern Carolina Chamber of Commerce.)

The peanut, we know, came from Brazil and there was called Pindal, with us that name took the form of Pindar. Seventy-five years ago this nut began to assume importance in commerce. It has been known as ground nut, ground pea, and finally as peanut—our article of commerce. Let me give you some idea of the variety of products manufactured from it. Parched peanuts is the smallest use to which this nut is now put.

Heintz, the pickle king, boasts of fifty-seven varieties of pickles. We have in our exposition Dr. G. W. Carver, of Tuskeegee College, who has envolved from the peanut 193 different by-products, each of practical use, which you can see, smell and taste by a visit to his booth.

The fact is, the products of the peanut have just about run every other product out of our domestic and agricultural life. There is no sphere of social and business life where it is not known, and been gladly substituted for products of long use.

The most exclusive and epicuran hotel in the world could serve a peanut menu with edible, wholesome and nourishing dishes made of peanut products.

It has entered "my lady's boudoir" and displaced costly cosmetics and cherished cologna and priceless and precious powders. Its baled vines are running baled hay out of the markets and stock fed thereon frolic and gambol, sleek and fat.

After a month of gleaning a peanut field our old swift moving razorbacks roll in fat, lost their identity and enter the markets of the world on equal terms with Poland Chinas, Berkshires, Essex and Duroc Jerseys.

It received ecclesiastic encomium when an eminent divine gave it praise as a sacrifice taken at bad time, in quantity of a pint of raw peanuts washed down with a pint of sweet milk.

Let us see if one cannot get from it all the food and drink needed for comfort, aye for luxury. You rise in the morning, and put your foot on the floor stained with half a dozen colors of "Pea Nut Wood Stains." You put on your shoes which have heels made of "Pea Nut Rubber." You lather your face to shave with "Pea Nut Antiseptic Soap." You bathe your face and hands with the aid of "Pea Nut Toilet Soap." You go to your breakfast and eat. "Pea Nut Breakfast Food," while your wife is preparing instant "Pea Nut Coffeed" mixed with "Pea Nut Cream. You butter your bread made of "Pea Nut Flour" with your "Pea Nut Butter." You order "Pea Nut Mock Oysters' 'to complete the meal. If you wish relishes and condiments at a meal you have "Pea Nut Vinegar," "Pea Nut Pickles" and "Peanut Worchesshire Sauce." Your table linen is snowy white from "Pea Nut

Laundry Soap.'' As it feeds mankind all sufficiently so it feeds fowls, cattle, horses, hogs, and other stock. We have ''Pea Nut Dyes'' for cloth, and ''Peanut Oils'' for every use. We have four varieties of ''Pea Nut Brickett'' for fuel. We have ''Pea Nut Beverages'' for ice cream. We have every variety of "Pea Nut Candy'' and conserve. We have ''Pea Nut Paste'' for shoe shining, and ''Pea Nut Goitre'' for sore throat.

The cry ''Cotton King'' is heard no more. Cotton stands today uncrowned and discredited before Prince Peanut. The fact is Cotton has seen its day in North Carolina. It is now superceded by Prince Peanut in every way, except in the matter of making cloth which the women wont wear, and in making automobile tires which induce waste and neglect; and in making fertilizer which every farmer today, in the pressure of ten-cent cotton wishes he had not bought. Peanuts are to the front. You find them knocking at the door of Congress demanding protection against pauper raised peanuts of the Orient. It grows in consecrated soil, where liberty was born in America. It demands in the name of Mecklenburg and King's Mountain, Guilford Courthouse and Jamestown the same governmental favor, the same government encouragement as is given to those manufacturing Southern raw material at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill. No more and no less.

And lastly, my friends, when you have prospered and fattened and luxuriated on peanuts they provide for you in the moments when you come to write your last will and testament, for you can fill your fountain pen with ''Pea Nut Ink,'' and write your wishes on ''Peanut Paper.''

Folks make yourselves at home.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

The great adventure is not death,
'Tis life.
It is to feel the pulsing round of breath,
To take a place and hold it in the strife.
To hope, and plan, and feel, and love, and dream,
To look and climb
To the far, rugged heights where visions gleam
Of things sublime.
Let us not live because we must,
But live
To feel the mighty challenge of a trust,
To have a work to do, a gift to give.
The pay may not be great in shining gold,
But may be had
Enough of satisfactions manifold
To make us glad.

—Clarence E. Flynn, in Kind Words.

HIS RELIGIOUS NEED.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Writing to The Citizen: "A Citizen" relates that: "I do not concern myself about theological questions or particularly care whether there is any God or what kind of God. My aim is to live uprightly, treat my fellow men right and help the unfortunate. What more religion do I need?"

A good deal more, we think, since according to this gentleman he has not now any religion whatever. He simply has a code of morals, directions for human conduct, created by himself, or more likely adopted from the teachings of such non-religious instructors as Plato or Confucius. He may have adapted his code from the Bible but even this will not even tinge him with religion.

Religion necessarily involves the idea of a God—this is the absolute test of any alleged religion. It need not be the God of the Bible, the Jehova of the Christians and the Jews, for religion as a descriptive term designates no particular God. It accepts the many gods of the Greeks, the sun worshipped by the Zoroastrians and even the diety exalted by the naked savage after he has carved it out of a block of wood.

And yet there is a cult of many intelligent people who profess allegiance only to a code of morals who speak of their "religion." They are good citizens who set up certain standards for earthly conduct and because they "believe" in these class themselves as religionists. Without offense, we may say that they have less religion than the savage—because they haven't any while he has some of a sort for he has a God, a spiritual Being.

It is vain for these good people to argue that they have a religion because their code of conduct conforms to the best earthly standards or inculates morality. Morality, in the sense we now use it in this country, is not necessarily an ingredient of religion. Some religions permit what to us is gross immortality. Not mercy but cruelty was embodied in the worship of the ancient Baal.

But so strong is the desire to be classed as religionists that some of the moralists undertake to defy or reform the dictionary and claim religion as a title for their code and practice. Others make a sort of obeisance to the Bible. They accept Christ as an historical human being of ideal type, attend orthodox churches, but secretly give allegiance only to their code. This is their way of attiring their code as a religion. It suggests the vague fear of breaking away entirely from ancient religious precept—that what they call their "religion" is not self-sustaining.

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation—James Freeman Clarke.

NEW YEAR'S DAY WORLD'S OLDEST HOLIDAY.

By Earle W. Gage.

New Year's Day is ne of the oldest of holiday festivals. The Romans on this day were accustomed to exchange greetings and make presents. Never in ancient times did it occur on the first of January. It is probably the most movable feast known to history, having been held in nearly every season of the year; it is also the holiday redeemed, having been saved from the lewd orgies which characterized its early observance, but having been universally established as January 1st since 1752 by civilized peoples.

A wise prophet of old, who had given considerable thought to the flight of time, the revolving seasons and the swiftly passing months, observed that it is very appropriate, as far as the Northern Hemisphere is concerned, that January "should be the first month of the year. Its beginning being near the winter solstice, the year is thus made to present a complete series of the seasonal changes and operations, including equally the first movements of spring, and the death of all annual vegetation in the frozen arms of winter."

However, the calendars of the ancients—the Jews, the Egyptians, the Greeks— did not place the commencement of the year at this point. It was not done until the formation of the Roman Calendar, usually attributed to the second king, Numa Pompilius, whose reign is set down as terminating in the year 672 B. C. Numa it is said, decreed that the year should commence at this time, and he added two new months to the ten into which the year had previously been divided, calling the first of the new months Januarius, in honor of Janus, the pagan god supposed to preside over the doors. Janus might very naturally be presumed also to have something to do with the opening of the year.

The ancient Jewish calendar year opened as a rule on what is now March 25, and it continued long to have a legal position in Christian countries. In England it was not until 1752 that January 1 became the initial day of the legal year, as it had long been the initial day of the popular year.

Before that time it was customary to set down dates between January 1 and March 24, inclusive, in this way, "January 30, 1648-49," meaning that popularly the year was 1649, but legally 1648, for the legal year did not begin until March 25.

Thus New Year's Day was a movable holiday; every race and creed had a different idea and custom as to its day of visitation, and uncertainly reigned throughout the then known world. Different nations celebrated the day at various seasons in the winter, the spring, the summer and the autumn.

The ancient Egyptians and Persians began the new year at the autumnal equinox September 22, and the Greeks in the time of Solon—after

whom every rural law maker has called himself ever since—at the winter solstice, December 21. The Romans began the year with the winter solstice until changed to January 1. The Jews began the new year at the vernal equinox, March 22. This is astronomically the beginning of spring and is really a logical time to begin the new year.

In 1582 the Pope promulgated the Gregorian Calendar, and New Year, which medieval Europe therefore had observed on March 25, was finally fixed for the first day of January. Catholic countries adopted the change immediately. Protestant countries were slower, and it was not until the British Parliament passed a law fixing New Year's Day as on January 1, in 1752, that the Christian world would accepted it generally.

Under the Caesars New Year's was quite a source of profit to the emperor, and became so great a burden to the people that the Christian Church prohibited its members from having anything to do with the festival. The orgies which accompanied the celebration of the season, not only among the Romans, but also among the Teutonic races, caused the early Christians to look with scant favor upon the festival. By the fifth century, however, December 25 had become a fixed festival commemorative of Jesus' nativity, and January 1 assumed a special sacred character as the feast of the circumcision.

In Scotland the change was made by a decree of King James VI, who became James I of England, when the crowns of the two kingdoms were united at the death of Queen Elizabeth. The decree of King James was issued in the year 1600, so that Scotland made the change 152 years before it was made in England, by act of Parliament, almost a half century after the complete union of England and Scotland.

Our Teutonic and Saxon ancestors found it impossible to celebrate New Year's Day without what they called the wassail bowl. Pledges were drunk from it, and from this came the name, wassail, derived from the Saxon "wass hail—meaning "to your health." While a man drank from the great bowl, a friend stood near with a sword drawn to protect him from interruption.

In England no holiday was considered of much account that was not observed with flowing bowl. On New Year's Eve the wassail bowl was filled with spiced ale and drunk in families, and poorer folk tied a bowl with ribbons and begged for money for ale to fill and refill the bowl, singing:

Wassail, wassail, all over town,
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown;
Our bowl it is made of a maple tree,
We be good fellows all I drink to thee.

The custom of exchanging presents on New Year's Day, though in Anglo-Saxon countries it has been largely superseded by the giving of Christmas gifts, is still retained in France and the Latin countries. It is one of the oldest and was one of the most universal observances of the season.

The Persians celebrated the beginning of the year by exchanging gifts of eggs. The ancient Druids distributed as New Year's gifts among

the early Britons branches of the sacred mistletoe, cut with peculiarly solemn ceremonies on the previous night from oak trees in a forest dedicated to the gods.

In France the four de l'an entirely puts Christmas in the shade—indeed, it is only of late years that the latter had had any vogue at all to speak of among the French. Even today it is a fashionable imitation of an English custom rather than a native-born feast. The Christmas creches in churches and homes are but introductions to those of Epiphany, and the trois Mages are usually present at the Nativity whatever chronology may say.

The old Roman customs connected with Janus (who faced both ways, past and present) had the importance of the greetings and presents on the first day of January, are as flourishing today as 2,000 years ago. For the Romans of old, right back in the Republican times, presented their friends with dried dates, figs, and honeycomb as emblems of the sweetness of the omens under which the year should run its course. Along with these was the stips—a small coin or medal which was an emblem of good luck and also a mascot presaging riches. Later this became a "tip" to one's slave or workman.

In America and England a few close friends, the younger generation, our business servants, such as postmen, and a few domestic ancillaries profit at Christmas; but in France the whole nation takes a hand. All your friends without exception must receive your wish of "une bonne et heureuse annee," and this should be done personally. A private citizen of retiring habits (not many in France!) may do this with fair ease; a business man with customers added to his own and his wife's relations has a harder task; while a public man of any distinction, even though it be only local, has any number, from hundreds to thousands, who must be remembered.

Fortunately, Dame Convention allows this to be done by deputy and you may suitably inscribe your cards, send them by a hired distributor, and peacefully remain at home. After the recent war this custom was allowed to assume reasonable proportions, But in France all ceremonious traditions have a tough life, and today this "calling" duty is as binding as ever.

The New Year's present duty is just as rigid. Presents must be given for instance, to all your employes. Hundreds of employers have to stand for many hours receiving the handshakes and "Bonne annee" from expectant workmen and return the wish with a "Pareillement, Jules," or "Pareillement, Gaston," together with an envelop containing a gift exactly proportionate to the importance of their duties. It is an opportunity of displaying considerable tact in deciding the precise position hierarchy of labor of the man who sweeps up the refuse and him who carts it away.

These New Years gifts are called etrennes, and the derivation of the word indicates the antiquity of the custom. The ancestor of etrenne in historic times is the Sabine word strena, meaning health. It is a common word in republican times when it means any omen, generally of

good luck.

In Scotland, as in France, New Year's Day outshines Christmas as the most important festival of the year. A visitor whom every family expects on New Year's morning is the "first foot," a name given to the person who first sets foot over the threshold after the stroke of twelve.

At the principal Russian cities, under normal conditions, New Year's is celebrated according to the rite of the calendar of the Greek Church. The favorite form of gifts appears to be bric-a-brac. Under the pretext of sending bonbons, men pack the candies in the most exquisite caskets of Saxe or Sevres porcelain, or else in boxes made of that beautiful enameled silverware for which Russian jewelers are justly famous. After the restoration of the Bourbons in France, it became fashionable to send bonbons on New Year's Day, and 1000 tons of them, in 1822, were sold in the two days preceding the festival.

In Japan the New Year is a season of much festivity and innocent mirth, exceeding Christmas in universal recognition. In fact Christmas has not been recognized to any extent in the land of Nippon, save for the past dozen years, since Christian influences made themselves manifest. On New Year's Day every portal is decorated and each object of which the decoration is composed has a symbolic meaning. The usual form of the decoration is a green arch. On the right is placed a small pine tree with a reddish stem, and on the left one with a black stem. Fancy has attributed to the light one a feminine and to the dark one a masculine sex. Also, this hardy tree symbolizes a stalward age that has withstood the storms and struggles of existence. Close to the pines on either side are set graceful stems of bamboo, which rising erect with succession of rings, form a fit symbol of hale life and fullness of years.

The distance between the trees, about six feet, is spanned by a grass rope, sufficiently raised to admit of passage beneath it. This, according to its symbolic purpose, debars all unclean and evil things from crossing the threshtold. Among the Chinese. New Year's day is the greatest festival of the year, while in many countries it receves greater attention than even Christmas.

From old Dutch times to the middle of the nineteenth century, New Year's Day in New York City was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown open, and it was a breach of etiquette to omit any aquaintance in the annual calls; when old friendships were renewed and family differences amicably settled.

At this period there were great feasts spread in many homes and the tradition of tremendous Dutch eating and drinking was faithfully observed. Special houses were noted for particular entertainment; at one, pickled oysters; at another, boned turkey or marvelous chocolate or perfect coffee. At all houses there were New Year's Cakes in the form of the Egyptian cartouche.

It is quite possible that the custom of the presidents, from Washington to the present, to receive on New Year's Day, was established by these early Dutch festivals. In 1790, when New York City was the seat of the American government, President

Washington held a reception between noon and three o'clock, and was visited by all the home and foreign dignitaries. He expressed the hope on that occasion that whatever change might take place in the manners and customs of the city, the observance of New Year's Day might never be abandoned. In New York and many other cities, there are services in many churches and receptions in clubs and drawing rooms. The good Knickerbocker custom is still maintained by some families.

However, slowly there followed the gradual breaking down of the old lines of conventionality into a wild riot of visits. New Year's Day took on the character of an untame race against time. A procession, each of whose component parts were composed of two or three young men in a barouche, with a pair of steaming horses and a careless driver, would rattle from house to house all day long. The visitors would jump out in a few minutes.a. The ceremony of calling soon became afarce. There were hilarious greetings, a bite to eat, everybody shook hands all round, and the callers madly dashred away and jumped into the carriage and were aff to the next house. However, after a few years thus the custom was abolished.

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrim Fathers in the New World, named New England was most prosaic, most brief —"We went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration of the day savored of improper and unChristian reverence for the heathen god Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's Eve and New Year's Day were second in importance and in domestic observance only to Christmas.

For centuries it has been the custom, at least among northern nations, "to see the old year out and the New Year in" with the highest demonstrations of merriment and conviviality. To but a few does it seem to occur that the day is a memorandum of the subtraction of another year from the little sum of life.

An old writer records: "With the multitude, the top feeling is a desire to express good wishes for the next twelve months' experience of their friends, and to be subject of similar benevolence on the part of others, and to see this interchange of cordial feelings take place, as far as possible, in festive circumstances."

The poet Longfellow, in one of his prose works, has given advice as to the attitude to take, respecting the flight of time which all are so forcibly reminded by New Year's Day. He writes:

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. And go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

The Old World custom of watch-night meetings and of sitting up to see the old year out and the new year in is now perhaps, here in the United States, more general than elsewhere in the world. Indeed, New Year's Day is our second great holiday, as it has been man's festival day since early times.

A MATTER OF HONOR.

Henry S. Graham.

David Roscoe had fire in his eye. "As long as I'm student body president at Melrose High there will be no ringers on her athletic teams!" he fairly yelled from the chapel platform. His voice cracked sharply, echoing and re-echoing down the historic old corridor.

Inside the chapel room, in which four hundred students were seated, a stormy session was going on. It had been called by David Roscoe as an emergency measure.

"It's time to clean house," the boy went on in a tone of voice that was a ringing challenge to those opposed to right and fair play. "It is true we are accused of things for which we are not to blame, but Bratton High is not altogether wrong in its accusations. There's an old saying that where's smoke there's bound to be some fire."

Hisses and cries of "traitor, traitor," began to float to the front of the room. Feet were stamped; talking continued loud and uncontrolled. Finally the situation became so bad that Principal Meer had to leave his chair on the platform and demand quiet. He did not take sides, but a sense of fairness to David demanded prompt and drastic action.

"I suggest that all those who do not wish to be considered ladies and gentelmen leave the room at once," he said. You're not treating your president with the respect he deserves."

Almost instantly an change took place. Principal Meer knew how to restore order. Too many of the pupils had been punished for misconduct. Though fair and square, the rule he exercised as a stern one, not unlike that of Puritan days.

David was on his feet again. "You all know what I mean," he said with clenched fists. "And if Melrose High were big enough and rich enough to have a coach for her athletic teams I wouldn't have to be talking as I am today. The situation would take care of itself."

The speaker did not say so, because such a statement was unnecessary, but the whole trouble over ineligibility was due to the fact that one of the seniors, himself an athletic wizard, was doing the coachnig. This boy, Pat Hogan, a red-haired Irish lad, whose middle name was 'fight,' refused to be bothered by matters of in eligibility when a player's presence was necesssary for the success of the team. It was an old, old story with which every follower of sports is familiar.

"I might as well get right down to brass tacks," David went on. "Pat Horgan stand up. I want you to answer some questions. It won't be pleasant, I know, but there is the spotless honor of a school, our school, at stake."

Pat's red head soon projected above the others. He rose slowly as if dreading what was to come. It was plain that he was more at home on the girdiron or bosketball floor than as a public speaker.

"In the first place place," began Davil. "how long did Hurdle Nelson play basketball at Canfield? I want

the exact truth, now.''

Pat scratched his head. ''Why, two yeors, I think,'' he answered slowly. ''If you want to know why don't you ask him?''

''Because he's not here,'' replied David. "I asked him to remain in the library during this meeting. I didn't see any reason for embarrassing him before everybody.''

"Awfully thoughtful of you,'' sneered Pat.

''None of that, Pat,'' spoke up Principal Meer in defense of David. ''We want to get to the bottom of this thing.''

''And this is his third year in Melrose,'' said David thoughtfully. ''Isn't he ever going to graduate?''

A ripple of laughter went up from some of the girl students, but the boys only hissed mildly.

"Do you plan to use him at center Friday night in the basketball game with Rankin?'' asked the president seriously.

''I do,'' were Pat's words. Any objection?''

''The best of objections,'' came back David. "In fact I forbid it.''

Pat shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, ''what difference does that make, I'd like to know?'' The Irish lad started to sit down, but David stopped him. ''Just a minute,'' he piped out shrilly for him, "I want you to get this good and strong. If Hurdle Nelson even so much as suits up for that game I'm going to start something. If he plays at all I'm going to tell the whole crowd over at Rankin about his ineligibility. And you can be sure that I'll be among those present at the opening whistle. I mean it.''

''Haven'e you any school loyalty?'' sang out one of the sophomore boys sitting in the front row.

''Yes,'' snapped David. ''But there's a limit to loyalty. I'd live and die for Melrose High—for the old Blue and White—but I don't want to see her flag stained by the blood of a man who has no right to represent her in athletic competition. I guess we understand each other, Pat. The meeting's adjourned.''

During the noon hour groups of students stood in clusters about the halls talking over the events of the morning. David knew most of them sided against him. They were so wrapped up in having a good team in victory that they could not see his point of view. They studiously avoided him wherever possible.

David ran into Pat and Hurdle Nelson unexpectedly at the front step.s Pat's face reddened in remembrance of the morning's unpleasantness, and his pal's countenance held a scowl, too. ''Let me introduse you to the center on Melrose's basketball team, Mr. President,'' said Pat sarcastically. ''He's going to get the tip off on Rankin this week. Better go over.''

"He's going to get something he isn't looking for,'' declared David bitterly, "if he plays, and it won't be the tip off, either, I promise you that.''

Pat's face darkened. ''Look here, David Roscoe,'' he said with an air of authority. ''You just let me and my plans alone. See? If you don't well, for one thing I'll see that you don't get that job in da's grocery store next summer as usual. And for another thing—but, well, it

doesn't matter anyway. You'll just have to wait until—''

''Until what?'' David demanded.

The two cronies walked off arn and arm together without either one making a reply. David watched them stroll across the campus. Then he went into the building.

A prep meeting was held Friday afternoon in honor of the Rankin game that evening. David led the cheering, giving everything he had to get the best out of the rooters. Even Pat Hogan had to admit he was showing a world of spirit.

''That's fine, folks,'' David told them with a smile when everything was over. ''If you only do half as well tonight I'll be satisfied. The Rankin bunch will try to drown us out, but we'll show 'em a thing or two about vocal gymnastics, eh what?''

And a vigorous shot went up from the throng of students. For the time-being David had almost forgotten about Hurdle Nelson and the cloud of ineligibility he represented.

David had planned to drive his small coupe over to Rankin, a distance of eight miles. Tom Darf was going with him, and they were to start at six-thirty. As Tom and David made their way to the latter's vine-covered garage the two boys noticed Pat Hogan sneak off through the bushes and disappear. What was he doing in that neighborhood? He and David never associated with each other and the boy-coach lived in an entirely different section of town. Although the affair looked suspicious neither of them gave much thought to it at the time. In stead they climbed into the machine and were soon chugging off into the gathering twilight.

The machine purred softly and evenly. David had recently tuned up its motor and adjusted the carburetor. It sang one long sweet song of happiness and harmony. David did not urge the car ahead at a rapid rate. Too well he knew the dangers of fast driving. And besides there was no hurry. Crowds of jolly Melrose rooters passed them on the way to the great game, but neither Tom or David cared. Both of them, particularly David, were wondering if Pat Hogan would be foolish enough to use Hurdle Nelson, the ineligible. They hoped not. David had warned Pat again shortly before leaving, but the latter had only grinned and passed on.

Tom looked at his watch. ''Say, old fellow,'' he said, ''the game begins in twenty-five minutes. You'd better step a little livelier. Something might happen—perhaps a puncture.''

Immediately David gave the car more gas until it was making twenty-five miles an hour. Nothing of incident occurred for about five minutes. Suddenly David noticed the machine began to slide off to the side of the road in spite of his most determined efforts to guide it. Presently he felt a sharp drop; there was a lurch, a sickening plunge.

He barley had time to say, ''A front wheel's come off,'' and to feel a succession of bumps before all became black.

David opened his eyes to look into Tom's frightned face. His chnm was shaking him vigorously and bathing his forehead with water procured from a nearby ditch. ''How do you

feel?'' Tom asked tenderly. But David's first thought was not of himself, it was of the game. He must get there. There was not a second to spare.

Painfully he sat upright. Gradually he knew that his forehead was cut as well as his side. To his utter horror and despair he could not raise his left arm. It was broken. Oh, how it hurt! Constant effort was required to prevent screaming outright.

"The windshield cut you where you went through it,'' announced Tom, ''and you must have fallen on your arm. Let me help you up.''

With his friend's aid David stood up. He noticed the broken wheel, lying on the ground. In spite of intense suffering he forced himself to say, ''Pat Hogan's going to answer for this. Now I know why we saw him sneaking behind the garage. He must have tampered with that wheel just to keep us from getting to the game. He was afraid I would expose his little scheme.''

Tom declared he was uninjured. This was fortunate as he was able to help David.

Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do—get to Rankin for medical attention at once. Tom hailed a passing car and helped David inside. Five minutes later the driver deposited them at Dr. Wilson's office. The docter was in. He dressed the injured boy's wounds and set his arm. A few minutes later the two stumbled into the outer air.

''Now for the game,'' said David, gritting his teeth. ''It must be pretty nearly over now. We'll have to hurry.''

Tom could not but admire David's wonderful pluck. He had suffered a broken arm and numerous injures, but still the real object of his trip remained uppermost in his mind. It simply would not be forgotten.

As far as a block from the Rankin gymnasium the cheers were deafing. A battle royal must be in progress.

David and Tom slipped through the door, working their way through the vast throng and taking standing positions near the field of conflict. All seats were occupied,

The score was 20 to 20 with a minute to go. It was a fast and furious battle, the tensest in Rankin history. It happened that at this juncture of the game Pat Hogan was forced to throw the ball in from out-of-bounds. Standing within two feet of where David was resting, bandaged and enduring untold pain, he could not help but see the injured lad. He paused, ball in air, while David whispered something in his ear. Pat hesitated and did not throw the sphere into the waiting arms of Hurdle Nelson only five feet distant. Instead he slammed the ball at the referee, who was naturally surprised beyond description, and walked to the middle of the floor, his face red and perspiring. The vast crowd sat as if under a spell. What was the matter?

''I've been ordered to forfeit this game, friends,'' he began awkwardly. ''They say Hurdle Nelson, our center, is ineligible, has played too many years. I guess that's all.'' And the red-haired youngster walked away, being soon surrounded by his teammates. The vast throng was

puzzled, but it soon dissolved and filed through the doorway. The papers, they knew, would explain everything later. David's whispered words had borne fruit. Pat knew the boy had meant what he said. David would have told the crowd the whole story. So Pat had to face the music. What a bitter unpalatable pill it was to swallow.

David and Pat did not meet again that night, but a week later, when complications set in, following the auto accident, and David was ordered to bed, Pat, with his mop of red hair and Irish wit, was the first visitor admitted to the sick room.

"I know you think I monkeyed with the wheel of your car, Dave," he said softly. But I didn't honest. I meant to drain your gas tank so you couldn't get to Rankin, that's true; but you and Tom came out before I got at it. I never touched your car, and I'm really sorry, very sorry you were hurt. Things look blue enough for me."

"We'll forget the accident," David grinned. "But what's troubling you? Is the team all right?"

"Is now," Pat said dolefully. "They've gotton rid of me, but too late. On account of Nelson the other towns refuse to have anything to do with us. They've cancelled all games with Melrose. I didn't see your point once, but I tell you this playing ringers is a dangerous and unfair practice."

"Yes drawled David. "Sport has to be kept clean and above reproach. Win if you can is my motto, but win squarely."

At that moment Principal Meer came into the room. They've given us another chance, boys!" he cried joyfully. "When I told them what a fight you'd made against Nelson, David, they believed me. We're back on the schedule, but on probation. And the team wants you in uniform, too, Pat. You're also to be given another trial." The Irish boy was out of the room in two jumps.

And David Roscoe was happy.

IMAGINARY STREAM.

"There is many a sorrow and pain, I know,
  As we tread the path of life;
There is many a grief and lasting woe,
  And the way is toil and strife;
But the hardest load that we have to bear,
  Is the labor and strength that's lost
In building the bridge, with toilsome care,
  O'er the stream that is never crossed."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The boys in Prof. Johnson's school room made some very nice wreaths which were put on each of the windows in the room.

If you'll notice, you'll see that all the cottages and other buildings that have been painted and repaired, have a great deal better appearance.

The boys of the printing department were very busy two days last week publishing the Ninth Biennial Report of the Jackson Training School.

This month—January—will mean more to some boys than others. This is the regular parole month and a number of the boys will probably be paroled by Supt. Boger.

A few days ago Mr. John. G. Carpenter, a lawyer of Gastonia, N. C. was a visitor of the school. He was escorted about the institution by one of the print shop boys.

New quarterlies were distributed to the boys last week. We all were interested in our last book and hope that the new quarterly will be just as interesting.

The interior of the print shop was painted last week. This not only makes the shop have much more light but it also improves the appearance of the shop.

A number of boys have been unloading a car load of coal which arrived at the railroad siding recently. The barn boys also have been working in coal, they have been hauling it to the different cottages.

Last Friday morning all the boys went to school. All of them were very glad to write a letter to their home-folks. Probably a large number of the letters written contained stories of the good times each individual boy had during the holidays.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He selected his text from the second chapter of Isaiah and the fourth verse which reads: "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Rev. Lyerly's talk about our late war, the loss of life and money and why we should have peace forever was a very interesting talk, and was enjoyed by all present.

The first lesson in our new quarterlies last Sunday was about Jesus choosing His disciples. The subject of this lesson was: "The Christian the Follower of Jesus." He called Andrew and Simon Peter who were fishermen and told them to follow Him, and they followed; without asking any questions. He then called Matthew, and told him to follow.

Matthew obeyed. Matthew gave up his job and followed Jesus, he had a job that he couldn't take back anytime that he wanted to. But just the same he followed.********Jesus was feasting with the publicans and the sinners. Some of the people asked: "Why is He, a well-known man and a supposed Saviour, eating with these people?" The disciple answered not but Jesus did. He told the people that the well did not need a physician. He had come to save those that needed to be saved and to heal those that needed to be healed. This lesson was a very interesting one.

The Christmas holidays are over, but our Christmas thoughts of the good times that all the boys here had will be hard to forget. Our Christmas tree was a large and a very beautiful one. The program was rendered in the auditorium and all was the best that we have had for a long time. The weather was very rough for several days during our Christmas holidays, but the sun came from behind the clouds and we had good weather; all the boys then went to the ball ground to have a glorious time. The boys saw two moving picture shows during the holidays; a most interesting one was: "The Connecticut Yankee, in King Authur's Court."

All the cottages were decorated and it was very hard to tell the one that was best decorated, although all of them looked fine. Old Santa himself was present at the School Christmas Eve night. Every boy was glad to grasp his hand in a hearty hand shake. He gave each boy a Christmas Sack, full of Christmas "goodies" and as each boy received his present, went back to his seat. Rev. Courtney talked to the boys about our "Santa Claus." The real one and the make-believe. His talk was very interesting. The boys were asked to recite the second chapter of Luke the second time for Mr. Charles A. Cannon and other visitors who arrived a little late at the exercises. There were many present in the auditorium Christmas Eve night who thought of the boys here and how to make themselves the Santa, and to make the boys happy Christmas. We all had a most Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

NEW YEAR.

New Year, New Year,
  Very clean and white,
You're like a sheet of paper
  On which pen can write.

Before you've changed to old year
  And blown away for good,
I hope I shall have written,
  The loving things I should.

—Exchange.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M.

CAROLINA ROOM

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 15, 1927 No. 5

THE SOURCE.

Carve the face from within, do not dress it from sculptor's workshop.

For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; the face catches the glow from that side.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

IF—

If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues,
And their faults refused to see;
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

UNDER THE SOUTHERN SUN.

The delights of winter in the South and the part that the warm Southern sun plays in supplying the tables of the nation with early fruits and vegetables are brought to the attention of ten million magazine readers in an advertisement of the Southern Railway System, appearing in January editions, under the heading, "Under the Southern Sun."

This advertisement which is the fourth of a series being run by the Southern in magazines of national circulation is illustrated by a Southern orchard scene and reads as follows:

"First the blossoms, then the fruit—mile upon mile—under the Southern sun.

"People of the farm live to good purpose here, for soil and climate work

with them. Fruit grows and ripens eagerly, and green vegetables sprout early and stay late—in the South.

"The crops of Southern orchards fill a third of America's yearly fruit dish, and a quarter of our national vegetable supply comes from south of the Ohio and the Potomac.

"Each year the demand for Southern fruit and vegetables grows—the national consumption of fruit increases about 14% a year, the population only 1¼%. And each year Southern farmers profit by satisfying the taste of an appreciative nation.

The Southern Railway System, in the year just passed, hauled 67,000 carloads of fresh fruits and vegetables."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

OVERCOMING.

Every day, says a close observer, we hear of people who squander their gifts and despise their opportunities. To all seeming they have been born with a silver spoon in their mouth and with certain success within their reach. And yet they have come trailing along at the foot of the procession. If we were to diagnose their cases we would say they lacked purpose, determination and the will to work. Other weakening elements may have entered in. Had others been fortunate enough to start life with their advantages they would have climbed to the top and made a name for themselves. That is a discouraging picture, and a frequent one.

But there is another side. Just as often we have seen persons who to all appearances started in life with a handicap. Only an incurable optimist would have predicted a roseate future for them. Little more could have been expected than that they would make a fairly decent living and help to swell the rank and file. They were not supposed to be unusually bright. They did not have the environment that would help to push them to the front. They were without friends of commanding influence. It was very evident that any name they were to make for themselves would depend on their own resources.

And yet who would attempt to call the roll of those who, beginning without much promise, have achieved real greatness? Their handicaps were challenges, which they accepted, and thanked God for. They were determined not to be held back in the race because they got off to a bad start. Each day we hear of men and women who began under physical, financial, educational hardships, to say nothing of a heritage of tendency toward ease and dissipaion, and yet who struggled against great odds and landed out toward the front ranks. Hardships are not to crush our spirit, but to challenge

us. Impediments are often flung in our way to test the quality of our being. There is room at the top for those who will work hard and persevere, even though the forces that are supposed to be friendly to success are severely absent. He who says I can and I will cannot be halted by a few obstacles.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

BELATED NEW YEAR'S PLEDGE.

1. I will remember that life is more than today. I will not squander all my time and money and enthusiasm on the pleasures of the hour.

2. I will make a special effort to have and keep the greatest gift given to mankind, health.

3. I will remind myself, even while I struggle for the health and happiness of myself and family that this is not a one man or even a one-family-world. "He serves best himself who serves humanity" is no idle saying, and unselfishness was not a virtue that died with Victorian era.

4. I will improve my mind. I will seek on every occasion the help and comfort of those changeless and ever faithful friends, books. I will endeavor to read at least one worthwhile book every week. I will read as much as I can on questions of the day.

5. I will in all things be broadminded. I will seek to be tolerant and never permit prejudice to blind me.

6. I will give to every good cause my hearty support. I will remember the duties of citizenship. I will count the right of franchise a privilege, and I will vote in every election. I will cherish and defend the constitution of the United States. Every law shall have my support as long as it remains on the statue books. If I believe the law to be harmful, I will labor for its repeal, but I will, in no wise, countenance law-breaking.

7. I will regard reverently those things which demand reverence.

8. I will strive to keep a sense of proportion, to be mindful that the world does not begin and end with the perpendicular pronoun. I will, in other words, never take myself too seriously.

9. And, never, never, will I lose my sense of humor.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

JUDGE OGLESBY.

For the first time since his appointment by Gov. McLean and then his election by the people to the Superior Court Bench Judge John M. Oglesby held this week's court in Cabarrus county, his home. His charge has been

highly commended, having impressed the home folks as able and ringing clear on the duties of a proper attitude towards law enforcement.

An intelligent countryman remarked: "If the officers of the law and the law-abiding citizens would heed Judge Oglesby's instructions the gambling dens and the booze depots in and about Concord and the county would soon disappear."

Judge Oglesby has made an enviable reputation during the short time he has been on the bench for the manner in which he conducts his courts—just like a veteran.

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FRANK L. STANTON.

Georgia has contributed to the wealth of the land many a bright, cheerful soul. Long will live Joel Chandler Harris. Just the other day another of her jewels crossed the bar. He has sung his last song, but years and years yet to come Frank L. Stanton's songs will be remembered.

For near unto forty years this genius contributed daily a column of comment and verse to the Daily Atlanta Constitution. His work became an institution in itself, and the memory of it will linger for ages.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Major Fair, of Lincolnton, seems to have read aright the signs of the times when he declared "that in all probability within six months, the soldiers will don their uniforms." What about the little misunderstanding over this Nicaragua mess?

SWEETES' LI'L' FELLER.

By Frank L. Stanton.

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
  Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
  But he mighty lak' a rose!

Lookin' at his mammy
  Wid eyes so shiny-blue,
Mek' you think dat heaven
  Is comin' clost ter you!

W'en he's dar a-sleeping'
  In his li'l' place.
Think I see de angels
  Lookin' thoo' the lace.

W'en de dark is fallin'—
  W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
  Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
  Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
  But he mighty lak' a rose.

VILLAGE GOSSIP.

By Bright W. Padgitt.

Now old and barren, cheated of the right
To proudly boast a brood of flesh and blood,
She turns to picking carcass, throwing mud
And striking youth with shrewd, reptilian spite.
Bereft of love and passion's swift surprise,
She haunts the alley-ways of village life
And pokes the garbage piles of social strife
In search of secret thrills to glut her eyes.

Her tongue can be a bland and buttered spear
With malice hid, until we find that we
Have grown most patronizing in our fear
Of what those prying, vulture eyes might see,—
We cursed her; yes—but never dared confess
The moral courage of our wickedness.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The woman who used to kindle the cook stove fire with kerosene now has a son who lights a match to see if the gasoline tank is empty.

It is unsafe and unwise to condemn people and things upon mere gossip and rumor. Neither one is a sound foundation for your criticism or censure.

A Durham man going home found his wife in a very pensive mood. He inquired the cause. I'm trying to think,'' she replied, ''what it was that I worried about before we got this radio set.''

Wouldn't the good old-fashioned women of seventy-five years ago rejoice to have gotten hold of the cross-word puzzle diagrams appearing in the papers these days? They would have given them such unique designs for making the old-fashioned bed-quilts.

The radio optimists are now telling us that it won't be ten years before we will be able to see across the ocean. Who wants to see across the ocean when the girls give so much to look at on this side of the great pond?

Some wives are a veritable bureau of information. When hubby loses anything about the house and inquires of wifey concerning its loss she will invariably ask the question: ''Where did you have it last?'' And there you are.

It is announced by somebody, who has been looking into the matter, that statistics show that husbands are the best automobile drivers. Why shouldn't they be? They take a course of instruction in driving every time they take their wives out with them.

It is all right for a man to preach taking lessons from ''the errors of his youth.'' What I want to know is, what will instruct him in the errors of his later life. Men outgrow their youth, and forget so much conviently. Somewhere, in years agone, I read something about ''as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined,'' and I am inclined to believe it.

Recently Dr. R. Parkes Cadman was asked. ''Should a man tell his wife everything about business matters as well as social and domestic?'' Dr. Cadman replied, ''It depends on the wife. If she is wise you cannot tell her too much; if she is foolish, you cannot tell her too little.'' Dr. Cadman Parkes his car in the proper place.

High positions in these days are not won overnight. The man who reaches the elevated places must pay the price. There is only one way to get the place farther up the line—work for it. Work brings all desired ends. When you work for a place, and you get it, you'll know how you got it. The finest thing about it all is that the work you did in getting the place will enable you to hold it.

Metaphorically speaking, euphonously, about aeroplanes, somehow or otherwise, I am somewhat convinced that you have to give it to the aboriginal Indians as being the first to have "arrow plains." They certainly had the arrow and it was pretty plain when it began to whiz after their human targets. The Indians did not do any flying, but the object of their aim did. So much for the arrow-plain and the aeroplanes; the former made you fly before it and the latter flies with you.

For some years there has been much discussion on the subject of wars in the world, and countless articles have been written; addresses given plans proposed for ridding the world of war, and for securing world-wide peace. But so far as my knowledge goes, most of these have been treatment of symptoms rather than a removal of the cause, or causes, of war. Passing resolutions signing treaties, holding conferences on disarmament or the outlawry of war; enlarging the phrase to "the outlawry of aggressive war"; making laws against warfare even creating a court of international justice with affirmative jurisdiction seems to me to fall short of getting to the root of the matter. All this may help but the thing that is needed, that is indispensably necessary, is an aroused public sentiment; a will for peace back of all attempts for peace. Without good-will strife, bloodshed and war will persist so long as there are two men alive upon the earth. To rid the world of war God himself is helpless so long as those two men hold ill will for each other the only thing for Him to do would be to kill one or the other, or both of them. God would never do that. So it seems that war must go on until men have learned to have good-will toward each other. The whole question comes down to what is in the minds of men. When men can substitute for suspicion, envy, hate, ill-will and their results, war, such things as understanding, sympathy, good-will, with their results, peace, then we will begin to move in a direction looking to permanent peace. The love of Christ will constrain men from wars.

Light is the forerunner of all evolution. Without it there can be no vegetation; no humanity; no progress. Man ever has been seeking the light, facing his home toward the rising sun, and successively inventing the torch, candle, oil lamp and electric bulb so that he may surround his life with better light. The tremendous progressive pace of the past century paralleled an era of inventive genius, and era when men came to abhor the secretive and to seek greater light on all commercial affairs. The spirit of the hour is a thirst for keener vision. Business has envolved a school of efficiency which permits large-scale production with the same skill and precision that characterized the craftsmen of former days. Selling is fast becoming as scientific as production. The great cry now is for better management. "The man of vision" holds the stage. Masters of the art of management are needed as never before. Clear foresight—the ability to enunciate sound policies—is the prime requirement of

the day. Guesswork will not do. The man who has clarity of foresight is the one who bases his vision on facts. The genius of mankind consists of ability to discover the needful at the time that it is needed.

We hear a great deal these days from a certain class of people about the world getting worse. I sometimes wonder if it is. But when I stop and wonder I give more or less encouragement to their ideas. I do not really believe it is. All this talk is just a habit people have gotten into to find fault. Some people are always hunting for faults, and they become proficient in the habit. Some find fault with their ministers; with their government; with their neighbors; with their friends; and even their newspapers for printing what the majority read. If we would attend more closely to our own work, and live as assiduously as we would have others, the world would be better indeed and in fact. If, when we see faults in others, will turn to our own lives doubtless we'd find something of a similar nature in ourselves, and in correcting our own short comings we will be kept so busy that we'll forget all about those of the other fellow. Each person making himself better there will be no fear about the world not being better.

"One might as well be out of the world as out of style and manner." This is said of dress. It should be said of sense and accomplishments. The idea of style is put on and show off. It may not be so much in what is put on as in the way of putting it on to "show it off" to the best advantage. Often the best clothes do not show the best style. Many, in fact, rack their brains to divine the most style with the least expense. This is often the result of necessity. Money, of course, is a great help, but style does not necessarily depend upon money. If the devotee possesses but little money, he will ape those who have plenty. It is sad to see seedy style, and that condition of society sentiment which impels the poor to envy and imitate the rich is sickening to contemplate. But, perhaps, it will ever be thus. Style illy becomes some persons. They apear awkward and anxious, and their style out of place. The same arrangements of colors and sorts, which, in others, would be satisfactorily and pleasing, seem as to them uncomfortable and annoying, and the "fitness of things" a simple absurity. And yet "fashion is king," and most people in this country proclaim a blind and devoted allegiance. The tyrant tolerates no treason. By his edict they are mercilessly sacrificed who presume to "worship other gods before him." The objective point with such people is simply style—style in meaner things.

Ever and ever, through illimitable space that is the whole of Creation's handiwork there swells in varied tone and stress the tenebrae and te deums of the spheres, and ever and ever is there twined in the motif the soul-filling notes of a universal magnificat. We all may hear but on the hearts of all there will be no answering response. Whoso does read the song that the sun, the stars, the flowers,

the birds, the restless sea, and the grandeur of the mountains, are forever chanting, and whose soul from its thousand strings echoes the refrain, such an one is a poet. Whatever of pain or happiness, or love or the myriad other outlets for the humanity of all of us as mingled confusedly and hopelessly in minds uninspired, becomes upon the poet's lyre but part of the universal symphony, whose harmony is beauty, and beauty alone. Everything that is, is but a mirror of the infinite, however mishappen or gortesque it may appear. This is simple truth and that person whose creed is beauty sees beyond the disordered outlines into the soul of everything, where there is something of the Great Soul. Shelley has told us that poets were the hierophants of inspiration. They are. But they are something more. They are the fervent believers and disciples of the revelations that stir them to vocal consciousness. They do not preach they merely confess their faith and in the sanctity that envelopes belief lies the potency of the poet's voice. He or she touches us because we know that their indefinable flashes are clear and their voices courageous. Poetry is not alone the burning record of an imagination that knows neither space nor time, nor is it solely the chiseled words of some classic hand. In its fullness it is but the written expression of an imagination that has perceived and a heart that has reflected some vision of eternal Truth and Beauty.

ARE NOT INFIDELS.

Legislators who desire members of their household to sit in during the session are developing the habit of connecting their dependents with the payroll. Two years ago a senator attached his daughter to the payroll in the capacity of page. This year a senator landed two sons as pages. This may be extended to include wives, or other adult members of the family, in some capacity. "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." So declared the apostle to the Gentiles, writing to Timothy. The solons who are providing for their households at state expense have the authority "from between the leds of the Bible." They are interpreting St. Paul literally and liberally.—R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

GODS ON EARTH.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

"If," a friend asked me yesterday, "some mysterious power were to endow you with the ability to communicate unforgettably to all the men and women in Western North Carolina on the first Sunday in 1927 the one fact which, in your opinion, does and should most influence human life, could you decide what it should be?"

"I could," I said.

"What would be your selection?" he pursued.

"This," I replied: "To the child the parent is God."

To the child, from birth until his fifth year and sometimes longer, the parent is God.

That is the most powerful, far-reaching and stupendous fact in human relationships. It is more productive of good and evil than any other. It's effects are more lasting. They are everlasting.

To the adult, God is all-powerful. He rules and possesses the world He gives and He takes away. He rewards and punishes. In His infinite wisdom He creates both happiness and sorrow. And in all things He is wise, merciful and perfect, governing men and events so that all things in the end work for good.

To the young child, the home is the world, and this world is possessed and ruled by the parent, a god who is all-powerful, who in a magic way provides food, clothing and money, who sets up and breaks down barriers, who rewards and unishes, and who, from the heights of an unquestionable wisdom, assures the little folk: "Things are so because I say so!"

To the child, one parent is the god. The child never loves both parents with the same devotion. It, consciously or unconsciously, has its favorite. Usually the girl favors the father, the boy the mother.

And, as the adult strives to fashion himself in the image of his God, the child tries to be like it's god. The only difference is that the child, being moreplastic and more subject to new impressions, is far more successful. It has a veritable genius for imitation.

Until its intelligence is developed and its will power begins to work, the child imitates the parent's gestures, speech, facial expressions and venral habits. It imitates even the parent's habits of thought and feeling.

It is a quality that makes the much vaunted woman's intuition seem unimportant by comparision. It soaks up the very atmosphere of the thought of the house, and that atmosphere inffuences it until death.

Do the parents sneer, envy and belittle?

So does the child, even if never a word of that ugliness is consciously spoken in its presence. That ugliness puts its drab coloring into the mental and conversational customs of the home, and the child responds to it as the chamelion to the bark of the bough on which it rests.

"I know this, or that!" exclaims

the child.

"My darling!" cries the horrified parent. "How do you know it."

"I just know it. I don't know how I know it."

It is true. He knows it, and he does not how he knows it. Neither does anybody else know how he knows it, except that his parent, who knew it, is his god and many things go strangely from a god to the worshipper who is incessantly imitating the god.

The human mind never forgets. The more the child imitates it parent, the more it fills its child mind, which in later years is largely its subconsicous and controling mind, with facts and impressions that will color or deetermine its thoughts and acts throughout adult life.

Most women with heavy, contralto voices got them by imitating the speech of their fathers when, as little girls, they centered their worship and imitativeness on their father-gods.

As a rule, the bachelor refuses to marry because as a little boy he chose his mother as his god and so imitated her and assumed her characteristics and traits that there is too much of the women in him now to be irresistibly attracted by women.

The adult rebels, kickers and grouches are continuing in later years their childhood habit of imitating the parent who was habitually cruel, dissatisfied or morose. It is the usual thing to see grown sons and daughters using the same mannerisms and tricks of expression that characterize their parents, tricks which their childish imitativeness imbedded in their make-ups for life.

This power of the parent to stamp an everlasting pattern upon the mind and body of the child is a marvelous, I had almost said an appalling, responsibility. It is the biggest thing the parent does it is the creation of character and the education of souls.

It is the one means by which human beings lay compelling hands upon the future. It is man's nearest approach to the image and work of his Maker. It partakes of eternity and omnipotence.

If wisely used, it becomes for its beneficiary a source of everlasting sweetness, power and glory, a glittering armor against the evil in life. If ignored and abused by the parent, it is a damnation of innocents to hells yet unbuilt.

"Tickets" said the conductor, as he stood in front of a passenger the other day on a train leaving town.

The passenger began fumbling nervously through his pockets, and finally turned them inside out.

"Where's your ticket?" asked the conductor. "You can't have lost it."

"Can't have lost it!" repeated the nervous one, sarcastically. "My friend, I lost a bass drum once."

BLIND JIM BISHOP.

By Staley Cook, in Greensboro News.

If your eyesight should begin to fail at your 40th milestone in life and at your 50th was totally gone, what would you do? Would you be courageous enough to believe that anything was left in life for you?

J. W. Bishop, 64, Burlington, route 7, at 40 found himself in this situation; a blur gradually blotting out his vision. Eye specialists in Baltimore and Philadelphia shook their heads. They could do nothing. Rheumatism had sapped out the life of the optic nerve. He must go blind!

It was a crushing blow to think that the beauty of all life, its pictures in landscape and art, was to pale into utter blackness, not to mention the handicap it must bring in the pursuit of livelihood, for "Jim" Bishop was not a rich man—but a farmer who by hard toil had accumulated only enough to have reached the point that "he could take things a little easier."

But as the shadows thickened as in the twilight, he realized that he must set for himself a new resolve. At this cross-road in his life with the way of light barred to him, he must enter the dark to grope in despair, a broken pawn, a burden, or must lift himself above the shadows of blindness into the light of faith. He resolved this:

"To scatter sunshine along the dark highway of life that he must travel to the end." That was 14 years ago. He is making good at it, seeking whenever he can and wherever he can, to scatter sunshine along the way. Jim Bishop doesn't see the gloom that hovers in the darkness. He sees through it, his very countenance radiates smiles. He doesn't talk like a blind man.

Remarkable Memory.

The sunshine way that Jim Bishop is traveling in darkness is an avenue to him of the beautiful thought and philosophy of the poets. He admits that he is as bashful as a little boy when it comes to talking before folks, but conversation with him doesn't get far along until he begins to unlock his storehouse of memory in which he has shelved here events of history, scripture, and poems. He delights particularly to recite verse, quoting these from memory with much more ease and expression than the average could from reading. Some of his selections are short, some of them long— all of them moving smoothly along to conclusion without a moments hesitation. He loves especially to recite one that pictures death like a beautiful dream.

Some months ago Mr. and Mrs. Bishop decided they would build a new home on their 122-acre farm. It has been completed now. But in the building process it must have a well. At eight feet it was necessary to begin blasting the well. Jim loaded every blast down to 33 feet. Once he placed eight sticks in one load.

"We were drawing out rocks for four hours after that blast," he declared. The well has 11 feet of water. It's a little limestone, though, so Mr. Bishop carries most of the drinking water from the spring that bubbles up down the hill from the house. He does the milking too, to

take the work off the hands of his wife.

"Liza" is what he calls Mrs. Bishop. There is no mistaking the fact that somewhere in the past cupid gave to Jim Bishop a wonderful girl. She still is that and more —a wonderful wife. He is proud to acknowledge it. She is one of those rare gems in womanhood, sweet disposed, always smiling, always willing to do more than duty or friendship demands. She is part of the inspiration of the blind man's sunshine way. The couple are alone. An only daughter died when a little girl.

Walking down the hill from the house to the spring, Mr. Bishop pointed out a towering hickory tree. "I climbed it to the top last summer and shook out the nuts, while some of the neighbors were here clearing a little newground." It recalled to him his boyhood days when he said modestly, "I was the best climber among the boys of the neighborhood. When they struck a tree they could not climb, they sent for me. I climbed it."

Learns to Read.

While he was going blind it did not occur to him that he should learn to read with his fingers, and so, when the light went out, he was illiterate as a blind man. However, out at Friendship one day he met another blind man who told him he was going to have him some books sent. In this way he became a member of the library of congress for the blind. He learned the Moon system, the invention of a blind Englishman which is quite different from the Braille, and probably much slower.

From these books which are loaned to him for two months at a time, he has read the classics, and many histories. From these, also, he has memorized his store of poems. He is now an educated blind man.

"When I am not sleepy when I go to bed, I take a book with me under the cover and read and it doesn't disturb Liza." He shaves himself with a straight edge razor and rarely ever nicks the flesh. "I reckon he is more careful than a man who can see," Mrs. Bishop said. She shaves his neck for him.

Born in Cobles Township.

Jim Bishop became a bouncing buster on May 2, 1862, in the Sandy Run section of Coble township. His father died when he was eight and thus he was "farmed out" at 10 cents a day. He never made more than 75 cents a day in his life until he was of age. He worked in a cotton mill as weaver, beamer and fixer for many years and saved enough to buy the farm. He had produced one crop when he became stone blind. Mrs. Bishop worked also and both saved. Today they have a nest egg invested in bonds.

There is one thing that Mr. Bishop would like to see the county government do for men like himself, with no means to produce wealth except by a little "share-farming" on his place, and that is to relieve them of taxation. He doesn't believe blind people should be taxed on a par with those who can see. He knows that many are not in circumstances so good as he. The county has a considerable number of blind citizens, too. "I want to spread sunshine all of the way," he declared as the writer shook hands to go, and he will spread it, that's sure.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS.

(Presbyterin Standard.)

There are among men of the seclar press two theories of ethics.

One theory is that it is the mission of the newspaper to give the news of the day, no matter what that news is nor what harm it will do.

They argue that it is not the business of the paper and its manager to censor the news, but merely to be a mirror in which the public may see the happenings of each day; and if these happenings are indecent, it is not the fault of the paper, but of the persons immediately concerned.

Another theory is that the newspaper occupies the position of a family visitor, and its mission ought to be to entertain with the same regard for decency that any refined person would show when coming into a family circle.

If the public were called upon to pass judgment upon two men visiting a home, one bringing with him all the filthy stories of the street, and the other telling only that which would elevate and instruct, the decision would undoubtedly be in favor of the refined visitor.

If the public were called upon to decide between the newspaper giving only what is pure and elevating of the happenings of the day, and the one giving all that occured, without reference to quality, we fear that the vote would be in favor of the paper giving all the news.

Those newspapers that offend refined tast in this respect, claim in their defense that they give what experience has shown, what the public craves.

We are led to these reflection by a short editorial that recently appeared in the Laurinburg Exchange stating that this paper will carry into the homes of its readers only news that is decent and fit to be read in polite society. He thus expresses himself:

"It would be all right to publish court news if things were evenly balanced up in this world, but they are not, and that makes it most difficult to handle this class of publicity. There are those who will condemn this attitude, holding that the light of publicity should be turned on every incident in the lives of men and wo men who will come the severe test when that view will not hold.

"A reckles bad boy gets into trouble, or a noaccount sort of man will behave himself in a manner unbecoming to a dog. He deserves punishment and merits not even the slightest consideration. But maybe he has a mother, a sister, pure, chaste, sweet and clean as the breath of the morning. A few lines in the newspaper would bring to their hearts untold anguish and ache and add to their suffering."

This decision is very creditable to this paper, and it proves that the editor caters to a refined people who will appreciate such a course.

In striking contrast to this course is the claim that whatever a reporter can secure by fair means of foul, is public property, and can be used.

An example of unethical reporting was the securing of the proceedings of a secret meeting recently held,

where a reporter by eavesdropping was able to give the speeches of a meeting that had been advertised as not open to the public.

There are ssome reporters who would be ashamed to secure news by listening at a door, and there are others who would glory in the performance.

They represent the two schools and the two views of the ethics of journlism.

TIME A TRUST.

We have been taking pains ot convince ourselves and others that we are stewards. Nothing we have is our own. All that we have is borrowed. We say of this thing and that: It is mine; but as soon as we begin to reflect we know it is not. We may lable it with our name, and defy any other peron to take it from us, and yet we are only trustees.

It does not require much argument to convince us that money is a trust: and talents are a trust; but we do as frequently think of time as a trust. It makes no difference whether we live ten days or ten years, or ten decades, we are living on borrowed time. It is not at any behest of ours that days are multiplied to us. We are in no position to command a single second. Though we were the possessors of kingdoms and were willing to give them all for an additional moment of time the exchange could not be made.

For most of us there is more serious reflection upon our stewardship of time at the new year than at any other season. Another year has gone. Once more the end of twelve months has come. Books we loan may have come back to us, friends from whom we have separated may cross our path once more and increase our joy, but the days that have sped by are beyond recall; they shall never again knock at our door.

It is not true that time is a gift that makes all other gifts valuable? It takes time to invest money so as to make more money. It takes time in which to use the qualities of heart and mind so as to increase our powers and make them a blessing to others. The time element is the chief condition for the profitable investment of all our other talents. Time is God's gift to us, and we are responsible for such disposition of it as will honor Him and make our lives a blessing.

Pat and Mike were walking along the B&O tracks, when they came to milepost 104.

"Tread aisy, Mike," said Pat. "There lies a man who lived to be 104 years old. His name was Miles, from Baltimore.

ICELAND, GREENLAND, LABRADOR.

By Mrs. C. P. Wiles.

Attention during recent months has been directed to that portion of the earth's surface which lies within the Arctic Circle. Fringing the circle is an island of both fire and ice, since we find there both volcanoes and glaciers. It is said that in the whole island not a single tree can be found. All lumber for building, and many of the necessities of life, must be brought from the mainland of Europe, six hundred miles distant. This island, known as

Iceland

in size, four-fifths as large as Pennsylvania, is interesting to us because of the fact that it was Vikings from iceland that first sighted our country about five hundred years before Columbus discovered it. Then, too, it is interesting because of the character of the people. None are very rich and there are none very poor. It is said that no one in the island has more than $1,500 a year income.

Colonization of the Island.

When Harold was king of Norway he ruled with such a high hand that many of the finest noble families left the country. Great numbers of them went to the part of France that is called Normandy, going later to England, where they became the ruling people, the Normans.

But hundreds of them, about the beginning of the tenth century, went to Iceland, taking with them a spirit much like the fine spirit of the Pilgrim fathers. There they founded and maintained for four hundred years the only real republic then is existence. They were a peace-loving, honest and industrious people, preferring to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow rather than by piracy, a practice then prevalent.

But they were not a Christian people. They worshiped the Norse gods, Odin and Thor, and their migration to Iceland was consecrated with solemn sacrifices to these and other gods.

In 981, Thorwald, an Icelander, traveling in Central Europe, came into contact with the Christian religion, and accepted it wholeheartedly. So earnest was he in his new faith that he persuaded Frederick, the minister who had baptized him, to accompany him to Iceland to bear the news. After endeavoring for five years to convert the people, they were banished by the lawmaking body, the Allthing, of the island.

But seed had been sown which bore fruit rapidly in the next two decades, for it was in the year 1000 that the Allthing, after serious consideration, voted to adopt Christianity as the religion of the island. For a time there was secret worship of the heathen gods with the cruel heathen practices, but King Olaf Tryggvason continued to send missionaries from Norway, and a few years later saw the entire island won for Christ.

Iceland, a small country, isolated from the rest of the world, and poor in material possessions, has, for a thousand years, been an intellectual center. At a historical celebration, fifty odd years ago, it was shown that this island, though without public schools, stands at the very top in

literacy. Scattered as the people are, on lonely sheep and cattle ranches, parents have handed down to their children from generation to generation the love of learning. Even the peasants are famaliar with their poetry and history and possibly with several European languages as well.

The people of Iceland, among the best educated people of the world, are said to be all Lutherans.

Greenland.

is occupied by a people that is possibly allied to the Mongolian race. It was discovered by people from Iceland in the year 985. When Eric, son of the king of Norway banished from Iceland, reached the shores of this new land, they must have looked gloomy and forbidden it is altogether probable that the settlements of native peoples were few and far between, and that Eric longed for his own countrymen. In any case he had the idea that the name "Greenland" would sound more alluring to colonizers than a more appropriate name like Snowland or Bleakland. The name given to it a thousand years ago has clung to it ever since.

Eric found the queer little inhabitants of the peninsula living in huts of snow and ice, shaped like the bake ovens of our great-grandparents' time. While the oven-shaped houses are dark, the people in them, dressed in their havy furs, are as warm as rabbits in their burrows.

While the adults are of a yellowish color, small children are rather white. The skin becomes yellowed, perhaps, because no water is ever used on them, but instead, grease is used on the faces and bodies universally.

for the new land, so that, in the fourteenth century, history tells us, that there were "two hundred and eighty Scandinavian settlements in Greenland with two towns, fourteen churches, and a cathedral." The records show also a line of seventeen bishops, for, while as in Iceland, the early settlers were pagan, the people later adopted Christianity. But, for some reason, with the passing of years, Christianity died out, and it remained for a young Lutheran, Hans Edgede, to establish it again three centuries later.

Labrador.

does not sound any more alluring to the uninitiated than Iceland or Greenland. In fact, though it is farther south than Greenland, it has a colder climate. It is inhabited by Eskimos of a more degraded type than those of Greenland.

The fact that high land extends right out to the sea coast gives it a forbidding appearance. But rare are the people who go prospecting along the shores of that bleak plateau. Those who have had a brave enough spirit to venture have sailed up carved-out fiords for a distance of thirty miles. The cliffs on the sides of the fiords rise direct to a height of possibly two thousand feet. Icebergs grate along the high coast during eight of the twelve months of the year.

The visitor to Labrador is surprised in that he finds no towns, neither does he find roads, nor are there traffic policemen nor any policemen at all, anywhere.

The people he meets are eithers the fishermen who have come up from the south during the months of open water, and the native Eskimo, who, by their appearance and customs,

seem to hark back to pre-historic days.

In their religion, the Eskimos of Labrador remind one of the American Indians. They believe that everything possess a spirit, whether the object be animate or inanimate. Hence, all sorts of objects are found in the final resting places of the departed. The earth is too scant to permit of burial beneath it even if the frost would permit, hence the dead are laid in rough vaults made of flat stones. Sometimes these are perched in a promontory jutting out into the sea that the spirit may be near the hunting ground where the seals are found. In a small cache at the foot of the tomb may be found the few earthly possessions of the departed.

The Earliest Missionaries.

to Labrador were Moravians. King George III of England granted "one hundred acres of land on the coast of Labrador, wherever they pleased to locate themselves," to ony who would volunteer to go over to evangelize the heathen inhabitants. Thus encouraged, a company was formed in London and a ship purchased to make annual voyages to Labrador in the interest of missions. The custom of sending a ship each year on a visit to these people has continued down the years.

WHAT IS A BOY?

(The Front Rank.)

He is the person who is going to cary on what you have started.

He is to sit right where you are sitting and attend to those things, you think are so important when you are gone.

You may adopt all the policies you please, but how they will be carried out depends upon him.

Even if you make leaugues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate, and occupy your place on the Supreme bench.

He will assume control of your cities, states and nations.

He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, universities and corporations.

All your work is going to be judged, praised or condemned by him.

Your reputation and your future are in his hands.

All your work is for him, and the fate of the nation and of humanity is in his hands.

So it might be as well to pay him some attention.

Don't be too strong and persistent in contending for your "rights," for the time may come when you will want and need more than your rights.

WHERE THE CHRISTMAS ROSE BLOOMS.

By Agnes Miller.

Far older than any tradition connected with the beloved Christmas tree is the one so often found in song and story which attributes to the great Christian festival the magic power of making flowers bloom in a wintry world. From the time of the early Christians of so many countries whose custom it was to pot slips of flowering shrubs so they would blossom in December, down to our own day when freshly gathered June roses, their stems tipped with sealing wax, are laid away to bloom again in snowy holidays, flowers at Christmas have been a favorite symbol of divine and eternal life. It has remained, however, for a quaint, sleepy old English market town, where one of the great events of community life is the fortnightly market for the famous cheeses of the region, to have preserved through long centuries the most famous of all Christmas roses.

This town is Glastonbury, in Southwest England, a few miles inland from the Bristol Channel. It lies amid fertile fields and orchards, and to it devout pilgrims have wended their way from time immemorial down to the present hour. It is well known, of course, that Glastonbury Abbey, with its great cathedral and magnificent community buildings, was the richest abbey town in medieval times. But though today the splendid structures are only ruins preserved by the British Government, innumerable travelers are attracted to them because of the many rich and beautiful traditions which, originating in Glastonbury, have come to adorn the Christian faith. First among these is that connected with the Christmas rose, or the Glastonbury thorn.

The visitor who enters the abbey precincts and, for the moment passing by the cathedral ruins, directs his steps toward a quaint old bell tower on the enclosure wall, will find himself beside a great rambling bush, which has climbed the wall and spread its tendrils far and wide along its support. In December he will see the long-thorned green branches a-gleam with white and pinkish blossoms, flat, five-petaled, half an inch or more across, giving out a charming fragrance. And he will know himself to be in the presence of that flower which, says the charming old story, was sent on Christmas Day, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, to restore the faltering faith of one of the boldest among the first believers.

As all of us know, who are familiar with the stories of the Round Table, to Joseph of Armathaea was accorded the honor of being the first Christian missionary to England. Bearing the Holy Grail, his reward for a devotion never paralleled, he traveled through England, suffering great hardships from the severe winter climate and the inhospitable tribes, until, at Christmas time, he found himself in a desperate condition where Glastonbury now stands. In agony of mind and body the story says, he thrust his staff into the ground, unable to go on, and lo!

the staff blossomed with Christmas roses and grew in the ground, a fragrant, living shrub.

Tradition goes on to say that, encouraged by this sign of help and favor, Joseph built the first church on the present site of Glastonbury Cathedral. We know, at all events, from the records of history, that some church always stood on this site since the sixth century, and that a thorn-tree, popularly known as the miraculous one, was cut down in Puritan days by a fanatic, for a stone on the road between Glastonbury station and the town commemorates the place where it stood. The climbing bush on the abbey wall was cultivated from a slip from this first thorn-tree. Some readers may know this member of the rose family by one of its peculiarly English names, the Hawthorne or the May, and be aware that often it blooms twice a year, in May as well as in December. But, however fact and fancy may mingle in regard to the starry shrub on the old gray wall, the visitor will find in it a symbol of the rich inspiration which all its surroundings still bring to these modern days.

For, shattered as the abbey itself has been since the days of Henry Eighth, the fragments that remain to us are specimens of some of the world's most beautiful architecture. Only portions of the central eastern tower and bay windows of this twelfth century structure, bits of the south nave, and the wings of the transcept remain standing, but the beauty of their carved stonework, set off by the green lawn around them, where once lay a vast, stately pavement, is indescribably charming. The axe, the torch, even the hammer—for after it was razed the abbey was for years used as a local quarry which explains the scantiness of its remains—have not prevailed against a beauty ever-blooming amid desolation. As to the other parts of the abbey, some of them have been more fortunate, notably the wonderful Abbott's Kitchen, a unique forteenth century building, so curiously human as to be almost comic. The roof of this kitchen is architecturally a miracle of ingenuity for any age. Its base is what is known as an octagonal pyramid, with its stones all cut slanting and with the same bevels, to make the rain run off quickly and evenly. The pyramid is crowned with a double tower in which are eight funnels for letting off steam, for inside the massive stone kitchen, which is square in shape, there is an enormous fireplace in each corner. These fireplaces are each large enough to roast a whole ox, so the necessity for designing the kitchen so it would stay dry and have good draughts becomes apparent. This kitchen was used to cook food that was distributed to the poor; close by are the ruins of the building to which these unfortunates came to get their doles.

In the Christmas tradition of gift and life eternal, indeed, are all the famous associations of Glastonbury, or Avalon, as it is sometimes called. Here was the home of the Holy Grail until that cup was taken from earth because of her wickedness, yet to see it was a gift never withheld from the truly pure in heart. Here, says tradition, sleeps King Aurthur, numbered among those slumbering heroes who can awaken to save men in the day of need, and when, indeed, have inspiring examples of

faith and courage failed to bring new life to the world in time of stress and storm? And here, where once a dauntless saint faltered, is preserved the most beautiful reminder that the gift of heaven's favor is not withdrawn in the hardest circumstances —for here the Christmas rose blooms.

HARKING BACK.

Greensboro News

Twenty-six years ago, Charles Brantly Aycock, standnig on a platform at the east portico of the State capitol, proclaimed in his inaugural address, the dawn of a new era, speaking in the first week of the first year of a new century, and concluding his first paragraph with the words: "A new constitution greets the new century." Further along he declared that henceforth in North Carolina the song of the mocking bird and the laughter of little children should be heard in place of the sound of the pistol.

These recollections are entirely from memory, without reference to any publication, and the impression made on the writer, who was merely one of the ten thousands who heard that great speech, was probably typical of the impression made upon all who heard it. The crown of sorrow is that it did not ripen into fruit for all the people of the state, who thereby in the twenty-five years would have built upon that prophetic utterance the greatest commonwealth upon earth, great not only in material things, but in the other things that were nearer to the heart's desire of Governor Aycock.

On that glorious January day, no one could have foreseen the things that were to come between that day and this: the automobile which was then a rich man's toy; the flying machine which the scientist in that year proved could never fly; the moving picture industry; the prohibition amendment, or even our own state prohibition which came within eight years; that nearly two thousand of the North Carolina school children of that year would be killed in a war in France; and that other thousands of them should fill our jails and penitentiaries and various other institutions.

It looks as if the people who heard and even remembered failed to carry on!

HAD INSIDE INFORMATION.

Mrs. Smith—My brother has joined the police force.
Mrs. Brown—Oh well, they'd have got him sooner or later, anyway

A MESSAGE TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

By Roger Babson.

Though young people are one of the church's greatest assets, don't forget that the church is likewise the greatest asset for any young man or woman. Some time ago I attempted to analyze for the benefit of business men the essentials of success. As nearly as could be estimated I found that in the average business life about 6 per cent of the results could be traced to instinct or environment or inheritance. I found that only a bare 10 per cent of the results of the average business career could really be accredited to pure reason or intellect. One of the most remarkable findings of this analyze was the dominant role played by religion. Religion accounts for not less than 30 per cent of the results of every truly successful business career!

Young people, therefore, whose thoughts are centered on business success should clearly undestand that only a very slight part of such success will depend upon the mental powers in which they take such pride. Success really means service and in the attainment of such success religion plays a part three-fold more important does intellect of religion.

Nearly all young people are interested in biography, the actual life stories of real men and women. One of the most profound truths disclosed by the study of biography is the overwhelming proportion of truly successful men and women who have been essentially religious.

In addressing a word to the young people of the church he says: "I bring to their attention what I have called the six I's. Whether in business or the professions, whether in the professions, whether in church church work or secular calling, whatever your activity may be, succuess can be analyzed into these six I's.

The first "I" is Industry. Linked up with industry we must have Integrity, our second "I" of success. Industry without integrity is disastrous. Intelligence may be taken as the third "I" in this group. Intelligence is judgment, which is the ability to think with courage, clearness and justice. Such judgment is obtainable only by persistent effort and is the real attribute and characteristic of intelligence. Initiative might well be chosen as the fourth "I" of success. It may be possible to live happily devoid of this fourth quality, but if one intends to make headway he must have intiative. Intensity is the fifth "I." A man may do many things well, but he can't be master of all. If he specializes, however, it is possible to become a powerful factor. The last but not least of these six "I's" is Inspiration. It would seem that if a man or woman possessed the various qualities mentioned heretofore, success would be assured. But I know this isn't so. There must be some power to stimulate all these attributes. Inspiration is the power that spurs us on to greater achievements. Who of all the entire population are endowed with this essential to the degree that the young people of our churches are? If we have no inspiration or vision nothing will be accomplished ; but the

young people of the churches of America have the future of our country in their hands. They of all others will be the motive power for religion, service and all other progress.

WHAT TO READ.

Of course, you read. You may or may not read much or wisely, but you read and you enjoy it. You desire a wider horizon. Now and then you find time to dip into a standard work which improves with the flight of time and does not die with the passing hour. Here is a suggestion for you in your reading of the masters of literature. You may have seen it before, but you will be glad to see it again:

For clearness, read Macaulay.

For logic, read Burke and Bacon.

For action, read Homer and Scott.

For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope.

For sublimity of conception, read Milton.

For vivacity, read Steveson and Kipling.

For common sense, read Benjamin Franklin.

For elegance, read Virgil, Milton and Arnold.

For simplicity, read Burns, Whittier and Bunyan.

For smoothness, read Addison and Hawthorne.

For interest in common things, read Jane Austen.

For wisdom, read Emerson, Epictetue and Marcus Aurelius.

For lofty, ennobling sentiment, for sympathy, candor and honestly, for comfort and consolidation in affliction, and for the promise of the life that now is and of the life which is to come, read the Bible.

QUEER BABY CARRIAGES.

We all know how the mother kangaroo carries her children about in her pouch. Everyone has seen a mother cat pick up her kitten in her teeth and carry it by the back of the neck. Baby pipe fish scurry in time of danger to hide in their long thin father's vest pocket—or pouch Many marsupial mothers besides the kangaroo have sacks or folds in their skin in which to carry their young. Baby monkeys ride about the the tree tops clinging with their tenacious little hands to their mother's back hair. But have you seen a mother pelican scoop up her brood in her two gallon bill pouch and carry them away from danger in her cavernous mouth?—Junior World.

WHEN LAFAYETTE LAID THE CORNERSTONE.

(Exchange).

A writer in the Youth's Companion tells this story about General Lafayette:

One hundred and one years ago a boy thirteen years old as waiting in a great crowd in the streets of Charlestown, Mass. It was June 17, 1825, and a wonderful event was about to take place. The famous General Lafayette was to lay the cornerstone of Bunker Hill Monument. The lit tle boys was interested because his grandfather and three granduncles had part in that battle, and a grandaunt he lived with had told the boy many stories of the time—how her father gave marsh hay from his meadows to bind on the cart wheels when the Americans built the fortifications the night before the battle, so that the British would not hear the noise of the wheels as the carts went up and down the hills. And the day of the battle, when the Americans had no more amunition and ceased firing, the old men, the fathers, became so uneasy that they armed themselves with scythes and pitchforks and marched to help, but, meetin the Americans retreating, they came back with them. This litle boy could remember the names of some of those men—Barbe Turner, Captain Tanner Hall, Hatter Hall, Jonathan Bishop, a Mr. Floyd, Cherry Buckin, Ben Cutter, the Rev. M. Osgood, a Presbyterian minister, and among others his great-grandfather. With this ancestry the boy thought he had a right to be up in front so, pushing his way through the crowd, dodging under men's elbow's he stood at last by the side of General Lafayette. The boy years afterwards would describe the scene:

"General Lafayette wept all the time he was laying the stone. The tears just ran or slipped off his cheeks. He was a small dark man, very lame, limped when he walked. Banners were stretched across the streets with this verse on them:

" 'We bow not our heads,
We bend not the knee,
We surrender to thee'."
But our hearts, Lafayette,

How I wish I had a picture of that little patriotic American boy and General Lafayette as they stood side by side, because the little boy grew up, married, and became my father.

The world's wettest spot is believed to have been found in recent observations which showed that on a plateau near Calcutta the annual rainfall is 500 inches, compared to that in few spots in this country seldom reaches 30 inches a year.

BOY WHO MADE GOOD.

By John F. Cowan.

He was trudging down the street in his khaki shirt, cotton puttees and stiff-brimmed scout hat with the three dents in the crown. He was wondering what good turn he would find to do that day as I stepped alonside of him and got my left foot stepping in time with his.

"Hello Harry!" I greeted him. He lives around the corner from me and is patrol leader to the Scout troop in our church. "What's up today?"

"Don't know yet; going to see. Got to be there by two. Got a blister too."

"Why do you go? No idea what they want?"

"Go 'cause it's orders. Blisters don't count. I've done most everything; sold Liberty bonds; distribubills; kept the Fourth of July crowds back in line; carried suitcases for the Christian Endeavor girls; stopped a man's artery from spouting; I— Crickets! What's wrong here?"

At the downtown street intersection ahead, the traffic was in a tangle at the busiest hour, and no traffic officer on the spo.t

"Say she's tied up in forty bow-knots," said Harry. "Why don't the policeman come, I wonder?"

That's what every one was wondering. Then a portly man brushed up—the mayor. He took the situation; his roving eye lighted on the sturdy Scout. "See here!" he snapped at Harry, "something's happened to the cop; next best thing's a Boy Scout. Snap into it and unsnarl this mess. You can do it; it's orders."

"Yes, sir," responded Harry, saluting. Orders were orders. People stared at first as they caught sight of the drab-colored youth taking the missing traffic cop's place. Then, in the matter-of-fact way of one used to doing whatever hs is ordered to do, in the best way he knows, Harry began blowing his patrol leader's whistle, and windmilling his arms. He was perfectly cool, and master of the situation. And the tangle began to untangle. Steadily, ordered streams were flowing first this way and that, when the belated cop arrived. The Boy Scout had made good where it took steady nerve and manly grit. —Youth's World.

"You git a thorn in every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet?"

—Frank L. Stanton.

ENJOYING WHAT WE DO.

(Young Folks.)

There is not much chance that we shall succeed in our work unless we like it. Now, it may be that we put into the thing we are doing the amount of hours and labor required of us; and it may be that the output is all that is expected of us. But I am wondering if these are the only elements that enter into what we term success. Add to these the fact that we are drawing a living wage; does that make it a success? Do we not feel that the personal equation is a large facter in the doing of the world work? It makes no difference how much of that work is done by machinery, for back of the machinery are the ingenious brain and the skillful hand of man.

It does not take long to see whether a person enjoys what he is doing or not. There is an enthusiasm and a zest about him if his heart is in what his hand is turning over. He is not likely to quibble over the few extra minutes he has to put in if his task gives him joy. There is nothing more uncomfortable than the feeling that we have to drag ourselves to our job and that each minute weighs heavily on our hands. Most of us have to spend so much of our time at our daily work that unless we can extract some comfort out of it we are pretty miserable.

Perhaps most of us are dissatisfied on the general principal that we do not like work of any kind. We would rather have all our days to ourselves to do with them as we please. But that is out of the question, and, since it is out of the question, should we not try to cultivate a feeling of interest in our work? And that is possible. Let us think of our work as a service to mankind, and every legitimate work is just that. Let us think of our work in relation to the support and comfort in a material way it brings to our families. Let us think of it as a chance to enlarge and develop our personalities. It finds its place in the program of organized society and is part of a movement intended to carry the race toward its highest goal.

"When sorrows come, I surely know,
Like springtime after winter snow,
Or sunshine after rain,
Gladness shall put an end to woe,
And life be bright again!"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The boys of the work force have been kept busy during the past few days cutting wood.

A pair of bedroom slippers and a handkerchief were given to the boys recently.

During the past few days the barn boys have strewn the lawn with manure. This will help the grass very much.

Sunday afternoon the boys in most of the cottages went for a walk. The boys like to take a walk on such a day as this, even if it is a little cool.

Walter Massey and Ray Brown were paroled by Supt. Boger recently. Massey was a member of the sixth cottage while Brown was a member of the eleventh cottage.

We are very glad to report that Miss Vernie Goodman, of the office, is slowly recovering. She has been very ill for the past ten or twelve days. We all will be glad when she is able to resume her duties in the office.

Last Sunday morning we were very glad to have with us Mr. White Rheter of Spray, N. C. He seemed to be very pleased with the boy's singing and quickly congratulated them. He told the boys of more boys that he knew. "They call me," he said "Mr. White." That's what we'll probably have to call him "Mr. White" too. We all will know who we're talking about just the same. Mr White seemed to like to talk to the boys (and the boys enjoyed his talk very much) they were glad that he came. We all hope that he will come again soon.

As for the comic sheet—show me a boy that actually doesn't like them. Well, most all the boys here seem to show that they do. They look at "Bringing Up Father" and "The Gumps." These are probably some of the favorite actors on our Sunday edition of the comic sheets. The one comic page that carries with it much mirth is that of $alesman $am. In one picture of the comic our $alesman is walking down the street in wet cement that comes up to his shoe tops, and many other things of that sort will attract the attention of the person who is looking at this page. Take a look and see for yourself. Then you'll know why all our boys like the comic sheet—especially our $alesman $am.

"The Standard of Christian Living," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells us many interesting things. "Love your enemies" is one of the points that effects most. That is a real test. He did it and if He did we could be able to do the same. Even when He had been nailed to the cross He said: "Forgive them for they know not what they do." It also further tells us to "Bless them that curse you**Do good**Judge not,

and ye shall not be judged:** Love them that hate you** Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father is also merciful.'' This lesson was a very interesting one and the theme ''Living the Christ Life'' fits well with this lesson. The golden text for this lesson was: ''Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.''—Matthew 5:48.

Again we have good news—of our paint force boys. As they haven't been established long we did not expect so very much of them. The first job that these boys tackled was to paint the dairy barn—and that was a good job. Then they tried their ''skill'' at painting the interior of the bakery and also the laundry. That was very good for them also. Now they have been tried at re-painting the large sign on the Memorial Bridge. They sure—well you should see for yourself. We know now that undoubtedly they can paint, so probably all we'll have to do is to give them paint and brushes and show them what we want painted. The boys that are now employed on this force are: Clarence Hendley, Charles Huggins, Frank Gough, Chas. Beech and Ernest Bridgman. Mr. Sappenfield now has charge of this painting force.

The services were conducted in the auditorium by Rev. C. Herman Trueblood last Sunday afternoon. He read for the Scripture lesson from the Book of Phillippians. His text was also selected from this chapter. He related to the boys how a small dog saved the lives of 125 people. ''Some barges had broken loose with these people aboard and it happened at night, of course, everyone on the barges were asleep. By some way the barges either broke loose from the wharf, or came untied and began to drift down the river, toward Hell's Gate. A fire boat happened to be stationed nearby, everyone on this boat was also asleep—all except a small dog, the mascot. When the barges began to drift silently by, the dog suspected, or knew that something was wrong so he began to howl. Soon he aroused some member of the fire boat and he came to see what was wrong with the dog, that he howl at this time of the night. The man soon saw that the barges were drifing away and he aroused other members of the boat and went to the rescue. The alarm was made and soon the barges were safely tied up again, they were saved—saved from Hell's Gate. Are we drifting in life; going anywhere that the current goes, anywhere the wind blows? Or do we steer our ship of life? We also will be drifting towards Hell Gate, not the one at New York but the real one. The ship is at the mercy of the tide and the waves, which ship?—the ship that has no rudder, the ship that cannot be steered. Are we without a rudder? This talk to the boys that was made by Rev. Trueblood was very interesting.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its grestest countenance in its lowest estate.—Sir P. Sidney.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 22, 1927 No. 6

NEVER LOST.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Longfellow.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"A stone your hand has flung you can't recall,
Nor words of malice that your tongue lets fall."

HOMER DID NOD A LITTLE BIT.

*"Several less important men of the convention such as Jay, Franklin and Jefferson exerted some influence of less importance on the constitution."**** Alexander was the master spirit of the Constitutional Convention"—A Pupil of a Stanly High School, to whom a D. A. R. Chapter awarded the prize for the best essay on the "Framers of the Constitution."*

This wholly inaccurate estimate of an historcial event shocked The Uplift, and, in the calling of attention to it, itself fell into an error by associating the name of Jefferson as the master spirit of that constitutional Convention, having in mind, when writing, the patriotic service of Jefferson in the matter of the Declaration of Independence. Homer nodded; fine company for The Uplift, in making freely the acknowledgement of a slip. But, in the last analysis of the event, it is not far wrong to say that the influence of what Jefferson felt and believed in obtained in that convention, whereas what Hamilton aimed at and worked for bore absolutely no fruit.

Some years ago a particularly fine and influential lady of Concord, in enumerating her troubles to a neighbor over the servant problem, got two

events mixed (each of them true). "I have so much trouble in keeping my servant, said she, "from carrying off my roasting ears from my garden; to make sure I was not mistaken and thereby doing the servant an injustice, I walked out in the snow when the servant was about to leave the lot and actually caught her in the act. The neighbor exclaimed: "Why, were your roasting ears bearing in cold snowy weather?" And Homer nodded again. "Oh," she replied, "I have two events mixed."

In this issue The Uplift carries a communication by Prof. Chas. A. Reap, Superintendent of the Stanly county Public Schools. He pays a high compliment to the school, from which the prize winner hails; gives the preparation, the degrees and the patriotic service of the principal—all of which we have not the remotest disposition to question; all but brags on the library in that school; and manifests an abiding faith in the winner's ability to write the prize essay. Prof. Reap had a perfectly good excuse for writing his communication: first, his attention was called to the inaccuracy; and second, it seemed bounded upon him to defend the products of his school—a very laudable spirit.

Prof. Reap disclaims the starting of a controversy, for which we are glad; and The Uplift does not hanker after one. But this is a good time, it seems to us, to call attention to what seems a disposition in certain quarters to attempt to belittle the part Jefferson took in the early formation of his government and to laud the acts and influence of Hamilton. Even the President, in opening the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia, took particular care to avoid giving Jefferson the proper recognition, when that occasion was the celebration of the event in which Jefferson played a major part.

The fact remans, nevertheless, that that essay winning a prize did violence to historical truth. Hamilton does have a record in urging the holding of a constitutional convention; and, after the framing of the said constitution, urged his state to adopt it; but he never favored it; always against it —it was a monarchy he believed in. In that convention Jefferson assumed a quiet attitude; but those who know the views of the great Virginian, know very well that the real father of the constitution, James Madison, was in full accord with the views of Jefferson—they were great Southern statesmen, believing alike in a republic and absolutely opposed to a monarchy, such as Hamilton would have hoisted upon this country.

Hamilton's views nowhere appear in the masterful document. Had Hamilton's views obtained, this government would have been an unlimited monarchy, with a president or a king elected for life; and a government in

which only the snobbery of wealth and caste would have standing at court, while the great mass of common people would have been forced to content themselves with positions in the government vouchsafed to serfs.

Jefferson's place in history is secure; but it is painful to see our school children led into an appreciation of characters of other sections, failing to give serious study to the life and acts of men who reflect an eternal glory on Southern ability and service in the critical times of our history.

It is true that Hamilton, as secretary of the treasury, played a high-landed part for a while, under the constitution, which he did not aid in making and for which he publicly spoke his contempt. Through his astuteness, his brilliancy, his marked intellectuality and without a conscience that gave him trouble, Hamilton arrayed the elite against the common people, engineered through the first Congress legislation that made his pets millionaires, at the expense of the soldiers of the revolution. Hamilton has never in print been accused of personally profiting by his acts, but his father-in-law made five millions and certain members of congress, who did his bidding, became immensely weathly.

Though born out of wedlock (for which he was not consulted), in some mysterious way he was endowed with a wonderful intellectuality, possessed of a courage and perseverance for the satisfaction of his selfishness and ambition, wielded an influence in the first congress (standing in with the wives of some of the members), but during all that time never breathed a breath of a democracy or entertained the spirit of a republic. In all his acts and views he was a brilliant advocate of "might makes right," and a devoted believer in caste and titles, a patron of snobbery.

Jefferson, with the birth of a gentleman, was a scholar; though of the qualifications and characteristics of aristocracy, he never for a moment lost sight of the welfare of the common people, and the cause of a democracy in a republic.

Teach the children of our schools the story of Madison, Jefferson and the other great men, especially the Southerners, who did the real service in establishing a government of democracy, in which every child could enjoy the privilege of burgeoning all that is in him.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

Wednesday of last week was the eighteenth anniversary of the opening of the Jackson Training School. It started with two buildings, which the state appropriation, the contributions of friends and of sacrifices, personal and

otherwise, made possible at that time. It opened with one pupil and with what we termed a "linen shower." This ranged in household equipment from wash rags to a whole case of soap (not exactly linen).

See the plant today! We make bold to say that no other institution sponsored or encouraged by the state can show as much result for a dollar spent as is demonstrated here. The "dreamers," who conceived the idea and whipped it into form and action, have a very clean and happy conscience over the entire proposition.

The day, January 12th—was further impressed on us by Supt. and Mrs. Boger, who honored the editor and his with a birthday dinner at their home, across the highway. It was a choice occasion in the midst of delightful host and hostess and of interesting and attractive children. While the Jackson Training School and The Uplift man celebrate the same day as birthdays, there is a slight difference in their ages.

If the future holds for the Jackson Training School the success and achievements in life saving—restoring to society, well-trained and upstanding individuals—the dropped stitches amongst youthful humanity, as the record of eighteen years reveals, there be none to feel ashamed and the Scrooges may turn loose a smile.

We have had to run up, during these eighteen years, against an undeveloped welfare spirit in the state and sometimes what appeared to be the devil himself in the form of abject ignorance and downright meaness, but, glory be, we have lived, grown, developed and at this moment we look to the future with an abiding faith. What condition could afford a greater happiness and pronounced urge to press forward?

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EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION REPORTS.

Gov. McLean's education commission has made its report of a survey of the needs of the public schools. It is just about what every body expected and about what most any commission would have made.

Every body knows that, on acount of certain obstacles, perplexing conditions and the inefficiency of many of the schools, an eight month's term is a difficult problem; yet everybody knows that the rural child is not getting a square deal when you compare his opportunities with those of the incorporated towns. No well informed person will deny that much money is wasted in the name of education. The system suffers a top-heavy and extravagant organization. Supervision is a heavy tax, and many of the

teachers drawing a salary entirely fixed in a mechanical manner that is fundamentally wrong.

As has been said before the larger and better qualities of a teacher are born in him or her. The simple fact of holding a diploma from any of the colleges is no guarantee of good-teaching ability—yet this rating oftentimes carries a salary all out of proportion to the services rendered. This has made the public school system grow into enormous costs.

The educational commission divided on the proposition 7 to 5 on the major question. They all agreed, as do every one who has given a serious thought to this rural problem, that we need an 8-months' term. How it is to be brought about and when is where the commission divided.

The commission agreed that the equlization fund should be increased four millions of dollars. Hon. J. O. Carr with Dr. J. Y. Joyner and five others on the commission did not know where that four millions is to come from; the two teachers and three ladies on the commission wanted to go ahead, any way.

When this commission was appointed a number of the active friends of education had hoped it would rewrite the Public School law, shear it of its frills and ruffles, close up the rat holes and make it an instrument of clearness and efficiency—by all means make it a democratic instrument, carrying equal justice to all, and special privileges to none.

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MOVING TO RESTORE ITS FORMER DIGNITY.

John A. Livingston, of the staff of the Raleigh News & Observer, has been contributing a number of articles to his paper on the subject of restoring the high office of magistrate to its former dignity. He finds that it has been too easy to become a magistrate, oftentimes by men totally incompetent in temperament and qualification.

The correct name, we believe, for this important office is that of Justice of the Peace. Our first impression, years ago, of this position in the government of the state, was that a Justice of the Peace encouraged peace, ordiliness and oftentimes tried to reconcile discordant notes between neighbors and former friends, rather than to encourage them to "go to law."

It is worthy of note that Solicitor Brassfield, of the Raleigh district, has appealed to the Governor to revoke the commission of one of his constituents, because of certain transactions or the failure of certain duties. Then the names of a large number of the Wake county magistrates have been publish-

ed, charging them with not having made their reports to the Clerk of Court, which seems to be one of the duties of the high office.

Years ago a Squire was looked upon with as much awe as that bestowed upon a Judge. Not so now. It appears to be the ambition of Mr. Livingston to restore the office to its former dignity and respect.

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THE "KING COTTON."

Greensboro has a new hotel, and it is a modern one in every way. They call it "The King Cotton." The Uplift has a notion that this name eminanted from the charming gentleman and genius, who made the new holstelry a possibility and a certainty. His name is J. E. Latham, one of the state's choicest and most influential citizens.

The name that Mr. Latham selected for the fine hotel, by association, is very fitting, for the sponsor of it has been for years a conspicuous factor in the cotton trade. You can't divorce him from the cause and this interest manifests itself even to the naming of the splendid building which adds to the importance of one of the best cities in the state and in the South.

Mr. Latham may encounter some difficulty, or at least a mild contest, with Judge Francis D. Winston, of the county of Bertie, who has risked his reputation in crowning the goober as "King Peanut." That name would be entirely out of place for a hotel in Greensboro, but it would be a happy achievement for Windsor, Judge Winston's home town.

The Uplift has in a most pleasant way touched elbows with this leading citizen of Greensboro, and it rejoices always in achievements—whose controling spirit is to push and pull every worthy cause—traced to the movements of Mr Latham.

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THE VIRGINIA WAY.

Judging by the records, Virginia has a way through her courts of properly sizing up the misdeeds of her citizens or of any one who, passing through, falls to the temptation to do wrong in her sight.

The poor, weak citizen, a trusted bank officer, serving the Baptist Missionary Board as its treasurer for years, suddenly awoke to the realization that he was confronted with the charge of being short in his accounts to the tune of over one hundred thousand dollars. He plead guilty at his trial. The presiding judge gave him twenty years in the pen.

This painful occurrence is referred to merely to point out that Virginia

courts have but little patience with crime; and that wrong doing leads many people to mitigate their crimes by "passing the buck." Giving no testimony at all, the lawyer for the defense had to say: "We have absolutely no defense to make. We have only the statement of Mr. Saunders himself that for all these years he was trying to buy the love of his wife which he already had." Style, ambition and vanity and attempt to appear before the public what one is not, is the occasion for many a fall.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The return of Mr. C. W. Hunt, whom the Mecklenburg Times calls the "Country philosopher," with his contribution to this number of The Uplift is most welcome. This man is having such a good time that we working folks all but envy his privileges. He lives and revels in Blowing Rock through the Summer, and spends his winters in a cosy place out from Charlotte. Mr. Hunt sent us a contribution, "A Christmas Prayer," which, to our regret. reached us after our Christmas number had gone to press.

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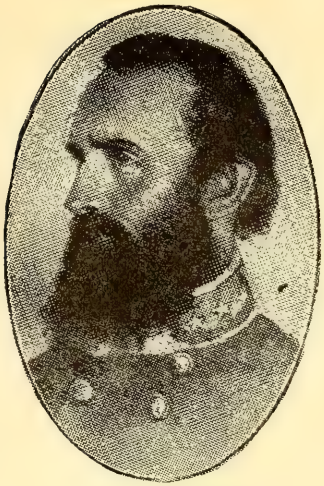
Grade crossings are still exacting their toll.

WE MUST NOT AND CANNOT FORGET THEM.

Gen. Robert E. Lee,
Born Jan. 19, 1807; died Oct. 12, 1870.

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward Heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without a wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar, without his ambition; Frederick, without his tyranny; Napoleon, without his selfishness, and Washington, without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles!—Benjamin H. Hill.



Gen. T. J. Jackson,

Born Jan. 21, 1824; died from a shot by mistake by his own men, at the battle of Chancellorsville.

MAN AND HIS SOUL.

(Morganton News-Herald).

Man without a soul would be worth about 98 cents on the open market. That is what the chemicals that go to make up a man would cost, scientists have figured.

The chief physical elements in a mann are oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sulphus, chlorine, sodium, magnesium and iron. In addition are minute quantities of fluorine, silicon and iodine.

Oxygen forms about 65 per cent of a man standing five feet eight inches high and weighing 154 pounds. This oxygen together with hydrogen, to the extent of ten per cent, are in the body fluids. The carbon, calcium and magnesium are in the bones.

In the bones blood and muscles are nitrogen, potassium and phosphrous, while the blood contains most of the chlorine and sodium. The iron is found in the red corpuscles of the blood and the sulphur in various parts of the body.

Science can tell where these chemicals are and in what proportion they exist. But even so, they know only a little about the chemistry of life. They could buy the chemicals and they could combine them in the proportions found in the body. But the thing they would make would be far inferior to the poorest excuse for a man known.

It is the possession of what is termed a soul that makes a man. Without it, man is worth 98 cents. With it, he may be worth untold sums.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Some of the doctors are telling us to keep walking to keep well. And it is well to occasionally keep jumping to keep alive.

Do pray let's not have another war until we have gotten clear of the debts of the last one, and straightened out of all the matters pertaining to the great conflict; and settled up in full with the soldiers who were in it.

If the state legislatures, together with congress, keep up the present lick of passing laws, it will be almost impossible before long to do anything that will not be contrary to law. We already have more laws than we know what to do with, or how to use. Cera great many that are not enforced. And they are still grinding out more.

Personal liberty is not all gone by any means. This is evidenced by the shortness of women's skirts, and the crazy-checked shirts the men wear, with their knickerbockers.

I filled out the blank and paid my income tax the other ay. Many people berate this tax; but I am thankfil and glad that I have an income to pay on. The only thing I regret is there is not more of it. There was one blank space I did not fill out; that was all profits resulting from bets. While I try to better my condition, I'm not a better. Didn't make a single bet last year; nor a double one either. But, I'll bet you—no I won't, for I'll have to pay tax on it; but I'll venture to say that few people are aware that they have to pay tax on bets they make—that is the winning fellow. Why not? Betting is regarded contrary to sound economics. It does not create wealth; distributes wealth already created. It transfers wealth without labor equivalent or any service whatever. It is a luxury, and as such, why should not betting bear its share of the tax burden that falls so heavily on production. This tax on betting embraces not only wagers on racing and sports, but playing the stock market more or less legalized. If one form of betting is taxed, why not all forms?

Window shopping is an interesting event, especially at night, and more particularly when you watch the others as they take in the store window scenes. A great deal of human nature is displayed in the folks who go 'round looking at the displays. A fellow with his girl, or some other fellow's girl will crowd up the windows, close together, admire and express opinions on the various articles displayed. They seem to take real pleasure in window shopping. Some men will follow along with their wives and look on in a languid manner. Other men will frisk about, apparently giving their wives all the aid and encouragement possible outside the window, looking in, when the doors are closed and there was no chance to handle the goods at that time. Friday evening I saw a couple, arm in arm, that aroused my risibility

to a high degree of mirth. The wife wanted to look into every window, and walk aronud in the store foyer. The husband didn't. He pulled outward; she pulled inward. I do not know when I have seen a scene more like a yoke of oxen, in the old times, going through the street of a town strange to them. The oxen, whether from real fright of sheer cussedness, would pull apart as far as the yoke would allow them; while their feet would be pushing almost against each other, and their backs would be at an angle of at least forty-five degrees from each other, with their eyes rolling about as if they were in the last agonies of death. That is a sight seldom seen now—unless it is some husbands with their wives, out window shopping, and he didn't want to shop worth a cent.

Do you know that when I come to write these "Ramblings" I feel a deep sense of the responsibility that comes over me. While it is more or less thrilling, mentally, still there is the nature of awe that possesses my mind. What shall I write to interest, entertain, amuse, instruct the many minds into which these thoughts will drop. Will it be weal or woe? My congregation eaih Sunday is larger than any minister of the gospel in North Carolina preaches to in several services. "Rambling Around" is printed in 17,000 separate copies of papers. The lowest estimate is that of each copy of a paper has three readers. This would make a reading clientele of 51,000. Quite a neat throng to give your thoughts to. The task impresses me with solemn awe, and I approach the pleasure it gives me to write these paragraphs with "fear and trembling," and the question is ever uppermost: Will I write the right thing, and afford interest and pleasure to others? I hope so, throughout.

It is a sad commentary upon the greatest law-making body in the world when there is so much talk about buying seats in the United States at from a quarter to three-quarters of a million dollars by some who they say have gone in by this route. The liberties of the people are threatened when this is the case. I do not believe a seat in that body is really worth that much. If it is the inference is very apparent that something is to be made out of it, or "great interests" are buying control of the people. It should be squelched. Then, perhaps, it may be worth the sums mentioned to get rid of some of those who have occupied seats in the senate for many years. They have grown to the seats until they believe the seats belong to them individually, and not the representative place for the entire people, but for the "privileged few." It is high time to clean the "Augean stables." Hercules cleansed Augeas' stable in a day by turning the rivers of Alpheus and Peneus through it. The great Potomac river is close by the nation capitol.

I have never yet seen anybody that did not want something. A young child will want everything it sees; and there are many who have never outgrown this childish habit to their oldest day. Everybody "wants something." They are always wishing for things. This is not bad in a reasonable way. Wanting

to possess things; to be able to do things; to know about things, is the basis of all progress. Dreamy, misdirected wanting does not get one far on the road of doing things. When you study your wants, classify them, and begin to make plans leading to the fulfillment of your desires, and then get busy working out the plans, you are on the road to achievement.

There is one particular passage of scripture that is always a great comfort to me. I love to meditate on it; dwell upon it. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." No special explanation of these words are necessary to set forth their meaning. You at once feel their comfort and tender meaning. It is the figure of a mother carrying her child, only here are arms that never grow weary and never fail. There are times when the burden of life is well nigh overwhelming; when our own strength is wholly inadequate to the task before us, and we could do nothing but give up were it not that "underneath are the everlasting arms." Then there are times when the mysteries and problems of life become particularly acute; when we begin to wonder as to the purpose of existence and whether we are not merely the creatures of a day. We throw our questions to the sky and there is no answer. Now we see through a glass dimly, and often see things in a very distorted manner, but let the Christian rest assured for "underneath are the everlasting arms." There are times when sorrow comes in upon us like a flood; when there is sickness and sore bereavement, and we can find no adequate explanation. We realize then how feeble and helpless we are, and then it is that we need that sure anchor of faith to hold to, "The eternal God is our refuge and our hope." Also the sweet consolation and comfort of the blessed assurance that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

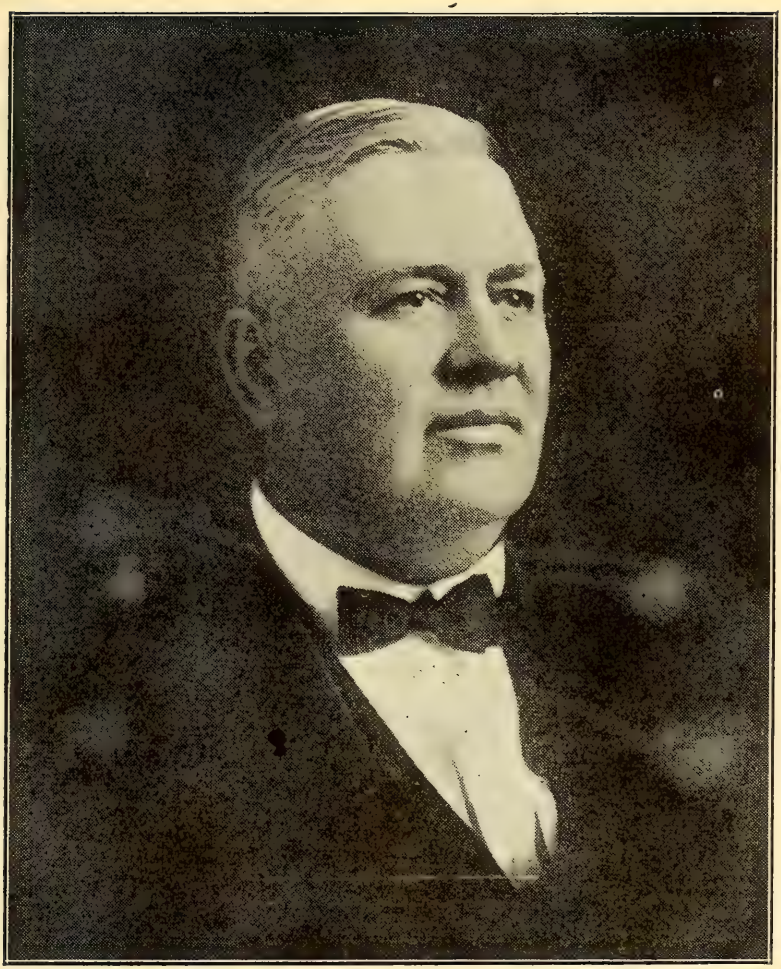
A THOROUGH DIAGNOSES.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, a former surgeon of Baltimore, has diagnosed H. L. Mencken, the free-lanced editor of a magazine, in the following impressive and thorough manner:

To the editor of the Sun—Sir: If Mr. Mencken would put a photospectroheliograph on his ramshackle, tergiversating cerebrum, I think he would discover that he was something of a synetognathous physocl'stuous levirate levantine belone with perissodactyl affinities; in other words, an acanthopterygian lophobranch not far removed from a plectognathic sesquipedalion orthopter.

My opinion of my mendacious friend is summed up briefly in the expressive hemidemisemiquaver, orthorphiotosukophantodikotaliporos.

This is my most gentle response to his last inocuous blusterings. —Howard Kelly.



JOHN SOLOMON EFIRD CROSSES THE BAR.

Wednesday morning Hon. John S. Efird, a former State Senator, a wealthy cotton manufacturer, a loyal member of the board of trustees of the Jackson Training School and highly esteemed citizen of Albemarle passed away.

This sad news came to us just as we were going to press—no particulars are available for this issue.

CONCERNING MAN AND WIFE.

By C. W. Hunt.

Very much has been said lately about changing the divorce laws of the state, so as to make divorces harder to get and for one cause, biblical. I have many times said that two good friends, with sense enough could live together, married, as man and wife and live in peace, without any special love making. If that is true, some will doubt it, then most any couple that have "fallen out", can, if they will stop and think, decide to give and take and live on in peace. (I always allow for sense. The want of ordinary common sense and ir-religion are dengerous things to deal with.) I have reference here to clean people, men and women who think and reason.

In a conversation with Judge Wm. F. Harding of this judicial district, I was told that the Judge that presides constantly over the divorce court in Chicago, the worst place in the world for divorces, and who has made observations for seven years, has discovered that he has never separated a single couple, where BOTH BELONGED TO THE SAME CHURCH. That statement is an eye-opener. Not only an eye-opener, but a warning to all married couples that fuss about their church. I never could blame any one for having church preferances, but there is too much latitude, and too much good in all Protestantism for husband and wife, who know they love and have loved to fuss about where they go to church. If you cannot give up yours, and she cannot give up hers (JUST CAN'T) then comes the need of real common sense. It makes little difference how much each may love their own church, it does not give ground for lasting disagreement, and any young couple that find themselves thus separated in what both are fond of, will do well to do some serious thinking, some give and take agreeing, if you are already tied up in marriage; and if you are still free you will do well to settle your church differences in advance; even if it means a breaking up, far better than to fuss afterwards. Old man common sense ought never to be laid aside in love making.

I have said that the only remedy to prevent divorce and lessen the work of the divorce court, was in the growing of a better citizenship. That has been my idea ever since I first gave the matter serious thought, but I had no proof until the knowledge of the Chicago divorce court came to hand, and the seven years record mentioned above settles the matter, here. When you contemplate that record of seven years, with thosands of cases handled year after year, and not a single one where both were members of the same church! It works this way: people with religious convictions live right to begin with, and two people living right would certainly find no cause for going to the divorce court. It is the lack of or the want of a sturdier citizenship that makes so many divorces now. Men and women without moral religious ties have nothing back of them. Things that would make no impression on those deeply religious and right thinking will estrange those ungrounded in a

faith in God, permanently.

I know that many say we are growing better citizens than ever before in the history of the world. Yes, better educated, technically, and so far as technical training goes, but all that is as nothing in the matter of moral and religious conviction that intuitively lead people into right paths, and when the supernatural is taken out of religion it is about gone. Married life is more than a fleeting passion that always fades under life's real action. Marriage is a partnership, where things go fifty-fifty. It is give and take; allowing each to hold on to self-respect. A woman who marries a man because he wears pants, and enters into no partnership for love and wifehood and accumulation or spending, as they may desire is a poor wife; and if she has not sense enough to know that in marriage she surrendered much of self, she has not sense enough to make a decent wife, and any man who promises to love, honor and keep the woman he ties to has surrendered a large part who selfish rights, and he should know, too, that he has taken on a partner that, as a rule, does not see and think like a man sees and thinks on some things; and that he must allow for these, is not as wise as he should be. Here is the great secret of married life; the recognition of the others rights, and rights and liberty are different. So much depends on the ability to give and take.

The 18th of last December I and the good mate, partner, confidante, sweetheart, lover celebrated the 43rd anniversary of married life at home, here in the pines, and found a wonderful love and friendship in looking back over the rocks and stumps and gullies and mires we have come upon and we agreed that while there were many thing each might have done to make the other happier, we were still glad we were sweethearts, and so full of promise for the days remaining. We have disagreed on many things each has surrendered much to the other's pleasure or will, yet neither has been cowed or humilated and we face the future without fear, knowing full well that what ever else may come we know where we are headed, and the DIVORCE COURT IS NOT A STATION ON THE ROUTE.

There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

BE SOUTHERN.

By James Hay, Jr.

An astonishing thing has come to pass in the South.

From the hired halls and mushroom magazines of pseudo-thinkers comes the proclamation that to be Southern is the unpardonable sin in the South.

These preachers of a new gospel announce that, in order to appear sophisticated, up-to-date and altogether worthy of the medals of the intelligentsia, the Southerner must free himself from the Southern tradition and ridicule Southern achievement.

Covering all phases of human endeavor, they issue the hair-raising warning that, as long as Southerners are satisfied to be Southern, the South is doomed to devastation, dry-rot and dissolution in literature, art, industry, manners, and commerce.

All sectionalism, they inform their misguided South, must be wiped out, for as long as a Southerner is Southern his manuscripts are unacceptable to New York, his statesmanship futile in Washington, his society offensive to Chicago and his ideas antiquated in Califorina.

The thing is the other way about. This nation will be hit by dry-rot and submerged in the commonplace when is loses the benefits of a noble sectionalism. It will not be America as we know it if the South—or the North or the West—ceases to contribute to the nation's life and accomplishment the thought, idealism and manner of performance which have characterized her througout the life of the Republic.

Take from the America of to-day the Southern influence and the Southern accomplishment, and what have you? Take from her what the North has given her and done for her, and what have you? Deprive American history of the chapters written by the Westerner and the Westerner's manner of thought and action, and what have you?

You have a digerent country, and, more than that, a different Government.

Take from America the thought, performance and lives of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Lee, Jackson, "Jeb" Stuart and Woodrow Wilson, and what have you?

And those men's contributions to America as a whole were what they were, not only because they were geniuses, but also because their genius, their habits of thought, their very manners had been molded, colored and brought to fruition in the Southern atmosphere under the sunlight of the Southern tradition.

To say that a man's homeland has no effect upon him, is to say that the child's home life has no effect upon him. To argue that a man must not have a special love for, and a pecular pride in, the people whose customs and traditions have shaped his thought and character, is to argue that he must also have no such feeling for the members of his own family.

To claim that he can love his country without loving his home State, is to claim the absurd.

More important still, to assert that a nation like ours is not given a different and indispensable service by each of it's sections, is as foolish as to assert that a community does not get different and indispensable service from each of its leading citizens, or that a family, to be the ideal family, must be composed of members each an exact duplicate of the other.

BE SOUTHERN!

Be Southern, not with the sectionalism that is given to empty and idle boasting, egotism and narrowness of mind, but with the ralization that to revere the great men and women of the South, to be true to the South's ideals and to work for the South as the best Southerners have always done, is to give to America that which she needs in order to round out and make a harmonious whole of what she is also given by West and North.

But of what does this Southernism consist? We Southerners believe that it is characterized chiefly by:

A special chivalry, in act, speech and thought, toward women; delight in hospitality, which is the seat and source of all good manners; joy in living, and appreciation of the graces and lighter side of life as essential to a full and well-rounded existence; individualism and liberty of thought, action and statesmanship; and an inspiring devotion to the traditions and history of the South, not as inclining us to cling to an outworn past but as spurring us to carry on to glorious completion all the great works begun by those who have gone before.

The man who scorns that heritage is a traitor to America and the South. Striving to be what he fondly calls a cosmopolite, he is in fact a mushhead who, turning from the true Americanism to an imitative asininity, makes himself not a patriot but a poltroon.

In the light of recent events in certain states, some of our citizens would modify the methods of selecting candidates for office. If the present system encourages or permits the contribution of inordinate sums by wealthy candidates or their supporters it should receive the most careful scrutiny by honest citizens. The presumption that large expenditures for camjaign purposes may be made without ulterior motive does not appear to be warrented. To sanction the expenditure of excessive amounts of money to secure the nomination of candidates for office would be to exclude unjustly all but the wealthy from such contests.. If the time ever comes when public offices can be virtually bought and sold, either directly or indirectly, then the downfall of the republic will not be far off.

The whole situation regarding law and order, coupled with the passive attitude of the people, indicates a weakening of the moral fibre of our citizenship. The spirit of civic righteousness and integrity is lacking. The old war-time virility that propmted the citizen to stand aggressively and fearlessly in the battle against ignorance, corruption, and crime seems to have disappeared.—General Perishing.

MY IDEA OF GOD.

By Dr. Francis P. Venable.

I would say at the outset that since both religion and science deal with great realms of truth I cannot conceive of any possible conflict between so long as tested and approved truths strictly adhered to and their inter-relation and meaning wisely tolerated. Nothing short of such testing and coordination is tolerated in Natural Science.

In the scientific method of searching for truth there are several progressive steps which must be followed. First, the facts must be discovered and their truths tested by all known methods. The approved facts are examined and studied in every possible way and arranged in distinctive groups according to their characteristict. On the basis of this thorough examination and hypothesis which is partly a guess, is outlined to account for the existence of the facts their characteristics and relationship. After such examinations have been carried out for many years and by many investigators the hypothesis is either rejected as faulty and a different guess made or accepted and raised to the dignity of a theory.

Chemistry was first founded as a science on what was known as the atomic hypothesis, a guess that there were such things as atoms. After many years sufficient proof was gained to raise it to the dignity of the atomic theory. In the past few years the existence of the atoms has been proved beyond all cavil or question and their formation and structure are well understood. The atomic theory, therefore, is to be classed as a known truth.

For a half a century therefore my work as chemist has been based on an unproved theory which has supposed, furthermore, to be beyond actual proof. Yet the work led up to the truth and stood the requisite tests. It was founded on faith and the faith was justified. The work of physicists and chemists in this same comparatively short period though founded on belief of the unseen, has raised the standard of living and done much for the happiness and the welfare of all the peoples, in all the nations that inhabit the earth. We believe in the atom because of its works. It is easy and logical to believe in God, though unseen, and by the very same line of reasoning.

It is easy to trace the origin of the atom hypothesis. It was first though out by Greek philosophers some three hundred years before the Christian era. They made little or no use of the experimental method but relied upon logical reasoning. It was somewhat after this fashion: when one cuts a string there are two pieces. Divide of these and again there are two pieces. Carry this process of dividing out to the limit and there will be one of two results. Either there will be two portions which cannot be cut or the cuttings will yield two nothings. Mathematically, the latter is impossible since two nothings cannot make a something. So the Greeks gave to the ultimate pieces the name atoms

which means that which cannot be cut or divided experiment has been carried out and it is found that the atom is made up of the indivisible units of negatives and positive electricity, marvelous as a storehouse of energy and in the mechanism of its composition and all the worlds in space are built up of these atoms. The atom is no longer a guess, an assumption, nor something beyond our grasp.

I have gone over this matter of the atoms at length for two reasons. One is that it may be clearly under stood how men of science strive to place their knowledge of the truth upon an unshakable basis. They keep, however, the open mind and are always ready to recognize new truth, feeling sure that all such means further progress in knowledge.

But the second meaning has a more direct bearing upon the subject under discussion. Two schools of thought arose in Greece after the working out of the atomic hypothesis. One group was called the atomists. These thought that the existence of atoms, their being drawn to one another and combining accounted for the formation of all created things. Their obedience to laws and hence regularity of behavior were either unknown to them or left out of account.

The existence of such laws and abedience to them on the part of the atoms would necessarily involve the existence of an overruling lawgiver. The absurdity of attributing to so mechanical a device as an atom the ability to devise such laws and to enforce universal and implicit obedience was pointed out and may well be suggested again to any inclined to accept such a view The atomists and their views were bitterly antagonized by Roman and Greek writers as doing away with pagan gods, and passing beyond discussion some of these atomists were persecuted even to their death.

The second school of thought was that of the evolutionists. We must not forget that this was some three centuries before the coming of Christ. Darwin gives them due credit and also mentions some two hundred other authorities who discussed evolution before his time. So it is no new or modern theory which is under discussion but one which has held, the thought and interest of man for many centuries.

Reduced to its simpliest form evolution is a process, a method of growth, and should be treated as such. So far as my conception of it goes, it is applicable only to organic matter which is endowed with life. I cannot by any reasoning link it up with the ignorance, lifeless matter of which the earth is mainly composed. Life is conveyed from plant to plant, from man to man. Rocks grow by accretion either through the agency of heat or of water. Such inorgaanic matter as in utilized by plants and animals in the building of tissue may also, for the time, be endowed with life, becoming an integral part of the plant's growth.

The meaning of evolution is easily grasped. It is in every day service. Though the use of this process men breed race horses plough horses, carriage horses. They also breed mules which must per force obey one of the laws of evolution. There are also milk cows and butter cows; bantam chickens and leghorns;

terriers, mastiffs, and bird dogs and numerous varieties of foods, plants and flowers. The variation in characteristics and possible service brought about by careful breeding which means evolution, are almost past numbering.

As for man himself. It is well known that the characteristics of the parent are transmitted to the children, so there is a complex of third and fourth generation. Such both. The Bible adds unto the transmitted qualities entering into the evolution of the children may be phyiseal, mental or moral. Evolution has played a notable part in the building of the different nations. It may be noted that evolution is influenced also by varying conditions and surroundings. Thus there are the Esquimaux, the Hottentots, and the South Sea Islanders with variations largely due to climate. It does not give a very promising outlook for America, sometimes called the melting pot of the nations. But this discussion will be over before we need seriously worry over that. The Schools and the churches do much to preserve and raise the type.

We come now to a clearer view of evolution and its meaning. Evolution is a process of life and only found in living plants and animals. Let us ask ourselves: What is life? Its supreme characteristics is that it is transmitted from life to life and in no other way. The plant grows through this life principle. Before its death life is concealed in the seed. This life in the seed can be killed by heat and other agencies. If the seed is buried in the earth where there is moisture and the proper temperature is maintained it germinates and another plants grows as the original did. Last year a friend sent me some seed which had been cross-fertilized between the tomato plant and pepper plant. Any gardner knows what queer mixtures he may get in a garden where various plants bloom together and bees are busy going from flower to flower. I plant-the seed sent me raised vigorous plants and gathered some fruit, which on testing was distinctly reminiscent of both parents. I suppose this product of evolution mught be called the catsup plant.

The egg carries its living germ along with food for the building of the young chick. Under proper conditions the chick forms, burst the shell and comes forth to carry on the generation. These are simple, everyday processes, but who can tell from whence and how the first life came. One thing is certain. Life comes only from life. Evolution has no answer for this—at least, none that is satisfactory to my mind. Some have supposed that life was first brought to this planet from some distant star by means of a meteorite. These meteorites, or shooting stars as they are sometimes called, are beautiful sights as they dash through our atmosphere. I have analyzed some of them. They are metallic in nature and chiefly made up of iron, cobalt and nickel. There are also aerolites which are more like stones. The light given off from them is not reflected light but comes from their own heat. They are red hot and no known life could exist at such a temperature. Apart from that,

the supposition that some stray body from out of the skies first brought life to this planet does not help matters. The question inevitably arises, where did the meteorite get its amoeba, or one-celled plant. The answer necessarily is from some outside source of life.

Evolution then offers no real solution as to the source of life. It bears solely on the reproduction of living things, from similar things already existing. It cannot tell from whence and how life first came. Nor can plants or animals tell us how this wonderful and beneficent process of growth was planned and the laws controlling it established, nor why they obey these laws.

The gift of life, the plan and its regulation could only have come from some outside source embodying infinite wisdom, power and love. The range for man's reasoning lies between zero and infinity. We cannot go beyond either bound. I have no real concept whatever of absolute nothing or infinity.

Let us now return to our atoms, necessarily repeating somewhat of that which has already been stated. The theory as to their existence was a necessary assumption to explain the great underlying laws of nature and to make clear the happenings in our world and others. We know that they are wonderfully constructed out of positive and negative electricity—that is of protons and electrons. They have been measured, photographed and the old idea of their immutability disproved by battering some of them to pieces. Indeed, in some cases that process is going on in nature. All atoms are therefore related and differ only in the number and arrangements of protons and electrons.

All material things are built up of these atoms. Matter then, is built up of electricity which is a force and has no material existence outside of matter. I am led back to that strange statement in Genesis that the Creator made all things out of nothing by the word of his power.

I have spent a long life in the study of nature. I have been impressed even to awe, over the marvelous wisdom displayed in the building of this world and all that exists upon it. Two great facts stand out that must be explained. The existence of created things and the universal reign of law. Furthermore, I find a wonderful adaptation to the needs of all living things and a capacity for adaptation on their part. So far as I know evolution offers only an explanation of this adaptability. I love the beauty of the humblest plant with its blossom. I love the green meadow with its trickling streams. The glories of the sunset move me to silent reverence. But the greatest thing to me is love—the trusting love of little children, the kindly affection of my fellow men, the abiding love of friends and family. It is life's greatest and most precious reward and furthermore, it is the greatest moving force in the world as far as man is concerned. More has been accomplished through love than by all other means. It is found in greater or less degree among all animals to whom it has been taught by man. There is no greater devotion than is sometimes

shown by a dog for its master. Love may be won by love but it cannot be bought with coin.

Thus I see in the world around me all needed proofs and evidences of Love and Wisdom. I search no further for a Creator. It is impossible that the world could have created itself without a master mind for its planning. Love made the world and God is Love.

When I was a student at the University there hung over the mantel in my room a picture with this inscription:

"I am apt to think the man who can surround the secrets of God's Empire would speak but Love."

The outlines of the picture have long since faded from memory but the words underneath abide.

But my faith lies far deeper than in a mere belief in God, the Creator. It is not enough to reason out the existence of God my lack of disproof and by logical deduction. Mere intellectual processes do not go far enough. Such a belief must mean something in my life. Nay, more, it must touch everything in my life. I must be here for some purpose, of however little moment, my presence may be to others.

I find this deeper meaning in the life and the teaching of the Christ, the interpreter of life, and I wish to say right here that I acknowledge no other authority as a guide for my life. Never man lived as this one never taught as he did, never man loved as he loved—the most loving and lovable figure in all history.

I recognize him as divine because I find in him the highest qualities which may be seen in our fellow men and are called God-like. Such are wisdom, love, truth, a gentle patience, a tender forgiveness and yet a strength and courage despite all suffering and beyond despair. The difference to me is that, while man may and does have such qualities in some measure, in the Christ they reach into the infinite. As to the hereafter and its meaning to us I can have little of no conception but I am very sure that sin and sorrow will have passed away and so I can say it with St. Paul: "We do not know how we shall appear but we shall be with Him and be satisfied."

What is God? I go back to a definition given some three centuries ago. God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable in His being, wisdom, truth, justice, power, goodness, mercy, and love.

A thin man resented the lateral pressure of a fat man on the same seat in a street car. He said: "They ought to charge by weight in these cars."

"If they did, sonny," said the fat man, "you'd have to walk. They couldn't afford to stop for you."

WHAT CAROLINA NEEDS MOST.

(Asheville Citizen).

Some months ago one of our distinguished ex-Governors declared: "What North Carolina needs is MORE FISH."

The Citizen thought that information of such importance that it printed it under an 8-column streamer line. It created a profound impression throughout the State.

Now comes our illustrious Governor, Angus Wilton McLean, and declares: "What North Carolina needs is MORE MILK."

For some unknown reason this useful information has not found its way into the columns of any North Carolina's great daily newspapers. We discovered it tucked away in the January bulletin of the State Board of Health. And in making it public we candidly confess that we have no sinister purpose in view. This is no debate between Cameron Morrison and Wilton McLean. They are not arguing, this time; they're telling us.

Just the other day one of our famous educators told us that what North Carolina needs most is freedom to go out and find God without interference from anybody or any ecclesiasticism. So far as our reading goes, and we will confess most contritely that it is not wide, Socrates is the only man we know of who, through his own mental processes thought his way to God. That dear old Pagan surveyed the world around him and tested in his own thought the ideas of the scientists and schoolmasters of his day, and reached the conclusion that somewhere and somehow there must have been a Maker of this thing we call the world and the things that inhabit it. That is his grand achievement. And strange as it may sound, it has escaped most of his biographers and philosophy.

To all other men who have any knowledge of God that knowledge has come through a revelation, and it is written down in a Book that is the best loved and the most hated book ever written. It tells the sad and pathetic story of God seeking after man, but nowhere of man seeking after God. Our nature is so strangely set up that we simply run away from God, and if there are any chains that bind us and keep us from finding God they are easily broken, as easily as a gossamer web.

Who is right? Our ex-Governor, our Governor, or our Educator?

No one of them to be sure. Fish and milk are human wants, food that we all need and should have. But are these North Carolina's supreme needs? Do we need any more freedom of thought in our so-called quest for God than we have? We all remember the story of the dying atheist who asked his little Christian daughter to write this sentence: "God is nowhere"; and how at his command she read it, and that she read it, "God is now here." You don't have to hunt for God.

North Carolina has such material prosperity that it has astounded and dulled the minds of our people to the finer things of the spirit. If she has a supreme need, it is not a renew-

al of this spirit, a return to a closer connection with God.

We will rest our position on the decision of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to have their crusade throughout America shortly. They have reached the conclusion that what North Carolina most needs is a spiritual re-birth. Let us all hope that from this Bishop's crusade it will come.

STAND BY "THE BOY."

Prof. Charles A. Reap.

Will you kindly permit me to make a few statements concerning your editorial in the issue of December 11th. headed "Didn't Treat the Boy Right?" I regret that you made such indictments about the boy, the teacher, the D. A. R., and yea History itself.

You suggest that the county superintendent look into matters and in reply I beg to state that matters were looked into at the beginning. In the first place the school boy, Claude Dunn, wrote the article himself, or compiled it if you wish. Again, I beg to state that the boy's teacher was a Life Service Volunteer, a graduate of one of the leading Universaties in the country, had majored in the department of History won honors in that department under some of the best authorities in American History and is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, the national scholarship fraternity, if that means anything to you. Again, as to the books at the young man's disposal, I beg to state that a department head of one of our leading colleges inspected the library of 634 volumes of the Oakboro High School and said that it was a splendid selection.

As to the D. A. R. permitting the essayest to "slap history in the face" seems probelmatical. From your editorial it seems that you have the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution badly mixed. No one questions that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence but if you will consult the best authorities and study closely the framing of our present Constitution it seems to me that you will find a very different matter and as to the members of the convention that framed our Constitution, if I mistake not you will find Alexander Hamilton's name among the list and the only representative from New York present at the close, the other two members withdrawing. Please understand I do not wish to engage in any historical argument at this time but I feel that your editorial itself "didn't treat the boy right."

If my knowledge of history be correct and my authorities reliable (and source material bears this out) I think you will find that Alexander Hamilton was largely responsible for the calling of the Annapolis Convention and a very leading figure and to quote George Edwin Rines on Hamilton, "This convention adopted an address, drafted by Hamilton, reciting the intolerable conditions and calling for a convention to meet the

following May in Philadelphia to form a Federal Constitution.''

Of course I have no desire to champion Alexander Hamilton in anyway but let's ''keep History straight.'' It seems that Hamilton represented a powerful minority in the convention that framed our Constituoin and after it was framed even though it did not represent his views, he signed it and through his own powerful efforts secured its adoption by New York State. I appreciate fully the great work of Thomas Jefferson for the cause of America but it seems the Virginia delegation to the Constitutional convention at Philadelphia consisted of George Washington, James Madison and John Blair.

As to your indictment of Alexander Hamilton, a man who as a mere boy on July 6, 1774 made a brilliant speech on the cause of America's rights, who fought six years in his own state of New York to ratify the Constitution and who brought order and efficiency out of the financial chaos of the Treasury Department, I leave that together with your education in American History to the D. A. R., for that splendid body to take up the problem or pass it by a sympathetic smile.

WORDS.

(Philadelphia Ledger).

What mysterious things are words, mere syllabled breath, invisible shapes of air sound sculptured by the deft tools of tongue and throat and lips into architectures more enduring than steel and stone! And yet these flimsy forms are the golden causeways thrown up between man and man and between ages for separated by gulfs of time so the growing spiritual and intellectual traffic of all the centuries may move silently over them.

A word vanishes in the utterance, and yet nothing of man's creation lasts so long. Words have rebuilt empires where swords had destroyed them; and modern man in nothing more truly exemplifies the essential worth of civilization than in the pride and effection with which he regards effective forms of words nobly uttered and geared into what he believes to be the truth and justice and right as they exist in the nature of things.

All our great institutions are built upon words. Charters and creeds and laws are nothing until firmly set within the "syllabled battlements of sound.'' We do not trust a man until he has ''given his word'' and no contract is binding to the full until it is ''put down in black and white;'' that is to say, the agreement is not a valid instrument until the words have the validity of a clear and fixed expression.

We have a way of thinking still that the sword has been man's great and effectual fighting tool, but the pen is mightier than the sword because the pen is armed with words.

The great battles of the ages have been word battles, in which wit and eloquence and understanding have struggled against error and ignor-

ace. Words are great thoroughfares that bring all times and places into communication. They are inventions of peace and not of wars, the sublime means by which men arrange armistices and agreements and not clubs to maul each other with over their differences. That is a great sentence in the Gospel which says: "In the beginning was the Word."

AUDITS HAVE COST STATE $430,000 IN PAST SIX YEARS.

(News & Observer).

Audits have cost the State of North Carolina $430,000 during the past six years, according to an estimate made by Henry Burke, chief aassistant to Governor McLean as Director of the Budget. This figure does not include the cost of the State of auditors employed on salaries in the office of the State Auditor and in other departments of the State government, but is the approximate sum paid in fees to auditors employed to make special and regular audits.

The largest item is the more than $40,000 paid for the elaborate report of Price-Waterhouse Company, who were employed in 1923 by a legislative investigating commission following the Morrison-Maxwell dispute as to whether there was a "surplus," or a deficit in the State treasury.

This audit reported a "surplus," but the 1925 General Assembly disregarded the "accrual basis" set up and funded a "debit balance" of more than $9,000,000. The sum of $22,000 was paid for the audit on which was based the revised plan of auditing installed by the State following the 1921 General Assembly.

Much of the money has been spent for the regular audits of institutions and deprartments, made every year, and the remainder was spent in the county auditing which was carried on from 1921 to 1925, when it was abolished.

The auidts made of the departments and institutions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1926, are estimated to have cost over $20,000. It is estimated by Mr. Burke that those audits, which were made under the present law under the direction of the State Auditor, could have been made under a different system at a saving of about $15,000.

Love follows as a milk wagon follows a horse. If you love people you can't keep them from loving you.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A number of the boys have been cutting wood during the past few days. The wood-pile is increasing in size daily.

During the winter months the boys on the barn force do not plow very much. Instead they spend their time hauling, and doing other such jobs.

As usual, at this time of the year, almost every other boy has a cold which the sudden change of the weather has given him. Not a very likeable present.

Sunday afternoon, as usual, is clear and cool and the boys all like to take walks down the road. All the boys enjoy these walks very much, as they usually take them before supper.

Miss Vernie Goodman was reported to be slowly recovering last week. It is reported this week that she is still better. We are very glad to hear this and hope that she will soon be able to leave the sick-room.

The boys of the carpenter shop have been fixing some of the broken chairs and also have been mending some window screens. These boys are busily engaged in supplying some one's needs most all the time.

The weather has been very cold and also very windy. Just a few days ago we had snow. Since then the weather has been milder than usual, although it was very cold several days last week.

A number of the boys have been busily engaged in fixing a flower-bed near the print shop. The barn boys have been hauling some very good dirt of which the flower-bed is to be made.

Last Saturday afternoon the boys did not go to the ball ground, as usual. They all went to the cottages where they interested themselves in games. The weather was so cold and rough on that afternoon and therefore going to the ball ground was postponed. All of the boys had a good time in the cottages.

In the past month no new boys have been given a position in the print shop, but the print shop boys have been working for the few days issuing the Biennial Reports. This report has many beautiful pictures of the different departments and also of the campus and other interesting pictures.

Since the shoes have been given to the boys of this institution, the shoe shop boys have been kept very busy. Every morning there begins to issue from the shop a series of loud pounding. It's only the shoe shop boys fixing shoes. They have been doing some very neat work in fixing the boys' shoes lately.

In the last two or three months, the Literary Societies in most of the cottages have been in operation. This is pleasing work for a boy who, having been placed on the program, gets

his debate or any other part of the program in which he takes part. The societies in the cottages give some very interesting programs. They usually have very good debates.

This month—January, and also the regular parole month came and with the coming of the month Supt. Boger has sent many boys home—paroled them. In the past week the following boys were paroled by him. John Faggart, Alphonso Wiles, Brochie Flowers, Roy Lee Linkerfelt, Clarence Hendley, Earle Greene, Herbert Gladden and Homer Montgomery. We all hope that these boys have success in their future life.

The subject of our Sunday School lesson last Sunday was: "Christian's Use of the Bible." One of the verses in this lesson gives us a great deal to do, in obeying it as we would one of the commandments. "Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." This lesson also tells us to diligently teach everyone of the Word which the Lord, our God, has given to us. We may help others to make the right use of the Bible and teach people that know nothing of God's Word. This was a very interesting lesson. The golden text was: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psalm 119 : 105.

Rev. Thomas Higgins, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read from the Book of John, the third chapter. Rev. Higgins told the boys of the man who started at his toes and swallowed himself up until there was nothing left of him but his lips. This man is the braggart, the man who is always making things larger and worse than it formerly was. He explaned it when he related an incident of a little girl who told one of her little chums that her mother had a new dress. "Thats nothing," answered the little girl; "my mother gets a new dress every day." Thats what some small childern are doing, and they are not alone. They grow up and sometimes never rid themselves of the habit. Therefore we see him or her going about and always their mouths are largest. They have swallowed themselves all up, leaving only their lips. The sermon as a very interesting one.

It is a sad fact that we have developed machinery faster than we have developed men.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 29, 1927. No. 7

COURTESY.

Courtesy is more than a mark of good breeding. It is a tangible business asset. Witness the attention paid by public service institutions to the courtesy of their employees.

A man or woman does not have to be a millionaire or aristocrat to possess graciousness of manner and sincerity of a smile. They are qualities that may be found in rich and poor alike.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

"If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key or strong the bolt,
I'd try so hard, it would open wide I know.
Then over land and sea I'd scatter the smiles to play
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many and many a day."

"JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON."

This is the title of an engaging book of over 500 pages by Claude G. Bowers. It is a masterfully written story of "The Struggle for Democracy of America." It ought to be in every library of the land, especially in Southern libraries where what seems to be designing influences are attempting to the lead the children to worship false and designing gods.

Those of us that become shocked at the sharp practices sometimes employed by public officials, both in seeking the position and even after they reach their ambition, in the present day affairs, have in store for them by reading this book a sense of gratification that the present is far superior in morals to that period when democracy was trying to establish itself in this country in the early period of this government.

The beauty of Bowers' work is that practically every page carries footnote references, giving ample authority for the statements the author makes use of. It seems to be an honest effort to tell the plain truth.

When a boy, under influence of that ripe scholar, the late Prof. H. T. J.

Ludwig, we came under the impression that Adams was the goat through whom the designing treachery of Hamilton came near cruicifying democracy in this country on the altar of monarchy. Bowers' book, with its copious references, proves the brilliant and unholy scheming of Hamilton, who stopped at nothing to make the constitution of the United States nothing but a scrap of paper. Slowly but surely the country came to understand and appreciate the integrity, honesty and sincereity of the sage of Monticello.

Had Hamilton's views and purposes prevailed, Senator Haywood and representative Black would today be sporting about in Raleigh with knee-breeches, powdered wigs and silver buckles, attending high functions and destroying the fruits of the vine. Under the surviving influences of the struggle of Jefferson, they are permitted to go garbed and to act as the good fellows desire to so do.

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"A GOOD MAN."

Wednesday of last week, John S. Efird, of Albemarle, after a few days of illness with pneumonia, expired. Mr. Efird was approaching his 70th birthday. The furneral was conducted on Thursday from the First Lutheran church, attended by one of the largest concourse of people ever seen at a funeral occasion in North Carolina. It was indeed a fitting memorial.

Thirty-five or forty years ago, Mr. Efird was a man in just ordinary circumstances, as we consider property holdings. He died a very wealthy man. He had the happy judgment of lining up with men of character and vision. Men, who did not await the turning up of something, but proceeded to make the turn themselves—such men as the late James William Cannon and others of his forward looking and seeing powers. He started a cotton mill in Albemarle—that started Albemarle growing and it put Stanly county on the map.

The Uplift, several years ago, carried an appreciation of this man. We find it unnecessary at this time to follow him in his numerous activities and growth, until he reached a position of power such as wealth bestows upon an individual. It's the spirit behind the man that interests us most. The heart of the proposition.

Thursday morning when we approached his late residence, the yard was full of people, people of every walk of life. The professional was there; the clerk was in evidence; and the working man in his working garb was in evidence in large number. Viewing the face of the departed, surrounded

by mountains of choicest flowers from friends throughout the state, the working man in his overalls at our side chokingly whispered: "he sure was a good man—the best I ever knew."

That told the story; John S. Efird was just simply a good man, without frills or pretentions. Possessed of his millions and its power, he was just simply a clean, upright and humble man. He might have been possessed of a hundred millions and he would have remained the same approachable, genial and democratic individual—it was the way he was built and constituted. "Good" expresses it.

It is almost worth the price to quit this world, even in the midst of one's greatest usefulness and power, when he can depart amid the freely rendered testimony of neighbors and friends by the hundreds, such as was accorded the memory of John S. Efird when the multitude had gathered to do him honor.

He was a "good man" tells the story of the departure for other scenes of Stanly county's first and leading citizen.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

SLEEP OR STUDY.

A boy once went away to a mountain school, says Young Folks, and asked to be admitted. He was told that there was no more room, the dormitories were full. "But I didn't come here to sleep," was the boy's quick and incisive reply. It is hardly necessary to say that they made room for that boy. The first things about academic life are not food, sleep and athlethics. The first things are knowledge, habits of study and the building of character. And it is not difficult to believe that most of the students in our higher institutions of learning know how to put first things first. Considerations of second magnitude fall in their respective places, as they have the right to do. But there are just enough young men and young women in school whose chief ambition is to spend lots of money and have a good time to warrant our sounding note of warning.

An education costs enough money and consumes sufficient years in these times to justify the expectation that it will be taken seriously. There are plenty of young people who, on account of the tremendous and ever-mounting expenses, will never acquire an education, but who would be glad for the chance to make good use of the money and time that are being squandered by a considerable percentage of our present student body. There is the tendency among school authorities to weed out those who do not seem to understand what scholastic application and attainment mean. There

are too many deserving and energetic youths today knocking at university doors to permit dormitory and class rooms to be cumbered by the insincere and undesirable. There is less chance now for money and pull to keep a student in school than formerly. He must make good. He must know that he is there to study, to learn, and to prove his fitness to engage the time and effort of those who try to teach him.

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HOW AMERICA FINALLY CAME INTO BEING.

God built him a continent of glory and filled it with treasure untold. He carpeted it with soft-rolling praises and pillared it with thurdering mountains. He studied it with soft flowing fountains and traced it with long, winding streams. He graced it with deep shaded forests and filled them with song. Then he called unto a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift and a hope. The glow of adventure was in their eyes, and in their souls the glory of hope. And out of the bounty of earth and the labors of men, out of the longings of hearts and the prayers of souls,— out of the memories of ages and the hopes of the world, God fashioned a nation in love, and called it America.—Selected.

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ANOTHER SOLDIER PASSES.

Capt. Charlie M. Thompson, a leader in the civic and industrial life of Lexington, passed beyond on Tuesday. Capt. Thompson was of the salt of the earth, a man of worthy ideals, superb integrity and progressive even up to the time that nature sounded a warning.

He left school at the age of 17 to join the forces of the Confederacy; proved a brave and dauntless soldier; surrendered but unconquered; rebuilt his fortune; made handsome contributions to civic improvements; gave wise counsel in business activities; held positions of honor and trust; and died, as he had lived, with a childlike faith in the goodness and power of the God of the Universe.

This death, along with the many others that have occurred this season, strike sorrow in our hearts.

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THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

Looks like sister Cobb's longing desire will be gratified. When the Legislative Committee began the consideration of Representatives Falls and Brough-

ton's Australian Ballot bill, there were none to combat it after Dr. Walter Murphy and Miss Mary Henderson finished their arguments.

It is understood that after a few touches and minor amendments, the bill will be reported out by a unanimity that foretells its passage.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Ben Dixon McNeill, of the staff of the Raleigh News & Observer, is our friend. Every now and then he comes along with some distinguished gentleman, stops, looks us over, has his friend to make a talk to the boys and then demands a little singing, which can't be beat in the state. Not so many weeks ago McNeill dropped in with Gov. McLean, then after this he came alone. The other day he made us another visit, bringing with him Sidney Blackmer, late of Salisbury, who enjoys a national reputation as an entertainer. Mr. Blackmer made an interesting talk to the boys, and was good enough to throw some handsome flowers at us. The officers along with the boys enjoyed the visit of these delightful people.

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It is said the life of a paper dollar is only eight months. Maybe so, but not a single one has ever died on our hands.

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Leave it yesterday where it fell; trust tomorrow with God and catch every ray of happiness as it passes today.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

An editor is a "prints" among men. He is also a typewriter and a writer of the type few in a community seldom measure up to when it comes to "writing for the papers."

It is one of the fates of frail humanity that when a fellow begins to feel sorry for himself, the whole world seems to possess the same feeling.

There is such a thing with some people as not knowing when they have enough until long after they have too much.

One touch of nature may make the whole world kin, as the poet says. But it is a fact that with one touch of a fradulent scheme and all touched are skinned.

An umbrella is the most wanted thing I know of when you want it. And when you want the most it is generally at the other end of the line. It, also, happens quite frequently that when you want to use your own umbrella it is being used by some fellow, unbeknown to you and without your consent. An umbrella will go away from home and stay the longest of anything I know of. It will part company with its owner in the most unaccountable and unceremonious manner imaginable. I stepped into the union station, on one occasion, during a shower; placed my umbrella in a cuspidor, beside one of the seats, to drip, and stepped out under the shed to read the bulletin board. When I returned I found I had no umbrella. It must have gone off on a trip to Europe during my absence as I have never seen it since. I raised that umbrella in a perfectly good way; but never again. No umbrella is safe in this country by its lone self. It needs protection, and I am surprised that our legislators, especially the new ones who are so anxious to distinguish themselves by enacting more laws, bearing their names, do not, introduce a bill for the protection of umbrellas which have no guardians. I think one of the most amusing things connected with an umbrella—except when you are hunting for yours and cannot find it—is to see two young people, walking arm in arm, on a rainy day, under a little umbrella that hardly covers your hat, and was really built for a small child. But, after all, umbrellas are umbrellas, and they will not stay put. Whoever got mine I hope will bring it back before he wears it out.

Character building seems to me very much like building a bridge. When it is completed it has to be tested; but also it is being tested at every point all through the process of construction to see if each part is able to do its work. Consequently every day is a day of judgment for us who are character builders and the final structure is no stronger than the weakest part. How careful we ought to be then, of our yesterdays and todays, which are the

bricks and the cables with which we build! The climax of life is not in blessings and trials but in the reward. As a child didn't you use to think of people in Heaven as wearing gold crowns, and carrying harps? That was just a picture. God is not going to give us material crowns on our heads. It is life that is to be crowned—meaning that God will crown us with complete, perfected life. A part of the beauty of a Corinthian column is its crown, but its chief value and beauty is in the column itself, not the crown. The beauty and glory of your life and mine will not be a golden crown or harp, but life; your life, my life, that God has given us; and we, by standing up under the process of refining, cleansing and redeeming, will deserve whatever is necessary to make our life complete and finished.

We are told time and time again that it is important to know one's own mind; or make up one's mind right. That is true. But the most important thing is to have a mind to know and make up. There appears to be many people who have so little mind of their own that they are continually minding the minds of other people; and as for making up their own minds, there's very little to make up.

The reason so many people trust to luck is because they are afraid to trust themselves. The person who is afraid to trust himself is not likely to be trusted by other people.

The girl with a small waste is eminently fitted to marry a young man with a slender salary.

Some individual with nothing else to do, it seems, has figured it out that 50 per cent of the women of America are buying their clothing on the installment plan. Do not doubt it, for, from present appearances, most of them are wearing the first installment.

Jokes are interchangeable. For instance: A Durham lady in Raleigh asked a groceryman in that city if he had any Brussels sprouts. "No madame; but I have some collard sprouts I'd like to show you." A Raleigh lady in Durham asked a furniture man in this city if he had any wardrobe trunks. He replied: "I have not; but I can show you some good wardrobes." The laugh was in both places.

Mothers dote on their children, and the children oft times cause their mother's hair to turn gray. 'Twas evening in a doting home. Company was present. Tiny feet were heard pattering upstairs. The hostess raised her hand. "Hush," said she softly, "the children are going to say their goodnights. I have reverence for them at the bedtime hour, for they speak the love that is in their little hearts." There was a moment of tense silence, then a shrill whisper: "Mamma, Johnny found a bedbug." It is imagined that mother collapsed.

Here's a good one sent me. Compa-nee atten-shun," bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. Compa-nee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you." By mistake one of the members held up

his right leg which brought it out side by side with his neghbor's left leg. The seregant glancing at the break casually exclaimed: "And who is the bloomin' galoot over there holding up both legs?"

A Durham hostess intended having chicken for a dinner to several invited guests, but as the guests could not come, she told her maid: "We will postpone the chicken today." This puzzled the maid, and she said: "Well, I has fried 'em baked 'em; boiled 'em; stewed 'em; but I never did postpone one. How does you do it?"

Anent the coming of grand opera to our midst, and in connection with music, in general, it is related that Madame Eames once came forward at the close of one of her concerts and said to her audience: "You have been very exacting. You have called for the best of which I was capable." That was fine. I am sure she rejoiced in answering their call. I wish that yon and I, throughout the Bishop's Crusade, about to be inaugurated, and all other religious services of whatever denomination; whereever and whenever held, and not in meetings alone, could feel that God was exacting asking for our very best. Her audience crowned Madame Eames but the crown consisted not in their applause, but in her rendering her best. I think we are too much inclined to think that God is easy-going and will let us off with half hearted service, when in reality the opposite is true. God is very exacting, and nothing but the very best we can offer will win from Him the crown of life. How about our offerings of sympathy, time and money? Are we giving God our best? When we hear the Macedonian cry of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, begging us to come over and help them with our love, sympathy and good will, are we giving God our very best? Will wealth and earthly power crown our America as we would have her crowned? Will prosperity crown Durham, or your town or city, as we or you would have it crowned? There is only one thing that can do it— living the life that stands up under all tests until we have proven that we are worthy to receive the crown of life that He has promised to all who have endured.

One of the chief differences between an ignorant man and a scholar is that the scholar is never satisfied with what he has learned, while the ignorant man believes that he learned long ago everything really worth knowing.

THE COST OF EDUCATION.

(Charlotte Observer).

Doctor Klein, chief of the Division of Higher Education of the Department of the Interior, is making discussion of "the higher cost of education," his remarks being based on the developed fact that this cost, exclusive of additions for endowment, has risen in 10 years—1912 to 1922—from $8,835,787, to $272,815,703. And yet he is not appalled. He attributes this increase chiefly to the raise in teachers' salaries during and immediately after the World War. This, Doctor Klein regards as "one of the most remarkable phenomena in higher education in this country." In small colleges salaries rose from an average of about $1,400 to $2,000; in medium-sized institutions from $2,500 to $4,000 and in large institutions to doubled proportions. Doctor Klein admits that conditions of this kind provoked much adverse criticism. People, he says, who had previously concerned themselves little about higher education or about any education in fact, felt free to criticise and to make suggestions. Adverse comment was released which had formerly been held back by the somewhat sarcrosant position which higher education had come to enjoy.

Some of the criticism went pretty far. It was even asked whether those who received the benefits of higher education should not pay for what they get. The suggestion that free education should not be quite so free struck the public institutions supported by taxation and the private institution supported by endowment and free gifts. Response to the financial pressure of the moment may account for such criticism more largely than the general theory that society should pay less of the expense of higher education, but everywhere the tendency was toward insistence upon higher tuition and institutional fees.

And here comes in the very point argued a few months ago by Doctor Harding, of Davidson College. President Hopkins, of Darmouth had made statement that "the opportunities for securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege, and not at all a universal right." Doctor Klein says the apparent anti-democratic tone of this statement led educators to interpret President Hopkins' stateent to mean that there are not too many trained men turned out by the colleges, but that too many are in college who can not be there profitably. The argument then becomes, "Do not let into college those who will not themselves profit in proportion to effort and expense, or those who by their presence will slow up the progress of others." but, Doctor Klein defends, "in practically no case have college presidents been willing to subscribe to the belief that the college should care only for the exceptional man."

We are led to infer from the discussion of the situation by Doctor Klein that one definite line of action is under consideration to meet the economic conditions developed and developing. The "corrective measures" of popular approval will be based on "more careful institutional bookkeeping and budgeting." The colleges will be forced to adoption of "more business-like methods." Even now,

Doctor Klein says, colleges everywhere are adopting intelligent budget methods and are learning to handle the business affairs of the institutions "in a business-like way." Increasing costs and financial pressure are forcing the business system on the colleges. In the past, and even to a great extent at the present time, the higher institutions have known only approximately the actual costs of conducting the institution, and have had even less idea of the distribution of these costs. The Bureau of Education has never been able to collect, even from State-supported institutions, statistics of expenditures which are comparable in form and substance. It is to be hoped that the educational finance inquiry authorized in 1922, in so far as it relates to higher education, will result in some further general understanding of college and university accounting.

HOW YOSEMITE VALLEY RECEIVED ITS NAME.

(Selected).

Many years ago, before white men had penetrated Yosemite Valley, an Indian tribe made its camp on Indian Creek, not far from the present Yosemite Falls. One morning the son of the chief started to go to Mirror Lake, called by the Indians "Sleeping Waters," to hunt. In the deep forest he came upon a fierce grizzly bear, which attacked the young Indian savagely. A terrific battle ensued, during which the young man was torn and lascerated. However, he finally managed to pick up an immense oak log and crushed his foe bearing the beast back to camp. The chief was so delighted at the powress of his son that he named the tribe "Yosemite," the Indian word for "grizzly bear." All the inplements of this tribe were marked with the insigna of the grizzly, as may be seen in those still extant.

Later, these Indians, after marauding in the lower mountains, were chased back to the valley by a party of white men. These men reached the valley at nightfall, and camped at the foot of El Captain, which they named. Speculation ran rife as to whether or not El Captain could possibly be four hundred feet high (In reality, it rises a sheer 3,604 feet from the foor of the valley.) These were the first white men to enter the valley, and they named it "Yosemite," after the Indians.

Professor (coming upon a youthful angler sitting on the bank of a stream)—Adolescence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf in their dentriculated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?

Boy—No, I'm fishin.'

OUR GOVERNOR AND THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR.

(Presbyterian Standard).

Our Governor, like "good wine needs no bush." He has shown to our satisfaction of the people who placed him in office that they made no mistake when they selected him for his business head.

He has given a clean administration, and shown that he believes in economy in the conduct of State affairs.

It seems that in a recent article in Collier's Weekly he expressed the opinion that the State has no more right to furnish means for a citizen's professional education than it has to furnish him forty acres and a mule to start him in farming.

This plain and wholesome argument seems to have excited the wrath of one of the Professors of the University, who lays down the proposition that such views are dangerous to preach, and that an educated citizenry is more necessary to the culture and development of the State than anything else under heaven.

He furthermore stated that well trained professional men, such as engineers, teachers, chemists, pharmacists ,and lawyers, are absolutely essential to the happiness and well-being of the State, and he sneeringly referred to the State administration as "the government of the balance sheet."

We agree with this critical professor when he says that well trained professional men are essential to the well-being of any State. This is a truth that no one will dispute, though many will differ from him when he claims that the State ought to educate these professional men.

Any thinking man will acknowledge that the State is justified in taxing him in order to educate his neighbor's child in reading, writing and arithmetic, because this much of an education is necessary for the welfare of the State, and an educated man is the better neighbor.

We all know that no State can prosper when illiteracy prevails.

It is therefore the duty of the citizens to protect the State by training the young in rudiments of an education.

To educate my neighbor's child in the three "R's" is one thing; but to educate him in Law or Medicine is another.

The man who works his way into any profession is more of a man and his chances of success are more certain, than if he is given that education free.

To give such education is paternalism run wild, and our Governor deserves praise for his common-sense views.

He proposes to look after the Common Schools first, and then if there be any surplus to help the Professional Schools.

A thousand possible forests lie in one acorn. No good deed is too small to have magnificent results.—Exchange.

OVERBURDENED YOUTH.

(Asheville Citizen).

Dr. Charles H. Mayo, the famous surgeon, goes to the heart of the matter when he says that American boys and girls lack the physical development necessary to withstand successfully the mental and physical reactions from participation in the "fast living" of this jazz age. When he declares that the mental development of the American people of today is far in excess of their progress in physical development, he refers particularly to American youth.

Suicides among boys and girls have increased enormously because youngsters are overburdened in getting a start in the life race. They are off from the mark at too early an age. They are too young when they are allowed to shift for themselves mentally and emotionally, particularly emotionally.

The fault is with the parents. Modern youth seizes upon freedom early. Lazy and indifferent parents, observing this, argue: "If the children are golng to do as they please, why try to control them? Since they have to learn to look after themselves while young, why should we attempt to discipline them?" The result is that the parents loaf on their jobs and the children, released from the appearance of restraint, go their own way.

But the youngsters do not realize the bigness of the job they undertake. They are soon confronted by questions whose importance they only vaguely suspect. The tumult of their emotions is a terrific strain upon them. They have to manage their own guidance, solve moral problems, fashion codes of a sort, learn continuously, and go about the perplexing business of arranging adjustments, compromises and surrenders so that in the end they may live happily and sucessfully. Small wonder that, in such labor, many are often hard hit and some destroyed.

In such an era and under such conditions, the parents should be busier than they have ever been. They should find new ways to restrain and control. The old cast-iron discipline is out of date. In its place must come sympathy, understanding and appreciation. The parents must win the complete confidence of sons and daughters. Their inescapable duty is to give their children helpful guidance. They can do it if they will. When they neglect the job, they deliver their children overburdened and handicapped to the stern realities of the world.

A scale so sensitive that it will indicate the weight of a word written in ink on a piece of paper is in use by the Bureau of Standards in Washington.—Selected.

THE GRATITUDE OF A NEGRO.

(Presbyterian Standard).

The negro either gets too much of praise, or else too little. Some idealize him, while others can see no good in him.

We have always had a soft place in our heart for him, because he is associated with our youthful days, and we can form no picture of those days without a dark face appearing in memory's group.

Looking back over nearly sixty years, we see the stately form of one who never failed to find us bread when food was scarce and Richmond was on short rations. Her face was black; yet she moved with the stately dignity of a duchess, and in all her dealings she had the innate refinement that always marks a lady, no matter what her color.

Then I recall old Pascall, by whose side I worked the growing tobacco or wormed it in the fall. His religious experiences thrilled my boyish soul, though I was never sure what were real, and what were imaginary.

Both have passed away; yet in my heart there will always be a warm spot for them and others of their color.

This experience of youth has been more than once neutralized by other experiences in later years after freedom had contaminated many of them.

We recall with shame our gullibility, when listening to some hard-luck story, we lent money that never came back and neither did the borrower; or when, with the same trustfulness of a child, we lent a horse to another colored brother, who disappeared with the horse, and the places that knew them knew them no more forever.

Notwithstanding these lights and shadows in our dealings with the race, we have always loved them, and we always enjoy any story that shows their progress in education, business or moral elevation, and nothing gives us more pleasure than to pass on to our Northern brethren any story that shows their gratitude to the whites of the South who are supposed to grind them into the dust.

Years before the War Between the States a negro man, James McAllister by name, married a woman belonging to the Fuller family, of Fayetteville, N. C. He lived with this family before and during the war, and was very intimate with the son of the family, William Fuller, who after the war moved to New York and beame wealthy.

This negro became the owner of a comfortable home and a dray, whereby he made his living. When he died, he left his home and dray to Mr. Fuller, who invested the proceeds of the sale of the property, $5,000, in Bethlehem Steel. Each Christmas he distributes the dividend from this stock to worthy old negroes.

This year he gave to 35 of the oldest negroes in Cumberland County, making them happy.

McAllister's will probated in February, 1923, thus explains his bequest:

"My wife, now deceased, belonged to his (Fuller's) father and mother and it was my pleasure to be with

the family during and after the war, and the intimacy that sprung up between them and Mr. Willie, then a small boy, has been continued through life.

"When I have been in trouble or needed help, or advice, I knew where to turn, and Mr. Willie never failed me."

This is one of the Beautiful touches that pictures the ante-bellum servant and the kind master.

OPPORTUNITY.

Walter Malone.

They do me wrong who say I come
no more.
When once I knock and fail to
find you in;
For every day I stand outside your
door.
And bid you wake and rise to fight
and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the
wane!
Each night I burn the records of
the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all
aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of
the past.
And find the future's pages white
as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee
from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be
forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to
flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet
to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that
have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf
and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past
with its dead.
But never blind a moment yet to
come.

Though deep in mire, ring not your
hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I
can!"
No shame-faced out cast ever sank
so deep
But yet might rise and be again
a man!

FISH GET SEASICK.

When fish are shipped alive long distances by train they are made "seasick" by the swaying of the car. In order to prevent this cause of mortality among fish in transit the $3,000,000 Shedd acquarium in Chicago is having a tank car specially built for transportating live fish.—The Pathfinder.

THE VALLEY OF WYOMING, PA.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

The historic Wyoming Valley, in Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, stretches twenty miles north and south in broad savannahs, through which the beautiful Susquehanna, the winding river of the Delaware, takes a zig-zag course, dotted with emerald islands, and fringed with groves of willows, maples an sycmores.

A more peaceful landscape cannot be imagined. Surrounded on all sides by lofty, blue mountains, it appears like a lovely oasis in a wildnernessj It is difficult to believe that such a reposeful land should have been the scene of one of the most tragic episodes in American history.

The story of the "Wyoming Massacre" has been too frequently told to bear repetition in all its horrid details. It has been treated at length by historians and furnished the British poet, Campbell, with the theme for his exquisite poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," perhaps his longest and most ambitious production.

When tidings of Lexington and Bunker Hill reached Wyoming, the settlers met in the different townships of Hanover, Plymouth, Fortyfort, Kingston, Pittston, and Wilkes-Barre, and resolved to adhere to the American cause. The Tories were either arrested or warned to leave the valley. Making their way to Niagara, where Colonel John Butler had assembled a considerable force of British and Indians, they prevailed upon him to aid them in exterminating the Wyoming settlers, and regaining the lands from which they had been expelled.

The enemy came down the Susquehana in boats and entered the valley through the gorge at Pittston, where the mountains divide to make a passage for the river. Their force consisted of about four hundred British and Tories, and between six and seven hundred Indians, led by the Seneca chief, Giengwahtoh—"he that walks in smoke." With them came Catherine Montour, an aged half-breed, better known as "Queen Esther," who exercised almost unbounded influence over the savages. On the afternoon of July 3, 1778, the Americans marched out of Fortyfort to meet them. They numbered but three hundred, including old men and boys, and were under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler. The battle was short. At first the advantage was with the Americans. Then, falling into an ambush, they gave way and scattered. Some swam the Susquehana and escaped; others were shot down or taken prisioners and reserved for torture. It is estimated that one hundred and sixty were killed in the battle, and that about forty were overtaken and massacred during the night. A granit shaft inscribed with their names has been erected over their place of burial in the present town of Fortyfort. It is but one of the many relics and landmarks that render Wyoming peculiarly attractive to the visitor.

In the village of Wyoming is situated the famous rock "Queen Esther's Rock." The story connected with it is as follows: Queen Esther had received a good education when

a girl and had acquired many of the habits of the white people, but a few days previous to the battle one of her sons had been killed in a skirmish with the settlers, and grief at his loss had aroused all the latent savage within her. Accordingly, on the night of the massacre, she repaired to the stone that now bears her name, and ordered the prisoners to be brought into her presence. The old woman ordered her followers to place them one after the other on the stone, and, seizing a club in her trembling hands, she dashed out their brains.

The change of Wyoming from a pastoral to a mining country began in the fall of 1807, when Abijah Smith, of Plymouth, floated fifty tons of anthracite coal to Columbia, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where it was first put to the test as fuel. This was probably the first cargo of anthracite coal ever offered for sale in this or any other country. The spot from which it was mined was the old "outchop" of the famous "Washington Mine" at Plymouth, which is said to have been the first vein of anthracite coal opened in America. It was mined from the surfuce with pick and shovel, the miners burrowing their way into the mountainside where the vein appeared, and following its gradual dip into the bowels of the earth. On reaching the Susquehana River, the coal was dumped into arks, and floated down the stream to its destination. It was not long, however, before it was discovered that Wyoming was one of the richest coal fields in Pennsylvania. Railroads were coned. Population poured in, little agristructed, and new methods introducultural villages became thriving towns, and the Wyoming of today is quite unlike the Wyoming of history.

Francis Slocum, the little white girl stolen by the Indians, was also born in the Wyoming Valley. The story of this girl is famaliar to every school child.

INSANITY AND FEEBLEMINDEDNESS.

A recent issue of the Mental Hygiene Bulletin calls attention to several outstanding misconceptions regarding insanity which should be corrected. These misconceptions, which are quoted later in this article, form a very serious obstacle in the treatment and alleviation of mental upsets, just as ignorance regarding infections is a serious obstacle in the treatment of all the common contagious diseases. These diseases are being conquered by increasing knowledge of their cause and the manner in which they are spread.

For some reason the public knowledge regarding the so-called mental diseases has not made the same progress as has been made in other lines and as regards mental disease, we are today in the same relative stage of information as we were years ago regarding the common infectious diseases.

Mentality is not a tangible thing that can be dissected or isolated. It is

the outward manifestation of the function of the central nervous system just as strength is the outward manifestation of the function of the muscles. All living things have strength and the degree of strength is designated by the words strong or weak. These, of course, are only relative terms, for the weak men might indeed be much stronger than the strong baby.

Insanity and sanity are likewise only loosely applied terms designating relative degrees of mentality. The so-called insane adult may possess much more mental ability than the so-called sane baby.

The faculty of sight and hearing may be hard to understand. But sight which enables the person to recognize objects at a distant is a function of special organs and nerves. When there is a disturbance or an injury to these organs or nerves, the power to see is destroyed.

Mentality is a function of the central nervous system and is a composite of the abilities to perceive, remember, measure values and direct muscular activity. Any disturbance or injury of the central nervous system will disturb the function of this system with a corresponding disturbance of mentality.

We inherit from forbears certain physical characteristics which include blue eyes, black hair or a big nose. Some persons inherit a physique or constitution which permits them to be more susceptible to a specific disease than other persons. There are those who naturally have a weak abdominal wall and such persons is more likely to suffer a rupture or hernia than those abdominal wall is normally strong.

In exactly the same way we inherit a central nervous system each with its own limit of capacity. In this way and only to this extent sanity or insanity may be inherited. We inherit the structure which produces function but we do not inherit the function. Function may be cultivated to any degree within the limits of the capacity of the structure. Musicians may be born but the degree of musical skill within the limits of capacity is determined by cultivation. Inherited physical handicaps set a limit to physical strength but physical strength may be greatly increased by cultivation.

It is actually very difficult to say just what is the limit of capacity because very few persons have ever developed any talent to the limit of physical capacity. It is obvious, then, that if mentality is a function of the central nervous system it is clearly dependent on the integrity of the central nervous system and the development by training of structure producing this function.

This point which is most important to clarify is that there is nothing more mysterious or supernatural about mental disease than there is about disease or ailment of any other part of the human body. The so-called mental diseases are subject to and amenable to the same governing laws of nature that control all diseases.

Oddities and peculiar mental traits are not, strictly speaking, a disease, but are the result of habits and environment just as one develops a characteristic mannerism or as stammering is a habit.

The second fundamental point to keep clearly in mind is that feeblemindedness and insanity are abso-

lutely separate and distinct. Feeblemindedness is a lack of mental development which is occasioned by physically limited mental capacity. The feeble-minded person is a mental dwarf just as Tom Thumb was a physical dwarf. The insane person is one with a normal capacity fundamentally but whose mentality has been disturbed by diseased or injured central nervous system structure. The disease may be by infection and the injury by emotional shock or environment.

FIRED.

By A. B. Rose.

"Well, Donald," said Mr. Broadson curtly as he wheeled about in his office chair, "I see you got my message."

"Yes, sir." Donald Merton stood quietly facing the owner of the large department store in which he worked. "Mr. Jones told me that you wanted to see me up in the office."

"Um-hum, quite so." Mr. Broadson gazed out of the big plate glass window, his firmly moulded face expressive of no emotion save mild interest. "I wanted to talk to you about you work. You don't seem to be getting along very well with Jones in your department."

"I—I'm sorry, sir."

Donald tried to keep his voice steady, but in spite of his effort a bit of quaver crept in. This sounded very much like the beginning of a dismissal—and he couldn't afford to loss his job with Broadson's.

"Unfortunately," said Mr. Broadson, "the fact that you are sorry does not remedy the situation. Of course, you know, Donald, that friction in a store between clerks and department heads means lessened efficiency. Lessened efficiency, of course, leads to the next step—loss of money to the store."

"Yes, sir," agreed Donald faintly.

Somehow, he could think of nothing else to say—there was nothing else to say. Mr Broadson had the reputation among the business men of the city of being a hard-headed, progressive dealer—whatever that may mean. He ran his store strictly on business principles. Sentiment never entered into his work. Naturally efficient and economical in method, he insisted that all his men maintain the same high standard.

Donald had always found him fair enough as an employer, although Mr. Broadson never had shown partiality. And he had hoped that he might have a chance to stay in the Broadson store and work up to something worthwhile.

Mr. Broadson sat at his desk, and as his keen gray eyes searched Donald's face he was toying casually with a bronze letter opener. As he began speak he tapped with the knife on the desk, and the sound of it irritated Donald strangely. He wished that the man would go on—say what he was going to say and get it over, instead of sitting there tapping out his words in those little spurts.

"Jones tells" Mr. Broadson slowly, "that you have refused to

follow his directions in your selling. Is that so?''

"Well—'' Donald's face flushed and he hesitated a moment; but then his jaw came down firmly and he met the man's eyes squarely. "Yes, sir; it is.''

"H'm. Perfestly frank about it, anyway, aren't you?'' He tapped his desk again with that insistent, irritating monotony. "Well, aren't you going to tell me your end of the tale?''

''No, sir; I don't care to discuss it.''

''Perhaps not; but it happens that I wish particularly to discuss it. I am the owner of this store, and it is to my interests—financially and otherwise—to see that there is complete cooperation. When a clerk refuses to follow his manger's directions, I consider it a matter for my attention. Most employes, I had fancied, would jump at a chance to air their grievances. Just what was it you refused to do for Mr. Jones?''

Donald forced a bleak smile, but shook his head. ''I'm sorry, Mr. Broadson, but I do not care to follow the precedent in this case. Jones undoubtedly knows his job, and you yours. I do not care to talk of it further.''

The other man's eyes twinkled a moment, but his voice did not relax its suave, business-like coldness. ''Suppose, then, I tell you about it. As I understand it, Jones instructed you to sell certain goods for firsts when you knew them to be—well, shall we say slightly damaged? You objected, and when he insisted that you obey instructions and push the line you flatly refused. It that correct?''

Donald clenched his hands tightly, but said nothing. His boss nodded, and then turned to gaze out the window toward a tall, massively built skyscraper which lifted its enormous load of offices into the upper air. The afternoon sun was bathing its top stories with a wash of golden light which made it almost beautiful. A massive grotesquely wonderful monument to business.

''See that building over ther, Donald?'' inquired Mr. Broadson pensively. ''That was built by a man who bought things and then sold them for a lot more than they were worth. Of course, I'm saying anything about the ethics of it—but still, there's the builing.''

"Yes, sir. I see—it is.''

''Now, of course, I'm not recommending cheating as a life policy for business man, but a great many of them seem to think that as much as they can get by with is all right. And then of course, every one else does it.''

''Pardon me, Mr. Broadson but every one else does not do it. Even if they did, I shoudn't consider that a sufficient excuse. I believe that honesty in business is possible, and so long as I keep that belief I shall endeavor to live up to it.''

''Umph. Pretty independent, aren't you?'' grunted Mr. Broadson, and there was still that lurking glint of amusement in his eyes. ''Of course you understand, Donald, that if you refuse to follow the directions of your department manager, it is a case of what the army would call insubordination. I know you have been a conscientious worker, you have stuck to your job, and this is the first com-

plaint which has come in regarding you. Nevertheless, you realize yourself that we can't have two persons in a department who disagree so completely as you and Jones evidently do."

"I think I understand your position," said Donald. "Of course, I can't blame you for looking at it in that way."

"Quite so, quite so. Of course, we might transfer you to some other department, but I don't think that would influence your views in any way."

"It would not."

"I thought as much. And are you sure that since we have talked the matter over throughly you wouldn't care to go back to the old job and —er—do as Jones suggests?"

Donald looked at the other man with a puzzle frown on his face, and then his features hardened into an expression of contempt. His voice as cold. "Perhaps you did not understand me, Mr. Broadson, although I tried to make myself understood. I do not care to work for you or any one else who insists that I do things which I should consider misrepresentation. I need the job, all right—but if I have to do that in order to keep my position, I'm afraid that I'll go."

"Un-hum. I see. Is that final?"

"It is, sir."

"Very well." Mr. Broadson waved the letter opener toward the door in a gesture of dismissal. "That's all, Donald."

Donald took a few steps toward the door, and then turned slowly about. "Does this mean, Mr. Broadson, that I am—fired?"

"Well, you might call it that," chuckled Mr. Broadson grimly. "Fired in one direction. You are leaving your job as one of my clerks on Monday."

"Yes, sir," chocked Donald, his feature tight with the effort of suppressed pride. "I'm sorry that you feel—that way."

"Eh? Feel that way?" The humorous glint which had been slinging about in Mr. Broadson eyes suddenly came to the surface and he laughed aloud. "And by the way Donald; Jones is leaving us on Monday too. Permanently. And as you are fired from your job as clerk, I haves arranged that you take over Jone's work as department manager. I would have told you sooner, but I wanted to be quite sure that you were not another one—like Jones. And by the way, Donald; you remember that building across the street and the man who built it with money which he obtained by—well, by cheating?"

"Yes."

"Don't like to leave the wrong impression, you know," said Mr. Broadson with a sheepish grin. "As a matter of fact, the old fellow didn't have a cent when he left tiouetaoin have a cent left when he died. Absolute pauper. He met some one who was a bit smarter than he was, and got cleaned out at his own game!"

Students of the south who deplore the lack of literacy interest might note that the Greensboro thief broke into a book store.—Greensboro News.

COMING-OUT PARTIES IN JAPAN.

By Ruby Denton.

A glorious galaxy of pictures, composed of brightness, of hope, joy and love, and abounding vitality, flit through a young American girl's heart as she thinks of her coming-out party. The heart of the young Japanese maiden flutters with excitement and joyous anticipation, too, but from different emotions, save one (love of pretty dresses), for she is only seven years old, and naturally her happiness is measured in more simple terms. The two girls look upon the occasion from widely different angles.

The offering that life holds out to the American girl is quite unlike the one it offers to the Japanese "O Jo Sama."The American girl dreams of gayety, parties, conquest, and, at the end, a glorious romance. A Japanese maiden has none of that to look forward to; instead, she has before her years of exacting studies to prepare her motherhood, not for a "Prince Charming," mind you. Her husband is provided for by her parents or guardian, and he is selected with a cool consideration for business, and not for any charming qualities he may possess. The girl never tastes of the pleasures of social life as we know it, for in Japan there is no such thing. Her career begins, centers, and ends in the home and its duties; and often the daughters of even well-to-do families are given some of this training in the homes of high class families, where they are sent out to service, in oder to teach them the lessons of submission, which every Japanese woman must learn.

A Japanese girl does not even have the fun of going shopping if she belongs to the upper classes. Anything she wishes to purchase is brought to her home, and there, sitting on the floor, with the attroctive silks, collors and trinkets spreod in on alluring circle around her, she makes her choice.

But to go back to the coming-out party. This celebration is not only for the girl of seven, but also for her brother of five, and the baby ofthree, and is therefore called the "Festival of Seven-Five-Three." The excitement, the trials, and the trimphs of the day belong more to the mother—and to the father, who furnishes the cash—than to the gay young debutantes. Any household havinv a child of seven, five or three is a center of activity and excitement for eeks prior to November 15th, and all because, in Japan, that is a fete day for children of those years, who are then shown off to admirinf relatives, friends, and to the public in general. The chrysanthemums are blooming, the autumn hues, the sunnowis hte aime for odl

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A Japanese girl does not even have the fun of going shopping if she belongs to the upper classes. Anything she wishes to purchase is brought to her home, and there, sittng on the floor, with the attractive silks, collars and trinkets spread in an alluring circle around her, she makes her choice.

But to go back to the coming-out party. This celebration is not only for the girl of seven, but also for her brother of five, and the baby of three, and is therefore called the "Festival of Seven-Five-Three.'' The excitement, the trials, and the triumphs of the day belong more to the mother— and to the father, who furnishes the cash—than to the gay young debutants. Any household having a child of seven, five or three is a center of activity and excitement for weeks prior to November 15th, and all because, in Japan, that is a fete day for children of those years, who are then shown off to admiring relatives, friends, and to the public in general. The chrysanthemums are blooming, the autumn leaves are flaunting their brilliant hues, the sun-shine is bathing the land in welcome bright; but fairer than all are the troops of gay youngsters radiating happiness on that day

This day of gala dressing is looked forward to with gladness by well-to-do parents having children to bring out; but to parents of meager purses it come as a day of torture. To them it seems a foolish survival of a custom of the dark ages. Many a summer kimono is pawned in order to secure funds for the new dresses. Japan is a slave to custom, and the parents will make any sacrifice rather than fail to do the customary thing. If the season calls for a new dress, then one must be produced at any cost. If other caildren are richly attired, then every child expects the same finery. Mothers whose incomes are small work for weeks, turning, dyeing and stenciling the festival kimono, and with magic results— so clever are the patient little women of the island empire. No matter how long she has worked, or how dark her problems, the Japanses woman always meets one with a smile. The gay children, flitting by like multicolored butterflies, may have many

a heartache stitched into their kimonos, but no one thinks anything about that on their day of days.

Until she is seven years old, the Japanese girl's kimono is confined by a soft, narrow sash, but at seven she puts on an obi, similar to the one worn by her mother, which is a heavy sash, doubled and interlined, ten feet long, and stiffer than the corsets worn by western women. It is tied in a big loop at the back, and is held in place by two strips of cloth, and a bustle at the center of the top. The obi is the climax of a woman's dress, made of the richest gold brocade, or of silk, in the softest, most glowing colors of the rain-bow, it is a flash of brightness in an otherwise somber. The coming-out festival is called the "wearing of the obi" for the girl of seven. The little beauty loving maidens are supremely happy when they can go out to the temple clad like their big sisters.

November 15th is called "hakama wearing day" for the boys of five, for when a boy reaches that age he must put on some formality and observe certain rules and manners of his elders. He then begins to wear the shirt called the "hakama," which is made of cotton for ordinary, and silk for formal occasions. Straight breadths of material are plaited to a band having a stiffening at the back. The band has strings which are tied in a precise, flat bow. The skirt is open several inches at each side. A Japenese gentleman always wears a skirt when dressed up, and over it a coat-like garment called a "haori." All these handsome garments for the men of the family, as well as the soft silken ones for the women and the cotton every-day ones, are made by the women of the household. Even the wives and the daughters of the richest families are kept busy sewing, cooking and overseeing the numerous servants. There are many duties of the home which custom has decreed must receive the attention of the housewife, and to offend custom would be unforgivable.

When the boy of five puts on hs hakama for the first time the parents, grandparents and relatives sit around in an admiring circle and watch movement with sparkling eyes. Quite a ceremony is made of the event. He is told not to prance from one side of the room to the other, but to stand in one spot while dressing. He is the subject of many jokes from the interested spectators as he strugges to put on his hakama in the proper way, his older brother often adding the cutting remnant that when he put on the hakama he did not wabble so. However, you cannot discourage or intimidate a Japanese boy by any number of sarcastic remarks, especially after he has reached the important age of five and has become a man, so to speak.

A baby's head is kept shaven to a certain extent until it is about a year old. When a child reaches the third year, according to the oriental way of counting ages, it is able to stand alone. It then begins to wear its hair long, and so celebrates November 15th and its "hair wearing day". Though the tot is three by Japanese reckoning, it might be only a little more than a year old to our method, for the Japenese count birthdays from the first of January. Suppose a baby is born on December 31st, it

would be called a year old at birth. Since every one moves up a year on January 1, the baby, though actually only two days old, would be called two years of age, and the next January it would be counted three years old, notwithstanding the fact that it had been on earth only a year and one day.

When November 15th come around, the girls of seven, boys of five, and babies of three are clad in their very newest and best kimonos, which faithful hands have toiled early and late to finish in time. Very early in the morning the whole household is astir—mother's auntie's, big sister's and even grandmother's fingers are busy tying the beautiful sash, arranging the stiff folds of the skirt, dressing the hair, and preparing the children for the inspection of eyes which will follow them on their way to the temple, where they go to pray for prosperity.

The ostensible purpose of the children's coming-out festival is to say prayers for their good fortune, but the more important reason in all eyes is to see other children and be seen by them. The long sleeves of the gay kimono flutter behind the girls in a pretty mingling of colors the boys, stalking proudly in their new dignity, look like old prints of knights going forth on thrilling adventures. The mothers and other members of the family likewise clad in their best, escort the children to the temple, and thus add interest to the handsome throng.

Designers of kimonos and department store buyers station themselves at Chinto shrines on this festival occasion to get the latest fads for use in their business. Mothers go for the same purpose, and many children hang arond the premises to catch a glimpse of the forunate children. You may be sure that the feminine gender is in the majority for, in their love of beautiful dress, at least, the fair sex of the East and West are one.

THE COST.

'The world is full of tragic examples of men who are atrophied on every side except that through which they are gaining their daily bread. Men who have sacrificed to success about everything except the thing necessary for the particular success they "crave," writes a great editor.

Who does not know people of this kind? Apparently they have taken their other fine qualities one by one and sacrificed them that the inordinate demands of some great ambition might be appeased. Darwin, it is said, when only about thirty, lost all enjoyment in art, music, and poetry. With real pathos he writes, "My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of a large collection of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain on which the higher tasks depend, I cannot conceive."

It is, indeed, a disappointing kind of success that must be purchased at such a tremendous cost.—Selected.

THE HOUSE THAT WALKED.

By Lucy Meacham Thurston.

The house walked to get a good view— that is the sort of thing one does one's self—and this house walked a mie. A mile is not much for strong legs, but it is a good deal for a story-and-a-half house. Another thing, too! The walking was along a road, newly sleared, through the great woods of Maryland; and these woods, known as The Forest, were not altogether safe two hundred years ago. In the very neighborhood through which the house went, Indians had come into one house and killed the woman and children there, and before that they had seen two hunters between the widely scattered oaks and shot them with their arrows. But they could not kill a house, could they? What was the use of wasting arrows on it? They left it alone.

The Indians might have shot at the men and horses helping the house to walk, but the house was close to the mouth of the Susquehanna River, near the upper part of the Chesapeake Bay and the huge and strong Susquehannocks, as the Indians were called, were having troubles of their own. So the house went its mile undisturbed and took its place upon a hill, from which it looked for miles up and down a wide, blue river, and there it has been ever since. It had but two eyes with which to look at the changing water when it first took up its place on that hilltop, but it has grown and grown, with eyes for every growth, until now it has twenty.

The house is Sherwood Forest. It has grown to be over two hundred feet long, and it is almost impossible to get a picture which shows the full length of it. This picture shows the newer part with the veranda, which is only seventy-odd years old, which hides the deep door with its sunburst lights above. It shows a part of the beautiful drive up by the side, but the camera had no room for the rest of the stretch, and the wing which comes out from it. Nor could it include the huge box bushes and the magnolias and constantly renewed rose bushes.

The first part of Sherwood Forest is two hundred and fifty years old. It is one of the most perfect, as well as the most beautiful houses of the old southern colonial design, the newer part being much like Washington's home at Mount Vernon, tho it is much more spacious. It adds to its age and its beauty the romance of having been built on the grant made by the king of the famous Sir John Lightfoot, and of having been the American home of David Weems, son of the Earl of Weems, whose friendly face, painted in oils and hanging on the "parlor" wall has a smile and look upon it, somewhat like the smile of that other David of England often in America, David Windsor, Prince of Wales.

The romance of the house might be added to by the fact that it has wide and rambling attics. One of these is called the "ghost attic." It has six halls, innumerable steps, many entrances.

But it is associated with one of the romances of early colonial history by the very fact of its building, its walk away, its present site. For Sherwood Forest house was built first, or stood first, at a town which was well laid off, with streets and a prison and a church and a market, and which was supposed to be the beginning of any town which should grow in the grant of Maryland. It was built at Joppa, and Joppa lived just about three-quarters of a century. A little shipping place farther down the Chesapeake Bay, and called Baltimore, began to take away all its shipping and its trade. And Baltimore grew and grew, while Joppa became smaller and smaller. Its empty houses fell to pieces. Only a heap of bricks is left; while Baltimore covers acres and acres, and has 800,000 inhabitants. The last big house of Joppa went away from it. It went to a sloping hill from which it could look down a blue river and dream. And that house was Sherwood Forest.

AN APPRECIATION: EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

By Olivia K. Duckett.

We love these cedars, rocks and hills,
  And all that comes to view;
We love to work and then to play—
  And do when told to do.

Now we are here to do our best
  With honest will and bold,
To fill our hearts with useful things
  Not bought with shining gold.

Some day we'll leave these rugged hills,
  And many we love so dear—
No more we'll greet with foot-step fleet,
  These friends with morning cheer.

Just boys are we and nothing more,
  But men we'll strive to be,
O'er us and all we pray God's help,
  On through eternity.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Supt. Chas. E. Boger spent last Tuesday and Wednesday, in Raleigh. He met with the Appropiation Committee there.

Mr. Leon Godown, has returned to the institution after spending several weeks at his home in Lambertville, N. J.

The barn boys have been hauling wood during the past few days. They have also been doing some plowing.

The smaller boys were busy last Saturday morning picking up paper and the leaves from the campus. This makes it have a better appearance.

All the boys at the school received a hair-cut last week. This work done by Bud Gilbert, Charles Beech, Howard Shaw and Talmadge Frye Frye is one of our best boy barbers—at least he can really cut hair.

A number of boys are busy fixing flower beds at the print shop. Flowers have already been planted. There are several large beds already made and we hope to have some fine flowers this spring.

The Training School basket-ball team was defeated last Saturday afternoon by the visiting Newell team. Our team was in their first game of the season and met defeat. But after some hard training next week we will try again.

Last Saturday afternoon one of our pitchers of the past season was seen practicing at the ball ground. Seeing him reminded us of our last base-ball season and also reminds us of the coming season. Notwithstanding the cold weather the pitcher we were giving reference to, seemed to be doing some of his "real work." This season he will probably show us why he began this practice so early.

We had two most distinguished visitors with us last Monday noon. They were Mr. Sidney Blackmer and Mr. Ben Dixon MacNeill, the latter from Raleigh. They were here only for a short while. Mr. Blackmer is a noted actor. Mr. McNeill—well, all the boys know him, and he knows the boys, so no introduction has to be made. Mr. Blackmer talked to the boys and also recited a very interesting poem. The boys sang a hymn, led by Mr. Blackmer, and an officer of the School, Mr. Talbert. All enjoyed the talk that was made by Mr. Blackmer and hope that, if he happens to be coming by, (as he was on this occasion) to come again and visit us.

The fourth lesson in our quarterlet last Sunday was: "Prayer in the Christian Life." This lesson tells us how Jesus went to solitary places and there prayed. The place which He usually prayed was called Gethsemane. When He went to pray He let His disciples watch and not let anyone disturb Him.. On one occasion He put the disciples on guard at one place and went on a little farther and there he put Peter, James

and John on guard. He went on a little farther and there prayed. "And he went forward a little and fell on the ground." He prayed for His Father to remove the cup of bitterness from Him, if it be His will. The following verses of this lesson takes up our original Lord's Prayer. Even Jesus prayed to God and He was our Saviour, born to rid the world from its sinful ways. If He should pray, we should pray more and earnestly, as He did in Gethsemane. If He found it necessary to go down to His regular place of prayer—even when He was in trouble He asked, and then added "if it be His will." It seems that Jesus did not want to teach the great multitudes, but went among the smaller groups and taught them to honor the Father, and abide in His word. This another in this series if interesting lessons in our new quarterlies. The golden text for this lesson was: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Matthew 7:7.

Our religious services were conducted in the aditorium last Sunday afternoon by Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte. Mr. Clarkson, a lawyer from Charlotte, was the speaker. He related several stories to the boys about some other young lawyers just starting out in the business. He also read from the Book of Matthew, the tenth chapter and the forty-second verse, which reads: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Mr. Clarkson's subject was the "Little Things of Life." He very well illustrated his talked to the boys, with a familiar story. "A farmer once gave a young man a position, the lad made the contract to start to work for one cent per day and to double the amount every day. The farmer thought that this was a good contract so he hired the boy. At the end of the first week (according to figures) the lad received a salary of sixty-four cents. At the end of the second week he received the sum of $81.92." Now we can see that the little things do really count. This young man knew that by starting out with the farmer getting only one cent per day for his work that soon he would be getting more than any other business man, (provided he kept him at his position long enough). This talk to the boys was a very interesting one. This was probably Mr. Clarkson's first visit to the School and all the boys hope that he comes again soon and talk to them again.

"Mr. Bonemeal," asked the professor in the freshman class, "what three words are used most among college students?"

"I don't know," said the student.

"Correct," replied the professor.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M.
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 5, 1927. No. 8

A SOURCE OF MISERY.

I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us so ready to make, that, because things have long been wrong, it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which this world suffers.—Ruskin.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

"True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation."—George Washington.

EVANGELIST LONG.

The Reverend McKendrie Long, an artist and evangelist, broke loose last Sunday and actually ran away. He became frightened at the noise he was making, got beyond himself and split the Civic Clubs into smitherines.

He was holding a meeting in Charlotte, and, for some reason or other, probably for advertising purposes, attempted a complete annihiliation of the Civic Clubs by picturing them as the agencies of the devil. Oh, Mr. Long, you got beyond yourself and simple reason and truth. The civic clubs are largely for mingling kindly spirits, for producing friendships, for practicing the graces of brotherly love and taking stands that lead to better conditions.

Of course, material interests come in for attention. Why not? But the civic clubs, with which we are acquainted have encouraged hospitals for the sick and suffering; have built cottages at the Jackson Training School for the unfortunate boys; have sent crippled children to hospitals to be made whole; have led in movements for enlarged educational opportunities; have urged the cleaning up of streets and whole towns; have given ear and help

to orphans—why man, where have you been all these years? Civic Clubs, as we have seen them in action—

Are expressions of the Christian religion at work in their several communities.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HE WILLED THE FUTURE AS HIS PAST.

The Albemarle News-Herald says it is generally thought the heirs of the late John S. Efird, who left one-fifth of his great estate to "charity and benevolence," according to the direction of the coddicil, which failed to be attached, will agree among themselves as to what specific objects the fifth will go.

In this event the generous deeds of the good man, which he loved to do in life, will continue though he be gathered to his fathers. People intimate with Mr. Efird agree with the News-Herald, which says:

Mr. Efird's charity was far wider than many of his most intimate friends realized. He gave to hundreds without letting his left hand know what his right did, so that none knew but the recipients of his bounty.

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HER HEART MANIFESTS ITSELF.

Master David Driver, of the 12th cottage, deeply interested in a gift by Miss Maphet, of Montreat, furnishes The Uplift with the titles of twenty-seven attractively bound volumes of choice literature, this lady voluntarily sent the institution. The gift is highly appreciated.

When we get our library, there will be no trouble in assembling a wonderful collection of books, and so arranging them and directing their use that the highest degree of usefulness will obtain.

Some of these days let us hope, our great need of a well-arranged library soon will be met by some one, who wishes a part in surrounding our boys with living, lasting influences.

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HARD TO PLEASE THEM.

Here and there one sees complaint that the General Assembly is acting rather quietly. Nobody has "blessed out" somebody. Things are running too quietly to please those who enjoy thrills.

Even committees are accused of not producing excitement. Probably the members are resigned to let matters be without crossing a T or dotting an I.

The program has been made; and it appears that it must be carried out to the letter.

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HOW THEY WROUGHT.

Elsewhere in this number The Uplift carries a story taken from the Shelby Star. It is about an old lady, out in Texas. She saw the light in South Carolina, just below Cleveland county, North Carolina. She has been interviewed as to her early life. It is the story of thousands who wrought in that period.

Here and there throughout the state are representatives of that period, who may easily recall similar experiences in scouring the woods and fields for sumac.

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JUST EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG.

Last week, General A. H. Boyden, Salisbury's young man, celebrated his eightieth birthday in the midst of his family and a number of friends, who had gathered to do honor to the beloved gentleman, whose fine spirit draws all that cross his path and holds them in the choicest of friendship.

Those of us who know the distinguished citizen fully understand the secret of his intense popularity—it is fine sense and a bulging heart.

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TROUBLESOME PROBLEM.

Charlotte is having a little trouble in handling the operations of the American Rescue Workers, who maintain a maternity home in that city. It appears that the management and conduct of same have failed to satisfy the State Commissioner of Welfare, and that officer refuses to license the Charlotte institution. Charlotte officials show no disposition to close the institution, lacking legal authority.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TRAINED SPIRIT.

By Dr. Edward S. Lewis.

A mother sent her little girl with a basket of cakes to a poor woman. She opened the basket and looked at the cakes, and very much desired one. She thought, "The woman will not know how many mamma put in, and she will not count them anyhow." So she took a cake from the basket and was about to put it into her mouth, when suddenly she flung it back, saying: "God can count, if the woman does not. He knows how many there were, and He will know that I took one." While her appetite was soliciting her powerfully, and she almost yielded, she was saved by her realization of the presence of God. In this she showed the essential nature of spirituality. The drinking man may control his appetite in prescisely the same way. A vivid sense of the divine Presence, with all that this implies, is the best defense against the whisky-thirst ever discovered. Access to this fellowship with God is in the hands of every man who will have it. A telegraph operator, in an unusaually busy period, was kept at his post of duty for many hours overtime. He lost two nights' sleep and staggered to his room in a neighboring hotel. But when it was time for him to return to his instrument, he could not be awakened. Loud pounding on the door and shouting his name had no response from him. But another operator came along and said that he could arouse him. So he took out his knife and tapped the call for Springfield on the door, an imitation of the clicking of the sounder. At once the sleeping operator sprang from his bed. It is said that firemen hear in their sleep the signals that call them to duty, tho they sleep right on through any num ber of signals that do not concern them. A fire chief has a gong right over his bed at his home, every stroke of which he hears, altho he never hears his baby cry. But his wife hears the baby, even if she only stirs in her crib, though the gong does not wake her up. It is not a question of noise, in any of these cases, but of attention. It is the attentive and attunded ear that receives the message. It is tht attentive and attunded heart that feels the presence of God and receives the messsages from Him that mark the spiritual life.

Each of the four propellers on the "Leviathan" weighs thirty-five thousand pounds and is thirty feet in diameter.—Exchange.

LIVE AS YOU PRAY.

Years ago I read a story that made a deep impression on me. As I remeber, this is it: A man was traveling afoot from one city to another. He thought he could cover the distance in a day, but night overtook him before he reached his destination He stopped at a farmhouse and asked for lodging. He was hospitably received. It was the custom of the family to retire early, and so he found himself in bed soon after the supper was eaten. But then they were up early in the morning, too The horses were fed, curried and harnessed and the cattle milked by the light of the lantern. After breakfast the Bible was brought out and the father conducted family worship. In his prayer he asked the Lord to grant them all His blessing during the day, and to give them the spirit of patience and kindliness. Then the members of the family went to their several tasks. The father went to the barn, took the horses to the field, hitched them to the plow and started around the field. The stranger decided to go with him. They had not gone far when one of the horses became unruly. The farmer lost his temper and said some words that were not very becoming. The stranger said mildly, "Pardon me, but you did not get what you asked for this morning, did you?" Back came the reply with some heat, "What did I ask for?" The stranger ventured, "I thought I heard you ask for tthe spirit of patience and kindliness, and you did not get it." "Pardon me," said the farmer, "I am very sorry." One man at least was beginning to learn that it is required we live as we pray.

LEARN TO LISTEN.

A father was once talking with his son, who had taken his first business position.

"The best advice I can give you, son, is to learn to listen," said the father. "More mistakes are caused by misunderstanding than in any other way. Listen closely, attentively, intently, alertly, and interestedly, whether to instructions, to a general talk before a group, or in a conversation. Learn to listen well, and to like it and you are bound to succeed."

Try to learn the art of listening. Be courteous enough to face the speaker. Keep your eyes open and train your ears to catch every word. Avoid the terrible habit of repeating "What?" whenever you are spoken to. Get the words the first time. By giving these rules and cautions careful attention, you will become a good listener, and others will find pleasure in speaking to you.—Selected.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Another mystery which has not been solved is, what has become of all the hair bobbed from female heads. They are not wearing "rolls" and "rats" now as they did back in the 70's, so it cannot be in such things.

Some wives worship the very ground their husbands walk on, as the saying goes; but there is anything but worship when hubby tracks a little of that ground on the hall rug, or the parlor floor.

A girl who sings in grand opera is said to have expressed a desire to swim the channel. Guess her chances to become a diva in her present position are slim and she wants to be a diver elsewhere.

We eat less in February than any other month in the year; because it has fewer days than any other month. It is a short month but it has many important events recorded. Groundhog day on the 2, when this important animal, according to prevailing superstitution, is supposed to come out; see his shadow, scoot back and give us more winter weather; or if he doesn't see his shadow, remain out and pilot the spring weather for us. All of which you can believe, or disbelieve, as you like. I'll take my ground hog in sausage. Then there's Lincoln's birthday on the 12; St. Valentine's Day on the 14; Washington's birthday on the 22; and Henry W. Longfellow's birthday on the 27. So February is an interesting month, with the part we ourselves will play in its passing days.

Cupid and his court! It is in February the god of Love holds his annual court—the festival of Valentine. The subjects of this ancient and popular little monarch take their cue from Love. As Valentine characters they have lived several centuries in the hearts of men and women, each year they assume a new and irresitible form. The spontaneity, the mirth and fantasy of the day and the occasion lend enchantment to the feelings of the old as well as the young. The mails are manipulated with manifold missives, bearing tender messages, with sweet and sour surprises. Apparently forgotten are the two original characters, Juno and Pan, for whom the Romans held the feast of Lupercalia. We have kept in our Valentine Day the spirit of this feast; but its custom of choosing our companion by lot; Juno, goddess of marriage—and Pan god of laughter and dance and gay pranks, seem to have faded out of the picture. But it is a good custom for reviving sentiment. If husbands will send their wives a tender expression of their love it will revive many happy memories of courting days and make happy households; and hearts throb with joy. It will certainly do no harm. Monsieur.

Whenever the good ship Happiness sails the matrimonial seas it flies a thousand heart-shaped flags Old sailors fr mofar-away love land know

the importance of these ensigns; they flaunt to the world the message that Happiness still rules the waves of matrimony. Young sailors, listening to "old salts' tales" soon learn the value of high hearts. Saint Valentine, when consulted, advises the intending sailor to embark upon the waters of wedlock in no ship but Happiness—with bright hearts dauntlessly aflutter. Aye, every lad is thinking of some lass! He may be seeking the dream-girl whose picture is in his heart but whom his eyes have never glimpsed—he may be thinking of the girl whose heart is pledged to him—or perhaps of the lass who is already his wife, but think he does of some maid; and in his gallant, idealistic man fashion he loves to think of her as the prettiest, most charming girl in all the world! Even the veriest grandfather, who has perhaps sailed the matriomonial seas in Happiness for many years, insists in his heart today that his valentine lady is still as fresh and blooming as when she stole his heart away. For—hearts are trumps on Saint Valentine's Day. It is the one day out of all the three hundred and sixty-five set aside for love, for admiration—when suitors, husbands and patriarchs all open their eyes wide for beauty and happiness, and when they find them make merry!

A prominent judge recently made this remark: "I wish parents would visit the court rooms occasionally and see how our white boys are violating the laws of the land, then they could see the necessity of doing something for our own children in America, instead of concentrating all of their attention on conditions in foreign lands. It is an alarming condition, and if something is not done the next generation is doomed to one of lawlessness."

It has been said, and truthfully, I believe, that the courts are unable to settle the question of the morals of the young. They can only caution and punish. The question must be settled in the American homes. Parents are called upon to give their children more attention, and inculcating into their young hearts, from the very start, the principles of truth and uprightness. Also a firm belief in the words of earth's wisest man that: "A good name is rather to be chosen that great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold."

So many of us would be so much better off if, when saying things, we would stop before we got through

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Drifting or driving? Which? Are you drifting along on the stream of life, ever hoping that "Luck" will come to you? Do you see others with less ability than yourself advancing to positions of importance, with no apparent asset other than what is called "Luck" and good fortune? If so, you have failed to make a thorough investigation of yourself and the other fellow. Luck does play a part in the advancement of every person, but the best luck can do is to present opportunities. It cannot make you nor the other fellow capable of taking advantage of those opportunities. Study the other fellow and usually you will find that he has prepared himself for the opportunities before they came. He had stopped drifting and was driving towards

success taking advantage of opportunities before they arrived. In this great country and wonderful state opportunities come often for each of us, but they go to the person who is ready to take over the larger responsibility—those who are ready for the special line of work which is offered. Stop drifting. Get ready for something. Preparedness is half the battle for success. Business men will not pay you large salaries for the privilege of training you —they have found it cheaper to pay better salaries to those who are already trained. Cease drifting and drive.

A little tot at St. Phillip's Sunday School, last Sunday, had a bright new nickle, with the Buffalo head. Holding it up she said: "See here, teacher; I'se dot a new nickle wif a 'beefalo head on it." Her little sister by her side remarked: "Her calls a Buffalo a 'beefalo,' teacher."

"I'm sorry," said the constable, "but I'll have to arrest you—you were speedin' along at a fifty mile clip." "You are wrong my friend," said the motorist. "I say I wasn't and here's a ten dollar bill that says I wasn't." Alright," returned the constable as he folded up the money. "With eleven against me I ain't a-goin' to subject the county to the expense of a trial."

I am going to give a part of my space this week t othe following beautiful tribute to the late Frank L. Stanton, the South's beloved, sunny song-bird, taken from the Memphis Commercial and lay it as a love token upon his new made grave:

"A voice of hope and cheer was stilled when the soul of Frank L. Stanton winged its flight to the land where all that hope can imagine and all that cheer can inspire are realized. For his little singing hour of 40 years this sweet songbird of the southland trilled his throat with continuous notes of joyousness. Like a mocking bird filled with the hope of a new-born day, Frank Stanton was forever facing the rising sun from his limb upon the editorial tree of the Alanta Constitution. And a large part of the nation, along with all of his own beloved Dixieland, listened to his ecstatic notes. All are bettered that he has sung and none is there who will not regret his silence.

"Just as the mocking bird in the fist streakings of dawn is so the first streakings of dawn is so he hops up and down upon his tree branch as he gives full vent to his throat in salute to the new day, so was Frank Stanton inspired. His notes were as one with those of all the choristers of the woodlands. They had in them the warmth of the sunshine, the sweet fragrance of the flowers, the serenity of rippling brooks, the softness of spring zephryrs and the same notes of eternal hope that speaks from all the many throats of Mother Nature.

"Frank Stanton may not be adjudged a great poet but he lived and sang from the pure joyousness of living and singing. He did not trill his laws for empty honors and he sought no more than the birds as material compensation for the joys he broad-

cast. Aye, even more improvident than they was he. Just as prodigal in the scattering of his talents he was hardly as judicious in making provisions for his own comforts. But what comfort can compare with the breathing forth of a soul that is filled with joy?

"Nor did the sinking of the sun upon his day of joy-giving serve to change his melody. The last notes that warbled from his throat were those of simple and serene hope. He sang his hour in the sun and then folded his lyre between his wings as the shadows fell. There will be other days and other voices to greet the advent of those days, but the echo of this woodland chorister who is silent now forever will reverberate for a long time down the leaf-strewn Naisles of God's first temple."

PEOPLE BUY BOOKS.

A book agent came to town the other day and some one sicked him on me. I sicked him on some one else. He stayed around town for ten days or two weeks. He left the other day. Before leaving he came around and thanked me for courtesies shown him and showed me orders for more than $3,000 worth of sets of books he had sold to Elizabeth City people, some of whom can't pay or won't pay their clothing bills.

Perhaps books, after all, are one of the easiest things in the world to sell. Every intelligent man or woman wants books and puts off buying books they really need and would enjoy until some agent trained in human understanding comes along and persuades them to buy books that they don't especially need and probably never will read or enjoy.

And then there is a large class of unintelligent mortals who should know that they are incapable of either reading or understanding many books, who are flattered by the approaches of a plausible agent and buy whole shelves of books for appearances sake, trying to put on an intelluctual front in the same way they put on a sartorial front. They never get any satisfaction out of the contents of the books they buy, but they do get a great out of the gold stamping on the bindings and their neighbors are favorably impressed. After all so many of us live only for the impression we can make upon a lot of neighbors who are all too often not worth an impression.—Elizabeth City Independent.

MRS. BORDERS, AGE 94.

(Shelby Star).

Mrs. Jane Whisnant Borders, although a native of York county S. C., has a number of relatives in Cleveland county. This venerable lady, now living in Waxahachie, Texas has given her newspaper there an interview which is interesting because it bears on the early life and customs of the people of this section years ago:

Often we read in the Daily Light something about our newest citizen, but these paragraphs are reminiscences of a woman who has lived nearly a century and noted many changes in modes of living, industry, transportation, and inventions of many kinds. Waxahachie's oldest citizen, who recently reached her 94th birthday says she can hardly believe that as many changes can occur in the next century as have been made in the past hundred years.

Tells of Civil War.

Mrs. Jane Whisnant Borders was born in Yorkville, S. C., April 17, 1832. Her early life was that of the average girl of her time and lived on a large plantation, and her father was master of many slaves In 1854 she married Henderson Borders and was given two negro girls as a wedding gift from her father One of these slaves was trained for a cook and servant, while the other was trained to work in the fields. These slaves were then valued at from $1,500 to $2,000 apiece. At the outbreak of the War Between the States her husband entered the army along with all the men of the neighborhood leaving Mrs. Borders with two small children and the slaves to take care of and run the plantation. Almost overnight their life was changed from one of leisure into one of drudgery. The white women worked in the fields beside slaves in daytime and at night picked the seed from the cotton in order to spin and weave cloth for themselves and loved ones.

Clothes Scarce.

During the war not a yard of calico could be bought and in order to have colored dresses, they brought indigo and turkey red and hunted green bark of the tree in the woods, and got a copper color or brown from sumac. They would use these colors to dye the thread and then place different colors in the shuttle to make the striped material. Candles were used for sewing but to spin and weave they had to use pine torches. These torches were not like the torches used by the railroads but were rich pieces of pine which were thrown in the fire place and would illuminate the room with a very bright light.

Was a "Spinner."

The task of each girls was to weave a yard a day. These misses of olden days had to weave four widths of cloth for each petticoat, and several of these were worn. Mrs. Borders don't think the modern young woman would have such a task to weave her own clothes as only one width is required for a dress and petticoats are apparently out of the question these days. During the War period and Reconstruction days food became very scarce at times. Fore months

rye and wheat were boiled as substitute for coffe. When soda could not be had, the ashes of burnt cobs were used. So we find that cobs are useful for something beside making pipes. For several months the only salt available was the salt procured by digging up the dirt under the smoke houses where meat had been salted down, and boiling it until enough salt was on hand to season the food. The supply of bread depended upon the grain of course and one time during the war Mrs. Borders could not get her grain cut when it was ripe. Unable to cut it herself Mrs. Borders had reconciled herself to losing her meagre crop of grain A negro man who chanced to pass, offered to cut it if she would let him harvest it on Sunday. Mrs. Borders was of the opinion that the Lord would not consider breaking the Sabbath day as it meant bread for her family. Mrs. Borders said that was the only time she ever hired labor done on the Sabbath. Her husband was captured and remained in a Northern prison camp for six months, escaped and was wounded, returning home for a short time, but soon went back into the services the last year of the war. Mrs. Borders knew every anxiety a woman can know during these trying days.

Move To Texas.

After the war was over—everything gone—Mrs. Borders and her husband moved to Arkansas. In 1878 they came to Texas, settling in Ellis county. Mrs. Borders still owns her farm near Boyce. The happiest years of her life was spent in rearing her children and she isn't a believer in the divorce court either. For when her husband, Mr. Borders died, Oct. 15, 1922, at the age of 90, he and Mrs. Borders had been married 68 years and three days—or almost three score and ten years that are allotted to each of us. On speaking of her husband, Mrs. Borders said he was a good husband, good father, a good citizen and a Christian gentleman. She is the mother of seven children, three of whom are living. She has thirteen grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren—all of whom were present to celebrate her birthday last April, except one grandchild and two great grandchildren.

There have been two other memorable days in Mrs. Borders' calendar this year. One was in May when she received a beautiful bouquet of white roses to the oldest person in attendance at the "Old People's Service." The other was in June when her grandson, Tom Borders received his bachelor's degree from Trinity university and she attended the exercises.

Is Church Member.

Mrs. Borders has been a member of the Presbyterian church for more than 80 years and recalls the time when there was a partition dividing the negroes from the white people At the present time she is a member of the Central Presbyterian church of Waxahachie, and is still able to attend services quite frequently .

Tells Of Invention.

"Grandma" as Mrs. Borders is affectionately known by her family and friends, is enjoying good health, sleeps upstairs and enjoys visiting her children and grandchildren. When asked what she considered the most marvelous inventions during her lifetime, she said that she considered the telephone,

electricity and the radio the most wonderful. Mrs. Borders is able to keep up with the times as she is still able to read the newspapers.

Votes At Ninety.

Mrs Borders exercised the right of franchise (given to the women by the Nineteenth Amendment) for the first time after she was more than 90 years of age. She recall the time when all the cooking was done over an open fireplace and she was married before she ever cooked on a stove, and this was an oil stove. She now enjoys the use of gas, though she has never cooked with electricity, she said.

Mode Of Travel.

Means of travel have changed several times in 94 years, Mrs. Borders said. First there was horseback and the ox-cart, then the stage coach, then came the steam engine and train and later the electric interurban, automobile and airplane. One of the red letter days in Mrs. Borders courtship was when she rode thirty miles on horseback in company with her sweetheart to see the first train. She enjoys riding in automobile, but says she never cared to try the airplane, as she doesn't want to leave the ground so far behind

Early Life on Farm.

Most of Mrs. Borders' life has been spent either on the plantation or farm, and this is where she can remember so many changes which have occurred. When but a small girl she picked seed from the cotton and spun and wove cloth to clothe the entire family and slaves. She has seen many improvements made in the method of ginning cotton. First the machinery was small and run by a single man. Then two horses were required to operate the cotton gin and a few weeks ago Mrs. Borders had her first bale of cotton of the 1926 season ginned by modern machinery.

The grain was first cut by a hand cradle and threshed by pounding it. Then came binders nad threshers. Mrs. Borders' father owned one of the first threshers manufactured and it was drawn by a team of horses and the grain was threshed by the horses turning the machinery in a circle. It was a great pleasure for Mrs. Borders when but a wiso of a girl twelve years of age to go with her father as he allowed her to sit and drive the horses.

Has Seen Four Wars.

Mrs. Borders has lived through a period of time in which her country was engaged in war four times—the Mexican was or 1848; the War of 1861-65; the Spanish-American war of 1898; and the Great World War of 1917-1918.

"Do you realize what wonders there are in a drop of water?"
"Yes. My wife and I spent our honeymoon looking at one."
"What! Gazing at a drop of water!"
"Uh-huh! Niagara Falls!"—Boston Transcript.

JEFFERSON DAVIS–AGAIN.

(Asheville Citizen).

A friendly critic, the esteemed Greensboro Record, takes some notice of an editorial appearing in The Citizen recently on Jefferson Davis. While agreeing in the main with the position we took, it yet finds generous fault with some of the statements we made, and then, it seems to us, twists a meaning into our argument that is not meant to be there and which we do not think can fairly be placed there.

In no sense, either directly or by implication, did THE CITIZEN institute an unworthy comparison, as to the characters of Mr. Davis and General Lee, nor was there any effort to disparage the great position General Lee holds in the eye of the world. What we sought to do, and think we succeeded in doing, was show that Mr. Davis is not only neglected by the Confederate organizations, but that Southern people as a whole treat him with ignoring contempt, and that his name is now no more than a shadow The record itself speaks too plainly for any to doubt this.

Take the program of any Confederate celebration and examine it and see if it is not devoted to a glorification of General Lee, and if ever Mr.Davis' name is mentioned, except on Mr. Davis' own birthday and then mostly in Mississippi. This became so notorious even in Buncombe County that the venerable Dr. R. H. Reeves, one of h ruling spirits in local Confederate circles, at the last annual celebration called attention to the neglect of Mr. Davis and to the fact that General Lee alone was singled out for canonization. This writer but recently wrote a prominent clergyman in this State anent his proposed Lee celebration and suggested the hope "that some one would have the decency to say a good word for Jefferson Davis"; and got back the reply: "I think yu rae right, we should couple the names of Lee and JACKSON, for without the one the other would not have been so famous." As Rip Van Winkle says: "How soon we are forgot!" This beloved parson could not even remember the name of Mr. Davis after reading our letter.

General Lee had no doubts as to Mr. Davis' greatness. He knew what a mighty intellect Mr. Davis had; how his genius had formed the Confederate States into a going government; how on his tired shoulders and weary brain fell the tremendous task of directing all the armies of the Confederacy, even General Lee's—(and if any one thinks that Mr. Davis did not keep his hand firmly on all his armies, even on General Lee's, he is mightily misinformed). No man in the South had more faith in Mr. Davis than did the great Virginian.

Mr. Davis did not fail any more than General Lee failed. Both were failures. But having the greater power, being the head of the government, Mr. Davis' failure was deemed greater than General Lee's. When it came to paying the penalty, the victorious North treated General Lee magnanimously, and it treated Mr. Davis with all the inhumanity of savage Indians. Strange to relate,

many people in the South turned on Mr. Davis and made him suffer the agonies of the dammed. They would not even let him manage the affairs of his own family, and when Winne Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," wished to marry a Northern man, with her father's noble consent, the press of the South and many people of the South rended the old man with fury, broke up the marriage and broke Winnies Davis' heart. No one knows which seared the old statesman's heart most—the chains of Fortress Monroe or the "crucify him" of those he had suffered so for.

In the current number of **The South Atlantic Monthly**, published by Duke University, an unknown North Carolina writer, editorially said to be a prominent man, recants his love of the South and makes this bold statement: "Mr. Lincoln is the hero of the children of the South as General Lee is the here of the children of the North." Perhaps The Record agrees with this. We think it will be so in another generation, judging by what is now being taught our children.

Neglect of Mr. Davis is too broad a subject to be treated as it should be treated in an editoral. There are enough errors of statement in The Record's article to keep us busy for a week correcting them. The Confederacy never "waged warfare upon the Union," nor was Mr. Davis freed "because the returning sanity of the nation realized that such a large could not be sustained in a court of justice." The indictment was not "allowed to go untried, and is untried to this day." The record shows that the Federal authorities entered a nolle proseque in this case in February 1869. Mr. Davis was FREED by the celebrated book, "Is Davis a Traiter?" written by the celebrated professor and editor, Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, a constitutional history and argument that even in these inflamed times caused the cheek of such a jaundiced man as Thad Stevens to blanche with shame. It showed the Federal authorities that Mr. Davis and the Confederate leaders were correct in their interpretation of their rights under the Constitution and that the North was wrong, and that it was no small thing that broke the heart of Daniel Webster when he saw that the war he did so much to bring on was caused by his own misinformation so brilliantly propagated in the debates with Hayne and Calhoun.

We doubt if half a dozen of our readers ever heard of Dr. Bledsoe or his famous book.

A New England statesman on a memorable occasion said to a Southern statesman: "The South makes the history of this country and We write it." That is why Jefferson Davis' name is a mere shadow today. And we say once more: It is a blazing outrage. He suffered in his body for our sins, and he bore our iniquities. He alone of all our leaders was denied amnesty, and Lamar of Mississippi never was grander in his eloquence than on that day when he met Hoar of Massachusetts in debate and said: "If Mr. Davis is a traitor I am a traitor and ever other Southern Senator here is a triator and every Southern man, woman and child is a traitor. He did no more than all of us did."

Let us write our own history. Let us teach our children that Jefferson Davis was the HERO of the Confederacy, and that without taking one jot or title from the fame of any man we can and should elevate him to his rightful position, as the foremost man the South produced in the sad but memorable war betwten the States

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The Unted States Government prints forty-eight million dollar bills a month at a cost of 1 3-4 cents each, a total of $175,000 a day for the printing. Most of these bills go to replace bills which are outworn, and which come into the treasury at the rate of a million a day. The average life of a bill is eight months.—Exchange.

NEXT YEAR.

Lewis Worthington Smith.

There are no roses in the garden now,
The riot of the golden-glow droopsere;
But there will be new blossoms on the bough
Next year, next year.

The things we meant to do are not all done,
Joy has sought counsel for too much from fear;
But new delights are waiting to be won
Next year, next year.

Your eyes, my dear are wistful still I know,
With maiden-dreams no longer promise-clear;
But where the distance beckons we shall go
Next year, next year.

Perhaps we took the wrong road at the turn,
And were not wholly sure what course to steer;
But to overhead our guiding stars will burn
Next year, next year.

All paths are longer than we thought at first;
The days are shorter, and they seem more drear;
But God's forgiving destinies have nursed
Next year, next year.

A machine which stamps out three hundred dimes a minute is in use in Government mints. Last year the Philadelphia mint alone turned out thirty million nickles.—Exchange.

A FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND IN NEED.

By Amy Thornton Swartz.

Arthur was staying at his Uncle Sidney's farm for a few days. He always had a good time on the farm. He never tired of watching the horses and the cows, the calves and the lambs and the ducks and the chickens. But best of all he loved the two farm dogs, Bruce, the black collie, and Hunter, the three-colored hound.

The first morning of Arthur's visit he asked his uncle to let him feed the dogs.

"No, Arthur. I am afraid that I cannot let you do it," said Uncle Sidney. "The dogs do not like each other very well. The quarrel about their food, so it is best for me to feed them myself."

"What do they do when they quarrel?" asked Arthur.

"Bruce and Hunter growl at each other and show their teeth and act as if they were going to fight. It is not a bit nice to watch them," answered Uncle Sidney.

Arthur was disappointed to hear such things about his favorites. But soon he became so interested in watching the ducks swim in the pond that he forgot all about the dogs. When evening came he was ready to go to bed as soon as he had finished his supper

Early next morning Arthur was awakened by a cheery call. "If you get up right away," said Uncle Sidney you may give Hunter his breakfast. Bruce went away last night and he has not come home."

"Yes, uncle, I'll get up right a way," answered Arthur.

And, indeed, he lost no time in dressing and running out into th back yard where Uncle Sidney was playing with the big hound.

Hunter was to have corn bread and scraps of meat for his breakfast that morning. Uncle Sidney showed Arthur how to toss pieces of food to the dog. Hunter opened his great mouth and caught the food as it came flying toward him. This made Arthur laugh. When the hound had finished the last bit of corn bread, the boy turned to his uncle. "What do you think has become of Bruce?" he asked.

"I am sure I do not know," answered Uncle Sidney. "It is not a bit like that dog to stay away from home overnight."

During the morning Arthur had a fine time playing with Hunter, but when afternoon came the hound trotted off toward the wood. When he came back he acted very strangely. He jumped about Uncle Sidney and barked excitedly as if he wanted to tell him something. Uncle Sidney, however, could not understand what the hound meant.

"May I give Hunter his supper?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, my boy."

"And may I give him his breakfast in the morning if Bruce has not come home?"

"You may if you get up early enough," promised Uncle Sidney.

Next morning Hunter had some muffins and a big bone for breakfast. He ate the muffins as fast as Arthur threw them to him, but he grabbed

the bone in his great mouth and ran off toward the wood with it.

Hunter was gone a long time. When he came back he went straight to his master and began jumping up against him and barking.

"What does he want?" asked Arthur.

"I do not know, my boy. I wish that I could understand him. He seems to be trying hard to tell me something."

Afternoon came and still Bruce had not come home.

Once more Hunter trotted off to the wood. When he got back it was nearly dark. The poor hound was almost wild. He jumped against Uncle Sidney and pulled at his coat. Then he ran a few steps toward the wood and turned and came back and pulled at his master's coat again.

At last Uncle Sidney understood. "I know!" he cried. "Hunter wants me to go to the wood with him. Come on, Arthur, let us go and see what he has found."

When Hunter saw his master following him he gave a glad bark and trotted on briskly toward the wood. Uncle Sidney and Arthur hurried along, but they could not keep up with the hound. Every little way Hunter would look back to see if they were following. Across the old pasture they went, and down into the thick wood. Arthur and his uncle had hard work to get through the thick undergrowth of brush, but the hound seemed to know exactly where he wanted to go and so they did their best to follow him. At last Hunter began to bark. Another dog answered him.

"Oh, it is Bruce!" cried Uncle Sidney. "Hunter is taking us to find Bruce!

Down a steep hill they scrambled as fast as they could. All the while Hunter barked and jumped in great excitement. And no wonder, for there at the foot of the bank lay poor Bruce with his foot fast in a trap.

With all haste Uncle Sidney unfastened the ugly jaws of the trap. Bruce gave a joyful bark at finding himself free. Then he began licking his master's hand as if he were trying to thank him.

"You ought to thank Hunter instead of me," said Uncle Sidney. "If it had not been for that hound, I do not know how you would have gotten out of that trap. I did not know what had become of you, but Hunter brought me here to find you."

"Uncle Sidney, are you going to leave the trap here?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, we will leave it. You may hang it on a tree if you like. I think that I know the man who owns it. I will ask him not to set any more traps on my farm."

Arthur reached down among the fallen leaves to pick up the trap. His hand touched something smooth and hard. He picked it up.

"Uncle Sidney, do look here!" he cried. "This is the very bone that I gave Hunter this morning for his breakfast. You know that he ran away to the wood with it."

"Yes, it is the same bone," agreed Uncle Sidney as he took it from Arthur's hand.

"Didn't you tell me the the two dogs were not good friends?" asked Arthur.

"Yes. I did, my boy. But Hunter has proved himself a pretty good friend today. It makes me think of

a copy that we used to write when I was a little boy in school. The copy read this way: **'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'** "

"Hunter must be a four-footed friend in need," said Arthur.

At that Uncle Sidney laughed heartly. Then he whistled to the dogs and they trudged happily homeward in the gathering twilight.

The State of New York has dedicated a grove of ten thousand pine trees as a memorial to Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross.—Exchange.

JIMMY LEA'S PLUCK.

By Walter K. Putney.

Jimmy Lea attended the last meeting of the Young Men's Club to listen to a talk that was to be given by Mr. Evans, the manager of one of the large factories of the town. He was particularly impressed by one statement made by that popular talker.

"Pluck is the little word that commences a career and carries it on."

Jimmy went home that night seriously thinking, for the next week he was to go to a large city, two hundred and fifty miles from his home, to work.

"Well," he said to himself, "I hope I have the pluck, for I am going to need it, competing with boys that have been brought up right there in the city."

Little did he realize that within a few hours of the time he reached the city he would need a great abundance of that article mentioned by Mr. Evans.

The long journey was ended. Jimmy got out of the train and went into the vast Union Station to find a taxi that would take him to the rooming house that had been recommended for him by a friend who had written to him to come on. The kindly lady at the house made him feel at home and asked him many questions.

"Have you a position in view?" she asked when she had learned that he was intended to go into the office of one of the leading architects in the city.

"Yes'm," replied Jimmy. "At least, it is as good as sure, for Mr. Banks wrote that if my recommendations and references as to character were all right, he would give me a trial. You know, I have been working for our civil engineer at home during vacations and Saturdays for two years. Now that I have a long vacation, there seemed to be a good chance to come here and earn money so that I can go to college later."

Jimmy arose early the next morning, preparing to go to the office of Mr. Banks. He brushed his hair carefully, shined his shoes with the little kit he had with him, and then looked in the glass to see that he appeared all right for a visit to the architect. Then he said to himself:

"Well, I guess I am ready as soon as I get my reccommendations and character references from my gap."

With that he turned to the chair where his grip stood and, carefully taking out everything, he looked for those important papers. As he hunted, a look of consternation crossed his face. The papers were not there!

Again and again he took things off the pile he had made of them on the bed, saw that nothing was hidden in folds of his clothing, and still he could not find them.

"Where could they have gone?" he exclaimed to himself. "I am sure they were right there in the bottom of my grip!"

Then he remembered that his brother helped him pack his grip and told him he had put everything in, and Jimmy had not looked to make sure. What was he to do? It would never do to go to Mr. Banks and tell him that he did not have anything to recommend either his work or his character.

Suddenly he saw in his mind the straight figure of Mr. Evans as he stood there before the young men a few evenings before, and those words, so impressive, came into his mind:

"Pluck is the little word that commences a career and carries it on."

For a few moments he sat there, his chin in his hands, thinking. Then he arose, went out of the house and down the street. Everything was strange, but he was after an object —work. He had determined to get something to do until he could get a letter home and have his papers sent to him. Anything would do, for he could not afford to be idle.

Half an hour later he stood beside a lot where a building was being dismantled. Near the sidewalk stood a small building of matched boards that looked as if it might be either an office for the man in charge or a tool room. He knocked at the door and a rather gruff voice bade him come in.

"Have you any work that I could do?" he asked, with a firm voice.

The man, dressed in rough clothes, looked at him from head to foot before he replied.

"N-no, I don't know as I have. This is not an office building—yet, although we are going to make it one just as fast as we can."

"I am not looking for office work just now," Jimmy replied. "I wish anything that will give me enough for my room and board for a few days."

"Think you could stand that work over there?" The foreman pointed to where a gang was clearing away a lot of rubbish. Dust arose everywhere and the work was apparently very heavy.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response. "Just let me find a place where I can get a pair of overalls and a blue shirt and I'll be back at work."

"Go to it, boy, I like your pluck!" And the foreman laughed as he went about his work. He turned his head as Jimmy left, calling to him "Report to Bill when you come back."

It was some time before Jimmy returned, for it took time to go out and get a pair of overalls and a shirt, go back to his rooming house and change from his good clothes to those of a worker clearing away rubbish. When he arrived at the building he sought Bill, and was put to work and soon found that it was indeed back-breaking work. But he kept at it.

At noon he slipped out to a nearby eating place and indulged in a

good bowl of stew, bread and butter, and a glass of milk. Upon his return he was met by the foreman, who remarked:

"Back again, are you? Well I did not think you would return." But his manner was kindly, and Jimmy could see that the foreman was pleased.

For four days Jimmy worked with that gang, clearing away the rubbish of the old building. He wondered why his letters did not come from home, for he had sent a special delivery letter home asking his mother to send them at once. When he reached his boarding place that afternoon he found a letter from his next door neighbor, who often cared for the place when his folks went off for a few days. The letter read:

"Your people went away two days ago for a short trip to the seashore. They will not be back until next Monday. Can I do anything?"

This neighbor, evidently stirred by the arrival of the special, had opened it to see if he should try to locate the Leas and had written to Jimmy at once.

"Well," though Jimmy to himself, "I can't very well go and say much to Mr. Banks and I guess I'll have to keep right on until I hear from the folks." So he went back to work the next day a little depressed in spirits but determined to keep carrying on with this substitute work.

About eleven o'clock that morning a stranger entered, and Jimmy could see that the foreman held him in great respect. They came over where Jimmy was working and the latter heard the stranger say:

"I wish I had a good boy to help us for a few days. I have been expecting a young man to help in running our lines, but he hasn't arrived yet."

"There is a young chap here who came looking for work the other day. He evidently never had done much of this kind of dirty work before, but he had pulck enough to take the job I offered and stick to it. This is his fifth day. I think he could do what you want."

The two approached Jimmy and the foreman called to him to come up to the little office for a few moments. Jimmy was glad, for it would be a relief to get easier work, not that he was afraid of the hard work he was doing, but it would enable him to make a neater appearance when he finally did go to see Mr. Banks. The stranger did not mince matters at all.

"Young man," he smiled a bit as he spoke, "I wish a young fellow to help my engineers. Do you think you could do it?"

"Yes, sir," Jimmy promptly replied, "although I do not know what the work is but I can certainly try."

"Well, it is important to know what you are going to do," and the stranger laughed. "Well, we have to run lines around here, as we are about ready to start our foundations. This is only a temporary job, as I have a young man coming. In fact, I expected him the first of the week. Do you know anything about surveying?"

Jimmy brightened, as this was the same kind of work he expected to do for Mr. Banks.

"Yes, sir." he answered, "at my home I worked with a civil engineer for two years during vacations and

spare time."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the stranger. "Come with me!"

As they were entering an office building an engineer came out, some apparatus in hand. He stopped when he saw the stranger and Jimmy, and asked:

"Did you find some one? Is this the young man to help me?"

"Yes," was the short reply, "take him with you. That save us a trip upstairs." Jimmy did not know for whom he was working, nor did he care. This was just what he wanted to do, and in case Mr. Banks did not see fit to take him, perhaps he could get a summer of work here.

Jimmy was pleased to learn that what he had done at home was a great help to him now. He did not have to be told how to do things but twice the remainder of that day, and the engineer, when the day was done, said:

"You are all right, son, but what puzzles me is why you should be digging away rubbish when our office has been trying for a month to get a young fellow with just your experience. How did you happen to go in for that other job?"

Jimmy told him about leaving the recommendations and character references at home, and how he had determined to work at something until they had been mailed to him.

"You see," Jimmy said slowly, "I did not like to go to Mr. Banks' office and admit that I had no references. I was afraid he would think I was either very careless or was trying to bluff my way into work with him."

"Whose office did you say?" asked the engineer, stopping short, and looking curiously at Jimmy.

"Mr. Banks—George K. Banks, the architect."

The engineer laughed. Then he took Jimmy by the arm and said:

"Young man, you have been working for Mr. George K. Banks for the past six hours. It was he who took you away from your rubbish heap! If that isn't a good joke!"

Later, when Mr. Banks heard the story, he, too, laughed and remarked:

"We'll that is what I call pluck. Keep up that same determination, Jimmy Lea, and you will be able to carry on with the best of us."

A VEGETABLE SOLD BY THE YARD.

There grows in the island of Malta a vegetable that is literally sold by the yeard in the native markets. It is the vegetable marrow, a growth that resembles an enormous cucumber and grows so rapidly that one can almost see it move. It attains its growth in plainly visible little jerks, the vegetable growing to an incredible length if left unchecked.

In the markets one may purchase the length needed for a meal. Half a yard is a safe length, though the quantity purchased depends upon the size of the family for whom it is intended. Marrow may be split up and cut into small pieces, then boiled and served much as summer squash is prepared in this country.—Exchange.

SOME OLD LANDMARKS.

Helen A. Monsell.

What school boy has not heard of old St. John's church, in Richmond, Virginia, where Patrick Henry delivered his world-famed speech with its stirring appeal to "Give me liberty, or give me death?" Thousands of tourists every year flock to this shrine of American patriotism, but, because they are so interested in the history that has been enacted inside the little church, few of them linger more than a moment outside; at best they pause only long enough to decipher two or three of the best-known head stones near the door.

Yet the churchyard of St. John's is even more interesting than the church itself. For many years before the Revolution, it was the only cemetery in little Richmond town, and men of all creeds lie there in their final sleep. The stones are grey now; many of them are so worn that you must trace the crude letters with your finger as you decipher the faint inscriptions, while a few epitaphs have been entirely obliterated by time. One of the rectors of St. John's, several years ago, painstakingly collected them all, and published them, with a history of the church, so that their quaint sidelights on a past age might be preserved. With this volume as a guide, one may spend hours wandering through the grassy plots, reading from old stones of days and customs long gone by.

When the earliest interments were made, there were few, save children, who had been born in the colony of Virginia. One stone naively states that the deceased had "emigrated" from New York forty years before, but most of them had come from Scotland and Ireland. Sometimes one finds an inscription in Gaelic.

As for the children, poor creatures, it was hard to get a firm start in life in those crude, early days, when modern hygiene and care for infants were unknown. Think of the tragedy involved in the simple statement on the headstone of a woman still in her thirties that "eleven of her children had preceded her to the tomb!" All through the church-yard, small headstones appear in pathetic clusters, as baby after baby was mown down by the grim reaper. More than one broken-hearted mother, in sorrowful resignation, had carved on her baby's stone some form of the conventional couplet,

"Sleep lovely babe, and take thy rest;
God took thee home. He thought it best."

At times, though, it is the infant himself, who speaks from the grave

"Weep not for me, my parents dear.
I am not dead, but sleeping here.
My life was short you now may see
Prepare for death and follow me."

It can be conceived that such verses might have benn consoling to the bereaved parents, but one gasps at the grim comfort offered in the epitaph of a child aged twelve months:

"When the Archangel's trump shall

sound
And souls and bodies join
What crowds shall wish their days below
Had been as short as thine."

There are interesting side-lights on the life of women in the eighteenth century, their early marriages, the vitures which were most admired, and the way in which their personalities were completely overshadowed by that of their husbands "What a wife and mother should be, she was that," is really a touching tribute, but one which seems strange to modern ears when applied to a girl still in her eighteenth year.

It is evident that the "sepulchral monument" on which the following inscription is carved was erected to Mrs. Mary Cringan, but who would guess it? "To the memory of Mary Cringan, consort of Docter John Cringan, formerly an eminent physician in this city. He departed this life on the third day of March in the year of our Lord, 1801, aged 27 years." Doesn't that tell you a lot about her?

This is often real confusion in the person of the inscriptions. Sometimes a single epitaph will address the deceased, his relatives, and those who pause to read. In this moral tone, though, there is rigid uniformity.

"Reader, prepare for a future world, for in the midst of life thou art in death," is an appropriate warning from one who "fell victim to the dreadful conflagration at the theater on the 26th of December, 1811.'

More poetically, the same idea occurs:

"Prepare, prepare, ye well and sound,
For death with all its pain
The world with riches, pleasures round
No happiness can gain."

Again, it takes gruesome shape:

"Fair and blooming yesterday,
Now a loathsom corpse I lie.
See how beauty fades away;
Oh, prepare, prepare to die!

The most famous of these admonitory epitaphs is probably that ending in often quoted lines:

"Stop, my friends, as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, you soon must be,
Prepare yourselves to follow me."

All of these are nothing, if not clear, but at times the muse of the epitaph writes grows misty:

"Low in the tomb a most worthy ruin lies
While the pure vapor seeks its native skies.
A fate like this to thee, dear friend, was given
To sparkle, bloom, and be exhaled to heaven."

Isn't that perfectly clear and lucid for you?

Most interesting of all are those stones whose brief narrative inscriptions hint at stories, the details of which you can never know. One passes by the doctor who practiced medicine for forty years "with a celebrity seldom surpassed," or the clergman who was distinguished for "his exertions in behalf of solid literature and evangelical piety," although you can't help wonder what caused the good doctor's celebrity, and what the clergyman considered "solid" in the way of letters. But think of the details you would like to know about the man who "was

killed by a sentinel on his way to assist in extinguishing a fire at the barracks, February 7, 1807," or of the ironic tragedy in the fate of the Revolutionary war veteran, who lived through the entire war, only to be killed by a fall from his horse while passing through Richmond.

The most interesting of these terse narrative inscriptions, to my mind, has always been that of the "virtuous Daniel" as he is called in its concluding verse. The epitaph is too long to quote entire, but it begins:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
MR. DANIEL DENOON,
GUNMAKER OF THIS CITY,
WHO WAS SHOT BY JAMES MCNAUGHT
27TH FEBRUARY, 1826,
AFTER BEING IN HIS EMPLOY
8 YEARS,
3 MONTHS, AND 15 DAYS
AGED 22 YEARS. 2 MO., 15 DAYS."

Was the shooting an accident, do you suppose, a duel, or plain murder? Was he killed with his own gun? And think of a boy of twenty-two who had already worked for one man eight years!

So one can wander endlessly thru the old churchyard, weaving tales of the past, gaining sympathy with bygone days such as no printed page could ever give. There is tragedy there, and quaint humor, but, above all, there is a sense of peace. Where are they now, these people who, a century ago, were so worried with cares and petty evils of this life? Like a soothing benediction, the quiet churchyard answers back, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

A law requiring that the Bible be taught in our public schools is a subject for perennial discussion. For our part we think that the greatest of all books should not be omitted from the instructions given our children in the public schools. But better than any law requiring that the Bible become a necessary part of the public school curriculum are teachers whose Christian character and right appreciation of religion in life will compel them to teach the word of God to the children and young people. We have, let it be said with joy, many such teachers now in our schools who give the Bible a place in their instruction. What could a law do toward compelling an irreligious teacher utterly ignorant of the Bible to teach this word of God to her pupils? And it is generally understood that we have far too many such teachers. Our first and greatest need is not a law to put the Bible in the schools but a class of teachers who will not allow it to be omitted, law or no law. The most urgent demand of the present situation is not more tax, longer terms, or extended curriculum, but the elimination of teachers who are not qualified for the work.—Greensboro Advocate.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Again, letter-writing day came and all the boys were glad to write to their home folks.

Clyde Smith, who has been in the hospital, returned to the institution last week and is recuperating rapidly.

The boys did not go to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon on the acount of the rainy and rough weather.

The barn boys hauled coal last week. Most of the time they were compelled to remain at the barn on account of the weather.

The incubators were set recently. Approximately 650 eggs were put in them. They are expected to hatch sometime this week.

A number of boys were busy several days last week unloading the coal which arrived at the School's railroad siding recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Sands were visitors here last week. Mr. Sands is from New York City. We were very glad to have them with us.

Last week, Russell Bowden, a member of the print shop and of the sixth cottage, was paroled. J. B. Hargrove, Jethro Mills, Olen Williams and Theodore Rivers were also paroled.

We overheard someone humming a cold wintry day last week—"In the good ole' Summer Time." It seems that he was very earnest with his humming—for he was overheard.

Only two new boys have been given a position in the print shop during the past few days. They were David Julian and Herbert Williams. Both are members of the seventh cottage. Horace McCall and Lawrence Vaughan have been put on the Linotype machine.

A number of boys killed hogs last week. When hogs are killed here we have sausage an' every kind o' meat. All the boys know that when the hogs are killed we are to have plenty of meat and sausage. During the past several months, a number of larger hogs have been killed.

In the issue of last week's Uplift, an article was carried in the Notes of an officer of the School, practicing pitching baseball at the ball ground a few Saturdays ago. Although it was a mite early to start he probably has reasons. He is Mr. Frank Lisk. Now I'm sure that we all are well acquainted with him.

Rev. L. A. Thomas conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for the Scripture lesson the first Psalm. He took his text from this same chapter. His text was the third verse which reads: "He shall be like a tree, planted by the river of waters***" Rev Thomas told the boys how trees were content at what they were. He relat-

ed several very interesting little stories. When he had finished his talk, he took each word that he had referred to and had the word "Christ." He is the tree of life, perfect and content. This was a very interesting talk.

The last month has passed and our wood-piles are increasing rapidly. Most every day boys go out and are busy hauling in the wood that has been cut and dried or busy cutting it. Much of this wood is stacked in cord piles near the woods where it is cut. Capt. Grier has had charge of these boys on several occasions.

With the exception of only a few times we have published in our weekly issue an account of "Rambling Around." These articles are printed in a large number of the daily papers of the Sonth, and are read by considerable lot of people. He has at the Training School, also a number of readers, who turn to these "Ramblings" and read of his adventures. Here are found jokes and also advice. We all find it very interesting and is very entertaining, too. Not only do the officers and boys of this School read these, but they are also read by many of the subscribers of the Uplift. We all like to read these articles very much.

This short month—February has in it many days that we take notice of; just at the first there's Valentine Day, Lincoln's birthday and Washington's birthday. We all know why and how we should celebrate Valentine Day. This day is when a Valentine is sent to a certain one, or probably a letter of some sort. It's no use trying to explain why and how to celebrate this day. Some know even beter than others how to describe this particular day and also how to celebrate it. But we know it's Valentine Day just the same. In the first part of this month we have a day called "Ground Hog Day." This hog is supposed to come out of his hole and if he sees his shadow, go back, then we have more winter. If he does not see his shadow he remains out, and we have spring.

"The Christian Overcoming Temptation," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells us how Jesus was tempted by the devil in the wilderness. After He had been baptized in the river, Jordan, He went into the wilderness, to think of His future life, to make plans. Here He remained for forty days. It seems that He was absorbed in thinking out His future work that hunger did not bother Him until the last day. Then He, as anyone would be,was hungry and wanted food. Then the devil came along, and began to tempt Jesus. "If you are the Son of God, command that stone to be made bread." But Jesus did not yield, instead He quoted from the Bible. Once He said to the devil: "Get thee behind me Satan." Soon the devil left Him, because he could not tempt Him. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he falls." This was a most interesting lesson. The golden text for this lesson was: "In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."—Hebrews 2:18.

During the past week all the boys

and also the officers have experienced some very cold weather. The wind, on one occasion came from the north, and it was very cold. You should have seen every boys' cheeks and especially that nose. They looked as if someone had painted them a bright red. This is a sign that shows that they are well and healthy; and whose cheeks wouldn't be read and rosy that morning unless they were well and feeling fine. On this kind of morning you'll see the boys, and not them only, down in an overcoat or in a jacket so that the wrap that they are wearing looks entirely too large for the wearer. The collar will be turned up, high too. But a good look at their faces will remind you to look at the nose. Now that is of no use to try and describe it, but it's red with cold. You'll see them coming up the road pretty fast all wrapped up in a coat, and his step will be a good and snappy one, too. Watch for this description of him on a very cold morning like we have experienced during the past week, and you'll probably agree with us.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Byron Ford, David Fountain, Paul Parton, Alton Ethridge, Archie Waddell, Henry Jackson.

"B"

Jas. Hunsucker, Clarence Maynard, Horace Bridgers, Britt Gatlin, Theodore Rivers, Douglas Williams, Hurley Way.

Room No 2.

"A"

Sam McIntyre, Ben Sasser, Olen Williams, Jack Walker, Talmadge Fry, Chas. Horne, Wm. Howie, Luther Kellam.

"B"

Milton Mashburn, Jesse Roundy, Joe Johnson, Virgil Shipes.

Room No. 3

"A"

Carl Warner, Norman Ball, DeArmond Williams, Woodrow Padgett, Henry Andrews, Edgar Rochester, Herman Hendrick, Vance Cook, Howard Riddle, W. Rackley, Lester Campbell, Mallary Poe, John Forrester, Langford Hewitt.

"B"

Tom Grose, Marvin Thomas, Carl Richards, Kenneth Lewis, Manly Spell, Hubert Crayton.

Room No. 4

"A"

Louis Pearce, Ralph Tallent, Earle Williams, Vernon Cooper, Earl Carthron, Stanley Tripp, Elias Warren, Durham Radford, Gernie Smith, Joyner Rose, Foy Allen, Burton Emory, Fessie Massey, Howard Smith. Hallie Bradley, Kernit Copeland, Sam Moore David Saunders, Bernice Wilson, Myron Tomaison, Quan French, Bill Goss, Nicola Bristow, Robie Gardner.

"B"

Carl Kinglsey, Isaac Bartley, Ralph Wright, Silas Jordan, Otis Floyd, Warnie Frink, William Shaw, James Stinson, Norman Beck, Raymond Hinson, Hazel Robbins.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Wallace Harding, Marvin Barns, Charlie Burns, Derry Walker, William

Doby, Edmond Hodge, Carl Shoaf Earnest Pleasant, Cordell Smith, Pinkie Wrenn, Victor Eavens, Arthur Suggs, Vance Thompson, Brady Helms, Clarence Whittier, Perry Quinn, Herbert Munn, J. B. Harris Dealton Campbell, Clyde Kivitt, Norman Bradford, Dalton Lenair, Herbert Campbell, Leroy Thompkins. Chas McMillian, Aaron Davis, Allen Cabe Wylie Moore, Vernon Jernigan, Arnold Cecil, Melvin Cauthran, Earnest Carlton, Chas. Norton, Woodrow Hines, Eugene Lewis, Emmett Levy Herbert Grimes, Johnnie Daughtry Claude Whitaker, Lebron Vance, Edd Williams, Earl Griffin. Albert Stansbury, Lonie Wright, Guy Thornburg, William Shirley, Chas. Tant, Robt. Munday, Kellie Teeder, Earl Mayfield, Paul Sapp, Roscoe Franklin, Clyde Cook, Ted Steward. Cleveland Shaw, Elden Dehardt, Wendall Ramsey, Leonard Stenson, John Herns, Raymond Lowery.

"B"

Eddie Berdeau, Smith Baker, W. W. Whitfield, Percy Long, Obie Sims, Ben Chatten, Walter Quick, Franklin Smith, William Dorsey, Marvin Cook. Lester Whitacker, Munford Glasgow, Herbert Ashe, Alvin Robbins, Willard Squires, Ozell Willis, Cecil Sause, Earnest Farr, Carl Chamberlan, June Marsh, J. J. Moose, Robt. Chatten. Theodore Troxler.

BIRTHSTONES.

Here is the new guide to birthstones:
For laundresses, the soapstone.
For diplomats, the boundary-stone.
For achitects, the cornerstone.
For cooks, the puddingstone.
For sugar dealers, the sandstone.
For taxi drivers, the milestone.
For grouches, the bluestone.
For Irishmen, the Blarney Stone.
For borrowers, the touchstone.
For pedestrians, the paving-stone.
For stock brokers, the curbstone.
For shoemakers, the cobblestone.
For burglars, the keystone.
For manicurists, the pumice-stone.
For tourists, the Yellowstone.
For beauties, the peachstone.
For geniuses, the tombstone.
For most of us, the grindstone.—Ex.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 12, 1927. No. 9

IT'S UP TO ME

I have a life I have to live,
To live it well or live it ill,
But not the aid that others give
Will ever get me up the hill.
It's well to pray for help divine,
But better yet divine to be;
For, after all, this life is mine,
And, good or bad, it's up to me.

—Malloch.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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DOESN'T AGREE WITH HIGHSMITH.

To talk about the "future blossoming of the arts" in North Carolina when the classics are learned by only a negligible percentage of our children, is about as foolish as anything can be. The Latins and the Greeks carried the arts, philosophy and eloquence to a perfection no moderns have ever reached. Their works are still the inspiration and the model to which all the would-be artists must turn.—Asheville Citizen.

BRAZIL.

The Concord Kiwanis Club, of Concord, was entertained for a short while by a very informing talk on Brazil by a returned missionary, Rev. Mr. Baker, an invited guest of the Club. Though on the same side of the Alantic and just south of us, it developed that but few of us knew anything about that great Brazilian republic, which is even larger than the United States.

The Uplift's former knowledge was confined to the belief that the population was a mixed, ordinary kind of people, among whom the prevailing religion was that of the Catholic. Our information about its climate was wholly confined to an impression made on us as a boy by the late Senator Zeb Vance. Illustrating a story of the smartness of a graduate of Yale, who suceeding to his father's manufacturing business sent a cargo of snow shovels to Brazil—and Brazil resting plumb under the equator.

Mr. Baker gave us to understand that culture was of note in Brazil; that

the Brazilians did not understand us, having gotten their estimate of the average American civic character, social standing and intellectual attainments by what they saw in the type of representative this country sent to Brazil as the spokesman of our government. There isn't a member of the Club who can name the minister of the United States today to Brazil; and Mr. Baker did not call his name. We are prepared to believe that he is a small man—that has been our sin for years, sending mediocre individuals to represent this great country at the government seats of other countries.

It was not always so. Back when the Old Sheriff occupied the presidential chair, he sent men of high character and force to foreign courts. Had Mr. Baker been doing missionary work in Brazil when Cleveland sent the late Thomas J. Jarvis, the North Carolina patriot and statesman, as Minister, he would have been proud of the presence of a representative typical of the American citizen. But four years' presence of a big man in a foreign country cannot overcome the series of impression made by small 2 x 4 individuals, who hold commissions from this country.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

VALENTINE DAY.

Next Monday is Valentine Day. It is hailed by many as the occasion suitable for uttering expressions of esteem, love, devilment, spite and hatred, according to the spirits of all who invoke the privileges of the season. It is an occasion, also, for spending much money.

Many a heart is made glad by the love ditties surmounted with brilliantly colored angels; the sensitive are annoyed by a suggestive comic illustration that leaves a heavy heart; and others may be the victim of one, who employs this occasion to stab, and he spends the day in wondering who the assassin may be. The latter practice is dying out—the former is growing with the years. It is well.

But whence came the idea of Valentine Day? The custom of sending valentines can, without doubt, be traced, in origin, to a practice among the ancient Romans. At the feast of the Lupercalia, in honor of the great god Pan, the name of all the virgin daughters of Rome were put in a box and drawn therefrom by young men, and each was bound to offer a gift to the maiden who fell to his lot, and to make her his partner during the time of the feast.

This custom became allied to the name of St. Valentine, probably, only through a coincidence. St. Valentine was a bishop of Rome during the third century. He was of most amiable nature, and possessed remarkable gifts of eloquence, and was so successful in converting the pagan Romans to Christian-

ity that he incurred the displeasure of the Emperor, and martyred by his order February 14, A. D. 270. Undoubtedly from this event sprang the practice of Box Suppers, so popular at any season in the rural districts of our country; but with a pleasing reformation—the drawer may get an unapetizing box, but no death follows.

The scene of this practice was probably in South Tyrol, and the "meeting point," according to Stoddard's investigation, "of the three great valleys, uniting Austria, Italy and Switzerland. It is a curious fact we are indebted for the earliest documentary proofs and descriptions of this fortified, mediaeval town, not to a warrior, but to a saint; and still more singularly to one whose name is commonly associated merely with sentiments of love—Saint Valentine.—Perhaps I should, however, immediately distinguish which St. Valentine; for in the history of the Church two holy men have borne this name. The first was put to death at Rome in the year 270 A. D., while the second died at Meran, two centuries later, almost contemporaneously with the downfall of the imperial city."

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HAS A SUGGESTIVE INFLUENCE.

The publication and featuring of crime and the principals therein—it usually appears on the front page, decorated by striking headlines—most asuredly has effect on minds leaning in the same direction. It has a suggestive influence.

That foolish girl out in Texas that attempted to loot a bank, and which was published around the world, no doubt led the South Dakota girl to attempt the same deed. It was in her to get something for nothing, to accomplish an end, and the Texas act furnished her with the idea of accomplishment.

If that South Dakota girl had risked her life to save a child, or to stop a conflagation, her deed might have gotten into a corner on the inside page; but rest assured her brave deed would never have been considered fit stuff for the front page of the average journal, which recognizes the depraved taste and liking of the average reader. You can scarcely blame the newspapers—they have a condition of taste to meet among their readers.

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A CLOSE-UP ANALYSIS.

One of the brightest writers to serve on a North Carolina journal is James Hay, Jr., who does editorial service on the Asheville Citizen; and in Sunday's issues he contributes signed articles, always on an engaging subject or theme.

We have taken for this issue his latest—"A Great Story." Mr. Hay is reviewing in his attractive style the book by Claude Bowers, who essays an intimate study of two giants, Jefferson and Jackson. The Uplift is sure that its readers will enjoy Mr. Hay's article, and will want to see and read this wonderful historical contribution by Mr. Bowers.

Were The Uplift financially able, it would strive to put this book into every library of the state, where the children and especially the high school pupils would have the opportunity to fortify themselves against the devilment of propaganda that is now sneaking about amongst us.

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FACE TO FACE.

Men and women have spent their lives in noble callings that carry with them scarcely a living. They magnify their work, their calling—it is with them a duty and the element of the personal sacrifice does not occur to them. This is unselfishness.

How many times in life you see laborers like these, who persist in their calling little concerned whether the public appreciates it—and but few of them are ever told of the general appreciation their unselfish lives produce in the common mind. When they die—when it is to olate—the story of esteem is told in the printed page and with flowers.

I wonder if all the nice things that folks have said about Joe Brown, since he crossed the bar, were even intimated to him while yet in the flesh? How many of the sorrowing hundreds that followed the remains of the late John S. Efird to their last earthly resting place ever took the time to tell the good fellow in life even a part of the appreciation of his worth in which they held him?

But all these rambling thoughts are suggested by a beautiful deed executed in Charlotte by certain high school pupils. They led in the movement to honor a distinguished and faithful servant of the youth right before him, face to face. It is this: these youngsters, with the full agreement of their elders, had painted a splendid picture of one of the educational heroes of the state—one who had trotted up the grades with them in an honest, sincere and even tiresome effort to equip them for life's operations—and hung that painting on the school-house wall. The subject of that painting is Dr. Alexander Graham, who has spent more than a half century in the cause of the children of men—a living sacrifice, as we judge, in a material way.

The Uplift is glad of this expression of esteem while Dr. Graham is with us—he deserves it all and more. This old, young man has truly been a hero. What he has accomplished is eternal.

COMING INTO THEIR OWN.

Certain of the press have taken time to observe that a newspaper man, Mr. R. R. Clark, of Statesville, has been elected president of a bank; and in spite of the caution of some of them they fail to conceal a sympton of surprise over a newspaper man rising to the dignity of a bank officer. Clark is not the only man who has impressed his financing ability upon the public.

The Wachovia, a monthly magazine issued by the Wacovia Bank at Winston-Salem, comes out in an illustrated edition showing the pictures of a number of its officers. Among them is Mr. J. F. Hurley, editor and proprietor of the Salisbury Post. There may be other journalists, who hold bank positions; and we are sure that a large number have had to refuse the honor of such positions, for we have not yet gotten away from the idea that the newspaper field is the graveyard of insolvency and financial distress: and the average newspaper man abhors the reputation of being on easy street. Since business men have learned the power and efficiency of advertising, the average newspaper has been able to sell his wares for the coin of the realm and not have to take it in firewood and vegetables.

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THEY DON'T EXACTLY AGREE.

It appears that Miles Wolfe, the local reporter of the Charlotte Observer, who reported the sermon of Rev. McKendree Long, which stirred up the civic clubs, failed to understand what the evangelist had in mind, if the preacher's reply may be construed into an answer.

We have no doubt that each of these choice gentlemen are perfectly satisfied with their showing, and the whole thing will pass easily and quietly like a tempest in a tea-pot; and the civic clubs, which bring men together into understanding relations, break down barriers that sometimes prevail in a community, and give the opportunity of doing a little welfare work along with their weekly eats, will go on just the same—it is devoutly hoped so, anyway.

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A man may be ever so good, strong, intelligent and wise; but no man ever reaches all these qualities to such an extent that all power can be safely centered in him. That's a specie of monarchy, and, being such is extremely offensive to real democrats. A system may be reasonable and wise, but the administration of that system must have the touch of soul in it to escape being repulsive.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Many a man's "peck o' trouble" comes in pints and quarts.

If love is a long, sweet dream, marriage is the alarm clock.

When you wish to rid yourself of unpleasant company, just start in to give them advice; or take up a collection for some purpose.

More feelings are hurt by negligence and bad manners than by bad intentions.

If people will weigh their words before giving them utterance, they will generally speak lightly on what they are about to say.

My opinion is—but why should I be talking like this? I am a married man. I should have said, our opinion is, that as long as society tolerates such people, there will be Hall-Mills murders, "Peaches"-Browning affairs, Charley Chaplin scandals, and the like. Society seems to be too indifferent to these matters; and likes too well to read about them. Their taste is horrid. They are all a rotten mess and society should purge itself of such crimes as are rampant today. When individuals snap their fingers at conventionalities; sneer at laws; and throw caution to the minds, they should be called down hard and strong. They help to lower standards. The fountain can not rise higher than its source, and society will have no higher standards than its individual members create.

The man who is so busy that he does not have time to read good papers, magazines and books is like the man who was so busy chopping wood that he did not have time to sharpen his axe.

When a boy owns a dog he has everything. Proud and pedigreed, or mean and mangy—a dog's a dog to a boy. It's his dog and he loves it; it gives him an interest in life. Speaking of dogs reminds me that back in the 70's when I domiciled in Oxford, I was bequeathed a small, shaggy fice dog, from Rev. Mr Thompson, Episcopal rector, who was leaving Oxford for another field of labor. He was not beautiful to look at, but he had good sense. He was a gentlemanly dog. Raised in Mr. Thompson's family, accustomed to following him, he was a church-going dog. He went every Sunday. Sunday mornings he might be lying before the fireplace, and the many church bells did not seem to disturb him. But let St. Stephens' church bell start up amid the ringing of the others and he would set up one ear; and when it stopped he would raise a racket until he was turned out of the house; and he would go straight to the church, across the town, whether any one else went or not. He wore out a place on the chancel cushion, where he always curled himself up and remained dur-

ing the services. If anther dog came in the church while "Old Reb" —that was his name—was there he did not raise a disturbance, but he would entice the stranger dog to go outside with him, and when outside the door, "Old Reb" would pounce on him and run him away The other dog always seemed glad of the chance to get awoy. "Old Reb" died at a good old age, and he was buried in a coffin with all the tenderness of a human being, because everyone who knew him had great respect for him, and his church going proclivities. His departure was like the going away of a member of the family. Children parted with him in the deepest sorrow. If there ever was a christian dog, "Old Reb" was that dog.

Persons who are inclined to be weak in their faith, become so by not exercising what little they have. The more you work faith the stronger it becomes. In enlarging the scope of faith it is well to take into consideration that there are three covenants in the Bible. First is the covenant with Noah and the sign and seal of it is the rainbow. The second is with Abraham, when God tells him that He will make of him a great nation, and that in his seed all the nations of the earth shall be blessed, and the sign and seal of that covenant was in the midnight sky with the multitude of stars. The third is God's covenant with man in Jesus Christ, "that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," and the sign and seal of that covenant is the cross. Hear Jehovah: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of the flesh." Since early childhood I have heard the old fiction of there being a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. I find that there are more precious things than a pot of gold, even if that were so, for those who are under the rainbow, that is those who in faith and trust accept God's covenant There are precious lessons for God's people under the rainbow.

A violinist entered a music seller's shop where an Englishman was the assistant behind the counter, and said to this assistant: "I want an E string, please." Producing a box and placing it before the customer, the assistant said: "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself, sir? I 'ardly knows the 'e's from the she's."

A man may live down his past if he lives on a level above his past. If one makes good today few remember his yesterdays. Not many take time to rake over dead ashes.

"A father," says the New Yorker, "had two sons, one went to sea and the other became a vice-president of a bank. Neither has been seen since."

Little Willie was told that he must not play in the front yard, that it was Sunday. He was admonished to go in the back yard and play. Then little Willie wanted to know it

there wasn't just as much Sunday in the back yard as there was in the front. That was a stumper for Willie's parents.

Some people are like the man who prayed, "O Lord, use me," over and over again, and after being told of the various needs in the church, repeated more earnestly. "O Lord use me—in an advisory capacity."

A West Virginia darkey, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice —De compartnership hereinbefore resisting betwixt Me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owes de firm settle wid me; dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

Life is getting pretty cheap in Durham when people in automobiles knock people down, run over them, and rush right on without so much as looking back to see what damage they have done; or to say they didn't know they had hit anyone. This hit and run stuff is getting too common. It is ripping things wide open and knocking the life out of people. An example should be made out of somebody. In order to save the lives of others. If an automobile is confiscated for conveying liquor, ought it not be confiscated to the state when the driver recklessly drives over people? Is not human life of more value than liquor? Perhaps to some it is not.

A great many people have one tone of voice for visiting and the street, and another for the home and family. My old friend, King Solomon the wise, once said that "a doubled-minded man is unstable in his ways." Even so is the man with a double-toned voice for different occasions, blowing hot and cold, unpleasant and disturbing in his ways, and is as sure to create heart-burnings as "the sparks are to fly upward."

The art of pleasant and gracious listening is one of the fine arts of social life; or any other kind of life as to that matter. It takes the strongest kind of nerve to listen pleasingly in this life to the many things a person has to hear daily in the journey through this vale of tears and sunshine and human sorrow and "the tales that are told." But I have seen a few people who could listen with charming dignity, under the most harrowing circumstances, and on the most boring occasions. But the most of those I have seen were deaf mutes. But after all, a good listener is as much a joy as a fascinating coversationalist. I pride myself on being one of the best listeners there is in the land—when money talks. But money doesn't say much to me personally, except to bid me "Good-bye."

Imagination is the radio of human mind. But it has to be controlled like the operations of the wireless instruments, or else there may work in so much static that it spoils the harmony of perfect receiving.

A Morehead school youngster met me on the strret and said: "Mr. Old Hurrygraph, I want to tell you how we enjoyed and appreciated the article you had in 'Rambling Around'

last week on 'Driving or Drifting?' We have it posted on our bulletin board at school, and it was used in chapel, too. We are trying to practice it.'' Thanks, my young sir. Thats good. When I am privileged to drop some thoughts that are gathered up and treasured by others, it makes me feel that I am not writing in vain, and the words are being blessed.

The comical side of life is ever passing before one like the canvas of a panorama, or the slides in a magic lantern. To see apparently grown young ladies, chatting merrily and halting before a fire alarm box and proceed to mail a letter, as they would in a mail box, was one of the moving pictures witnessed in Durham this week. It was most rediculously amusing—the way they pulled and pushed in that box, but they could not get the letter to connect with Uncle Sam's mail arrangements. They did not discover their mistake until a fire company rushed around the corner to put out the supposed fire. The firemen were much ''put out'' to see two females sprinting along the street, and it was difficult to tell whether it was a male or female marathon race, the way those girls were ''stepping out.'' The firemen were not called upon to use their hose in this instance, but the girls used two feet of hose each with great dexterity.

CORN!

(Dearborn Independent).

Common corn goes into a total of 146 commodities, such as axle grease, shaving soap, shoehorns, varnish, chair cushions, gunpowder, face powder and incense. Aside from these there is a market which if developed could take care of one hundred million bushels, or possibly more, of each crop of this yellow product, which is now taking place of wheat as the staff of life: namely, the manufacture of sugar from corn. More than eight billion pounds of sugar are imported into the United States each year, and our total native production of cane and beet sugar is only a little more than two billion pounds —so that the market is undoubted. The American people are the greatest of all sugar eaters. In 1924 more than sixteen billion pounds, or 148 pounds per capita, were consumed here.

A bushel of corn can be made to yield twenty-five pounds of sugar. On that basis, if eight billion pounds of corn sugar were to be manufactured, which is the figure for our annual imports of the commodity, 320,000,000 bushels of corn would find a new market. Should only 100,000,000 bushels be converted into sugar far more than the annual corn surplus would be taken care of and American products would be grown, sold, and consumed under American conditions.

But this is only one angle of the possibilities that await the farm—it is only one part of the food angle, and farming is destined to have more than the food angle before many years.

ANOTHER GOOD MAN PASSES.

Last week, Mr. Joseph G. Brown, president of the Citizens Bank of Raleigh, crossed over the river. He was just another one of the good men, of whom we love to think. He was thoroughly democratic. There was no position in the wide world that might have been thrust upon him and turned him a snob. He was simply great in his naturalness. He died in harness—directing the Sunday School of Edenton Methodist church in Raleigh. He, had he been consulted, would just as likely to have chosen this manner of passing as to have been caught by the camera clipping coupons or taking in interest on investments.

Though a leader in the financial world, he was none the less a leader in education, religion, civic righteousness and human welfare. And what Dr. Few, president of Duke University, of whose board of trustees Mr. Brown was president, had to say in his funeral oration is fitting of all good men:

We are a great host gathered as we are here today for the last time about the body of our dear departed friend. We come from all professions and all ranks of life. We represent many varieties of opinion and experience. But we are all of one mind concerning Mr. Brown. He was one man about whom there can be no serious differences of opinion. We have here, too, a community of feeling. This man's death is the one "touch of nature" that makes akin practically the entire city of Raleigh and a large part of North Carolina.

Why this extraordinary uniformity of opinion and unity of feeling that we see here today? Mr. Brown was a normal man. He had the traits of character that make a universal appeal. We all stand in admiration and reverence before the oneness, the wholeness, the completeness of the man's life and personality and the issues of this harmonious development of the whole man in his activities, his character, and his influence. There were no moral, intellectual, or even physical "insurrections in his kingdom of man." His physical, mental, and spiritual constitution was not a house divided against itself. There was a consolidation of all his resources and a concentration of the last thing that was in him, and all this was always available whenever evoked by the crises of life. Whatever direction he might turn his effort at any given time he was "all there." He succeeded in many ways, and he achieved success because he himself was success.

In business he was very successful. Equipped as he was how could it have been otherwise; But even in business he worked not primarily for himself—he worked for others; for depositors, for patrons, for shareholders—for the public. Here was a man who spent a lifetime in business, working through approved business methods and achieving business success; and yet he was always concerned more for others than for himself.

He gave himself unstintedly to public service in the best sense of those words. Throughout a long life he served his neighbors in countless ways, the city of Raleigh where he

was born and where he lived all his life. He served the State many years and in many ways. He served important causes of the national government especially during the Great War. Indeed I think he never recovered from the strain of the load he carried in those hard years. All this was done without expectation of reward.

He was pre-eminently a servant of the causes of education. In 1871 he entered Trinity College, now a part of Duke University. From that day until his death he served the Institution through every stage of its development and in every sort of way—as a loyal son, as patron, as benefactor, as trustee for thirty-four years and as president of the board of trustees for ten years. He served other institutions. He was educationally minded. He had the spirit of youth and could work at the tasks of education with an understanding heart. He was the kind of man, the only kind of man that can succeed or even be useful in intimate work with youth. He deserves to live among those who through guidance and inspiration of the young have most effectively served their day and generation.

He had a deep religious nature and experience. Beginning here at this church in boyhood, out through the State and everywhere he devoted his time, his money, himself to the church, to the orphans, to charities, to all good works, "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." He was earnest but never narrow; he had intense convictions but was without a trace of bitterness.

What were the products of all this—of his rich inheritance in a strong body, a good intellect, and right tendencies; of his inner moral adjustment; and of the discipline of years rightly lived? One product was a mind that always ran true to form. He was finely adjusted to life and this adjustment gave him a sort of moral instinct that carried him to his tasks with something of the inevitableness of the natural instinct that compels the bird to build its nest and to sing its songs. Thinking back, as I have been thinking for the past twenty-four hours, over many years of intimate association with Mr. Brown and others in tasks and problems that have sometimes been intricate and difficult I have not been able to recall one instance when it seemed to me that he did not think straight and think through to right conclusions. This sort of intuitive wisdom does not come out of the intellect alone but out of the full, harmonious development of all a man's capacities and powers. As we all well know, Mr. Brown had in an unusual degree this precious gift of unerring wisdom.

Another product was an all-pervading goodness. He was rightly in tune with the infinite, and it seemed to be more nearly natural for him to do right than for almost any other man I have ever known. He lived here all his life. I dare now to challenge the memory of any of you and I care not how long you have known him, can you recall many, if any, occasions when you felt that he did wrong?

It has been said that the beautiful is higher than the good because it includes the good—it is the good made perfect. At any rate Mr.

Brown's inner character flowered also in beauty, a beauty that showed itself even in physical excellence. He had a clean and fine face that none but a good and wise man can ever wear. He had a personal charm and winsomness. I recently heard a little boy say the men he loved most were his father and Mr. Brown. This is typical of the feeling of children, of youth, of adults. None knew him but to love him.

The quiet, useful, and happy life of this man is an unanswerable argument for our Christian religion. That sort of living and witness-bearing on the part of Christians and a new emphasis by all our preachers upon the plain teachings of Jesus and upon Jesus himself as the Way of Life, and the Only Way of Life—these are the things for which this troubled age of ours is impatiently waiting and these, too, are the things that would bring about the greatest revival of essential Christianity that the world has ever seen.

There's the worth of this man's example, and there's the heritage of his life—sweet, abiding, consoling to all who knew him and who may know of him in the after-years, to you his neighbors, and friends, and above all you, his sorrowing loved ones. May the blessed memories and the benedictions of his life go with you to the end; and may the richest blessings of his God and Father, and yours and ours, be upon you now and always.

THE FAILURE.

By B. F. Seagle, Jr.

I am a failure. An old man whose years are spent and wasted. What has my life amounted to? Nothing. It is only wasted, but it has been my fault. I see that now, after it is too late to do other than warn you.

I have amounted to nothing, because I gave no service to humanity. When I am gone, no one will miss me but my immediate family, and they would miss me more if I had been of more service.

I have never been given to charity, although it needed my help right here in my own community. I have never helped anyone when I could keep from it. Why? Just because I was selfish and cared only for myself. I have lived only in my world, which was but five feet and seven inches high and weighs only one hundred and sixty pounds. Alas, I have failed. My little world of myself is old and crumbling. I have rendered no service.

The future is dark because of my failure and neglect to render service, be it ever so small. But you that are coming behind, take the warning. Render some service of some kind to the world. Give of your best. Serve. For if you fail to serve, you will go the way I am going—to destruction. Don't be a failure like me. But serve. Be of service—to your God and humanity.

Nature teaches even the meanest capacity that there is a God.—Fenelon.

SOME REAL ORATORY.

The soul of North Carolina is hoping that some way may be found to finance the Smoky Mountain Park proposition. From the aesthetic as well as the utility view it is a worthwhile scheme. Were our beautiful mountain arrangements, which nature lavished upon us with an unstinted hand, spread out in many another section of our common country, they would ere this had the finishing touches of human endeavor.

But let us enjoy these scraps of oratory, which the News and Observer has assembled:

Orations during the past week on the scenic beauties of the Great Smoky Mountains recalled to W. F. Marshall, Raleigh editor, Brancroft's description of the search for a new home of freedom by the scattered remnants of the defeated Regulators, in the wilds of the North Carolina mountains, where no writ could follow them etc., and—

> "Where the closest thickets of spruce and rhododendron flung the cooling shade farthest over the river, trout abounded."

Of course, in a sophomeric oration this would be carried over into the more rhythmic—

> "Where the brook trout sported 'neath the rhododenron's shadows."

———

Bancroft did not have a monopoly on striking descriptions of the glories of the Great Smokies. Shortly after the War-Between-The-States at a social gathering of distinguished men at Jackson, Miss., Gen. Nathan B. Forrest offered a toast "to the eloquent gentleman from East Tennessee, a country sometimes called the 'God-frosaken,' whereupon Landon C. Haynes, arose from his seat at the banquet table and delivered the following apostrophe:

"I plead guilty to the soft impeachment. I was born in East Tenessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular, means 'beautiful river,' and beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and looked down through, its glassy waters and have seen a Heaven, below, and then looked up and behold, reflecting like two mirrors, each in the other, its moons and planets and trembiing stars. Away from its bank of rock and cliff, hemlock and pine, laurel and cedar, streches a vale, back to the distant mountains, as beautiful and exquisitive as any to be found in Italy and Switzerland.

"There stood the Great Unicoi the Great Roan, the Great Black, and the Great Smoky Mountains, among the loftiest in the United States and on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord even on the brightest day.

Then I have seen the Great Spirit of the storm, after noontide, retire for his evening nap to his pavillion of darkness and of clouds; I have seen him aroused at midnight, like a giant refreshed by

slumber, and cover the heavens with darkness, I have seen him awake the tempest, let loose the red lightnings that ran along the mountain tops for a thousand miles, swifter than an eagle's flight in mid-heaven; and then I have seen them stand up and dance like angels of light in the clouds, to the music of the organ of nature, whose keys seemed touched by the fingers of Divinity in the halls of Eternity and responded in notes of thunder resounding through the universe.

"Then I have seen the dark drift away beyond the horizon and the Morn rise up from her saffron bed like a queen, put on her robes of light come forth from her palace of the sun, and stand tip-toe on the misty mountain tops while night fled from before her glorious face to his bed-chamber at the poles. She lighted the green vale and beautiful river where I was born and played in childhood, with a Smile of sunshine.

"O beautiful land of the mountains, with thy sun-painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee."

To another the description of the grandeur of the Great Smokies before the Legislature recalled Judge Walter Malone's impressions of Mount Mitchell which was written before the lumberman's axe laid low the forest to the very top of that peak:

"Whether in the depta of summer, when verdant with maple and ash and elm below, and with pine and spruce and hemlock above, or in autumn, when robed in October glories of crimson and purple and saffron, or in winter, when white with snow and dim with misty clouds, Mount Mitchell is grander than any other peak, far or near. Its creamy cataracts, its mighty forest trees, its gigantic wild grapevines, its giant ferns, its wild lilies and bluets and violets, its supurb rhododendrons, its mocking birds and its thrushes—all of these make it a wonder of wonders from year to year.

"Human beings may fade and flit away. But the great mountain, one of the elder sons of God, maintains the dignity of his divine ancestry, showing his greatness in the marvels of his wilderness proving his might in the roar of his torrents, making known his strength in the grandeur of his storms, yet remains himself eloquent in eternal reticence, majesty in everlasting silence."

Even the cultivated Horace Kephart, who came into the Great Smokies after 40 years spent in the reserve of academic centers breaks into raptures when he undertakes to describe the scenery of the mountains.

> "When I first came into the Smokies, the whole region was one supurb forest primeval," recently wrote the Bryson City author. "My sylvan studio spread over mountain after mountain without end, and it was always clean and fagrant, always vital, drawing new shapes of beauty from day to day. The vast trees met overhead like cathedral roofs.
>
> "I am not a very religious

man, but often when standing alone before my Maker in this forum not made with hands, I bow my head in reverence and thank God for His gift of the great forests to one who loved it.''

He is ungrateful who denies that he has received a kindness which has been bestowed upon him; he is ungrateful who conceals it; he is ungrateful who makes no return for it; most ungrateful of all is he who forgets it.—Seneca.

SECESSION ORDIANCE OF STATE.

By Dr. Archibald Henderson.

In 1853 Burton Craige was put forward for Congress by a large and enthusiastic following, and was elected by a majority of 316 votes over the most formidable candidate the Whigs had to offer, James W. Osborne of Charlotte. For years prior to 1853 this section had been ''groaning under the whig dynasty''; and Craig shattered the whig control by his defeat of Osborne, the acknowledged district leader of his party, a vigorius campaingner and eloquent speaker. In successive campaigns, although opposed on the hustlings by such eminent speakers as Daniel M. Barringer, William P. Bynum and James W. Osborne, Craige was invariably successful over his competitors; and he was serving in Congress at the time of the outbreak of the War Between The States. In the National Congress he displayed the same admirable qualities—tenacity of purpose, fidelity to principle, and clear, astute thinking which characterized all his public acts throughout his entire career. It was Burton Craige who bodly rose in the House of Representatives on February 11, 1861—an incident I have seen described in no printed history—and submited the following resolution which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs:

Wrote Secession Resolution.

Whereas the States of South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and Lousiana have seceded from the Confederacy of the United States and have established a government under the name of ''The Confederacy of the United States South''; and whereas it is desirable that the most amicable relations should exist between the two governments, and war should be avoided as the greatest calamity which can befall them:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States, be and is hereby required to acknowledge the independence of said government as soon as he is informed officially of its establishment; and that, he receive such envoy, ambassador, or commis-

sioner as may or shall be appointed by said government for the purpose of amicably adjusting the matters in dispute with said government.

Introduced Secession Ordiance.

Burton Craige will always be conspicious for having introduced the Secession Ordiance in 1861, on a day historic in North Carolina's annual, the twentieth of May. The States to the Southward, which seceded prior to the action of North Carolina, based their actions upon the Democratic doctrine that each State possessed the soverign right to assume the compact by which it entered the Union. Doubtless these various ordiances were laid before a committee or group of leaders presided over by Governor Ellis. It was claimed by the Whigs that Jefferson Davis had sent the North Carolina ordiance to Governor Ellis for adoption, but there is no evidence to sustain this statement. It has also been stated, on what authority I cannot say, that Judah P. Benjamin sent the draft which North Carolina adopted. The draft finally chosen for presentation to the convention was similar to that adopted by Georgia; and the altreations were doubtless made as the result of a preliminary conference. Governor Ellis and Burton Craige were both from Salisbury, close neighbors and relatives. Burton Craige was the outstanding leader among the Demovrats; and for that reason, no doubt, as well as the intimacy of the two men, Governor Ellis turned over the Secession Ordiance finally agreed upon to Burton Craige, to present to the Convention. In an intimate obituary, written by one who was present in Raleigh on May 20, 1861, the explicit statement is made that Craige was both "the author and introducer of the Ordiance of Secession."

The Whigs did not agree to the doctrine formulated by the Democrats. At the opening of the Convention, Judge Badger introduced a highly inflammatory and vituperative ordiance, an "Ordiance of Revolution," based on the Whig theory that the people possessed the right to engage in revolution in order to obtain their liberties. This was rejected by a vote of seventy-two to forty, in favor of the substitute proposed by Burton Craige, the Ordiance of Secession, which reads as follows:

We, the people of the State of North Carolina in convention assembled, do declare and ordain:

That the ordinance adopted by North Carolina in the convention of 1789, whereby the constitution of the United States was ratified and adopted, and also all acts and parts of acts of the general assembly ratifying and adopting amendments to the said constitution are hereby repealed, rescinded and abrogated.

We do further declare and ordain that the union now subsisting between the State of North Carolina and the other States, under the title of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved, and the State of North Carolina is in full possession and exercise of all those rights of soverignty which belong, and appertain, to a free and independent State.

This was a dignified, calm ordinance, free from denunciation, epithets and abuse. It was strong, bold and weighty, like the distinguished

statesman who proposed it. At the evening session, in open convention, the entire representation of the General Assembly—one hundred and twenty members—affixed their signatures, with places and residence, to the Craige Ordiance of secession.

Burton Craige served one term in the Confederate Congress, and sustained the administration of President Davis in every measure looking toward a vigorous and successful prosecution of the war. After his term was completed, he retired to private life; and although too old for military duty, he sent into the Confederate service three gallant sons, who distinguished themselves for bravery. After the war was over, he continued the practice of his profession, but could never again be induced to enter politics. While visiting the family of his daughter, Mrs. A. B. Young in Concord, and in attendance upon the Cabarrus County Court, he was stricken, passing away on December 26, 1875.

In a published obituary occur these words: "In the death of this distinguished gentleman, not only his own town and county, but the entire State, sustains a great loss. Though long in active public life, at times when party feeling ran high, he goes down to the grave with a spotless name, and possessing the respect of men of all shades of opinion. His talents commanded the respect of all, and his sterling worth won for him the admiration of every one who has any appreciation of true manhood."

In both personal and political matters he was associated with such wise consellors among the Democrats as Archbald Henderson and Charles Fisher, serving his political apprenticeship under the latter. He was a friend and strong supporter of John C. Calhoun, whom he entertained in his own home; and openly charged that Andrew Jackson had adhered to the principles of "Nullification," which had actually brought him into power, until his breach with Calhoun which caused him to denounce them under the name of "Nullification." In 1836 he protested strongly against the Jacksonian doctrine: "To the victors belong the spoils;" and upheld States Rights in the words: "We must look more in ourselves and less to the federal government as the source of honor, wealth and distinction. Just in proportion as we look to the federal government as the only source of power, wealth and distinction, in the same proportion must we become a corrupt people."

The Reverend Jethro Rumple, who preached the memorial sermon, voices just appraisal of Burton Craige: "Fearless, positive and outspoken in the assertion of his convictions, and with a mien and physical form that might have awakened the envy and excited the fear of the bravest knight in the days of chivalry, he instinctively commanded the respect of his associates, and at the same time he charmed them with his frank and jovial disposition.

Cop: "Hey, where are you going? Don't you know this is a one-way street?"

Abe (in a new car): "Vell, I'm goin' von vay, ain't I?"

BECOMING A LAWYER.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

Persons practicing the art of journalism in this community, and especially persons who practice after nightfall, have one experience that is not common to the general run of the brethhren who practice in other communities, or who are privileged to attend the motion pictures after supper without the necessity of dashing periodically back to the office to see if it is still there.

Twice a year their calloused eyes are privileged to look upon anywhere from 89 to 112 souls in mortal travail. They may be examined singly or in mass, and what the practicing newspaper man learns about his fellow mortals on such evenings is limited only by his capacity to absorb instruction. I have never seen but one man come through it calmly.

Twice a year the Supreme Court lugubriously loosens upon the State a new crop of lawyers. They take them off into some quiet spot and examine them. They ask them scores of questions that they may or may not be able to answer themselves. At any rate they examine them ruthlessly, and if there is any ignorance among them they find it. Or you would think they find it, whether subsequent events vindicate them or not.

And then after four or five days it begins to be noised abroad that the court is about to divulge the names of those who have been discovered in possession of sufficient learning in the law to enable them to go out and find themselves a client charged with possession of liquor. The ignorant will have to come back and try it again.

A roster of those deemed worthy is issued into the hands of the journalists who practice their art—black and unfeeling art,these boys call it—and with the list the injunction against telling anybody whose name is on the list until after the hour for the publication of the paper. You just can't tell anybody whether he has passed or not. The court courteously intimates that if they hear of you telling anybody whether he passed or not, you are likely to be jailed for contempt.

In the years that have thinned my hair, I have observed many men in travail. I have seen 19 men about to be executed for crime. I have seen husbands who are about to experience fatherhood for the first time walking the floor in agony of mind. I have seen dozens of people waiting for a jury to come in with a verdict that concerned them tremendously. Once or twice I have stood beside somebody who watched the life ebb out of one whom they loved dearly.

But none of these, not even those who were about to walk down the narrow corridor to eternity, have ever achieved the agitation of mind that lays hold upon the youth who has stood the bar examination, and is waiting until he hears whether he had better go and get him a shingle or whether he had better go back to law school, or go off and get a job ditching somewhere.

As early as the middle of the fatal day they begin to drift into

the office. They are embarrassed somewhat, but they finally let you know what they would like to know whether the Supreme Court says they are lawyers or not. We tell them, as gently as may be, that we don't know, and that there is no chance of knowing until midnight. Nightfall begins to bring them in shoals, and longe before midnight all of them are outside waiting for the paper to come off the press.

In the meantime you have interviewed them all personally. Some of them accepted the situation pleasantly and hopefully. Some of them get peevish about it. Some of them offer you bribes of some sort or another. Some of them offer to bind themselves to your service for the rest of their lives. Some of them threaten to go off and fetch influential friends to vouch for them or to bulldoze you into giving it to them. Some of them mention that they and their fathers have been reading the paper for decades, but will now desist from the practice. Once or twice in seven years the list has been stolen out of the office, but rescued before it got into circulation.

They have to wait. Heaven knows it would be easier by ten times to post the list on the bulletin board and let them scramble over it than to withhold it until midnight. But we can't. And sometimes I think that maybe it would be worth while to take the bar examination just once. Thus I might find out what gets into the minds of these young fellows that reduces them to elementals. Otherwise I fear me that I shall never understand it.

YOUR OWN WORST ENEMY.

By Alice Crowell Hoffman.

If you do not eat proper food simply because you think you do not like this and that, you are an enemy to your stomach. You'll find out that it doesn't pay to pick a fight with this vindictive part of your bodily household.

If you don't carry yourself erect, and breathe plenty of fresh air day and night, your lungs will see to it that you suffer for the abuse you give them. You really would have a dreadful time getting along with balky lungs, so it's best to keep them in good working order.

If you starve your brain or feed it with trash, you can't expect it to give good service when it comes to directing the affairs of your life. If you want to be real mean to yourself, dwarf your brain. It's one of the surest ways of cuting down on the sum total of human happiness and usefulness.

If you neglect to put into action your better impulses, if you stifle the real you, then you are your own worst enemy in the superlative degree.

If you simply must have an enemy, go out and make one, but get on friendly terms with yourself. Don't be your own worst enemy.

A GREAT STORY.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

This is the story of two giants who, with a new-made government as their chess-board, substituted Presidents, Cabinets and Congressmen for castles, knights and pawns, and played for the destiny of this nations as the victor's prize.

You will find it in "Jefferson and Hamilton," the book by Mr. Claude G. Bowers.

And you will see, as you have never seen before, how colossal was their struggle, how brilliant their moves. how dramatic the settings in which they played, and how lasting and tremendous the effects of the triumph of the one and the defeat of the other.

The drama begins with the clash and contrast in the characters, temperaments and ideals of these two, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson.

It is climaxed in the outcome, the overthrowing of the "rich and privileged" political party and the uprising of the masses as the rightful and irresistible rulers of the United States of America.

Never were two opponents more radically and picturesquely different than Hamilton and Jefferson as Mr. Bowers pictures them in his five hundred fascinating pages.

Hamilton, born of lowly parentage without benefit of clergy, bestrode the scene as the full-fledged aristocrat, the darling of the wealthy and prominent.

Jefferson, with the best blood of Virginia in his veins and reared amid luxury and learning, stood forth as the democrat, the god and guiding star of "the people," of the farmer, the small shop keeper, the oppressed and the ignorant.

Hamilton was the pet and prince of "Society." Jefferson, despite his honors as Secretary of State, was ostracised by that same Society as punishment for his views.

Hamilton was impulsive, imperious, dashing and selfish; Jefferson calm, sauve, deliberate and conciliatory.

Hamilton strove to change the government into an oligarchy. Jefferson's fight was to insure its remaining a republic.

Hamilton, amazingly brilliant as writer statesman and financier, considerated himself above all a military genius and longed for wars in which he might win distinction. Jefferson, peace-maker and perfect politician, was always against war and a small army.

Hamilton struck below the belt, occasionally lost his head and in the end carried his party down to ruin. Jefferson always played fair, never lost his head and finally steered to dominance the party he had organized.

In the beginning Hamilton was in the saddle, sweeping all before him, with the rich and influential masses solidly behind him, while Jefferson, facing terrific odds and lacking a cohesive following, was voted down again and again in both Cabinet and Congress.

In the end Hamilton was shorn

of all his strength while Jefferson had everything, fame, power and the Presidency.

But Mr. Bowers does not stop there. By the magic of his understanding and the power of his description he transports the reader into the very thought and daily life of the men and women among Jefferson and Hamilton moved more than a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Those were hot and blustering times, and yet full of surprising resemblances to the present.

Then, as now, law-makers and private citizens cried out against the high cost of living. Then, as now, the alarmists proclaimed a rising generation going to the devil and lost in immorality, and one of the Hamiltonians confessed his fear that decency was on the wane because a young lady was so thinly garbed that she showed all her legs!''

And then, as now, ''war profiteers,'' cursed by the masses, got away with the loot.

But in those days men took their politics more seriously than we do. They called their opponents, in conversation and in the public prints, ''liars, cowards, gamblers, bankrupts, Saturday evening carousers, clerical hypocrites and swindlers of the goverment.''

They burned the opposing leaders in effigy. They rioted. They wrecked printing offices. Terrible insults flew through the air thick as falling leaves in autumn. They fought with fists, swords and pistols. They plotted, double-crossed each other and robbed the public treasury.

Out of that maelstrom of passion and prejudice, came Jefferson, serene and victorious, with the prize of a government assuredly a republic. ''But,'' Mr. Bowers adds, ''the spirits of Jefferson and Hamilton still stalk the ways of men—still fighting.''

They are still with us because, great men as they were, they headed the two camps into which human beings always have been and always will be divided: the believers in the masses and he believers in the privileged few as the true source of governmental power.

And to understand fully the fight as it is still waged, every American should read this book of Bowers, gripping as fiction, alive as life.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Gruff father to son: ''Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for three dollars a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store.''

Son: ''You can't do that nowadays. They have cash registers.''

GOOD COUNSEL BUT IT ISN'T POPULAR.

(Statesville Landmark).

Professor Lankford, of the Harmony high school, preached mighty sound doctrine in his talk to the Statesville Rotary Club, but it isn't popular doctrine. When the deaf man, a noted medicant in Statesville in former days, called on Mr. W. D. Turner for a contribution, Mr. Turner shouted at him, "Why don't you go to work?" The deaf man went out indignant and told the next person to whom he applied that he would endure the tortures of starvation before he would call in "that man Turner" again. Telling folks to go to work is almost as much of an insult as to tell them to go to the place that has been near abolished by the modernists.

But the gospel of work, plain hard work with hands, directed by brains, can't be over-emphasized. The natural man doesn't like to work. Very few people are born industrious. They work because they have to and it becomes a habit. Hence the disposition to be all the time on the lookout for easy jobs—jobs with the minimum amount of exertion. The idea prevails to some extent, although it is fallacious, that an education especially a college education, fits one for a sphere in which "hard labor" does not appear. Some of the college people are responsible for the fallacy, although they don't intend to teach it. They are all the time telling young people how much superior college trained men are, how many people whose names are in "Who's Who" are college trained, and other bunk like that. Asserting the superiority of college training, generally speaking, isn't bunk. The bunk is in leaving the impression that a college diploma does it all. It doesn't. Sometimes it is simply evidence of wasted money. When one has the diploma it is up to him to show that he honestly earned it; that he absorbed something of what the diploma stands for; and above all that he is capable of putting to practical use the information acquired. College merely gives certain equipment to those capable of receiving it. Not all who go to college are capable of taking in what the college has to give.

A BIG WASTE.

One of our biggest wastes in this country is the waster of revolving doors going around practically empty. It is no uncommon sight to see a big four-section revolving door going around with only one person in it. If I did not have a lot of more important things to do I would figure out exactly what this waste amounts to in the revolving door season, and I dare say the data would be astounding.—Exchange.

SPIRITS AFTER SCHOOL BOARD.

(Special to the Press).

Rocky Mount, Feb. 5—Do you believe in spirits and what are your views on spiritualism?

Do you believe in spirits andwhat are your views on spiritualism?

These are the questions which members of the school board are asking each other today in futile effort to explain a coincidence , phenonmenon, or call it what you may, which occurred at a meeting of that body at the Edgemont high school last night.

The meeting convened at 7:30 last night, according to regular schedule, and shortly thereafter George R. Edwards, secretary, began the reading of the minutes of the last meeting.

While reading of the minutes was proceeding and the board members had their minds fixed on that phase of the evening's business, there came three or four distinct raps at the closed door of the room in which the meeting was being held. The noise was sufficient, say all those at the meeting, to cause the secretary to pause in his reading and he halted completely while Mayor L. L. Gravely, a member of the board, went to answer the door.

Nothing but darkness greeted the mayor, however, when he opened the door. The meeting was stopped long enough for Chief Executive R. M. Wilson, superintendent of the public school system, to make search for any children who might have played the prank. No other noise was heard, however, nor was a trace of anybody seen.

The meeting was resumed only to be interrupted again about 15 minutes later to be informed that L. V. Basset, prominent local attorney, who drew the bill creating the Rocky Mount school district, who has been a member of the board ever since its origin and around whom many stormy board sessions centered, had died.

Immediately the board members began thinking about the previous knocks, some saying that they had already associated them with Mr. Basset and a checkup revealed that the knocks or raps had occurred at the very moment that the veteran school board member died.

Board members, and there were some ten or twelve in the room, are ready to take oath that they heard the raps, and that they were not rattles such as would be caused by the wind. Various theories are offered, but as far as a definite explanation is concerned there is none.

"Two Frenchmen went up in an airplane. The plane went into a tail spin, and they both fell out. What nationality were they when they came down?"

"French, of course."

"No, you're wrong."

"The heavy one came down a-Russian. The other caught on the telegraph wire and came down a Pole."

THERE CAME A VOICE.

(Reidsville Review).

One night last in December, last the Europe-bound liner Roma was plunging through waves mountain high far out at sea, when her big serachlight found a sinking ship to whose rails and riggings a crew of 26 was clinging. A familar movie scene in reality; and the Roma's passegers turned out to look and shiver in dread over the reality of it.

One minute, the wreck was down in the depths. "She's gone!" the spectators gasped. Then as the sinking bark rode high upon a rushing wall of water, the searchlight shadowed the ghastly white faces of the perishing sailors, and the spectators' hope revived.

Twice the steamers' life boats failed to make a launching, but the third effort sent them crashing through threshing waves to rescue or to perish. Lower and lower the wreck was sinking and less and less grew the chances of the rescuers to save even themselves. Hundreds of the liner's passengers trembled, clung to one another in terror of the scene. Would all those brave men die before their eyes? Would the wreck ride the sea that often swept her, once, twice—how many times more? Would the drowning sailors still hang on a little longer? Would the rescuers turn back from a hopeless work?

Suddenly, when hope and effort seemer exhausted, a young, fresh, confident tenor voice broke out with the song "O Sole Mio!" The sinking sailors heard it, and took heart. The rescuers heard it, and met the rushing, pounding seas with clinched teeth and a will to go on or die.

"O Sole Mio!" Beautiful at any time. Inspiration when sung or whispered as a challen.ge to the power of death.

And 500 passengers of the steamship joined in the chorus; put new heart into the victim and rescuer; and the rescue was accomplished.

Tenor Charlie Bulotti, of San Francisco, will never have another such audience as that of the exhausted, dripping men whom his song delivered from the jaws of death.

TURN HIM LOOSE.

A negro was hailed into court.

"Explain your case to this court," gruffly demanded the judge.

"Well, gen'mens, it was like dis. Mah wife, Mirandy, she buys me a new derby hat an' den she says to me, 'Rastus, dat hat would shuah look good wif a little feddah stuck right in de hatband.'

"So Ah goes out an' puty soon Ah sees a fine feddah layin' on de groun', so Ah stoops an' picks it up an' as shuah as dis niggah am haulin' wash fo' his money, gen'mens, not until Ah gets home did Ah discover dat a chicken was at de end of dat feddah."—The Haversack.

MONARCHS KNOW.

(News & Observer).

"The efficiency idea of modern days, that a clock should be in every room was not in vogue centuries ago. mainly because clocks were scarce articles and those early timepieces that represented royal favors were specially constructed," said Mr Thompson. "But it is traditional with monarchs to know the value of time.

"Charlemange was the recipient of a bronze clock, inlaid with gold, sent to him by the King of Persia in 807. The dial consisted of twelve small doors representing the hours. Each door opened at the hour it represented and fell upon a brass bell. Twelve gold horsemen appeared at 12 o'clock and shut the doors.

"Frederick II of Germany was presented in 1232 by Saladin of Arabia, a clock that resembled a celestial globe in which the figures of the sun, moon, and planets moved, impelled by weights and wheels.

"Mary, Queen of Scots, gave one of her maids of honor, Mary Seaton, what was known as the Skull Clock because it represented a skull and was engraved with the figures of Death, Time, Adam and Eve, and the Crucifixion.

"Henry VIII of England, presented Anne Boleyn a clock on their wedding morn. Charles I, of England, had a habit of giving clocks as presents and also awarding them as prizes in tennis tournaments. With the modern vogue in American homes of clocks in every room, fashion of giving clocks as presents is growing in popularity."

DIRECTION.

By Theo. Battle.

Walk quickly through the villages
Where warm-eyed houses wait,
And hurry past the farm lands
In their uniforms of gray.
Struggle up and up and up,
The wind against your eylids;
On to the lonely ecstasy of snow and sky....and God,
For there the mist is very thin
Between time and eternity,
Where earth is white and silent
And the sky is very near.

THE CHILDREN WHO HAVE TO BE SURE TO CATCH THEIR SCHOOL.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

No school likes to have its students late, but still it isn't a terribly serious matter when, occasionally, a boy or girl is delayed so as not to reach his schoolroom until after the morning session has began. As we might say "The school won't run away," and a good day's work can be done just the same.

But there are places in Northern Ontario where this isn't true. There the children have to actually catch their school on the very minute or not be able to go to school all day. That is because these new schools are on wheels. They are really railroad coaches made over into schoolrooms, and they run on the railroad tracks attached to regular daily trains. They aren't used where there are enough children in one district to have a stationary school, but only where the settlements are far apart and only a few children in each.

It isn't exactly easy for the teacher, because the children are getting on at different stopping places in the forenoon. So her program of classes has to be adapted to this fact. The train-school is carried a certain distance along the railroad track during the forenoon, then shunted off on a side track to wait for a train bound in the other direction to take it back to its morning starting point again later in the day.

It must be a bit hard for the pupils to study well the first days aboard the rolling school because of the excitement and novelty. But, no doubt, they soon get used to their old schoolroom and even to the fact that they must catch their school at their railroad station or not be able to get to school all day.

The schools have modern equipment and there are living accommodations for the teacher. All together, they give the children of remote parts of Canada a chance for a very good education, and the educators who first thought of them certainly had a splendid new idea.

A wife either helps or hinders her husband, but she does not have it in her power to make or break her husband regardless of what he is in himself. She can be his supreme helper or his greatest handicap, but she cannot save a man in spite of himself nor destroy a man who has the right sort of stuff in him. Martin Luther had a good wife, John Wesley had a bad wife, and Francis Asbury had no wife, and they all occupy a place in the forefront among Christian leaders. But let no man think that he will become a Luther or Wesley or Asbury by ignoring the value of a good wife or by forgetting that a bad wife may do him infinite harm. These observations about husbands and wives may in our judgment apply with equal force to wives and husbands. —Greensboro Advocate.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

James Phillips and Clyde Smith were paroled by Supt. Boger recently. Both boys were members of the seventh cottage.

A large number of the boys went walking last Sunday afternoon. This afternoon proved to be an ideal one for this purpose.

Recently the matrons of some of the cottages began to plant flowers, or were busy fixing up their flower and plant beds. Flowers help to beautify the cottage surroundings very much.

All boys, (and some don't) that like to study, or that have studied geography, know when they have the longest and the shortest day in the year. It is: the longest day the 21st of June, and the shortest day the 21st of December.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for his Scripture Lesson the second chapter of Acts. Rev. Lyerly told the boys of the mysteries of this chapter and also of the beginning of the church. It was an interesting sermon.

The boys in Prof. Crooks' Sunday School Class all went to the second cottage and "listened in" on the services that were being broadcasted from the First Baptist Church, Charlotte. This is one of the many times that these boys have had the privilege of listening to these services. They all like to hear the Sunday service that is broadcasted from this church.

All the boys went to the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The School basket-ball team defeated the Winecoff team by the score of 10 to 8. The boys who did not watch the game engaged themselves in spinning tops and playing football. A game of baseball was also played on the little diamond. The afternoon was agreeable and everyone had a fine time.

In every-day conversation we oft-times hear the word "soon" used very much. When it is used in a letter to write, or to answer the letter soon, it means to answer it at once, quick as possible. Another way this particular word is used is: "I'll do such-and-such a thing as-soon-as possible." As it is used here possibly it is meant to put the task or the business off until some other time. Often the person who uses the word does not have much of an idea as to the real meaning. It is often used in many other ways, too. When we use this word, let's use it with the backing of its meaning. "Soon" is defined as: "in a short time; quickly; ready or willing." That's it.

Our Sunday School lesson for last Sunday was about "The Practice of Christian Stewardship." In this lesson it tells us how a man once gave his servants talents according to their ability. (A talent of gold was valued

at $30,000 and one of silver about $2,500). To the first servant he gave five talents, to the second servant he gave two talents, and to the third servant he gave only one talent. The servant that had received the five and the two talents from their master went at once and invested them in a business. The man that had been given the one talent went and buried it. It was this custom then, of putting, things of value away (or of hiding anything). When the man returned he called in these servants and reckoned with them. The man that had received the five talents returned them with five more. The man that had received the two talents returned them with two more. Their master said: "Well done, thy good and faithful servants: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. But the man with the one talent came forward and presented his talent to his master saying: "Master, I know that you are a hard man and to keep from angering you by losing your talent I did not invest it in any business, but I buried it; here it is." This servant came forth and returned the talent, afraid to invest it. So to him his master said: "You wicked and slothful servant if you were afraid of me you should have invested the talent more carefully; in some money exchangers, it would have paid interest for its usury. Give the talent to the servant who now has the ten." This lesson has a very good theme that expresses how we should do. "Making Use Of Our Ability." The golden text was: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." —Matthew 25:21.

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind.—Burke.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Ir Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XV. CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 19, 1927. No. 10

TEACH US.

"By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow from a source that is hidden,
By the trust of the tree as it clings to the deep foundation,
So teach me, Lord, to live and to rest in Thee."

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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SERVED NOTICE.

Whatever the General Assembly decides to do with the Poole bill, pass it or kill it, the agitation of evolution has accomplished good in that school authorities will not have the temerity of inviting godless men to join their faculties. The sense of fitness on the part of the religiously sane people will hereafter have to be reckoned with.

A CHARMING SPEAKER.

Last week, Concord had in its midst a visiting genius and philosopher. His name is Dr. M. A. Honline, of Pasadena, California. He is dean of the School of Religion of Southern California. Dr. Honline was in the state and this city, particularly, to aid in a Sunday School Institute. He was a guest of the Kiwanis Club, and responded in one of the best short speeches this writer ever heard.

The Kiwanis folks were spell-bound by the man's simple eloquence. His sentences, made up of anti-Long words, consisted of not more than a dozen words. But each of his words carried a pointed fitness: and each sentence carried an unqualified declaration—no straddle. The man's style of delivery, and in it is the finest specimen of oratory—he didn't hollo, as if his audience was composed of deaf people—was fascinating. He must have attended the same school of elocution that fitted Dr. J. C. Rowan and the late Rev. W. G. Campbell, for the happy ability of attracting the attention of his audience without screaming at the listeners.

He asked, in starting his engaging address, this question, which applies

to all the communities and all peoples: "What shall it profit a community to gain the whole world and lose its children?" Philosophically treating his subject, he concluded that the necessities of the times made it bounded upon the home, society and the church to be up and doing to the end that the children may not be lost in the proper burgeoning out the most possible in this life.

We make this reference to Dr. Honline's address, not meaning an attempt to report it, but to put our readers on guard that if ever they have an opportunity to hear this wonderfully thoughtful and forceful man—to grasp it. It is a joy to sit under the soothing influence of a speaker that has sense.

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TENTING IN ANOTHER SPHERE.

A genial spirit and friend of a life-time has left us. Adolphus Eugene Lentz, native of Stanly county, a resident of Mt. Pleasant where he taught a whole generation of kids how to fly a kite (he won the very heart of childhood), many years a respected citizen of Concord, later of Charlotte, worn by age and illness fell asleep in his 79th year.

"Dolph" Lentz, as everybody knew the genial fellow, won his way into the affections of hundreds by simply being himself—folksy and interested. Years ago, too many now to announce, Dr. Herring, Mr. Lentz, Mrs. R. S. Harris, Mrs. J. P. Allison and the writer, having in their hearts a desire to aid the Old Soldiers' Home, then struggling for breath, arranged a concert made up entirely of Confederate song. In that concert "Dolph" Lentz sang "Tenting On The Old Camp Ground." He brought tears to the entire adudience by the sweetness and gentleness of his exquisite rendition. No man ever possessed a sweeter voice at song and he was not aware of it.

Peace to the ashes of this folksy fellow, whose heart must have been always right, for he drew unto himself easily and without effort childhood wherever he went.

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TEACHING A TOWN BOY THE EARNING HABIT.

A little Concord boy wanted a new cap, when he really didn't need it, and he approached his mother on the subject, asking for a dollar to buy the said new cap. "Son," said his mother, "I'll give you a dollar if you paint the fence out there during the week, and then you may spend your dollar as you see wise."

The boy accepted the proposition. Before the job was finished, five dollars

worth of paint found itself on the fence, on the ground, on the boy's school suit, on his old cap, &c. The boy concluded that it is some effort to earn a dollar cap; and the mother concluded that the painting of a little fence is an expensive undertaking.

But after all the finest thing out of which to make a man—and the only thing—is a boy. That mother knows it, and is doing her part in starting her boy off with the right prescription: a little self-help.

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MAJ. JAMES D. McNEILL.

Death is rampant in the state, taking toll of some of the distingushed and most useful men and women. Just last week there passed to the beyond, at Fayetteville, one of the state's most beloved men—Major James D. McNeill. He was the father of the organized fire fighters of the state; loved the men who gave their lives, risking all, to this worthy activity and, in turn, was loved by them; esteemed wherever he was known and that covered the state.

He was a devoted friend and occupied a unique place among men, in that under no circumstances could he be prevailed on to carry water on both shoulders at the same time. He was simply a brave, honest man. He will be greatly missed.

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SMOKY MOUNTAIN PARK.

Difficulties and other obstacles for the authorization of financial aid on the part of the state towards making Smoky Mountain Park a possibility seems to be fading away.

Having removed all fears of the state making a bad trade, the General Assembly seems favorably disposed to doing its part. This is well.

Aside from the aesthetic side of the proposition, the establishment of the park will prove a blessing—perservation of native forests, which means so much; bringing other choice spirits to the state and putting North Carolina on the map in a larger and more conspicuous sense.

The development of the Smoky Mountain Park will add another First to our already long list of "firsts."

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CELEBRATING LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

According to the Rutherford County News, last Saturday was set apart for the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

The News says that the service is to be held "at the identical spot of ground where Abraham Lincoln was born." A book is soon to be issued that claims to establish Lincoln's birthplace as North Carolina and not Kentucky.

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If this thing goes on, creating the impression that the Bible obstructs intellect attainments and hampers educational progress, merely to satisfy a bunch that wish to impress their superior scholarship and profound investigation into the hidden things of life, the future will have to pay a terrible price. Break down the influence of the only code of laws and the only guiding hope of groping humanity that the world has ever found safe and secure is a serious matter, the claims of the modernist to the contrary notwithstanding. This so-called crusade in the name of science is a sin against humanity.

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There has been and is being given more newspaper space to the movements and deeds of that depraved object of humanity—Otto Wood—than was given to the wonderful deed of mercy contributed by the late J. B. Duke, who sought to benefit his fellows today, tomorrow and down through the ages. Have the newspapers read aright the tastes of their readers?

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It's pretty expensive to die in Japan. They have recently entombed Yoshibito traditional descendant of Sun Goddess, at a cost of two millions of dollars. There is consolation in the fact that it will not have to be repeated. Two thousand years hence, after the various earthquakes finish changing the face of Japan, the public prints may carry stories of unearthing the late ruler and spin stories like unto King Tut.

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Of course, there is no news in the stories of crime these days; but Asheville furnishes a crime deed that does partake of news value. A manager of one of Pender's stores became involved in trouble with an Asheville policeman. The grocery man bit off the policeman's thumb, and not liking the taste he spat it out on the ground. That's news.

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The State Highway Commission has all the power it needs or should have. Letting down the bars, so a set of men may do as they please is a bangerous thing. That kind of power sometimes goes to the head and unfits men to treat the public justly.

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The great number of cases of contagious diseases reported "at" the Cabar-

rus department of health, one is led to believe that it is a muchly crowded infirmary, requiring the services of a host of nurses.

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A PREACEHR AND A SALESMAN.

By Douglas Malloch.

He wasn't such a preacher,
  As oratory goes,
His Greek, I guess, was not so good,
  His Latin, I suppose.
And yet he kept on preaching,
  Loved by the flock he led,
Because it always seemed, somehow,
  He meant the things he said.

Another was a salesman,
  As good as you will see,
Although he didn't know so much
  About psychology.
And yet he got the business,
  When trade was rather dead,
Because it always seemed, somehow,
  He meant the things he said.

A preacher and a salesman,
  And yet they got along,
One fighting competition and
  The other fighting wrong.
And really here's the reason
  These fellows got ahead:
Because they didn't only seem
  To mean the things they said.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A Durham business man remarked to me the other day that you can always tell a good stenographer. That may be so; but do not tell her too much, my dear Sir.

Good ancestors are good things to have. They can hand you down a good name ; also something of a reputation. But there is one thing they cannot give you; and that is success. That is something you have to acquire for yourself.

A somewhat noted orator tells of being driven along a country road by an old darkey, in the days of the buggy and the carryall. They ambled along toward their destination and every now and then the darkey would flourish his long whip very deftly. At one point he snipped off the head of a daisy some ten feet away. A fly settled on his horse's ear, and the old darkey flicked it off without disturbing the horse in the least. A chipmunk showed his head above the ground and swift as a flash the darkey tipped it with his whip. A little farther along the orator noticed a hornet's nest. "Sam," he said, "try your skill on that." The darkey looked at the nest for a moment and then grinned: "No suh; no suh, boss; flowahs, an' flies and chipmunks, dey is different. But them fellaws is awganized."

A few days ago B. N. Duke, of Durham and New York, bought another hotel in the latter city, at around five million dollars, it is said, and added it to the string of hotels he already owns. When the announcement was made people began to talk, like people will do when a large amount of money is involved. They said, "What in the world did Mr. Duke buy that hotel for? He could have done thus and so with the money so much better." What does he want to put so much money in a hotel for? And other kindred expressions. Then others expressed their opinions and what they would do if they had that much money. Now Mr. Duke has his own money, and he has a right to spend it as it suits himself, without taking the public into his confidence. If Mr. Duke wants to own all the hotels in New York city, and make convenient and comfortable places at which his Durham friends can stop, when they visit that burg, it is nobody's business but Mr. Duke's. I, for one, am glad he is able to own hotels in New York City. When I visit New York I am going around to all of them to see which I like best, and which is run the best.

Over three hundred live wire men sat down to a supper in Raleigh Tuesday night. A good portion of them were laymen from the surrounding towns, and they had met to inaugurate the Bishop's Crusade in the diocese of North Carolina. I was there and participated in the enthusiasm of the occasion. It was one of the most inspiratinoal gatherings I ever attended. The spirit of dedication and service was thrilling. It

was a most wonderful christian experience. It was not an episode. It was an epoch. The call of Jesus to His soldiers, to "put on the whole armor of God," was answered in a manner that will light the camp fires throughout the state and arouse Christians to their obligations and duty as they have never before been aroused. It argues great things for the Crusade and a great spiritual awakening of the nation by the time the Crusade ends.

The Bishops' Crusade is a great awakening in the Episcopal church throughout the American nation and a call to every communicant of that faith to arouse from spiritual slumber and indifference and rededicate themselves to the service of God. It is not a money collecting scheme. It is a soul awakening movement. Its prime motive is to get yourself right with God, and then help some one else. As Mich (6-8) puts it: "Walk humbly with God." Become living epistles of the Lord Jesus Christ One potent, deterring influence to Christianity is the very imperfect example set by our own, what we are pleased to call, Christian lives. If all who consider themselves Christians lived vital Christian lives in which Christ was lifted up where all might see Him, He would draw all men unto Him. You have heard of "drawing" ministers and the great good they have done in attracting many to the teachings of the Gospel. It is declared that a little congregation of 50 souls of the right sort of Christians would have more than 50 times the power of the most magnetic preacher. For they would be preaching all day, every day of their lives, to every person with whom they come in contact. People are so occupied with the little affairs and events of their daily lives that they ignore, to an appalling extent, what Drummond calls "the greatest thing in the world." The Bishops' Crusade is, first and foremost, to awake the churchmen and churchwomen of this great nation to their spiritual needs; then help others to make their peace with God. There is every indication that it is going to do it, too. It has already begun to move like a mighty army.

The fashion makers who design women's clothing have broken out in the spring styles with many new novelties, colors and combinations which are startling in their conception and execution. It appears that there is a fashion for every taste. Every sort of a gown will be fashionable. The smaller and the tighter it grips the wearer the more fashionable it will be. But what's the use? Solomon, more than 3,000 years ago, made some comments on the foolishness of trying to paint the lily. But this seems to be a habit difficult to break.

That man or woman is rich who still has with him or her a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love light shines, and hair just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her aged foreheahd. Those dear hands worn with toil, gently guided your tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed your pillow in sickness, ever reaching you in tenderness. Blessed is the memory of an old-

fashioned mother. It floats to you like the perfume from woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her's will echo in your soul forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, her's will shine on. When in the fitful pauses of a busy life your feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold stand once more in the room hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over you, and you kneel down in the molten sunshine streaming through the open window—just where long years ago you knelt by your mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when temptation has assailed you has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's word, her faith and prayers saved you from plunging into the abyss of sin.

The best day's work a man can do, after being right with his maker and at peace with his fellow man, is to fall in love with his work: if he has not already done so. It has all the fascination and thrills of a courtship. When you do this you will find right in your heart it is the best day in the year for you. In love with work is life's inspiration. If you perspire at it so much the better, for this has divine recognition. When in love with your work you can go on unabashed and unafraid, remembering each defeat and each success gives you more knowledge and more power to meet the next emergency. It is the plus of life, the generous overflow of kindness of service, of love, that makes us of value to the world. Only ourselves hold us back from being first class in something if we will. In love with your work brings the real success and happiness so much desired. It brings the honor and respect of everyone; it also brings a chance at larger opportunities.

A teacher asked her class to use "Cauterize" in a sentence. A hand went up and here is how a pupil used it: "I knew she was mine the moment I caught here eyes."

I ran across an incident the other day that struck me as one of the most pathetic things I ever read. It touched my heart deeply. It was this: "What would you like best?" asked an American tourists of a five year old boy, one of several hundred, in a Near East Relief orphanage in Syria. The interpreter repeated the question. As soon as the child caught th meaning his lips began to quiver. He looked up with his appealing big brown eyes and murmured: "I want to be loved." Could anything be more toucing?

Teacher—"Now Willie, if James gave you a dog and David gave you a dog, how many dogs would you have?"

Willie—"Four."

Teacher—"Now, dear, think hard. Would you have four if James and David each gave you one?"

Willie—"Yep. You see, I got two dogs at home now."

TO BE LISTED.

R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

When the Atlanta youth—Woodson Mitchem is the name—earning $12 a week as a theater usher outside school hours, was told that he was heir to $35,000, his first thought. as the AP reports him, was that he could buy a home for his parents. Outside of that he had no plans. He would keep his ushering job while he was in school. Then he hurried back to his work, from which he had been called to hear about the bequest. Prosperity may go to the boy's head after he has had time to think about it. But if he holds the idea that he seems to have, that the receipt of a few thousand dollars doesn't mean that he is to quite work, even a humble task, it would be well to keep that name—Woodson Mitchem—on the list.

Also the name of W. H. McCotter, lately postmaster at Grifton, county of Pitt, should go on record. Postmaster McCotter is opposed to Sunday work. He induced the postoffice department to discontinue Sunday mail service at Grifton. The people objected and asked that the Sunday service be reinstated. Through the congressman they won over the postmaster. McCotter was advised that he must give the Grifton folks Sunday mail or resign. He resigned. You may call him a crank or what not. But with him Sunday observance was a principal. Rather than go contrary to his convictions he surrendered his job. One is to be respected for loyalty to his convictions, a loyalty that requires sacrifice, no matter if we think he is wrong. The postmaster could have gone along as other postmasters, on the theory that Sunday mails being held a necessity it is his duty to perform, especially when his job is at stake. But the Grifton official didn't see it that way and he surrendered the job rahter than surrender his principles. He deserves to go on the list.

GENEROUS.

A Chinaman was visiting Yellowstone National Park in winter. He had walked for some miles along a mountain walk covered with snow. Looking back over his shoulder he saw a bear sniffing at his tracks and rapidly gaining on him.

With a shrill yell he began to run.

"You likee my tracks? I makee you some more."

SCIENTIFIC MUMMERY.

(News & Observer).

"I know that religion is true and immutable," said a jurist. "Otherwise it could not have endured in the face of so much poor preaching."

The same thing may be truly said of science. There are more crimes committed in the name of science than Madam Roland said had been committed in the name of liberty. There was such an example on Friday night in the address of Dr. Barnes at the Social Service Conference. Discussing crime and its cause and punishment, he elevated to a science what is at best but a study, and a study regarded by thoughtful people as in its infancy. He pronounced excathedra judgment on what at the best is only an hypothesis and which at its worst is a destruction of the fact of sin and the ability to resist temptation.

If Dr. Barnes is right, criminals are not only not responsible for the crimes they commit—they are as impelled by heredity and environment that they have no freedom of action. The bootleggers who murdered the sheriff of Lee county last week, instead of being imprisoned, ought to be regarded as having performed an act which carries no guilt because a power within them forced them to do murder. Instead of punishment they should be regarded as innocent of any wrong, to be locked up, to be sure, because their irrepressible tendencies to kill could not be prevented To carry that theory to its conclusion is to deny what every man's nature knows is true, to-wit: that Sin with a capital S exists in the world and men are born to go wrong as the sparks to fly upward. It is to deny the truth that Conscience as a monitor tells a man what is right and what is wrong. It is to scout the truth that with temptation there comes ability to resist it. Tear these truths and this knowledge taught in the Bible and in the mind of men and you replace it with chaos, which may be called scientific mummery.

The sheriff of Lee county was murdered because he was about to apprehend bootleggers who were consciously violating the law to make money. There was no compulsion to make moonshine liquor. No heredity forced him to this premeditated crime. He wanted easy money. To get it he was willing to debauch others and, when his nefarious trade was threatened, he kill a brave officer of the law. But he couldn't help it, and should not be punished for it, so this modern denial of plain truths and experience would have us believe. It would be bad enough to parade such sophistry under its right name, but to call it scientific is to commit crime and camouflage it under the name of science as murder stalked abroad under cover of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Every sensible man knows that tendencies may be inherited, but they are not compelling. There are insane people who are not responsible for their actions. Disease sometimes steals away ability to resist temptation to do wrong. But Sin exists, Temptation assails men, Conscience

warns, and the average criminal commits crime because he is willing to take a chance to get rich quick or to execute vengence to escape punishment for his crime.

The honorable name of Science should not be invoked to cover unbelief in Sin, Temptation, Conscience and Punishment.

MUCH ADO.

(Young Folks).

It is not often that sane humanity makes much ado about nothing. Usually there is real cause for earnest concern, a concern that induces costly, even though unproductive, action. The far-flung records of the famous trial brought about by a four-year-old infamous double murder seemed to arouse the reading public. Papers were full of it, even to the minutest details. Great billboard announcements were posted to direct readers to a paper that told it all. It was a theme of conversation among all classes. It was more than a local stimulus, for throughout the country bold headlines indicated the progress and promise of the trial. It was a legal battle of note. Money was spent heedlessly, the prosecution drawing on the State, and the defendants on the family purse. It came to an end, the verdict closed the matter. All the much-ado was pushed aside and forgotten. Whether the bulk of readers were gripped by the desire to force justice on the fugitive muderer, or obsessed by the low curiosity in a sensational crime may not be known. To know would not change the fact that the whole procedure was but a temporary much-ado.

Life may need occasionally a much-ado that produces nothing valuable a kind of time-killer. But, for the most part, we have too many such fillers that come uninvited. The much-ado that endures through the years is basic for permanent achievement. Success does not grow out of spasdomic application, but is the fruit of prolonged and planned endeavor. The much-ado that accumulates abiding values for the individual and for the whole people must have a great principle beneath it. It must have ambitions for construction, not destruction. It cannot wear long unless it has a substantial truth with which to work. Business, industry, education, religion, and merely living up to our best daily, offer all of us ample reasons for a much-ado that can harm nobody and must add to the charm and safety of the world.

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on ''gravity.''

''Now,'' she said, ''It is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth.''

'But, teacher,'' piped up a voice, ''how did we stick on before the law was passed?''

THE BURIAL OF AN EMPEROR.

(Selected).

Japan's 123rd emperor, Yoshihito, revered as descended from the Japanese sun goddess, who died last Christmas day, was buried before dawn Tuesday, at Asakawa, after an all night magnificent funeral procession in Tokyo, witnessed by more than a million of his mourning subjects.

Hirohito, his first born, said his farewell to his father and rules Japan as emperor. He ascended to the throne last Christmas morning immediately after Yoshihito succumbed to pneumonia.

Hirohito, who has ruled Japan as regent for five years before the death of his invalid father, was himself unable to walk the four miles in the procession from the imperial palace to the beautiful Skinjuku gardens where the funeral ceremonies took place in a pavilion. Hirohito has suffered from a severe cold for several weeks and his place was taken by his brother, Prince Chichibu. The Empress Nagako also was absent, being an expectant mother.

The ceremonies at the Skinjuku gardens were witnessed by foreigners representatives of many countries paying their last tribute of respect but the last Shinto rites at the burial grounds of the imperial family were reserved for the royal family and high dignitaries of the empire.

The night was cold but no snow fell as the great catafalque drawn by four sanctified oxen slowly wended its way between the crouching mourning crowds in its four-mile journey to the funeral pavilion. As it moved from the catafalque came forth wailing music from its hubs, causing sobbing of the Japanese who regarded the procession as the passing of a diety. Wooden electric lanterns on pedestals and huge braziers on top of bamboo poles resembling burning pine faggots illuminated the route as Yoshihito was carried along to his burial before dawn to fulfill the tradition that the imperial spirit must go from darkness to darkness.

Booming of distant cannon and the tolling of innumerable temple bells signalized the start of the procession and court musicians playing weird, wailing notes upon bamboo pipes accompanied it.

In the cortege were imperial guards army and navy bands, torch bearers and members of the funeral commission in ancient court dress with the straw shoes and sandals. There were bearers of sacred drums, arrow quivers, bows and great shields.

But among the 9,000 mourners in the procession no woman was allowed, the only vehicle being the catafalque which weighed more than a ton.

The ceremonies at the Shin-Juku gardens occupied more than two hours and then in a special train of nine cars the body was taken on its last journey of 22 miles to Askawa. It arrived after 1 a. m., and was borne on a funeral palaquin to the burial ground.

The last ceremoines occupied most of the hours before dawn and the first streaks of light were beginning to show in the east when the casket was finally lowered into the cement lined vault.

Neither the emperor nor empress

accompanied the funeral train. As in the procession, Prince Chichibu represented the throne on the journey to the tomb. High government officials and priests were in attendance together with court retainers, functionaries and imperial guards. Later the emperor and empress with other members of the imperial family will go to the tomb to worship.

The Asakawa burial ground is one of wooded hills and scenic effects unsurpassed. It was acquired only a year ago for an imperial cemetery where all members of the imperial family in the future will be interred. Yoshihito is the first of the emperors to find his tomb there. Most of the other rulers of Japan have been buried near Kyoto and Nara.

Every worker in the imperial tomb was investigated by the officials and his family for several generations was known, then he was purified by Shinto priests and sworn to secrecy regarding the dimensions and construction of the funeral vault which was built many feet below the surface of the earth.

No marble monument will mark the tomb of Yoshihito, the chamber below the ground will be closed and cemented and then the earth will be piled over it. Then comes the work of erecting the tumulus, or great earthen mound over the tomb. These huge oval mounds mark the graves of all Japan's emperors, and no human foot ever is supposed to rest upon the sacred earth.

The construction of Yoshihito's tumulus will require more than a year and only consecrated workmen will be employed. During the building of the mound all the consecrated workmen will be garbed in ceremonial white flowing garments with specially made sandals.

THE "GJOA" NO LONGER SAILS ARCTIC SEAS.

By Dr. A. H. Palmer.

In 1903, Ronald Amundsen, the Norwegian explorer, began a nineteen months' survey of the region of the North Magnetic Pole in the "Gjoa," a small but staunch ship of only forty-seven tons. As a result of this investigation, it was proved that the North Magnetic Pole is not stationary, but has, instead, a continual movement. Amundsen was the first and only man to accomplish the feat of taking a ship from the Alantic to the Pacific through the Northwest Passage, north of the continent of North America. He reached Herschel Island on August 13, 1905, having accomplished one of the most important tasks ever performed in geographic exploration. The "Gjoa" now rests on the shores of the Pacific in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where it is visited by thousands of tourists every year.

Amundsen later continued his explorations in the Anarctic, and reached the South Pole on December 16, 1911, a month before his English competitor, Captain Scott.

GASTON LE BRETON, COWARD.

By Rose D. Nealley.

Perched on a rock with his long legs dangling, so that the tide which was eating its way slowly into the shore, nearly touched his bare toes, Gaston Le Breton was watching a speck on the far horizon. For several days he had been on the lookout for the return of his father's fishing boat. His father had been on a long trip, and his mother, he knew, was worried. There had been foul weather for the past week. In fact, the clouds were still hanging heavily over the bay, and a burning glow in the west betokened, not the coming of fair weather, but rather the approach of a tempest.

Soon his half-brother, Pierre, came sauntering along. Pierre seldom spoke to Gaston except tauntingly. He regarded his younger brother as a coward, for did not Gaston turn pale sometimes when a storm broke when they were out on the sea?

And once, when they were away on a three days' fishing trip—Gaston, Pierre and their father—Gaston had disgraced them by being seasick, and he had been obliged to lie in the little cabin most of the time, his face a horrid greenish hue, his eyes closed.

"You'll never make a fisherman, boy,' his father had said to him sternly, for he was ashamed that a son of his, born and bred beside the ocean and destined, like the rest of the boys of St. Michel, to be a fisherman, should be such a weakling.

"Look out there! You're wetting your toes!" called Pierre derisively.

Gaston flushed, but made no reply.

"There's another spell of foul weather coming," Pierre remarked again, a little more kindly. "That brassy look betokens wind. I wish 'The Eagle' were back safely."

"Aye, so do I," Gaston responded

The boys remained silently looking out to sea for several minutes. Then Gaston suddenly became alert He slipped from the rock and came and stood by his brother. "There! See, Pierre, a sail. I hope it's father, and he gets to shore before the storm breaks."

"I see no sail," Pierre replied searching the horizon with his eyes.

' Right there, to the left, against that cloud. It's very tiny yet."

"Your eyes are sharp. But yes, I see a sail. It is growing bigger."

The wind began to rise and the clouds to blacken. Darkness came suddenly as though the night had quickly descended. The sailboat was coming nearer, but in the blackness it was scarcely visible. The two boys watched it anxiously. Pierre looked at their dory drawn up on the shore and then at Gaston. We'd best pull it up farther. This wild sea might tear it from its moorings."

"No. We may need it. See, the sailboat is tossed about. Why do they not take in the sheet?"

Even as he spoke he saw the sails were being hauled down. The vessel came nearer, very fast now, for the high sea and the wind, which was blowing toward the shore was driving the craft before them as if it had been a toy boat. The storm was terrible. Gaston shuddered and put

his hands before his face for a moment.

Pierre laughed shrilly. "Run into the house, little one," he mocked "This is no place for you."

Gaston did not answer.

A tremendous wave swept the deck of the little vessel and washed it clean. When the two boys looked again the masts were shattered. A human form in the boat was clinging desperately. It was near enough now so they could distinguish it clearly. It was "L'aiglon" (The Eagle).

"Father's boat!" moaned Gaston.

Pierre went white. He no longer taunted Gaston with cowardice. He was thinking only of his father's peril. "The dory! We must save him, Gaston!"

But Gaston was before him and already untying the painter.

It was very difficult rowing against the wind. The little boat seemed weighted with lead. The leaping waters nearly swamped it before they were underway. The boys had stripped to their waists that their movements might be unimpeded. Three times they had made a start and been driven back. It was like a game of ball. Always the sea returned the dory to the land. The third time, Pierre was thrown violently on the shore. A rock cut his hand. His face was bleeding with the blows he had received.

He got up slowly. "It's no use, Gaston," he shouted, trying to make himself heard above the roar of the sea. "We can't launch her."

The Eagle was nearer the shore, the figure in the boat still plainly seen. Gaston turned and looked out to sea. His own hands were bleeding, and there was a cut in one shoulder. He set his lips grimly.

"We must!" he shouted back.

Pierre, the brave, the strong, threw himself face downward on the ground and wept. Gaston, the weakling, the coward, was still struggling with the boat. The tide, he saw, was beginning to ebb. The odds would not be so strong against him.

"Pierre! Once more!" he called. "Let's try once more."

Pierre did not stir.

A woman screamed. It was Gaston's mother. She came running from the cottage, zig-zagging down to the shore, buffeted by the wind. "Gaston! You must not! You will be killed. Pierre! Are you hurt? Come to the house, both of you."

Gaston pointed to the tossing craft with the lone figure still clinging to it. Almost at the same moment she struck on a rock. With a shiver of horror they saw that the sea would soon pound her to splinters.

Gaston made another attempt to launch the dory. Pierre got to his feet and helped push it off, but he would not enter the boat. "It's certain death," he muttered.

Gaston's boat surmounted the first breaker, shuddered and drew back from the second one, then leaped it and mounted the third. The tide was helping now. The dory trembled uncertainly, but in another moment was over and Gaston was battling his way to the helpless figure which he could now discern was clinging to the iron rail which enclosel the roof of the little cabin. Sometimes the dory wallowed in a yawning chasm of water, again it rose on a mountain peak of a fearful wave. It was impossible to guide the boat now. Gaston gave himself up for lost. With a prayer

on his lips, he closed his eyes and clung desperately to the side of the dory.

The storm showed signs of abating. The waves were not so high. Perhaps there was hope after all. The boy raised his head and looked in the direction of The Eagle. The man was still clinging, but the bow of the boat was beginning to split. Above the sea Gaston could hear the creaking of the torn timbers. There was little time left.

Suddenly he remembered there was a coil of rope in the locker, put there for emergencies like this. He groped his way unsteadily to the box and opened it. A big wave washed over him and he sank down, but his hand still held the rope. It was calmer once more. He bailed out some of the water, which had nearly swamped the boat, then he picked up the oars and began rowing toward the doomed craft. The muscles in his arms became taut with the strain, and beads of sweat stood on his forehead. The dory was making headway.

Within a few yards of the wreck he rested his oars and, cupping his hands to his mouth, he shouted: "Father!"

The still form on The Eagle stirred A white face lifted and the shout was returned faintly.

Quickly Gaston tied one end of the rope to the dory, then he stood up and threw the coil with all his strength. but it failed to reach the drowning man. Gaston drew in the rope, coiled it, and threw again. Again it failed. Three times the rope slipped along the sea-washed deck of The Eagle, then another huge wave tossed the dory alongside the bigger boat. Eagerly the rope was seized and the victim of the storm, with suddenly renewed strength, tied the rope about his waist and dropped overboard.

Gaston braced himself and pulled on the other end of the rope. As if the elements were weary of the contest and acknowledged themselves beaten, the wind suddenly dropped, and the water became more calm. Josef Le Breton was a good swimmer and was not so weak, but he could still battle for himself, but twice he would have gone under if a sharp, strong pull on the rope had not brought him up suddenly.

When he reached the dory Gaston leaned over and half pulled, half lifted the exhausted body of his father into the boat. It sank heavily. Josef Le Breton had fainted.

Gaston also was half dead with the tremendous exertion he had made. He dropped in a heap upon the body of his father. An oncoming wave lifted the dory and swept it onward to the beach. Receding, the wave left it stranded. They were saved.

Meanwhile portions of The Eagle, which had already gone to pieces, were being tossed about by the sea And now there were folk gathered on the beach. Gaston's mother and some of the neighboring cottagers. Not a man of them would have ventured out in a boat in that awful tempest to save Josef Le Breton, but now they could safely come to the rescue of father and son.

Pierre was the first to reach the dory. "Father! Gaston!" His voice was shrill with anxiety. Were they both dead?

But Gaston had regained his senses. Josef Le Breton opened his eyes. Gaston stepped dizzily from the dory and was grasped by his brother.

"Gaston! You were brave. You were wonderful. Never again will I call you coward, nor allow another to use the name. It is I who am a coward."

They were helping Josef out of the boat. He was bruised and beaten, but yet unharmed.

"I have two brave boys," murmured Josef faintly, "but my Gaston, he is a real hero."

Gaston's face was aglow and his eyes shining. "Thank you, father," he answered.

But Pierre hung his head in silence.

IT HAS ADVANTAGES.

"You have only two or three buildings in this new town of yours."

"I know," responded the enthusiastic realtor, "but look at the parking space."

WASHINGTON FREED HIS SLAVES.

Tomorrow marks the 126th anniversary of the death of George Washington who passed away December 14, 1799, at the age of 67.

That he, as was the custom among the landed proprietors of Virginia, and other Southern states, was a slave holder is well known. His views on slavery are not so generally understood and while it may not be a surprise to many that on his death he freed his own slaves, the provisions of his will in this respect are of much interest.

That the clause in our constitution permitting slavery was a compromise is not open to dispute and that proportion which allows of the importation of slaves, up to 1808 was without a doubt, the final adjustment upon which the compromise was effected.

Sworn to Secrecy.

The constitution convention of 1787 it must be remembered, was by mutual consent, sworn to secrecy regarding their deliberations in order that no pressure of public opinion might influence the decisions of the members of that body. How profoundly that secret was kept is only too well known and the only fair and adequate report of the discussions which we have today is contained in the Madison papers, being the personal diary of James Madison kept by him during those trying days in Philadelphia from May to September, 1787, while that convention was in session. Even these papers were not made public until after the death of Madison in 1836 when Congress bought them from his widow and authorized their publication, more than 50 years after the events had taken place.

Even these papers do not completely report the bitterness and acrimony of the disputes which took place, nor do they give any indication of Washington's personal views on the slavery debate. Washington, in his capacity as presiding officer, carefully adhered to parliamentary usage in taking no active part in the discussions. It is more than likely, however, that his judgment and counsel were sought at informal consultations during the recesses of the convention. Whether, or not, the compromise re-

sulting was at his suggestion, or with his approval, we can only surmise A reading of his will does throw decided light on his personal attitude.

After providing that his wife, Martha Washington, shall have the "use and profit and benefit of his whole estate, real and personal," during her life, there follows this clause:

"Item—Upon the decease of wife, it my will and desire that all the slaves which I hold in my own right shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished for by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties on account of the intermixture with the dower negroes as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences, from the latter while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor, it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held to manument them And, whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this demise, there may be some who from old age or bodily infirmities and others who on account of their infancy that will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live, and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or if living or unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they shall arrive at the age of 25 years, and in cases where no record can be produced whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court upon its own view of the subject shall be adequate and final.

Forbids Sale.

The negroes thus bound are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeable to the laws of the commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphans and other poor children—and I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said commonwealth of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever, and I do morever most positively and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them to see that this clause respecting slaves and every part thereof be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place without evasion, neglect, or delay after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm, seeing that a regular permanent fund be established for their support so long as there are subjects requiring it, not trusting to the uncertain provisions to be made by individuals."

There follows a clause providing for his personal "mulatto man" giving him his independence at once, if he so desires.

The actual reading of the above clause throws an intimate light on Washington's extreme thoughtfulness showing, as it does, the consummate care exercised that his wishes might in no manner be miscontrued. The provisions regard the aged and infirm, the children, can only serve more firmly to endear this great man, who, leaving no children of his own, is so proudly called the father of an entire nation.

SAVING THE FIT.

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

For a long time health authorities have been under fire by certain individuals because they have tried to reduce the number of infant deaths. Certain critics grew red in the face, arguing that infant welfare work would result in race suicide. They contended that the infants that die are the weaklings who ought to be permitted to die. Only the strong should be kept alive to grow and propagate their kind. These critics branded our welfare work with a bad name—they said it is "dysgenic"—and they shouted to the world that doctors were interfering with one of Nature's greatest laws, the Law of Natural Selection.

In modern times we have seen many of Nature's so-called laws flouted. Modern science has nearly annihilated distance and time for the convenience of man. Human beings fly and talk and sing and look at each other over great distances. Man doesn't take all of his natural limitations as seriously as he once did.

Parental Care Gives Baby the Best Chance.

And doctors are not such fools as they are sometimes made out to be. When they were told that by preserving infants that would otherwise have died they were preserving the "unfit," they paid very little attention to their critics and went on about their business. And they did this with good reason.

Is the baby that dies from rotten milk and hot weather necessarily less fit to live than the one that gets cleaner milk and is better cared for in the summer time? Is the baby a "weakling" because it dies from a cold, from bronchitis or pneumonia contracted from a neighbor's child who had a running nose when it kissed the wee one? My answer to these criticism has always been: No!

Now we have another answer. We have the answer of a scientific study to prove that the crtics of infant welfare work are sitting on the wrong side of the fence. The experts in Chicago's Health Department have conduced a unique, scientific study of the question. By the use of birth and death and population figures and a lot of higher mathmatics they have now proven that infant welfare work does not preserve the unfit. And they have gone even further than this. They have shown that **welfare work actually works to preserve the fitness of the fit.**

Prevention of Baby Diseases.

The results of these scientific studies are very clear-cut. They show that for every ten infants that are preserved by health methods, and who would otherwise die, there are nearly five more who are preserved in the second year of life, two in the third, one in the fourth and one in the fifth years of life. In other words, where we used to think we were saving ten children, we now know that we have really been saving nineteen. The reason for these savings in the later years of life is this: When the number of fatal illnessess is reduced, the number of cases of non-fatal but damaging sickness is also reduced. The damaging sickness of infancy

may not kill the young child, but it reduces resistance to disease so that he is more likely to die prematurely in the second or third or later year of life. Therefore, if we prevent infant sickness we not only reduce infant deaths; we also reduce the excessive number of deaths in the later years of childhood.

Every wide-awake health officer has known for a long time that a large proportion of infant deaths are preventable. The infants are sacrificed needlessly. They do not die because they are unfit; they die for the sanitary sins of their parents and of the community at large. They die in the summer time from the combined effects of hot weather and bad diet and in the winter from hot homes, improper feeding, and nose, throat, and lung infections that are brought to them by people who have colds and coughs, but who insist upon kissing and fondling the babies. It would make a sad story if we could tell how many innocent babies have been kissed into their graves.—Chicago's Health.

THE CREEDS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Every one of the twenty-nine Presidents of our country has been a man with a religious preference.

Washingtan was notable as a consistent Episcopalian, that Church being the favored one with the gentry of Virginia in his times. He attended the Sabbath services with becoming regularity and devotion. His strong faith in the governing and guiding providence of God was manifested by his habits of prayer and by frequent references to it in his public utterances and papers. He believed that religion is one of the pillars of human society and essentian in the government of a free people.

It was he who, when he first publicly took the oath as President, in New York, added to the constitutional oath, as he kissed the Bible, the solemn words "so help me God!"

John Adams his successor, was a Unitarian, of the strict New England order, but his wife, Abigail, almost as famous as himself, was the daughter of a Congregational minister. Both were notable for their faith in the imminence of God in the affairs of the world.

Thomas Jefferson had no affiliation with any religious body, but he was predisposed by family training to worship with the Episcopalians. He attended their church quite regularly, even when his family could not go with him. One of his intimate biographers relates that "when he did attend he always carried his prayer-book and joined in the responses and prayers of the congregation." He was a constant student of the Bible and made from the sayings of Jesus a personal volume that has since been printed by order of Congress as "Jefferson's Bible." Contrary to a yet credited myth Jefferson wrote to John Adams: "I am not an atheist and never could be one." The Welsh ancestry of Jefferson may account for his religious predilections.

The eight Episcopalian Presidents were Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and

Arthur.

There have been several Presbyterian Presidents— Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland, Harrison and Wilson.

The four listed as Methodists were Johnson, Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

There were four who were Unitarians—John Adams, his son John Quincy Adams, Fillmore and Taft.

Van Buren and Roosevelt were members of the Reformed Dutch Church.

Garfield was a Disciple, commonly called "Campbellite," which designation he did not disdain.

Harding was the only Baptist to attain the office of President and Coolidge the only Congregationalist, becoming so after his elevation to the presidency, and effecting his connection telephonically, who has occupied it.

President Jackson was not a member of any church until after he left the Presidency. He wished to be, but told his wife and the pastor of the Hermitage Church that to do so while he was yet active in politics would bring upon him an additional charge of hypocrisy for political effect," but after his retirement to his home he did join the church publicly and the scene of the occasion was one of the most pathetic on record.

Lincoln had promised Dr. Gurley to soon join openly the First Presbyterian Church in Washington, but his death by assassination prevented the fulfillment of the promise.

Andrew Johnson had been christened in childhood in a Methodist Church and in after life attended and became actually enrolled as a member The first suit of clothes he made as a tailor in Greenville, Tennessee, was made for and presented by him to Rev. John P. Holsinger, a Methodist elder to whom he was strongly attached as a pastor and friend.

St. John's Church (Episcopal), on the north front of Lafayette Square, was built in 1816 and up to Lincoln's Presidency, was known as the Church of State, because it was custom for the Presidents to attend its stated services and occupy the "President's Pew." Madison, Manroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Buchanan and Arthur were regular attendants there, and while Roosevelt and Taft were frequent occupants of the special pew.

Grant, Hayes and McKinley were regular worshippers in the Metropolitan Methodist Church where there is is a "President's Pew." also.

WHERE HATS GROW!

By S. D. Porter.

Nature runs the job manufacturing the raw material for the making of Manavi, or "Panama" hats, and, unassisted, she pours forth her great gift with such a lavish hand it is awesome. These beautiful hats, which find their way into the palaces of kings, as well as into the homes of lesser folk, are woven from toquilla straw, which is a fiber secured from the Carludovia Palmata, a sturdy little palm that has its happy growing ground in the deep jungles of Ecuador. The bunchy plants

are about ten feet high when mature, and resemble the saw palmetto.

This up and coming little palm, which is nature's machine for producing the material needed for a great industry, disdains all assistance from man, and refuses to grow unless allowed to develop according to its own private plan. It really seems to possess a mind of its own, for if it is planted in a garden and surrounded with every care, it tries to die, and if this is prevented, it becomes weak and spindly, with undeveloped leaves that are useless. Leave it to its own devices in the jungle and it grows blithely, working with its might to develop into the splendid palm that nature wants it to be, and handling its own steam to manufacture many perfect leaves to be used in weaving the finest hats in the world

The leaves of the little hat palm come curled up in long, slender rolls Just as they begin to thrust forth wee finger tips at one end, they are cut, and all their coarser filaments stripped off. The slender ribbons of leaf are then plunged into boiling water shaken vigorously, and hung in the blazing tropical sun to bleach.

Panama or Manavi hats are brought into being entirely "by hand". There is no machine work connected with them, for all the labor, from cutting the palm leaves to blocking the hat, is performed by the patient hands of the weavers. After the young leaves are bleached, each section is shredded into delicate toquilla, as the straw is called. This work is done with the nails of the thumb and little finger. The toquilla strands are various degrees of thickness, each weaver shredding his straw to the size he likes best in his work.

The first "Panama" hat was woven about three hundred years ago by a man named Francisco Delgardo, who lived in the province of Manavi, Ecuador. And both the shape and the method of weaving the world famous hats today are just the same as they were when the first one was made.

To start a Manavi hat a wee bunch of Toquilla straws are tied together in the middle and laid on top of a wooden mold. The straws are then taught the way they are to go, and are not allowed to depart from the path assigned them, for by their trail will that hat be known! Those central bits of toquilla form the weaver's trade-mark an expert Panama buyer can tell where a hat was made by glancing at the number of central straws in its crown and following the way they travel.

The value of a Manavi lies in its lightness, and in the delicacy of its texture; this means that the finer toquilla is used. and that much time has been spent in its weaving. To make a super-fine Manavi hat requires about six months, the weaver working six hours each day. The weaving is all done between the hours of midnight and seven o'clock in the morning. The air is damp then but the blistering heat of the day makes the toquilla very dry and easily broken, and a broken straw means a ruined hat.

After the weaving is done, the rough edges of the hat are trimmed, it is washed, covered with a thin coating of gum, and polished with dry sulphur. The hats are folded flat and carried to the towns and cities where the big wholesale "Pana-

ma'' buyers are waiting to make their purchases. These men are experts and go to Ecuador from Europe and the United States. The prices of the unblocked Manavi hats vary from a dollar to a hundred dollars. The rougher hats, woven by students out of coarse straw, sell for a small price, while the finer hats, woven by the master weavers of the finer grades of toquilla, bring big prices. The finest Manavis ever woven sold for two hundred lollars each, and one made several years ago for the Prince of Wales was so exquisite in texture that it could be folded into a package that could be held and concealed within the palms of the two hands. The finest Manavis do not leave South America, but are bought by the wealthy people in that country for their own use.

The weaving of Manavi hats is a fine art, and it requires many years of hard work for a man or a woman to become an expert. There are training schools where the weaving is taught, and among the experts who both weave and instruct are many real artists, whose fingers are so skillful they seem to be tipped with magic.

These beautiful and durable hats, into whose making go so much love and skill and patience are called ''Panamas'' in Europe and this country because the first that were allowed to go out of South America were bought in Panama.

WASHINGTON'S FRIEND.

By Stockton Porter.

Life holds few greater gifts for a boy than the friendship of a worth-while man. Such a friendship was one of the molding factors in the early life of George Washington; for it was through the interest of Lord Fairfax, of Greenway Court, that the eager-minded colonial boy became familiar with the world's best literature and at the same time learned the gracious manner of a brilliant, highly cultivated gentleman. It was through this same friendship with the nobleman that opportunity came to Washington to begin doing a man's work in the world while he was still a boy in years.

Thomas Fairfax, sixth Baron of Cameron, was born in Denton, Yorkshire, England, in 1690. The man destined to go down in history as Washington's friend was educated at Oxford University and then went to London, where he was as noted for his honor and chivalry as he was for his wit and literary ability. He knew Addison and was a member of the Spectator's Club, writing some of the most brilliant of the Spectator papers.

When he was in middle life, Lord Fairfax came to Virginia, where he owned a vast estate covering ten thousand acres of the finest land in the colony. This great estate came to him from his mother, a daughter of Lord Culpepper, at one time governor of Virginia. The estate had been looked after by the nobleman's cousin, William Fairfax

of Belvoir, whose daughter married Lawrence Washington, the stepbrother of George.

It was at Belvoir that the colonial boy destined to crush royal power in America learned to know and to love the brilliant noble from England. From their first meeting there had been a powerful attraction between the two, who were rather alike in many ways despite the difference in their ages. Both were tall and powerfully made, both had bold handsome faces, both were great hunters and horsemen, both were fearless, and both possessed a fine and splendid honor and courage. Aside from these things, Lord Fairfax possessed wealth and influence; he traveled widely, and his mind was as keen as a lance. He facinated the colonial boy, who, in his turn, made himself a place in the very center of the lonely nobleman s heart.

Lord Fairfax opened up a new world to Washington's eager thirsty mind; he read him thrilling sections of history and the papers of the Spectator. He encouraged the boy to realize he could do things in the world and that the way to become a great doer was first of all to become a real man. To prove his belief in the youth's ability, he employed him, when Washington was but sixteen, to survey his wilderness estate which lay beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. Lord Fairfax was deeply interested in having the land settled; and before he could sell it in sections suitable for farms and plantations, it must be laid off properly.

So it was that when he was only a boy Washington was out in the forest doing a man's responsible work and receiving the same pay that men twice and three times his own age were receiving. So well did the future chief of our nation do the work intrusted him that Lord Fairfax was delighted, both with the boy and with his own estate. So pleased was he that he moved to Greenway Court, a hunting lodge situated on his tract of land, right in the heart of the Virginia forest.

Greenway Court was one of the world-famous places in the colony. It was a long building, with stone gables and a sloping roof which extended over the front porch. There were two belfries on the roof, and their bells rang forth a warning whenever there was danger threatening the settlers, whether from forest fires or from Indians.

Greenway Court was the center of a lavish hospitality, and many of the most famous men in America were entertained there. Lord Fairfax's generosity was royal he often gave away a farm to some man he thought would be a valuable settler, and if a tenant was hard pressed, he would accept a turkey for a year's rent.

Washington spent weeks at a time with the lord of Greenway Court. The two read and talked together; they walked and hunted and rode together, for their hearts were united by the sort of friendship that comes to few. There are few men who could have called it forth, few who would have been worthy to receive it. Those hours were precious beyond price to the lonely old nobleman, and they left their impression for good deep in the mind and heart of the young man who was destined to take his stand as the greatest of

all Americans.

Lord Fairfax remained at Greenway Court through the Revolution. His stay there is one of the strangest and most beautiful things that can be found in the history of our country. He was an ardent royalist and was too honorable a man and too gallant a gentleman to hide his sentiments. He glared ferociously at the men who had been his neighbors and devoted friends for decades; he pounded the floor with his cane and turned purple while he berated them and their cause! Sometimes the fiery and patriotic Americans roared at him in their turn, but as a rule they kept their temper, and the women and the men of Virginia tried to keep him from knowing when our armies won victories, so bitterly was he hurt each time he saw his own cause going down.

His friends and neighbors were very tender to the lonely old man during those days when his heart was being broken. He had loved Washington well, and with equal devotion had Washington loved him. And now the boy he had loved so well was the great leader whose ultimate victory meant the downfall of all that the old nobleman most cherished!

During those bitter days, when the colony was a battleground, the vast estate of Lord Fairfax was regarded as sanctuary by the Americans. Not a limb was broken from one of his trees; his stock, his fields, his orchards, and his smoke-houses were not only untouched by our starving men, but each one of those valiant patriots regarded himself as a guard to protect the old man's home and his belongings. Only great souled men could have seen the point of cleavage between what the old nobleman believed and what he was; only great-souled patriots could have respected and loved the man, while they were wiping out forever in America the very name of royalist.

When Washington captured Cornwalis in 1781, Lord Fairfax was ninety years old, with all his faculties alert and his fiery temper as peppery as when he was a youth, despite the fact that his body was as fragile as a bit of fine old china. When told of the great victory of Yorktown, his old face quivered with emotion. Turning to Joe, his devoted body servant, he asked to be led to bed, "because the time has come for me to die." He never got up again and died December 12, 1781, leaving a very empty place in many hearts, while from the lips of many a loyal and devoted American patriot come his great epitaph: "He was worthy to be Washington's friend."

HAD TRIED IT.

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples, and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?"

Tommy: "No, mum."

Teacher: "Why?"

Tommy: "Cos 'twouldn't be necessary."

SELF PRESERVATION MAY NOT BE NATURE'S FIRST LAW, PRISONERS SHOW.

(Asheville Citizen).

Is self-preservation the first law of nature?

Perhaps. Yet there are many residents of the Craggy community to contend that born within the average man is a spirit of human sympathy, friendly helpfulness and a desire for others' deliverance from difficulty and distress that transcends all inborn promptings.

Silly? Well, maybe. On the other hand—

W. C. Taylor, 19 years of age, resident of Burnsville Hill, proceeded on his way as rural mail carrier, both seats of his Ford touring car piled high with mail; each running board stacked with parcels in bags

The road was slippery out along the winding trail to Leicester. A heavy truck struck the lighter car amidship and bowled it over. The truck was laden to capacity, it is said. Forty so-called bad-men were drilling and loading rocks at a quarry nearby. They were under the gun Half a dozen guards paced to and fro, their fingers on delicate triggers.

Some of these men were known to be dangerous. They had heard judicial lectures and been scorned by respectable folks. They knew the penalty of escape. To some of them, a leap for life meant either freedom or death. The quarry overlooked the winding highway. The sound of the crash was like the detonation of a gun. Taylor felt himself pinned beneath his car.

As one man, those pariahs dropped their implements and ran to the help of the stricken sufferer. No guard lifted a weapon. Across the field they fled and a stranger passing by, might have suggested a stampede. And that's what it was, a stampede of mercy. As the mass of flying men scattered over the open spaces, opportunities multiplied for escapes. Guns were soon out of range. Passers-by mingled with the convicts and a shot would have imperiled the lives of innocent men and women and children. No prisioner ever had a better chance to make a clean getaway.

Arriving at the scene of the disaster, heavy, hearty robust men, grasped the vehicle and by main force lifted from the back and wrist of the man whom it imprisoned. Then, on their knees, they gathered up the scattered bits of mail, returned them to their custodian. Their work done, they marched back to the quarry and began the long, tiresome job of paying their debts to society. Once again the guards' fingers fell upon triggers. Not a man was missing.

And they say self-preservation is the first law of nature.

The sum of wisdom is, that the time is never lost that is devoted to work.—Emerson.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Edgar Rochester and Robert Howie have been given positions in the print shop recently. We hope that they make good printers in the near future.

Last week, the chicks were taken from the incubators and carried to the baby chick house. Here you may have fun and pleasure watching them as they play about. Ever watch the little chicks play? Take a look sometime, and you find that it is very entertaining.

Donald Pate, a member of the seventh cottage was paroled by our Superintendent last week. We hope Pate will have success in the work that he has already started. Several boys have been paroled from the seventh cottage during the past month. To all these we wish good luck.

The new boys that have been given a position in the print shop recently have been put on the type cases. Some of them are progressing rapidly. Soon they will be familiar as to the whereabouts of each letter in the cases and can be given another task in the print shop. But, first of all they have to know the cases.

Work has been started on the first cottage. It will be re-floored and other fixtures on the inside will be repaired. During the time that the work is being done, the boys will stay at the fifteenth cottage. Since the work has been done on the second cottage it has a great deal better appearance.

Miss Vernie Goodman, formerly of the office force, returned to the institution after spending some time in Mooresville. Miss Goodman has been very ill, but is now recovering rapidly. She was at the School only a short while. During this time she visited most everyone. We were very glad to have her with us again and hope that she will again visit us, soon.

During the past week we have had only a few days that were agreeable, as far as the weather conditions were concerned. Several days were rainy and bad. The boys on the work force were compelled to go to the cottages. But we made use of the fair and warm days. In the last few days hogs have been killed; this means that we will have sausage and other meat next week.

We've noticed that during the past week, a bush, near the Cannon Building, has set forth in its best blossoms. They're indeed the first that we have noticed. The grass on the lawns has turned to a bright green, the birds have returned and we hear them singing. They have brought us news. That we are to have Spring! Spring is a season of the year when plants begin to vegitate, plants bloom, and when the birds begin to sing. Although it is a little soon, Spring is coming fast. We all know it and most of us are as glad to rid ourselves of winter.

It is often asked: "What can a smile do?" It will do most anything and everything. You smile when you are glad and happy, and in a good humor. Notice some of the boys at this institution—there's some that are always smiling. Do you suppose that they are happy all the time? Maybe they are. But sometimes you see a boy (or anyone) who goes around with a sour-looking, drawn face and right off, we know to steer clear of this individual. He may be happy and don't want to express it; most of the time he isn't. Watch for someone who is smiling and then compare them with the other fellow. Remember—that the fellow who has a smile on his face, means that he is O. K., speak to him—the fellow that is sour-looking, steer clear of him.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. C. Herman Trueblood, of the First Baptist Church, Concord. His text for the afternoon was taken from the third chapter of Acts, which reads as follows: "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee; In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." These were the words which Peter used when he bade the man get up and walk. This beggar had been lame all his life, someone would carry him to the temple gates every day and there he would beg. The people that passed were content to throw him a coin and go on but when the disciple, Peter came along and saw the man he said "Silver and gold have I none," and taking hold of the beggar said, "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." At once the beggar's ankle bones received strength and he walked. Rev. Trueblood's sermon was enjoyed by everyone.

Taking notice of the recent issues of some of the daily newspapers, we find that there is much to say, among the poets of this section, about the forty-cent meat and the cotton crops. Some of these poem writers debate the matter among themselves, through the columns of the newspapers. They are very interesting to read and we take pleasure, and often find it very amusing to ourselves, reading these contributions to the columns of the paper. In one poem it is recorded as saying, with cotton so low, and meat so high; a hole through the crown of our hat, and our heels worn down to the last piece of leather, (or something on the order). What are the farmers to do? An answer was written a few days later: I hope that cotton will drop so low, that we'll find something else to grow to make money to buy our dough. "Poor Loozan" seems to be in the midst of all these debates. Recently a writer seems to have taken pity on her and published a poem on her account, or a message for folks to "Come to Caroline." Maybe you have discovered this fact already. Now what are we going to do? Any way we get the pleasure to sit and read these so-called poems. They are in fact, very interesting. So we'll say to these writers: "Go right on, we don't mind it in the least."

Texas has 466,395 farms—more than any other State.—Exchange.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Ir Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV. CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1927. No. 10

WHAT'S YOUR GREAT WORD?

Thomas Carlyle's great word was Work,—do the duty that lies nearest to you!

John Ruskin's great word was Life,—there is no real wealth but in a richer, fuller, warmer heart!

Matthew Arnold's great word was Culture,—know the best that has been thought and said in the world!

Ralph Waldo Emerson's great word was Self-reliance,—trust yourself, be yourself, and fear not!

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE SECRET.

The late James Buchanan Duke physically, as we understand it, is dead; but the marvelous things that he did still live to bless mankind materially and in the finer things of life. Being interviewed on one occasion he confided to an enquirer (Think it was Ben Dixon MacNeill), the only North Carolinian said to have interviewed the wonderful genius and builder:

"I have succeeded in business, not because I have more natural ability than many people who have not succeeded, but because I have applied myself harder and stuck to it longer. I know plenty of people who have failed to succeed in anything who have more brains than I had, but they lacked application and determination."

THE MIGHTY RADIO.

It's a wonderful achievement—the perfection of the radio. Hearing one sermon on a Sunday, delivered in your presence, and hearing three in addition over the radio, is a real privilege. We wonder the extent of the great service being rendered to shut-ins and the incapaciated—many a person, who is lukewarm over the subject of religion and the church, we make bold to say, is brought to a realization of his duty and privilege when, even for the novelty of the performance, he sits at home, hearing beautiful music and the appeals of earnest preachers. We have known of cases.

There is another side to the proposition. Lots of trash is put on the air

to consume one's time. The average concerts at the dinner hour of the average hotel is the sorriest of jazz; and if law could be passed to prohibit the air from the contamination by this fearful, tin stuff in the name of music, it would be a joy to those who desire real worthwhile matter.

Last Sunday night we heard a wild man-preacher broadcasting from some Pulpit in Pittsburgh some views that are neither orthodox or inspiring. At the conclusion of his sermon, he invited questions. Among the many which he answered was one that slapped history of common knowledge in the face.

Asked if he knew any one who had ever made an honest effort to live like Jesus Christ, the preacher replied: "Yes; (naming a certain individual whose name the radio got messed up) and Abraham Lincoln." Several of the radio audience who had well defined ideas of what living like Christ means, and shocked at the ignorance of the preacher, all but fainted.

If Lincoln, with all his smutty jokes, his swearing and his non-connection with a Christian Church constitutes an effort to live like Christ, then everybody can be added to the preacher's list.

A radio, like fire, in the hands of an indiscreet person or fool, is capable of much misinformation.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

The local public sorrowed as they heard, Monday morning, the passing of Mrs. Bettie Puryear Gibson, the widow of the late James Cunningham Gibson, for years a popular and dearly beloved public official, Clerk of the Court, of Cabarrus county, and the first cashier of the Cabarrus Savings Bank from its organization

Mrs. Gibson's death, though not unexpected, was an extreme shock to her friends, which are numbered alone by her extensive acquaintance. There is nothing more beautiful to say about this deceased—and a friendly, intimate neighborly acquaintance from the very day this writer reached town in 1887 is an unerring guide—than that she was simply and genuinely a good woman with a great heart. Of distinguished parentage, pleasing poise, unusual intellect, a broad vision that included the welfare of humanity, Mrs. Gibson naturally fell among the very select of North Carolina womanhood.

The community pays to her memory the tribute inspired by the esteem and affectionate regard in which it held one of Nature's nobility. It is not death but a pleasant journey which has come to this sweet-faced woman in the fulness of her years. As gently as wreathed the mists of morning's dawn

she slipped awaw from tender care and was gone to the abode of life everlasting.

Memory reminds us, who mourn her passing, as a quickened memorial and its story tells us that she who has gone before lived the life of a Christian gentlewoman and by her acts, deeds and example made the world about her brighter and better. Grace and an abiding courtesy were here natural companions and the thought of them remains a guiding spirit to the many whose lives were touched by this fine and cultured woman.

How the home, society, and the church suffer when such a character goes away!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

REVEALING CONTENTS.

We have the curious with us always. Some people spend their time wondering what other people do with their money, curious to know how they have buried their incomes. The rich in life are usually estimated at a larger figure than the final wind up reveals; but oftentimes the curious set their figures too low. The poor, as a general thing, are rated below their true value—sometimes a wretch passing out is found to have stored away an amazing lot of this world's goods.

The curious delve into the ground at great depths, satisfying the lure of finding what is there. Curiosity is the passion of some. We are reminded of the fact that when a shark is caught it is usually cut open to see what is inside. A shark captured in March, 1912, off the island, Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, had inside it a goat, a dog, and a regular museum of bones. Another taken off the North American coast was found to contain a handbag in which were four English sovereigns, six shillings, four United States dollars, a diamond ring, and a love letter.

And these findings set the curious on their ears—and the whole story has not yet been revealed.

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WHAT NEWSPAPER HEADLINES DO.

The News & Observer, making note of the variety of headlines appearing over the same article as it appears in different papers, has this comment to make:

Some one said, "Let me write the headlines of a paper and I care not who writes its editorials." He believed the headlines influenced more than argument. As to many readers, wasn't he right? How is it with YOU? All

morning dailies on Monday morning carried the identical Associated Press story on business conditions. **The News and Observer** headlines read: **''Forward Strides Now Appear in Business Circles''**; the **Greensboro News** had it **''Business Continues to Move Forward But at Slower Pace,''** and the **Durham Herald** had **''Business Again Shows Signs of Slower Activity.''** It was the same story.

Headlines mislead oftentimes. Occasionally you see one that tells of the difficulty that a ''youth'' or ''youths'' have gotten into. And when you read the article you find that, in many instances, the ''youth'' turns out to be a regular criminal of twenty, and sometimes even twenty-five years of age.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

A REGULAR EVANGELIST.

The Uplift has noted the complimentary things said about Clarence Kuester, business manager of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, by the papers in the different towns where he has responded in calls for a speech.

Concord, through it Chamber of Commerce, got a first-hand measure of Kuester's ability of holding a crowd and tellings them where to go and where to stop in the matter of building a community. If we just didn't know what the genial gentleman of Charlotte actually is, we would put him down as a Baptist Evangelist. He preaches like a house on fire.

The Banqueters enjoyed the speaker and his speech. They enjoyed the company Kuester brought along with him to back him up.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

HEADING TOWARDS NORMALCY IN THE STATE.

Now that Judge Grady, the High Mogul of the K. K. K. in this neck of the National woods, has resigned his high office, the state is heading towards normalcy. They are coming out from under cover to do their deeds of service openly and bravely, rather than hidden in disguise.

Had this return to sanity occurred two years ago the complexion of officialdom, both in the state and many of the counties, would have been entirely different. There was need—dire need—of the K. K. K. back in the days when intoxicated hatred swayed the national government against a subdued section, facing the terrors of the times; but in this age of civilization there seems no need of a secret order to maintain peace and order, if the legal minions of the law do their duty.

Upon the resignation of Judge Grady, an able and just judge of our Superior court, the News & Observer declared, concluding an enditorial, that ''North Carolina breathes easier this morning.''

BUSINESS PICKING UP.

Some years ago the Federal courts had but little to do in North Carolina, except to try a few blockaders and occasionally punish an editor for alleged contempt. The Federal Judges had an easier job than a retired business man, whose most arduous duties simply involved clipping interest coupons. Inch by inch the National government has so legislated that court wings cover the state like the dews.

Finding business growing so heavy and working the two Federal Judges in such a manner as to break the speed law or doing violence to the law governing the number of hours allotted to a day's work, Congress has provided for a third district in North Carolina. When the bill is signed by the president, we may then see who really wants to share the arduous duties with Judges Webb, Boyd and Meekins.

It's none of our business and we have no voice at the high court where this matter will be settled but we cannot resist saying that Cabarrus county, enjoying the distinction of having a Superior Court Judge in the person of John M. Oglesby, who is making a record for efficiency and faithfulness, can fill this Federal Judgship just as well as any other county in the new district with one having all the qualifications fitting him for the position—Federal Judge H. Sinclair Williams wouldn't sound bad at all.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The appropriation committee of the General Assembly has favored the appropriation for the establishment of a State Broadcasting station. The Committee, however, made the amount $90,000 rather than $120,000 recommended by the Advisory Budget Commission. We have heard some farm news over the radio. It sounds worse than jazz. This movement, however, may develop into a source of much pleasure and profit, if only the farmers could secure the benefit of the agricultural wisdom of the president of the Agricultural College and the other farmers among its faculty.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

There are as many different ways of using a telephone as there are people who use them. Answering a telephone may seem a small detail, but it is big in results. Some people growl out a "Hello!" with such a harsh rasp that you wish you had not called them up. Some have a voice with a smile and it is a delight to hear them. Telephone talking, calling up and answering, is fraught with much human nature, just as anything else with which many people have to do. The pleasure and satisfaction of it all is how you do it. Don't put your grouches on the wire; you may shock somebody and lose a friend.

One of the funniest things to me, as well as one of the most interesting studies of human nature is to see old people using all kinds of subterfuges to make themselves look young; and the young 'ones trying to out-do nature in their personal appearance. Both, more or less, make a failure and display their vanity. The best way to grow old successfully is to let nature have her way. The beauty of old age lies in contentment. Folks fool themselves only when they try to be what they are not. The wisdom of it is in laughing at fun, take a real interest in life as it is, naturally; think new thoughts and change your mind occasionally from self-interest to the interest of others—this attitude has a strangle-hold on old age. If you can't be happy with things as they are, you can do a lot to make them what you would like them to be. After all, a man's age is shown by the way he meets the problems of those younger than himself.

It is rather a singular that a punctured tire is always flat on the bottom. You never see one flat on the top . But it does no good to tell the motorist so.

So many peolpe are looking for happiness just around the corner. When certain longed-for, material possessions are acquired, then they will be happy. They are simply postponing happiness. As soon as the things in mind have materialized, the individual grasps for something else. As each desired object is realized, there is always the promise to one's self that just arond the corner lies something that will bring us ultimate joy and happiness. The optimist contends that happinesss is a state of mind Attainment brings with it a feeling of security. There is pride in possession, and rightly so. Desire is all right. If people did not desire anything at all, we would soon lapse into a barbaric race of idle people. Desire in some form or another is the foundation for all achievements. For real happiness we will have to turn to the philosopher who says that happiness lies within. You can will your own happiness. It is up to you whether you are happy or not. Quit post-

poning your enjoyment of life. This day has as many possibilities as any other day you may have had. Wake up be glad that you are alive, and have te privillege of enjoying all the blessings vouchsafed you.

A good deal has been said in the newspapers, and much sympathy expressed for the Dakota co-ed who was caught robbing a bank. She said she did it to pay her way through school. I find it rather difficult to share in this consolation. Robbery is robbery, whether it be done by a woman or a man. There is already too much sympathy poured out over criminals now-a-days. Then, again, there are thousands of co-eds in this country, and in the universities of the land, as well as in the universities of this state, working their way through college, honestly and energetically. How about giving them a little sympathy and encoragement, intead of wasting it on a bank robber.

I see it stated that to eliminate the harsh effect of locomotive whistles chime whistles are being used on some railroads. A funeral march would be an appropriate tune to play when approaching a grade crossing.

Mose and Wash were quarreling one day. "Look heah, niggah," exclaimed Mose wrathfully. "Ef you all monkey wid me, dat grave yahd sexton's gwine to have a job in a day or two." "Is dat so," replied Wash. "Well, lemme tell you all sumpin', black boy! Ef you gets smaht wid me, ol' parson Brown's goin' to lay wake nights, tryin' to figure out what he can say in yoah funeral sermon, wifout telling too many lies."

"Let me tell your fortune," chants the gypsy. As she traces the lines of your palm with her forefinger, she weaves a wonderful tale of the gifts the future holds in store. "Great wealth will be yours," she croons—for did you not cross her own brown palm generously with silver? "A long journey—a handsome husband; or a dark-eyed girl—beauty, admiration, many friends—and so on—." "Your hands tell your fortune," whispers the soft Romany voice with is mysterious cadences. And it is highly probable she speaks the truth. For your hands tell not only the character she interprets and the fortune she prophesies as she scans the lines and whorls of the palm; they tell also a fortune of beauty and daintiness which each of us may help to make come true. "The superiority of man is owing to his hands." said the ancient Greek philosopher, Anaxagoras, more than two thousand years ago, and he might well have extended his dictum to include also "the fascination of women," for hands have ever been universally adjudged one of the surest indices of feminine charm. A well-known theatrical producer, who is famous from coast to coast as a connoisseur of American beauty types, said once when he was asked by what standard he selected the girls whom he placed in his productions, that his primary criterion was not their face or their figure or their poise, but their hands. "A girl who has beautiful hands," he said, "in nine cases out of ten is truly beautiful. I have formed the habit of un-

consciously looking at the hands first, and the judgment I gain from them is rarely wrong. One of the most beautiful girls in my productions I found when I once went into a store to make some small purchase. I did not particularly look at the clerk who waited on me, but when she handed me my parcel across the counter, I saw her hands—long, slender, perfectly formed and proportioned, and—perfectly groomed. My eyes followed along the graceful line of her wrist and arm to her face. She was beautiful.'' I am told that on account of the beauty and charm of women's hands arises the cause of male lovers spend so much time in the game of ''hand holding.'' I guess this is true.

The modern linotype in the present day printing office is almost human. In imparting knowledge it can do everything but talk. In making errors it also has the frailties of human beings. Some are serious and some border along the line of a ''comedy of errors.'' Some add to the sum of life's humor. Recently I used the expression, in an artcle, that "every man was his brother's keeper.'' When the article came from the fashioning matrices of the linotype it read, ''Every man is his brother's peeper.'' It occurred to me that the machine had given expression to a truth equally as true as the original quotation.

The original board of health, used back yonder by our grandfathers, was usually a shingle or paddle. It was very effective, too, as some of you older fellows can personally testify to.

Pat, employed in a rock quarry, one day dropped a stick of dynamite and forthwith disappeared in the clouds with tons of debris. The catastrophe was witnessed by Mike, who, somewhat later, was approached by the quarry owner. ''Where's Pat?'' he inquired. ''Gone,'' replied Mike. ''And when will he be back?'' "Well,'' said Mike, "if he comes back as fast he wint—bedad, he'll be back yisterday.''

A party of motorists, speeding by an old darky turdging down the road with his gun under his arm, followed by a weasley little fice dog, which was inadvertently struck by the tourist's car. The driver stopped, got out, observed the deceased animal, and then asked the old negro: ''That your dog?'' ''Yassh.'' "You own him?'' ''Yassuh.'' Looks like I've killed him.'' ''It sure do, boss. What yer gwine to gib me?''

A manager of a business is sometimes talked about a great deal; sometimes complimentary, and sometimes otherwise. There are various ways of looking at a manager's duties. Some think he should keep banker's hours, wear sporty clothes, do a lot of entertaining, sit in a big office behind a fine desk, issue orders, and trust to luck that they will be properly executed. I believe it was Mr. Ripley, of the Santa Fe railway who said the duties of a manaber are to ''organize, deputize and supervise.'' I agree, but the supervision must be thorough enough to be efficient. The duty of a manager is to do whatever may be necessary to conduct the business successfully. A lot of people get an idea that

their positions give them dignity and require them to "put on style". All honest work is dignified, and a man who does his work well dignifies his position no matter what it may be. A successful workman, be he executive or laborer, does not need to do things to make a show—the result of his work will be a sufficient recommendation.

THE WAY TO THE TOP.

By James Hay, Jr.

Mr. John E. Andrus, the agile, aged and opulent straphanger of Yonkers, N. Y., being approached by minions of the press when he celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in Florida last Tuesday, took as his text an ancient though somewhat unpopular maxim.

"The only way to succeed," he declared, "is to work long and hard."

While, in making this remark, Mr. Andrus indulged in a bromide and flirted with a platitude, the statement is reinforced and packed with dynamite by the personality, history and performance of the man who pronounced it.

He is a multimillahhe amn of he

He is a multimillionaire. He owns factories in Yorkers, docks in Hoboken, vast stretches of land in Florida, immense timber lands and mines in Minnesota, and large parcels of real estate in Yonkers, Ocean Grove and other towns.

The fact that he goes to his office in New York every morning hanging on a stap in a crowded subway train detracts nothing from his wisdom or his efficiency. And, as he has accumulated several hundred million dollars worth of stuff through stupendous industry, what he has to say about hard work is by the way of being authentic, illuminating and persuasive.

"Years ago," he observed, upon taking a header into his eighty-seventh year from the springboard of perfect health; "years ago it was the custom to work long and hard hours, and it too many years to reach the top. The young man now, however, substitutes a few years of idle college life and emerges with the idea that he's got the world half licked. He should put more trust in hard work.,,

The trouble with many a young man of the present is that, after he has been handed much money by a doting parent for the asking, and been told by flattering and female friends how perfectly, utterly brilliant he is, and has looked at himself in the mirror attired in splay-bottomed trousers and pomaded hair, he cherishes the conviction that the only thing needed to make the world perfect is for him to sit at the president's desk in a gigantic plant and sign checks.

What he forgets is that, in order to sign checks with constructive results, the signer must have previously acquired a pretty thorough knowlege of what the checks are buying and why one should be for $11,456.83 instead of for $2,567.94.

He believes that, for an individual as talented and deserving as he, the

way to the top consists of one graceful spring from his diploma to the imperial swivel chair. He is full of what he calls ambition but empty of what the straphanging millionaire of Yorkers designates as elbow grease.

Ambition, Mr. Andrus confides to his questioners, makes the wheel whir only when it carries a generous admixture of the aforesaid elbow grease. grease.

Nor is the eminent octogenarian alone in his contention. He is supported by similar statements from the lips of a multitude of successful strivers who were started toward the top by the urge of chilblained heels and the consciausness of possessing more appetite than ailment.

James A. Farrell, steel king and head of the largest corporation on the globe, began at the ripe age of fifteen with twelve hours of manual toil a day and topped it off each evening with three or four hours of hard study. Right now he often puts in fourteen hours a day at his desk, and is known by his associates as "able to do four men's work."

When somebody asked him how he got to the top, he replied: "By hard work."

George Eastman, who gave the world the kodak and made millions out of it, started on a schedule of eighteen working hours a day, and stuck to it for years.

So it runs, the long roll of youngsters who, generously endowed with vision, brains, ambition, hunger and need of money, got firm hold of the elemental truth that "smartness" of itself is never powerful enough to crack the rock of obstacle or to rise to the parapeted heights of fame.

This elbow grease of exertion, of which the affluent and energttic Andrus thinks so highly, is the essential stuff. It is the only fuel that runs the engine of ambition to the top.

THE MONTHLY THANK-OFFERING THOUGHT.

Many years ago quite a number of bee-hives were carried to the island of Barbados in the West Indies. At first the bees went diligently to work gathering honey for the coming winters. But when those bees found that they were in a land of perpetual summer they ceased to gather honey. Instead, they spent most of their time flying around stinging natives. It might seem that some of us have what might be called "spiritual degeneracy." God has surrounded us with so many blessings that, instead of working for His glory and the good of others, we spend most of our time in living for self. Do we thrust the sting, when we should be gathering the sweetness of the gospel life to give out again to starving women and children?

"Daily Thank Offering" means sweeter daily living.

"OVER CONCORD WAY."

Dr. Spencer, the secretary of the Concord Chamber of Commerce, which sails under the flag "You'll Like Concord," pulled off his annual dinner this past Friday evening, at Hotel Concord. It was a fine affair, and attending the function were a number of distinguished guests from Greensboro, Salisbury and Charlotte. The chief speaker of the evening was Clarence Kuester, business manager of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce; Col. Wade Harris was called out as was J. F. Hurley—the latter two are Concord folks, whom we have loaned to Charlotte and Salisbury respectively.

Col. Harris, on his return to his desk on the Charlotte Observer, took occasion to make his leading editorial read as follows:

In the line of talk that comes out of Concord from time to time, we have failed to note inclusion of "the Sunday Gang." This is an institution unique to that particular town and one which exerts perhaps a more intimate influence on the young boys of the community than that of the Boy Scouts, because the personal contact is closer. Mr. H. W. Blanks organized the Sunday Gang, and nobody in the country understands boy nature better than does Mr. Blanks. He is also superintendent of the Concord Young Men's Christian Association work and his work among the boys is auxiliary to the work of the association. Mr. Blanks started this scheme several years ago and at the begining some of the people were rather skeptical. But they did not know either the boys or their leader, and now, if one wants to arouse the enthusiasm of the average Concord citizen, just put out a feeler about Mr. Blanks and his work among the boys of the town. The Gang's membership is recruited from all ranks of the youth —boys of every denomination and boys of no Church affiliation are taken in. Sunday is general muster day for Mr. Blanks' noble band, and regularly each Sunday he marches into some Church with the boys filing in behind. The rounds of the churches are made with stated regularity and the pulpit inspiration the boys receive is fortified with Sunday school instruction. The regular meeting day is Sunday afternoon. At this gathering the boys give account of themselves. If one has gone wrong during the week he is tried before a jury of the Gang and his feet set straight for the coming week. The boys are governed by an executive committee of their own personnel, and they give a mighty encouraging example of the workings of the honor system. And as a matter of course, the boys love their leader. It is the influence that he exerts over them that keeps them in line and holds the Gang into a body of strongly co-operative little minds. Out of Concord's Sunday Gang is being steadily released an addition to the community's ranks of good citizens. It is entirely in order to exploit this particular organization as one of Concord's best assets.

And of fine assets Concord has a goodly stock. It is nothing new in writing of the average North Carolina town to say that it has a "modern hotel," but these modern hotels are not all of the same kind. Some

are a little bit superior to others in convenience of arrangement and elegance of appointments, and in this latter class the Hotel Concord belongs. It is all the better so, because Concord was so long without the kind of hotel the public desires, and in equipping itself it got a very handsome thing from the architectural standpoint, and in furnishings all that could be desired in the way of comfort and refinement in taste. Concord's new hotel is in the class of the best in the land.

Concord began blazing the way to accomplishment of the kind several years ago, when it started and prosecuted to success one of the most comprehensive systems of paving in the state. Some of the streets are broad and two of them are long, but in addition to paving this mileage, the town opened up two new streets to accommodate the pressure for new building sites, and short as the time has been, dozens of new blocks of homes have come into existence in Concord territory over which the boys of yesterday hunted rabbits and in which the girls in ginghams plucked blackberries. In a very short space of time, as time goes in the history of a town, Concord has leaped into a community of life and light and business and industry that places it in the front ranks of North Carolina municipalities.

The textile industry has given Concord great renown. The old McDonald factory that stood at the head of Main street, was the fourth textile plant erected in the State and had been operated by its lone self for so long a time that the people had never thought another cotton factory was coming along. But then came J. M. Odell upon the scene and close behind him James W. Cannon. Other local talent developed the textile mind—and cotton mills filled the town and overflowed into the open field, a focus having been located six miles away, where has been since developed the town of Kanapolis, a name famed the world over, because of its towels. Kannapolis is growing toward Concord and Concord is growing toward Kannapolis and in a short time Concord will have a "Main Street" six miles long. The industrial development of Concord is of the sort to hold State record. The town has 17 plants; the county around it 60, and in city and county a total of 20 cotton mills. These industries employ 7,000 wage-earners and the pay roll is over $5,000,000 a year. The value of Concord's yearly output of cotton products is estimated at $30,000,000.

To be sure Concord is a city of schools and churches. There, as most other North Carolina towns, a rivalry in church construction set in, and the Presbyterians have just finished the last thing—and it is a beauty. The First Presbyterian site, where two churches had been built and outgrown, was moved to another street and in what was the prettiest residential part of the town. The old home of Caleb Phifer, a mighty elegant affair in its day, was torn down and a church spread over its frontage from one street to another. People approaching Concord from Charlotte are attracted by a shapely white spire piercing the ssky, and this spire indicates location of Concord's newest church.

Concord has been building school houses for years past, but, like Char-

lotte and other towns in this tate, finds this a countinuing contract. The educational equipment of Concord was recently reinforced by finishing of a $250,000 High School, and at the same time an extra school house for the negroes at a cost of $35,000. The city and county boards of education find themselves faced with necessity for developing salaries for a corps of 225 teachers. Just outside Concord on the heights of Rocky Ridge, are the buildings of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the gem in the State's crown.

It naturally follows that Concord has developed commercial and financial strength corresponding to its industrial and commercial importance. Three banks, with deposits of nearly $5,000,000 and resources of $6,000,000, indicate the financial growth of the town, and these banks have provided homes for themselves in the class of the best in the larger cities. Concord has paved its streets, built its schools, its City Hall and its water works system and yet manages to keep its tax rate down to $1.24. That there is a pushing crowd back of the town is indicated in the continual activities of a Merchants' Association, a Manufacturers' and Merchants' Club and a Chamber of Commerce. It has the Elks, the Civitans, the Kiwanis, the Rotary and related civic organizations, also all of which have had some share in the brag of a $50,000 theater, and, during suspension of the Sandhills Fair, the largest county fair in the State and the best horseracing outside of Kentucky. It is a forward-looking crowd that is pulling Concord along the highway of progress and development. A little more steam pressure has been put on by the Chamber of Commerce, which Friday night pulled off a rattling good meeting and gave The Observer occasion to glory in the town's remarkable advancement and its daily brightening prospects. It used to be the case over there that elections were no good except to "beat somebdy." Now the town is tuned up to help somebody in general and each other in particular.

LUSTY LANGUAGE.

Lady—"Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"

Boy—"Yes, grannie; but you should hear the bus drivers."

A LETTER BY GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

Editor of The Daily News:

I hand you a letter written by George Gordon Battle, of New York City, a former North Carolinian, to the editor of the New York World. It was printed recently in the Congressional Record and as I think it will be of interest I ask that you reprint it.

John A. Barringer.

Greensboro, N. C.

It is well known that Gov. Alfred E. Smith, of New York, is a member of the Catholic church; and that fact is frequently mentioned in discussing his merits as a candidate for President. His high character and spotless record, his great ability and experience in public affairs, and his extraordinary popularity with all classes of voters are conceded. But the fact that he worships God according to the dictation of his conscience, in the church to which his parents belonged and in which he was reared, is whispered about as an argument against his candidacy.

It is said by some that this prejudice is peculiarly strong in the southern states. This should not be so, for of all the sections of this country the south has claimed, and with reason, to be most free from bigotry and religious intolerance. And certainly there is no part of our country that owes a greater debt of gratitude to the members of that ancient church in whose fold our governor is to be found.

As a man of southern birth and traditions, a Protestant, and a Mason, I protest with all the strength of which I am capable against any effort to import into my native south considerations and emotions of medieval and outworn bigotry—old, unhappy, far off things. The south has always prided itself upon its early establishment of religious freedom. It was in Maryland that Lord Baltimore and his government promulgated the toleration act of 1649. It was a Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, who was so devoted to this cause that he considered his authorship of the Virginia statute of religious freedom of 1786 as his chief title to fame, causing that fact to be inscribed in his epitaph, although he did not state in that epitaph that he had been twice President of the United States and had effected the Louisiana purchase. In this statute which was drawn by him it is said:

"Our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions more than on our opinions on physics or geometry; that therefore the prescribing of any citizen is unworthy to public confidence by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to the offices of trust and emolument, unless he professes or renounces this or that religious opinion, is depriving him unjustly of those privileges and advantages to which, in common with his fellow citizens, he has a natural right."

The Democratics party, which Mr. Jefferson founded, has under Jackson, Van Buren, Cleveland and Wilson followed these noble principles enunciated in the great Virginia charter of liberty.

And, furthermore, the southern Catholics have always lived in peace and amity with their Protestant neighbors. They have formed an honorable and an important part of their respective communities, and they have done their full duty in building up the country in which they have made their homes. In Maryland, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was the wealthiest man of the period. He signed the Declaration of Independence and devoted his life and his fortune to the cause of his country. Always in Maryland members of the Catholic church have been among the most distinguished citizens. The late and lamented Cardinal Gibbons was beloved and revered not only throughout the south but by the entire nation.

James Ryder Randall, the author of the noble anthem, "Maryland, My Maryland," was a Catholic. In Louisiana, with its phases of French and Spanish domination, there has always been a very large Catholic population, which played a great part in the history of that state. In this connection it is interesting to note that the two chief justices of our Supreme court who were of the Catholic faith were both of southern birth and antecedents—Chief Justice Taney, of Maryland, and Chief Justice White, of Louisiana.

And in the other southern states, while the Catholics have not been so numerous, many of them have held high office, and they have always been among the best citizens. In North Carolina, for example, Judge William Gaston, of New Bern, a devout Catholic and an early student at Georgetown university, was for many years a judge of the highest court, and by common consent, one of the most prominent, useful, and beloved men of his time. At his death the general assembly of North Carolina passed resolutions deploring his loss and stating "that in the course of a long and varied life his bright career has left to us an example worthy of imitation, and his unsullied character is one of the brightest jewels of the state." He was the author of the state anthem beginning with the words: "Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her."

And in all the southern states there have been like instances of eminent and beloved men and women who have been members of this ancient faith. Gov. John Floyd, of Virginia, and his son, John B. Floyd, also governor of that state, were Catholics. There have been very many distinguished members of the Johnston family of Virginia who belonged to the same church.

But it was when the need of the south was greatest that its Catholic sons and daughters stood nobly by its flag and its destinies, offering up freely their lives and fortunes for the cause which they, in common with their fellow countrymen, deemed to be right. Many of their great chieftains were of this religious belief. General Beauregard and General Hardee were lifelong Catholics. General Longstreet died in that faith. Admiral Raphael Semmes, who carried the Confederates flag upon the Shenandoah in all the seven seas, was a follower of the same faith. Col. John W. Mallet, who was at the head of the ordiance service, making munitions of war for the Confederate government, was a Cath-

olic. Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, who laid down his life for the southern cause, was a Catholic and so was Gen. William Lewis Cabell and very many others who followed the standards of Lee and of Jackson.

And those Catholics served the cause of the south with their pens as well as by their swords. Theodore O'Hara, who was in the Confederate army, wrote the beautiful and well-known poem, The Bivouac of the Dead, which referred, however, to the burial of southern troops killed in the Mexican war.

The southern air of Dixie was written by a Catholic, Daniel Emmett. The stirring war song, Hurrah! Hurrah! For the Bonnie Blue Flag that Bears a Single Star, was written by another Catholic, Capt. Harry McCarthy, of Arkansas. And we of the south can never forget the touching and immortal lines of the poet laureate of the Lost Cause. Father Ryan, a Franciscan priest, who died in a monastery at Louisville. We remember, among our earliest recollections, the stanzas of The Conquered Banner and of The Sword of Robert Lee. I venture to quote three verses from The Conquered Banner:

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
  Furl it, fold it, it is best
For there's not a man to waive it,
And there's not a sword to save it
And there's not one left to lave it
In the bloood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
  Furl it, hide it—Let it rest!

For though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
  Now who furl and fold it so.
Furl that banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
  For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let droop there furled forever,
  For it droops above the dead.

And we can never forget the last lines of The Sword of Robert E. Lee:

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
  Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
  It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
  Proudly and peacefully.

Father Ryan was chaplain in the Confederate army, his brother, Capt. David J. Ryan, was killed in that service. It is hard to see how any man of southern memories can bear any rancor against a faith which has produced such friends of his native land.

And after the war between the states, when it was sought by the more bitter enemies of the south to convict and execute President Davis, a great Catholic lawyer, Charles O'Connor, the leader of the bar of the whole country, volunteered without fee to defend the cause of Mr. Davis, which he believed to be just. And he was assisted by Mr. Richard Henry Clarke, another distinguished Catholic counsel. At the same time, Mrs. Jefferson Davis was a fugitive in Georgia deserted and penniless. While her husband was being freely defended by Catholic counsel of northern birth, she was herself aided by sisters of charity,

who, according to the memoirs of Mrs. Davis, offered her $5 in gold, the sum total of their savings, and took over the care of her sick children.

And at a still later day in the dark period of reconstruction, it was to the democracy of New York, of New Jersey, and of Connecticut, largely led by Catholic statesmen, that the south looked for protection against the legislation by which the bigots of the Republican party were striving to humiliate and to destroy her. Such men as Senator Kernan and Senator Murphey, of New York, were among those who stood by the southern senators and congressmen in that trying time. * * *

It can not be believed and it is not the fact that after these memories there can be any ill will or any ill feeling among the people of the south against our Catholic brothers or their ancient church. Indeed, whereas in Maryland and in Louisiana the Catholics are considerable in number, there is no vestige of such a feeling. Anyone who would attempt to raise such an issue in either of these states would be execrated and ridiculed. It is only where the Catholics are negligible in number and where there is ignorance of the true nature of their church that there remains some of the unhappy rancor borne of old world quarrels and misunderstandings. This present convention affords an admirable opportunity for our visiting friends from the south and from other parts of the country to learn and know more about their Catholic fellow citizens. With better acquaintance and fuller understanding these obsolete prejudices will vanish like a miasmatic mist before the rays of the sun.

By every consideration of political principal and tradition, by all the inducements of gratitude and friendship and loyalty, the men and women of the south should stand by ancient creed of religious toleration and should not take it against any man who is a candidate for public office that he worships his God in the faith of his fathers.

OLD MAXIM.

Remember:
Four things come not back:
The spoken word;
The sped arrow;
Time past;
The neglected opportunity.—Selected.

AT PARSONS FERRY.

By A. M. Barnes.

Parson James Ellis sought to settle his aching leg in a somewhat more comfortable position; but even that careful movement brought a groan. Then he called, "Charles!"

"Yes, father, coming!" answered a cheerful voice. A boy of sixteen appeared in the doorway. He was somewhat undersized, but he had an alert, resolute air, and his shoulders were well up. He smiled at his father, and his face was pleasant to see.

"Where's Joe?"

"Gone with the message to General Sumter. You said you wanted him to start as soon as possible, as it was urgent."

"Yes, that's right. And Sam?"

"Gone Charles Town way for needed supplies."

"But, son, what about the ferry?"

"I'll have to tend it, sir. I do occasionally, you know."

"But the stream's up pretty high from the recent rains, and there's a strong current running. Think you've got the strength to manage?"

"I'll do my very best, father." Charles drew himself up proudly.

"Good lad! I'm counting on you, but be careful!"

The Rev. James Ellis, pastor of the Goose Creek Parish Church, had come direct from England a few years before. An ardent loyalist, he had at first given no sympathy to the American colonists in their outbreak against the king. But as time went on, and he saw how they were oppressed and pushed to the wall, especially as he witnessed the woes and sufferings of his parishioners here in Carolina through the tyranny and cruelty of the British authorities, his feelings had undergone a considerable change. Yet he was still firm in his stand that the prayer for the king should not be omitted from the church service, a matter that gave rise to some turbulent moments in the Goose Creek Church from Sunday to Sunday.

The parson's ardent stand in this and his well-known love of the mother country had given rise to the belief in the British camps that Pastor Ellis was loyally on the side of His Majesty's army in the Carolinas.

Marion and Sumter, however, and others of the patriots seeking to free their country from the yoke of oppression, could have told a different story.

One source of income derived by the church was in the operating of the ferry across Goose Creek, the parson being in charge of it. In these war days, when numbers of his flock were scattered and others were impoverished, the ferry tolls were the chief means of the church's support.

"There's some one at the ferry now," said Charles suddenly. "Phew! Just listen how he's halloing! Must be in a desperate hurry. Looks to me like one of those Tory Rounces from up Monck's Corner way. Yes! I'm sure it is Father," lowering his voice, "what now if he has found out General Marion's hiding place and is hurrying with the news to Tarleton? If the British were to surround General Marion where he is now,

waiting for supplies, they could cut his little force to pieces or capture it to the last man.''

''A bad go, boy, if what you suspect be true.''

''Father, I'm going out, and if it is true—''

''Well?''

''That old ferry will somehow fail to work.''

A gleam in the parson's eye answered that in his son's.

''Good luck to you. But, boy, mind how you deal with a Rounce. A rattlesnake is less to be feared.''

A man and horse were waiting on the bank of the creek, now sonsiderably swollen by the rains. The man had dismounted and was impatiently awaiting Charles, tapping his boot jerkily with his riding whip. There was a dark scowl on his face as Charles approached.

''Do you intend to keep me waiting here all day?'' he flung out. ''Where's the ferryman?''

''I am he for this morning.''

''**You?** Do you thing I am going to trust myself and my horse on that stream to such a wizen scrap as you?''

''You will have to if you get across today.''

''Where's the parson? Why isn't he here attending to matters himself?''

''Father's laid up with rheumatism; too badly crippled to walk without hobbling.''

''What the mischief does he mean anyhow, sending such as **you** to handle the flat, when, for all he knows, men's lives may be at stake? I don't at all like the looks of that stream.''

Charles made no reply to this. He had turned to caress the horse, a superb creature with a coat like black satin. He knew the horse well. It was Black Eagle, Col. Mark Hamilton's horse. Colonel Hamilton, one of his father's vestrymen, had several times ridden Black Eagle to the church service, and Charles had never missed an opportunity to pet and admire the animal. There was quite an understanding between Black Eagle and Charles. Colonel Hamilton was away now in the war, on General Sumter's staff, and Black Eagle had been stolen when the Hamilton plantation had been raided by Tarleton's men.

Black Eagle knew Charles at once. He whinnied and rubbed his head against Charles as the boy caressed the glossy neck.

''What are you doing to that horse?'' demanded Andrew Rounce sharply.

''Just petting him. Black Eagle and I are good friends of long standing. He's Colonel Hamilton's horse.''

''Hamilton's once, maybe,'' snapped Rounce, ''but mine now. Say! Look here,'' continued Rounce angrily ''are you going to keep me standing here all day when my errand is urgent, every minute of time precious?''

''Mr. Rounce, why are you in such a hurry? It is early in the day yet.''

Charles was desperately afraid his voice would have too much of eagerness in it, despite his effort to control it.

Instead of replying, Rounce queried suddenly, ''Your father is still a loyal king's man, isn't he?''

''My father hasn't changed a word of the church service because of the war,'' replied Charles. ''He prays as fervently as ever for His Majesty

in Goose Creek Church every Sunday, though he is bitterly denounced for it each time."

"As I was sure was the case. Well. you go now and tell your father that I must have an able-bodied man to get me over this stream as speedily as possible, else will that Swamp Fox. Marion, slip away before Tarleton's got word of his hiding place."

Charles' heart gave a bound, and jumped straight up into his troat, or so it seemed to him. He had found out all he wanted to know, and with so little trouble.

Marion, his hero, the dashing cavalryman, the man on whom were placed the hopes of so many hundreds of his oppressed countrymen, was about to be caught in the net of the Bloody Tarleton. Oh, it must not be! He, Charles Ellis, must in some way prevent it. But how?

Even if he managed to delay Rounce at the ferry, what good would that do? Even, too, if he, Charles, had a horse at hand, it was doubtful if he could reach General Marion in time with the warning, although he knew where the Swamp Fox and his men were now hidden. But Charles had no horse at hand. The parson owned two, but both were off with Joe and Sam. Besides, there was no horse in all the country round that could out-distance Black Eagle; not one that could even keep pace with him. Wide-spread was his fame for swiftness and endurance.

Black Eagle! That was the solution. If only he could manage to secure Black Eagle, leap upon his back, and be off life the wind to Marion's camp! The boy's whole heart was set now on this purpose. He would face any danger to accomplish it.

"Say, get a move on you!" snarled Rounce, "and bring a man capable of handling the flat. And let that horse alone! He's not to be fondled."

"There's no man around." replied Charles. "If you go over the ferry today, Mr. Rounce, you'll have to trust to me."

"Here, give me the key. I'll ferry myself."

Charles straightened. There was no wavering look he gave the man.

"Against the rules, Mr. Rounce. Father is firm about it. I am here to take you over. Father sent me."

"Well, make haste about it then. And bear this in mind, if anything unduly happens, you'll rue it to your last day, and so will the parson, who hasn't any more judgment than to trust a man's life to a runt like you."

Charles' face flushed, and a hot wave of resentment passed over him, but he made no retort. For a few seconds he studied the stream. It had run down perceptibly in the last hour or so, and there was less of turbulence in the current. Charles was sure that he could safely manage the flat. But could he accomplish that other thing over which his mind was working? He must do it. He would do it! His chin lifted, and he set his lips firmly.

He knew he could depend on Black Eagle—noble, splendid Black Eagle—so ready to respond to the urge of love.

He reached out to pat the horse again and to whisper endearing words.

"Haven't I told you to keep your hands off that horse?" snarled Rounce.

Charles was slow in unlocking the

anchoring chain. He seemed to be having difficulty with the padlock. There was nothing wrong with it, however; Charles was still deeply thinking, and he was playing for time.

"Hurry there, can't you?" blazed Rounce. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? Are you going to sleep? Do you think time is nothing to me sluggard?"

He had now led the horse out on the flat. The dark scowl on his face had deepened. Hs was fuming with impatience. Now and again he snapped his whip with a sharp sound that made the sensitive animal flinch. Surreptitiously, as he moved about his task, Charles managed to soothe Black Eagle with low-spoken words and gentle touch.

One great fear was gripping Charles' heart. Where were Rounce's pistols? In the holster attached to the saddle, or about his waist under his long coat? Charles had more than once managed to get a glimpse of the case pendant from the saddle, and both glances had shown him that it was bulged out. But that was no sign, he knew, for long usage would give it that shape. He thought too, that he had noticed a bulge at the side of Rounce's coat, but he was hoping desperately that the pistols were in the holster. If not, then the danger of what he was proposing to do was greatly enhanced. Over and over his father's words rang in his ears: "Boy, mind how you deal with a Rounce. A rattlesnake is less to be feared."

The flat was running jerkily, swayed and tossed by the heavy current, creaking, and straining at the cable as though it would force itself loose. The water was swept over the low sides.

Suddenly the boat dipped, plunged, then swung partly around with such violence that Rounce was all but thrown from his feet. He clutched madly at the air in his effort to save himself. Charles was thrown against Black Eagle. Perhaps he could have accounted in part for the behavior of the boat. At any rate, as the boat swung he had Black Eagle firmly by the bridle whispering to him. His other hand went out and landed against the holster. Then his heart leaped. Thi pistols were there!

Rounce blazed at him, and denounced him as a miserable make-shift ferryman. The words fell hot and fast, but never a bit cared Charles. He was too happy. Hope was singing in his heart.

They were nearing the other bank. It was flat here, and the flood water was running out over a considerable portion of the road, but Charles knew it was not very deep. His heart was beating furiously, but he kept his head.

All at once a chain slipped from the cable. The boat swerved around and tilted. Rounce was thrown down this time. Shocking oaths came from him as he strove clumsily to regain his feet, retarded in his efforts by the water from a full bucket that was swiftly poured over him.

"Now, Black Eagle! Now, my beauty!" whispered Charles caressingly as he leaped upon the horse's back. "You know what is expected of you, Black Eagle, noble horse!"

One leap of his great, lithe body, and Black Eagle was off the flat and into the water. In nowise deterred by the few feet of deeper stream that lay between him and the bank, he

breasted it gallantly. Gaining his footing, he sped away, the shallower water tossed up in a cloud of spray behind his flying hoofs.

The last that Charles saw of Rounce, he was standing at the edge of the flat, flinging his arms wildly about, and no doubt denouncing in the vilest language the boy who had outwitted him.

"Pole the flat to the bank," Charles shouted back to him, "the water isn't too deep for the pole!"

And this is the story they love to tell in Carolina—of how, through the courage and loyalty of the Goose Creek parson's young son, General Marion and his gallant band of soldiers were saved from death.

THE FAMILY TREE OF COAL.

By Earle W. Gage.

Meet the greatest father and mother of the industrial world—Mr. and Mrs. King Coal. Their children, grandchildren and great-grand-children are legion. In fact, they number more than two hundred and fifty From the cradle to the grave they are our servants, taking active part in almost every luxury and necessity of this modern age.

Just to name the children of the coal family is like reading the directory of a goodly sized town. If we should assemble these children, we should have a great family reunion. These relationships might be expressed in modern language, such as: "Your father was my father's cousin, and their uncle married your father's sister-in-law," or, to tell about just one branch of the coal family: "Aniline black descended from hydrochlorid, which came from anilin, which came from nitrobenzol, which came from pure benzol, which came from crude benzol, which came from light oil, which came from tar, which came from coal."

Suppose we write it down about the way it would have been told by an Old Testament writer: Coal begat gas, gas liquor, tar and coke. Tar begat light oil, middle oil and heavy oil. Heavy oil begat crude carbolic acid (which begat phenol, cresols and disinfectant), lamp black, and anthracin oil: Anthracin oil begat crude anthracin and anthracin lubricating grease. Crude anthracin begat anthracin, which begat anthraqpinon, which begat quinazarin, which begat alezarin astrol. We could continue the story with begats and children's names sufficient to occupy all the space on this page, for the children of Mr. and Mrs. Coal are almost as numerous as the names of men and women.

The coal family has its lower, middle or common, upper or aristocratic grades, about equally divided. The "just plain folks are represented by such sober and useful members as paint, pipe coating, paving and roofing insulation and waterproofing. Arrived at the nobility branch of the family tree, we might mention Prussian blue, ammonia, indigo and annilin dyes. And holding so enviable a position socially that the uninitiated

seldom recognize their lowly origin, we meet fragrant toilet water and pleasant perfume reigning elegantly at the top of the coal family tree.

Just as human beings, the various members of this family reveal differences in temperament, all the way from the slow pitch to the violate naphtha, from dull but elegant graphite to the brilliant orange and nearly as brilliant, but also "fast," red dye.

In so large a family as that of coal, there is bound to be marked individual differences. Evolution has performed some marvels here as elsewhere, working through such agencies as distillation, combination, precipitation and condensation. And liquid, powder, crystal, or solid, from tar to perfume, these all have equal claims as members of the royal family of coal. In fact, nearly all our modern luxuries and necessities have something derived from this valuable substance that gives us heat.

To most people heat is the greatest child of coal, because for several years they have shoveled it into their stoves and furnaces, and have seen the resulting black smoke pouring forth from factory chimney and locomotive stack. Yet today, heating is one of the least of the great achievements of the family of coal. Like so many other great accomplishments, coal performs its greatest tasks for humanity in quiet and little known ways.

Man lived on this old planet for hundreds of years before he even knew that coal existed or to what purpose it might be put. In fact, it is only 136 years ago that a farmer accidentally discovered coal when he started a fire in his pasture for the purpose of burning some brush. That was down in Southeastern Pennsylvania, blessed with the world's greatest coal seams known to man. He tried to put the fire out after he had started it, and had a fierce job. He then tried some of the substance in the old kitchen stove, which was nearly melted by the process. This caused the farmer to believe that city people might be glad to secure some of this concentrated heat, and he loaded his wagon with coal, which he hauled to Philadelphia and tried to sell. He, like so many discoverers of new methods, was met with a jeer and a laugh. The great part that coal later came to play, as a heat unit, is well-known to most of us. However, very few people appreciate that this mineral is today one of our greatest servants, each new day finding the chemist discovering some new and important part for one of coal's children to play in the activities of the human race.

One of the romances of the ages passes up the chimney as the coal burns on the grate. If those flames were able to tell us their story, the plot would make one that would make fairy dreams seem mild. It might show us the sick-room with nurse administering some life-saving drug made from coal; fertile farm fields sown with grain, corn and other food crops, growing prolifically because fed with elements from coal; shot and shell bursting over a great battlefield, exploded by products secured from some child of coal; beautiful and varied fabrics colored in variegated and splendid colors made with the synthetic dye manufactured from coal derivatives. And so on, the picture would cover every field of endea-

vor, since coal, coal tar, ammonia and the hundreds of articles produced from coal enter into nearly everything we meet each day.

When we burn coal in the furnace or stove, it must first be converted into gas before it will give off heat. Our stoves and furnaces are small gas producers, but we get only one half of the gas because our stoves and furnaces are not built for gas generating purposes, while the modern gas generating plant secures as high as ninety per cent of the gas in coal. Experts tell us that the day is not far distant when coal will be supplanted as the common fuel by gas, since the waste in heat units and valuable by-products that follows the use of coal in stoves, furnaces and boilers is enormous, being one of the greatest wastes of this age.

One of the most valuable children of coal is gas, of which there are different kinds. Coal or illuminating gas is made by baking the coal in ovens, while water gas, which is used in the home, either as a mixture with coal gas or alone, is made by blowing steam through a hot bed of coke, heated to incandescence. Producer gas, used in factories and shops is also made from coal or coke. In making gas from coal there are several substances which must be removed, and it is these that comprise the children that, after passing through various processes, become the wealthy children.

For example, if you should burn soft coal in a stove, you will notice that a tarry substance is formed in pipes—ammonia, sulphur, tar and cyanogen—the value of which is much greater than of the gas thrown off by coal. Ammonia is converted into fertilizer, sulphate of ammonia or high explosive nitrate of ammoina. The sulphur and cyanogen may be the basis of valuable pigments for paint and varnish making, for cleaning clothing, for extracting fats and greases, in making rubber cements and as a fuel for motorcar engines.

From benzine it is possible to make aniline, which is the father of a great dye industry. Synthetic phenol is made from benzine, and this may be made into explosives, picric acid and other substances used in making dyes, drugs and perfumes. Toluene is the basis of the explosive TNT, which was used in large quantities, on land and sea, during the World War. It also is the basis in the making of a large number of articles which are used in making molds for casting steel and other metals, for briquetting coal dust, waterproofing dams and concrete work, while parts of coal tar have been successfully used in making lubricants which are substitutes for mineral lubricating oils and greases.

Coal tar distilled yields a large family of by-products—light oil, carbolic oil, dead oil or creosote oil. anthracite oil and residue pitch Carrying this distillation on further, we have benzene, tobluene, xylene, pure naphthalene, pure anthracene, pure phenol and cresol. These are used in making dyes and perfumes.

Ammonia, aspirin, carbolic acid, indigo, oil of wintergreen, saccharin, perfume, toilet water—this in not a druggist's catalogue, but just a list of a few of the many, many children of coal. Few family trees are more valuable than that of Mr. and Mrs. King Coal.

SIN UNPARDONABLE.

R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

In former time, before evolution became a subject of dispute, various and sundry questions pertaining to religion, or to what was supposed to be religion, were paramounted in discussion from time to time. One that occasionally kept the clerics busy and sometimes drove their hearers into insanity, was the nature of what was called "The Unpardonable Sin." The chief worry about this sin, if its definite character was fixed, was how it might be committed so that it could be avoided, or what would be considered definite evidence that one had passed beyond the bounds of hope. Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of the chair of English literature, Yale university, offers a definition of the unpardonable sin that isn't exactly modern but is nevertheless timely and of practicable application. In a sermon last Sunday Professor Phelps defined the unpardonable sin as the failure of the educated, the socially aristocratic and the rich to live up to their responsibilities and duties. He said:

Every empire that has perished has perished because the so-called upper class, instead of setting a good example, set a bad example; every revolution—as, for instance, the French revolution and the Russian revolution—came to pass not because of the strength of agitators and street orators but because the aristocracy was blind to its responsibilities.

There is no responsibility greater than that which falls upon the rich, the socially aristocratic and the educated. They enjoy remarkable, unusual advantages; and if, with all these gifts and talents and influences, they live selfish or trivial or base lives, they commit the unpardonable sin.

An unbiased study of history will disclose abundant evidence to sustain the Yale professor. There is no argument about the responsibility of the wealthy, the educated and those well circumstanced socially, for the poor, the uneducated, those in the humble walks of life. The more fortunate owe the less fortunate a duty. The manner in which they discharge the obligation will mean well or ill for all, for the higher placed as well as the humble. Their fortunes are intricably interwoven. Those who have the advantages, the gifts, talents and influence can use their power to lift others to a higher plane, to the great advantage of both. Or they can leave them as they are with the certainty of harmful, and eventually serious results to both. That, says Professor Phelps, is the unpardonable sin. The punishment means destruction.

In North Carolina today, while the legislature is in session, the question is presented whether the rich the educated and the socially influential are doing their duty by their less fortunate brethren, or whether they are trying to escape it. Whether through fear of a higher tax rate they will deny the youth of the state that to which they are entitled. Failure to recognize the obligation will not cancel the debt. It may have to be paid, with toll too dreadful to contemplate, in the coming years.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD.

Elizabeth Barret Browning.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

SUCCESS.

A successful man is one who has tried, not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation. The result of a man's work is not the measure of success. To go down with the ship in a storm and temptest is better than to paddle away to paradise in an Orthodox canoe. To have worked is to have succeeded—we leave the results to time. Life is too short to gather the Harvest—we can only sow.—Elbert Hubbard.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Carlyle Hardy, a member of the first cottage, was paroled last Thursday night. Hardy went to his home in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Walker and a large number boys have been busy fixing up flower beds and planting flowers. We now have a large number of flower beds and it seems that all of them are cared for by this officer.

The boys of the print shop were very busy last week printing a booklet for the King's Daughters. This was a report of the Thirty-Seventh Annual Convention, which was held at Durham, N. C.

Soon the boys will be going out on the lawn in front of their cottages after they have finished supper. On the lawns the boys can pitch horseshoes and shoot marbles—don't worry about them not finding some game that will interest them—for they will.

For the past two or three Saturday afternoons the boys have not been going to the ball ground. The weather has been rainy and bad—this was the reason that they did not go. They entertained themselves in the cottages playing checkers, and reading. Other games were played, also. We all hope that next

Saturday the sun will be shining and we all will be able to go to the ball ground.

As the old saying goes "curiosity once killed a cat." A great many of us are curious and don't know it. We don't mean to be exactly curious about anything—we just merely want to know all about it. Some are careful and want to learn, some are inquisitive, maybe they are sometimes too inquisitive and that's why we call them "curious people." All of us have been curious and sometimes curiosity will get the best of us.

Last Tuesday morning as the lines assembled at the tree, the boys noticed two men who were busy trimming up the "big tree." As the boys were standing there watching these two men some unknown voice asked what the two men were doing cutting the limbs off the tree. Some boy had a ready answer, and could not have answered better, (though we don't have the slightest idea who he was). "Why they are 'tree doctors' and they are going to 'doctor' all the trees that need it." He was right. The tree in front of the Cannon Building was "doctored" and so was one of the large trees near the print shop.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read from Acts, the fourth chapter; he took his text from the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, the first verse which reads: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Rev. Lyerly related to the boys how the parents forbid children to bother Jesus, but He said: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." If we remember our Creator in the days of our youth, we will still remember Him when we are grown.

Well, boys, put up those tops and bring out that old base-ball bat and glove and let's have a game. It's a little early, but this is all right. We don't mind if it is a little cold. We can't wait much longer and are expecting to have a good team this year—although most of our old players have been paroled, we're going to show 'em just the same. It dosen't seem like it was Spring last Saturday and especially Sunday. During Saturday night snow almost covered the ground. The boys were surprised to see it and so was all of us. It's about time Spring was here, but it seems that "Old Man Winter" hates to leave.

"Serving In And Through the Church," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. If we are the salt of the earth we should not want to be the kind that was (in olden times) put on the ground. By "the salt of the earth" we mean that we are the most needed in this world if we are Christians. The use of salt is large. So is the use of Christian men and women today—to keep spreading our Christian religion. Then we are the salt of the earth. Salt that is used in man's life—not the kind that the people used in olden times to prevent their

sliding down. The golden text for this lesson was: "For we are labours together with God."—1st Corinthians 3:9.

Last Wednesday afternoon a lady visitor came into the print shop. After giving the job department the "once over," she came into the Linotype room. After looking around, or rather turning all about, as if to view everything. Soon she exclaimed: "why I heard that they had Linotypes here; but I don't see any." Well, we have, three of them, too. Each one of these machines have their names over each in large letters. How this lady, who came into the Linotype room and then could not see these Linotypes, is not known. We hope that she will come and visit the School—and also the print shop. We will make special efforts and arrange so she will be able to view these Linotype machines. If she happens to be a reader of the Charlotte Observer and has a back number of the Sunday edition of only a few Sunday's ago, she will find in the "Made in North Carolina" section the picture of the Linotypes and also a story of the Training School.

Tuesday (the 22nd, and also George Washington's Birthday), was remembered to the boys of this institution by the visit of Mrs. Dixie White Owens. Rev. C. Hermon Trueblood, of the First Baptist Church, Concord, whom Mrs. Owens is visiting—came out to the School last Tuesday afternoon. The boys didn't know it until afterward that they were to have such an interesting talk made to them. The exercises were opened with a song, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Mr. Boger then told the boys "Hello" and that he was glad to be back with them. "You know I have been in New York for a week and you don't know how much I missed you boys. So I am glad to be back."

Mrs. Owens then sang two songs, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and "Dixie." When she had sung to the boys she made them a most interesting talk. Relating to them some of her expereinces in life and also telling the boys of "Stonewall" Jackson. "I have an advantage over everyone here," she said. I saw 'Cousin Thomas' as we called him and I know you haven't. The two songs that I have just sung—we sung them—Cousin Thomas and I, when we were little." Mrs. Owens also told the boys of the numerous places which she had visited and of the other boys that she had talked to. She told the boys of the lessons that she had learned—of the history of Maryland, of taking a chestnut— and returning it. Her talk was a most interesting one. The boys sang several hymn during this exercise.

After these exercises were over, Mrs. Owen, Mr. Boger and Rev. Trueblood came to give the print shop the "once over." We hope that Mrs. Owens was pleased with her first visit to the School and that she will again come and visit us. The boys —in fact, everyone at this institution was very glad to have her with us.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest on his feet.—John Selden.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Ir Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV. CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 5, 1927. No. 11

STOP! THINK!

"What time is it?
Time to live better,
Time to do well,
To give up that grudge,
To speak that kind word,
To sweeten a sorrow,
To do that kind deed you leave till tomorrow."

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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ABOUT HOPE.

Hope is the best and worst of life. Half of it comes from God and half from the devil, but it behooves men to take gifts and curses with a steady hand and an equable mind—because of such is made up of fate—the blind, the invincible.—Excerpt from the letters of Joseph Conrad.

DONALD GILLIS.

How often are our sympathies aroused when we hear of the serious handicaps that inflict themselves upon many of our friends and acquaintances. To see the one-legged man moving with a labored step; the one-armed man attempting the ordinary things that confront an individual: the man or woman, who has fixed for life—of very uncertain length, we are made to think—a physical defect or ailment, for which there is no cure or even the hope of a remedy to give encouragement—these afflictions oftentimes move us to pity.

Why so? It is the rarest thing in the world to find a maimed individual, who has not forged a success out of his surroundings. Their spirit seems attuned that they ask no sympathy, if not openly resenting the expression of sympathy. The country is full of maimed men, who have written their names high in the world as successes. It is the spirit after all behind a fellow that counts.

These thoughts are suggested by the admirable article in this issue, by James Hay, Jr., taken from the Asheville Citizen. It is about a departed spirit—Donald Gillis, in life the editor of the Asheville Citizen. He suffered:

he had handicaps; he had personal sorrows forced upon him by his affliction; but the fine fellow worked right up to the time the clock struck for his departure.

If Donald Gillis could make so many hearts happy, could have inspired men to nobler effort, could arouse the civic pride, who could make the world brighter and better with nagging ills constantly on his heels, be there excuse for us who are able-bodied to lament the fortune that follows us.

The whole battle is in the man—the spirit man and not the physical man directs our destiny in this world's affairs.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION.

Now that it is assured fact, The Uplift wishes to congratulate the Christian Advocate folk over their superb record. This religious journal is soon to be housed in a modern printing house. Having outgrown their present building, which was erected at a time when the Advocate was struggling along as many newspapers had to do in years gone by.

There was a time in the career of the Advocate when its life was extremely shaky. About that time Mr. D. B. Coltrane, of Concord, and associates and the late Rev. H. M. Blair, the editor, diagnosed the diseases and proceeded to apply remedies—they proved magic. This newspaper property has been brought from out an obscure attic over a Greensboro store.

The contract for a building to cost more than eighty thousand dollars has been let—and the money to provide the construction cost is in hand. The Advocate made it too. What a wonder—when Mr. Coltrane and associates took charge some years ago the Advocate had only the hope of a meal ahead, and the neighbors and friends had to open up their hearts.

Would that some fortune would overtake The Uplift whereby it could be properly housed to do in better and more effective manner the work that belongs to it.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

A NERVY FELLOW.

Editor Peterson, of The Chatham Record, is a nervy fellow. He has the habit of saying what he thinks, some of which no doubt his readers do not endorse but the fact remains that brother Peterson means just what he says and there he stands. He is no trimmer.

During his management of the Record he has had many hardships to overcome. And when light was breaking, a destructive fire occurred which destroyed his entire plant, even unto the mailing galleys. Did he quit, in

the face of not having a cent of insurance? He is not made of that kind of stuff.

The Record continues to appear. The Uplift extends Mr. Peterson its fondest hopes that he'll yet whip the fight and be crowned with a bountiful success.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A SPECIE OF OPTIMISM.

Optimism is the ability to speak of "my car" in the face of a chattel mortgage, six payments still to be made, a bill at the garage, and the state and city license-tag time just around the corner.—An Observer.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Have you any plan or notion
  As to how this world should run
Have you made a great commotion
  Showing how it may be done?
Do you live as you've directed?
  In the good things that you teach?
And (to questions you're subjected)
  Do you practice what you preach?

It is laudable, I'm sure.
  If you've any worthy plan
That, in time, may help secure
  Future happiness for man.
But if you believe your teaching
  (Please believe it, I beseech)
You would better give up preaching
  Till you practice what you preach.

Any one can talk religion,
  Anyone can reform,
But that person's name is legion
  Who can stand and face the storm;
You find in every instance
  That your arguments will reach
To a somewhat greater distance
  If you practice what you preach.

THE UNDER-DOG.

(Asheville Citizen).

Poverty is always on his back, hunger often at his throat. His wife is crushed by burdens heavier than his. He robs his children of most of the education that is legally theirs; he has to rob them so that they may bend their young backs and scar their young hands with the manual labor that will save them from starvation.

He is the under-dog in North Carolina. He is either the tenant farmer who is forever in debt, or the small farmer who can do an immense amount of hard work and be content with an atrociously low standard of living.

He and his wife are as far from any of the luxuries of life as they are from Madagascar. They do not play. If they have not forgotten how, they are so burdened by stern realities, and they so constantly have the cruelties of life beside them, that they are too tired to make the effort to take pleasure in the results of the effort. They exist, they suffer, they die.

Their more fortunate neighbor too often takes the under-dogs as a matter of course. He and the attendance officers find it easy to agree with them that their children should not be compelled to go to school. The neighbor turns an indifferent ear to their grumbling about the small taxes they have to pay out of their nothing. He leaves them to their fate. He says they could help themselves if they would.

But could they? Once perhaps they could have, when youth was theirs and hope was strong in them. But now? North Carolina must look to her duty to them. They can't be helped? What of their children then? Are the youngsters to continue in the footsteps of their fathers that lead only down the hill to despond and despair? When the under-dog perpetuates himself, the State begins to destroy itself.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions; spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.—Theodore Roosevelt.

ELECTRICITY.

By J. R. Feezor, in Lexington Dispatch.

Electricity is something that starts the Lord knows where and ends in the same place. It is faster on its feet, being 1-36 of a second speedier than its nearest competitor— backward gossip—and when turned loose in Europe will get to the United States five hours before it starts. Nobody knows exactly what it is, because it has never stood still long enough. It is like her younger brother in that you never know what to expect next, and the only way to handle it is with a switch. Rubber is the only thing that will stop it, which is why rubber necks never get shocked, and rubber heels are shock absorbers, so they say in subway.

Electricity is sometimes known as science gone crazy with the heat, and if you can understand its manuvers you can do any thing with it except open a can of peanut butter at a picnic. It had been locked up in ignorance throughout all the centuries until Ben Franklin let it out with a pass key, and since then it has been pulling off more stunts than the Russian government. With it you can start a conversation or stop one, perpetually, cook dinner, curl your hair, press your trousers, blow up a battleship, run an automobile or signal Mars, and many more things are being invented.

Like the price of rib roast, lightning seldom hits twice in the same place, but once it does hit there is little left. The Lord said, "Let there be light," and now all we have to do is to press a button.

YOU CAN'T BE SURE.

By Douglas Malloch.

You can't be sure. You plant the seed,
Attend with skill and care,
But sun may come when rain you need,
Or rain when skies are fair.
You can't be sure that every tree
Will bear the fruit you plan;
Though richer great you long to be,
You can't be sure you can.

You can't be sure that every scheme,
Whatever field you till,
Will bring the profit that you dream,
Your eager purse to fill.
But, oh, you can be sure of this,
And isn't this the test?—
Whatever fortune you may miss,
At least you did your best?

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

In olden times, the days before so much brevity was introduced in the land, it was generally conceded that a man who hid behind a woman's skirt was a coward; and they called him that. In these days if he succeeds in hiding behind one of the fashionable skirts he is veritable a magician.

What the country needs at Washington now more than anything else is a pressing club, doing dry cleaning.

It strikes me that Oklahoma City has hit upon the right thing to solve the car parking question. It has just finished a $250,000 automobile hotel. This hotel is seven stories, with a full basement, and will accommodate 300 automobiles at one time. It is fire-proof and located almost in the center of the business district. It has two electrically controlled elevators to transport cars from one floor to another. I look for this idea to spread over the country. The mileage some people run up on the cars looking for a place to park, is that much mileage wasted.

After all these years a new Ford joke has found its way into circulation. I did not think there could be a new one. This one runs to the effect that they are going to put beards on all the new Fords. If the hearer has a human and philanthropic bent of mind he asks, "Why?" And the answer is, "To make them look like Lincolns."

That reminds me that I saw it stated the other day that three classical dancers recently visited one of Detroit's automobile plants and were so thrilled at what they saw that they have organized a dance with the factory as a motif. Details are lacking, but it is assumed that the costumes will appropriately be made of sheet metal; that they will clutch each other from time to time; spring into the air; ding each other's fenders so to speak,, and be appropriately tireless. Very probably the charming young ladies will posess streamline designs, short wheel bases, attractive, if scant, upholstery and be dowered with strong power plants. It's a most intriguing idea, this dance thing, and possesses endless possibilities, if other fields of industry are to provide the inspiration.

Judge Gary, head of the United States Steel corporation, in a recent address before a group of big business men, said: "I would like to ring in the ears of every living soul on earth that, wherever they are, whatever they are doing, whomsoever they are associated with or come in contact with, it will pay them in dollars and cents if all the time they will observe the requirements of the Golden Rule." Nearly 2,000 years ago the only man who ever lived toward whom men must take a stand one way or the other, uttered these words: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." It is a part of Christ's sermon on the mount. The world is trying every other means to

reach the solution of its problems but this one; the only right one. Why not act on Judge Gary's suggestion and put this solvent to the real full test? Business men all over the world are expressing the same view Judge Gary expresses. Suppose the Golden Rule were really applied, don't you think it would come pretty nearly obviating the necessity for a whole lot of our civil and even business laws? To my mind, it would.

The habit of never saying anything good about people until after they are dead, is generally looked upon as a tombstone habit. Don't be a tombstone. You will rest under one soon enough, and then your chance to make a little sunshine will be gone forever.

Half of the people who marry in this world are women. The other half are men. This marriage business, then, is a fifty-fifty affair.

A downtown delivery boy, of ebony hue, not long ago, appeared on the campus of Duke university with a package to be delivered at the gymnasium. When he arrived in the neighborhood of the building, he approached a person nearby and inquired: "Is dis de place Mr. Jim Nasium lives?" On a former occasion another one of these carriers had a delivery to make at the faculty club on the campus, and he wanted to know if that was the "Factory Club." Funny how some people get names twisted. These incidents are equal to the days when the Guilford hotel, at Greensboro, was in its palmy days, under the management of Benbow. A young white man appeared before the hotel, and asked the writer if that was where "Mr. Guilford lived."

Just now the automobiles, and the motor trucks, are the most omnipresent things I can think of on this mundane sphere. They are the artistocrats of the streets; coming and going, in front of you and behind you, and on either side. You never know when one is going to jump on you, or high jump. They rush in and out, across sidewalks, from every entrance large enough to admit a car. Every alleyway, and vacant space, is used by some one backing in or pushing out to make a turn on the street. They'll run across the pavements to get to a vacant space. Some are no respecter of persons, places or pavements. It almost jars your gizzard out of you to be passing a building, or wide entrance, and have a car butt into your face without a sign of warning and you have to use the agility of a grasshopper to save your life. If some human-loving philanthropist will invent wings for automobiles—though some of them fly now, without wings—figuratively spreading—so they can take the air, it would be a blessing to humanity. It looks as if, in the years to come, there will be no place for people to walk, and human beings will have to be supplied with wings if automibles are not. There appears to be a desire on the part of some drivers to make angels out of pedestrians at all hazards.

The accumulation of wealth in itself does not constitute greatness, because wealth is merely power to do.

It is what a man does with his wealth that makes him either great or small. Rockefellow is not great because he took advantage of his opportunities to accumulate one of the greatest private fortunes of all times, but he is great in the wisdom which he has displayed in devoting the power which he possesses by virture of that fortune, to the increased happiness of the people of the world. When power makes a man brutal it does not make him great. No man possessing the power to employ labor is great unless he uses that power to increase the happiness of his employees. No man who possesses the power to lead in religion; lead in politics, or teach, is great unless his power is devoted to the increased happiness of those whom he leads or teaches. In other words, there is only one brand of greatness and that is , "ability to do good;"

I heard one citizen ask another citizen if a certain other citizen was not a very public-spirited man. To which the first citizen replied: "He certainly is. He is continually in a high fever because somebody else does not do something about something immediately, somewhere in the city limits, before somebody got on his nerves."

Prayer is one of the leading features of the Bishops' Crusade which is now on in the Episcopal church throughout the nation. Prayer has been defined as the connecting link, or means of communication between the soul of man and the throne of God. By prayer it is possible to come in direct contact with the Creator and thus get actual help and inspiration. It calls for much faith in the promises of the scriptures. In the minds of believers there is no doubt and much experience that points to the truth of the power of prayer, yet we are very far from either generally using what might be a great power and help, of taking much interest in this most important command of God, "Pray without ceasing." Is it not more wonderful than the results obtained from telephone, wireless of radio? The invivible forces of nature daily perform miracles, and why is it not as fully possible that the Great Creator means what He says in every command and promise made? The miraculous is only a manifestation or result not understood; and we go blindly along in our ignorance, missing the opportunity for help, comfort, knowledge and results. The command is to "pray that ye enter not into temptation"; "pray that ye may receive knowledge"; "ask and it shall be given, seek and ye shall find:" "pray to your Father in secret and He shall reward you openly." The element of prayer, then, must be a large item in every fully successful life, and just how much more we might make of life if we develop the power of prayer is unknown. It has been the factor in the lives of our great men. It is surprising how many of the outstanding figures in history who have made noted statesmen, scholars and heroes, were men of prayer.

"Nobody can get you anywhere unless you want to go!"

DONALD GILLIS.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

When a man has gone to his reward leaving a record inspiring to contemplate, it becomes the duty and the profit of all of us to mark and examine it.

It is our duty because in this way only can we render him a full measure of the homage he deserved. It is our profit because human life is not so starred with heroism that we can afford to neglect one of its outstanding manifestations.

Donald Gillis, Editor of **The Citizen**, lived such a life, achieved such a record.

He did it against heart-breaking handicap and over terrific obstacles. The fact that he did it while he was sick does not begin to tell the story.

Most men who are ill carry with them the belief that they will recover, and when the torch of their courage fails they can relight it in the flame of an imperishable hope. Donald Gillis walked imprisioned in the knowledge that the ailment which struck hourly at his vitality would be upon him all his life. He knew the walls of his illness were so lasting and so strong that he might never hope to see them fall away.

This realization kept him all the more resolute. The stern, incessant business of fighting manfully from the top of the walls made him all the braver. It was as if he said to himself: "I have proved that I will not be denied my right to do some of the work of the world!"

For the opportunities and power of his position as editor of this newspaper, he had an unusual and magnificent respect. Of its potentialities to guide and inform the reading public, he had a noble ideal.

He knew, he must have known, that its exacting duties and arduous labors constituted a tax upon his mind and body which he could not long pay so generously without going physically bankrupt. But, in his philosophy of life, to be useful and to achieve for a little while was the better part than to be unproductive and to live long.

He was a glutton for work. He never minimized a responsibility nor cut a corner. He knew how his job should be done, and to that ideal and measurement, though weakness had him by the throat and pain called for his surrender, he gave all he had from day to day.

So he carried his banner to the very gates of death, and at the gates he held it high, and through them he passed without a break in the triumphant stride with which he had marched through life that was, for him a battlefield for forty years.

Donald Gillis had a multitude of friends who covered his coffin and his grave with flowers.

He did much for Asheville, whose white marble library is his monument.

He had wit, and humor, and to his funeral came a woman from Tennessee who said: "I never knew him, never saw him, but I owe him a great debt for the fun and laughter he gave men. I took **The Citizen** for seven years so that I should never miss one of his Colonel Babers columns."

He wrote many fine things. He advertised Western North Carolina

to the whole country, and he exercised a weighty influence upon the thought of this community.

But his greatest and noblest editorial was his life. That was epic stuff.

He never talked about his health, never admitted that he was sick. Toward the last even, when exhaustion wrung from him the one and only concession of having others carry his copy to the composing room, he met every inquirer with a smiling: "Fine! Feeling fine, thank you."

One sensed his realization that, if he fed his enemy on so much as the semblance of self-pity, it would grow strong enough to pull him down. The thing would have been tragedy stark and Athenian but for the grandeur of the laughter with which he stood it off.

Those who worked with him, those who knew him, will never forget the picture: this frail man who for more than a generation never lived a day nor slept through a night without coming many times to grips with the suffering that racked his body but could not touch his indomitable spirit—this warrior who, though so sorely stricken that several times he collapsed at his desk and on many occasions, at the close of his long day's labors, could walk with the greatest difficulty, did a strong man's work for years and did it splendidly.

The story of his life is a chapter in the history of Asheville. It is a manuscript which, unedited and unchanged, is a driving inspiration. It is so inspiring because its every line was written by courage, the courage that sacrifices self on the altar of usefulness.

Donald Gillis, one of life's Greathearts, is gone. His real monument is our memory of what he did among us against odds whose terrors never broke his oncoming step.

A PATRIOTIC CREED.

Edgar A. Guest.

To serve my country day by day
At any humble post I may;
To honor and respect her flag,
To live the traits of which I brag:
To be an American in deed
As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,
To till my little patch of soil,
And keep in mind the debt I owe
To them who died that I might know
My country, prosperous and free,
And passed this heritage to me.

I always must, in trouble's hour,
Be guided by the men in power;
For God and country I must live,
My best for God and country give,
No act of mine that men may scan
Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,
American in mind and heart;
To serve the flag and bravely stand
To guard the glory of my land;
To be American in deed;
God grant me strength to keep this creed!

OUR OWN LITTLE CLICK.

(Exchange).

We were in a large telegraph office the other day and while all the sending and receiving instruments were clicking and all the typewriters were rat-a-tat-tating, and we couldn't help wondering how those men and boys were able to dispatch messages or receive them in such an uproar.

"It's wonderful!" we exclaimed to the manager who was showing us around.

"What?" he asked.

"Why, how they manage even to think clearly with all that noise going on."

"It's merely a matter of concentration," he explained. "The boy or man who is unable to concentrate can't hold a job with us, and I doubt if he'll amount to much in any other calling. Every one of those telegraphers is concerned only in his own little click. He is just as oblivious of the other clicking as though it were silent, for he knows he'd be lost if he paid any attention to it."

The more we thought about what the manager said, the more we saw how important it was to us, in our workshop, in our studies, in the doing of anything that is worth while, to pay attention only to our own little "click."

"Don't get sore at the other fellow when he makes good. Get busy yourself; maybe you can do even better!"

"STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!"

(The Way).

Like that of many other common sayings or slogans, the origin of the warning "Stop! Look! Listen!" which is universally used by the railroads, is not very generally known. Stories have been circulated from time to time, stating that a lawyer or originated the phrase and received a large sum for his ingeniuty, but it really originated in a different manner.

When the Harrisburg and Gettysburg Railroad was constructed in 1890, there were many grade crossings and accidents were very frequent occurences. Mr. J. C. Fuller was vice-president and general manager of the road, and it fell to his lot to spend a large part of his time in court, listening to the hearings on the accidents that took place on his trackage. One day in court, Mr. Fuller heard the judge who was defending the railroad, say: "It is the duty of every one to stop, look and listen when approaching a railroad."

He was so impressed with the pithiness and common sense of the remark that he promptly placed signs bearing the warning at all the grade crossings of his railroad. A year later the Philadelphia and Reading copied his example and it was not long before the slogan was adopted by every railroad in the United States.

A QUAKER BOY WHO ASTONISHED THE WORLD.

By Archer Wallace.

One summer afternoon in 1745, a seven-year-old boy, living near Springfield, Pennsylvania, was given the task of looking after a little baby. His mother put a fan in his hand and told him to keep the flies away from the infant's face. When at last she fell asleep, the boy, whose name was Benjamin West, was struck with the beauty of the sleeping child. Up to that time he had never seen a picture, for his people were Quakers and regarded pictures as worldly and unnecessary. On a table near were two bottles of ink, one red, the other black. Benjamin took a piece of paper and with the ink began to make a drawing of the little one asleep. Just as he finished the sketch his mother appeared. He tried to conceal the drawing, but she saw it, and then opened her eyes wide with astonishment. "Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "it is a picture of little Sally." She threw her arms around Benjamin's neck and tenderly kissed him. After that he was never afraid to show his mother anything he had drawn.

From tha ttime on, young Benjamin scarcely allowed a day to pass without attempting some kind of drawing. Everything he saw around him came in for attention; the wild flowers and trees, the birds and cattle, the men, women and children, even the lovely sunsets, he attempted. Sometimes he used ink on sheets of paper, at other times he used chalk until nearly every board and door round the farmhouse was chalked up.

At that time there were a great many Mohawk Indians living in Pennsylvania. They made occasional visits to Springfield and they were greatly intrested in Benjamin's sketches. They used much red and yellow paint with which to decorate themselves, and some of this they gave to Benjamin. His mother gave him some indigo, so he had red, yellow and blue colors, and he found that by mixing the yellow and blue he could make green, so that enabled him to paint in four colors.

The Indians also taught him how to shoot with bow and arrow, and in this way he captured many beautiful birds and used them as models for his pictures. The neighboring white people, who visited the West family, were greatly interested and amused at the sketches which the little fellow had made on every available space, but they expressed regret that he had not any brushes. Up until that time Benjamin did not even know what a brush looked like, nor had he even seen a picture of any description. He was at loss how to obtain a paint brush such as the neighbors talked of, until one day, as he watched the cat, he got the idea of making a brush from her fur. The brush was a success, but before long he needed another, then another. Soon the cat had big patches of its body without fur and Benjamin's father said: "I don't know what is the matter with that cat. All its fur it coming out." When he learned what the real trouble was, he did

not know whether to chastise the boy or not, but he was so much amused that he forgave him.

When Benjamin was eight years old, a relative from Philadelphia, named Mr. Pennington, visited the family. He was greatly astonished at the drawings and paintings which his young relative had done without any assistance whatever. When he returned to Philadelphia he sent Benjamin a box of paints, several pieces of canvas, and six engravings by a famous artist of that time. Benjamin went nearly wild with joy. They were the first real drawings he had ever seen, and they certainly seemed wonderful. That night when he went to bed, he laid his presents on a chair, and several times during the night he put out his hand to make sure that they were still there. He almost thought that it must be a dream out of which he would awake.

The next day he carried his presents up to a garret in the house and began at once to make copies of the engravings. He became so interested that he forgot all about school and then evidently decided that he must finish his paintings, for he did not go near the school for several days.

The schoolmaster at last sent to inquire the reason for his absence. Benjamin's mother did not know how he had been spending his time, and, feeling very much annoyed, she went up to the garret to search for him. When she opened the door and saw the pictures which her eight-year-old- boy had painted she was amazed and delighted, and interceded with his father, so Benjamin was not punished.

Some time after this Mr. Pennington took Benjamin for a few days to Philadelphia. It was the boy's first journey away from home, and what he saw made him open his eyes wide with wonder. The houses, the people, and the shops on the river; how different they were to anything he had ever seen before. But that which interested him more than anything else was the pictures. Noticing his interest in these, an artist named Williams loaned him some books on the art of painting. These Benjamin took with him when he returned to his home and carefully studied them.

He had definitely made up his mind to become an artist. He painted a picture of a lady and her children who lived in a nearby town and this aroused such favorable comment that soon he had far more orders for pictures than he could possibly fill. He was overwhelmed with requests from people who, of course, offered to pay him for his work.

Benjamin was now sixteen and his father decided to put him out as an apprentice to some trade. But he had shown such remarkable artistic ability, and he was so much in love with the art, that he and his parents hoped that he could follow his bent. The Quakers did not believe in decorative art of any kind. They regarded pictures as indications of vanity. A meeting was called to discuss Benjamin's future. For several hours the matter was carefully considered. The Quaker attitude toward pictures seemed to make an artist's career, for one of them, impossible, yet no one denied that Benjamin had remarkable gifts. At last one of the leading men arose, and, in a long speech, declared that God undoubted-

ly had conferred upon Benjamin West a remarkable gift, and he could see no reason why this gift should not be used for the glory of God. Others agreed with him, and the members solemnly placed their hands upon his head and wished him God's blessing in his career as a painter.

Benjamin went to Philadephia to to study. He received much kindness from Provost Smith, head of the college there, and soon he was hard at work trying to improve himself. Chiefly through the influence of Dr. Smith, it was made possible for him to go to Rome, where so many of the great masterpieces of art are to be seen. After a voyage which filled him with a strange wonder he arrived at Rome in July, 1760, when he was twenty-two years of age. At that time America was little known, and the news that a native-born American was in Rome excited a great deal of interest. Scores of people came to see him, fully expecting to find a redskin. When they did see him they were much surprised, for he was fairer than themselves.

What Benjamin saw in the art galleries of Rome opened up a new world to him. He had never realized that such painting was possible. For days he gazed in admiration and awe, but these paintings made him more determined than ever to become a great artist. After three years of study in Rome he went to Florence and many other centers of culture in Italy. Later he visited Paris and then he arrived in London, which he made his home.

He was not long in London before his pictures began to attract attention, and he came under the notice of King George III. The king was greatly pleased with his work, and gave him much work to do. In 1792 he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the Royal Academy of Arts, a position he held until his death in 1820.

Benjamin West painted a great many pictures, some of which are known to all lovers of art. One of his most famous paintings is "The Death of Wolfe." This picture was presented to Canada by the Duke of Westminister in 1918 in recognition of Canada's services to the empire during the war. Another famous West picture is "Christ Healing the Sick." When this great picture was hung in the Royal Academy in London, there was hung alongside of it the tiny picture that Benjamin in his father's garret had made with the first box of paints he ever had. The small painting was a landscape scene and as the people gazed upon it they found it very hard to realize that it was the work of an eight-year-old boy, who until he received presents from Mr. Pennington, had never seen a picture. But no one begrudged him his fame. All seemed eager to hail this boy from the wilds of America as one of the most distinguished painters of his time.

Professor: "Why were you fighting?"
Boy: "I said a pear was oblong and he said it was round."
Professor: "Come now, shake hands and call it square."—Colliers.

LITTLE STORIES OF EVERY DAY EXPRESSIONS.

By J. Edmun Brewton.

There are many expression you use every day,
From where they came you cannot say.
'Tis in these stories you'll find related
How these phrases originated.

I. There's Many a Slip.

Once upon a time, according to tradition, there lived in Leleges in Samos, an island in the Greecian Archipelago, a king named Ancaeus. Now Ancaeus was very, very cruel to his slaves, and mistreated them and abused them so much that one of them rose up against him and prophesied against him.

Ancaeus planted a vineyard, and it was regarding this vineyard that the slave dared make his prophecy. He said to Ancaeus that he would never live to taste the wine.

Time passed, the grapes were gathered, and the wine made. Before tasting the wine, however, the king sent for the slave who had prophesied against him. When the slave stood before him, the king said: "What do you think of your prophecy now?" Whereupon the slave looked at the untasted wine and then at the king.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," said the slave to Ancaeus.

The slave had hardly finished his reply when there rushed into their presence a man very much excited. "A wild boar is in your favorite vineyard. He is destroying it."

This announcement came from the man and he was gone.

Ancaeus put down the glass which held the untasted wine and hurried to attack the boar and drive from his vineyard this destroyer. But it so happened that the wild boar was more vicious than Ancaeus had thought for, and in the encounter, instead of being successful in his attempt to drive the boar out, he was killed. And thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the slave for the wine of the vineyard remained in the king's chamber untasted.

And thus did the expression, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." originate. So, today, when we want to express a possibility of something being accomplished not being accomplished after all, we say, "**There's many a slip.**"

WHAT HE WANTED.

Mother: Tommy, wouldn't you like to have a nice frosted cake with five candles on it for your birthday—a candle for each year?

Tommy: I think I'd rather have five cakes and one candle, mama!

AMERICA'S SULGRAVE MANOR.

By Agnes Miller.

Few ships have brought as interesting a cargo across the sea as that one which arrived recently in Philadelphia with the stones and oak beams in her hold which, in the sixteenth century, built Warwick Priory an English country house, and which now, in the twentieth, are to build in Richmond, Virginia, a reproduction of Washington's ancestral English home.

If it is exactly reproduced, America's Sulgrave Manor—for so the chief house in the pisturesque hamlet of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire, is still called today—will be a rambling, low, yellow structure, with ivy-clad walls and deep, small-paned windows. The doors will open level with the flagged walks through the quaint gardens surrounding the house, the wide entrance hall and the great dining room to which it opens will also be paved with flags. The dining room will have a magnificient timbered ceiling and a great fireplace, and the staircase to the upper floor of the main wing will have a splendidly carved oaken balustrade.

In these essentials our manor house can closely imitate the English original, but there are several unique features of the latter which will be missed. One is the original sixteenth century window of the dining room, the only one left in the house, which still bears the colored glass coat-of-arms possessed by the Washington family when George Washington's fifth great-grandfather, Robert, bought the manor early in the sixteenth century. Another is the quaint set of title deeds attesting to this purchase, which all visitors are invited to view. Still another, perhaps the most interesting, is the stone carving over the lintel of the entrance which shows the stars and stripes of the Washington family escutcheon which suggested those on the American flag. And a very touching modern association with this carving is found in a brass plate on the wall, just inside the entrance, which bears the names of 112 American soldiers who died in Manchester during the World War; it was placed there by the Stars and Stripes Club of that city, which cares for their graves.

But when the American Manor house is fitted up as a museum, in accordance with the intention of the builder, it will be possible to reproduce again the charming and interesting effects achieved by the Sulgrave Institution in its work of preserving the English manor, which started in 1914 in celebration of the hundred years' peace between the two countries. The bedchambers can be furnished as "over there," with carved four-posters, and antique paneled coffers; perhaps one of them can even be equipped with a "strong door," made of thick oak timbers, and sheathed on both sides with iron; the garden can be bordered with quaintly cut box hedges—in short, the house can give us a clear picture of just the sort of home—not splendid, but full of dignity and comfort—from which John Washington came to America in 1658 to found the American branch of his illustrious family. And just as the personal relics of

Washington on exhibition at Sulgrave are truly fine, and worthy of the friendly gesture of the preservers of the manor—including, as they do, a Stuart portrait of our first President, articles of his own jewelry, trinkets, crockery, campaign equipment—so, doubtless, many similar fine mementoes from the wealth of those which remain to us will enhance the charm of America's Sulgrave.

In old Virginia, too, his own State, the setting for Washington's ancestral home can be made fitting. Sulgrave itself is a tiny village, but as pretty and as typically English as one would wish to see. It has one long street, at the foot of which spreads the farm surrounding the manor, while at the top of the hill stands the quaint, square-towered fourteenth century church where all the Washington family worshipped. The pew in which they sat for so many generations has lately been restored to the building; it is of dark oak, a square one, placed at the right-hand front end of the chancel, and was put back in place and dedicated by its English owner on July 25, 1924. Under the chancel floor beside it is the Washington tomb, bearing an inscription in memory of one Lawrence Washington and his wife, Aimee. There is also on exhibition in this church the Washington dower chest, a great box of wrought iron which once held the family treasures. The street which stretches from manor to house is bordered with thatched cottages of the most picturesque description, and the whole village is spick and span to an incredible degree. It is scarcely to be expected that we can produce exactly these surroundings for the American Sulgrave, but at least the soft green Southern gardens of Virginia can furnish a setting not wholly dissimilar to the verdant, rolling hilly country of Northamptonshire.

And certainly our Sulgrave could ask nothing better than to resemble its English namesake in being, as the latter is, a most extraordinary contribution to international good-feeling. Every American who visits England should make a point of visiting Sulgrave, and not alone because it was the home of Washington's family, nor yet because a visit is an acknowledgement of the gracious action that has preserved it for all time. He should go because he will experience an amazing, unique sensation there; he will find as many, if not more, English people visiting the house than Americans, but for the same reason, namely, that of paying tribute to the character of our great leader. The atmosphere of Sulgrave is an atmosphere of peace, generosity, brotherhood; it is impossible to go there and not be conscious of this, even as one is led by the guide, among a party of strangers of differing nationalities, from room to room in the charming old manor. The preservation of this building represents the best in the heart of England, as the ideals of Washington represent the best in the heart of America; those who visit Sulgrave Manor leave it with new tolerance and understanding in the hearts for friends across the sea, east or west. May America's Sulgrave likewise be a Mecca for pilgrims and a gesture that is a declaration for peace!

THE NORTHWEST FUR TRADERS.

By Lissie C. Farmer.

Washington Irving says somewhere that the occupations of fur trading and gold seeking were the two commercial enterprises that were precursors of civilization in North and South America; the fur trade predominating in North America and the gold seeking in South America and Mexico in the days of the early explorations.

In these days, when the skins of animals are so much used in clothing of both men and women, most every one is familiar with many of the various kinds of leathers and furs so used. Most every one, too, knows something of the part that beaver skins and certain other furs played in the early commerce of the Alantic coast. It will be remembered that during the period of early settlement of New England, the Middle States and Virginia, two great mercantile companies, the Dutch West India Company and the Plymouth Company of England, had a lively rivalry over the beaver fur trade; later, the French came in on the North American fur trading industry, and conflicting fur claims between English and French was one of the causes leading to the French and Indian War in this country. Of the great fur companies which came into existence later in the West and Northwest, and played such important parts in national and international matters, very, very little is known outside of their immediate localities, and, in spite of their great historical importance, many historians mention them but briefly.

Two of the leading fur companies of the Northwest were the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company. The Hudson Bay Company was originated by two Frenchmen, fur traders of Canada. Having received what they considered gross mistreatment at the hands of their own French government—Canada then belonged to France—these two men went to England for help. They wanted to trade in the region of Hudson Bay and needed money backing from somewhere to carry out their plans. Now, London had been considerable of a fur center for some time, having had a guild of "skinners," as dealers in hides and furs were then called, chartered as far back as 1327—long before the discovery of America. London was interested in the two disgruntled fur traders, and no less a personage than Prince Rupert took them under his patronage in their enterprise.

With Prince Rupert's backing one of them, named Groeillers, returned to America in 1668. Soon the Hudson Bay Company was chartered with many privileges and went to work with such vigor that within twenty years they had fifteen forts or fur stations established for carrying on their trade in the great new wilderness of the then new world.

About the fur industry now centered a long period of picturesque Northwest American history—the period of the fur traders. Farther and farther to the north and west went the traders and trappers of the Hudson Bay Company, and of other companies and individuals who dealt with the Indians in fur peltries. The Indians were the first fur dealers of

the new continent. For many centuries, undoubtedly, they had used furs and skins for tents, bedding and clothing. They knew the haunts and habits of the wild fur-bearing creatures, when their furs were at their best, when they changed color, the feeding and breeding habits of the animals. They knew how to prepare the furs for use and how to remove the hairs if only the skins were wanted, but the early Indians had no idea of the real value of the furs to the white men. They bartered their valuable peltries off to the white men for cheap beads and other guads of little cost. There was immense money to be made in the fur business under such conditions. The Hudson Bay Company grew rich and powerful. Other fur traders and other fur companies came into competition with it.

The French and Indian War came on and the treaty signed at its close, May 2, 1762, gave Canada to England. This transfer of so large a part of North America brought great changes to the fur trade in the Northwest. Scotchmen flocked to Canada, and soon many of them were leaders in the fur business, growing immensely wealthy from its profits, and living like barons of the Middle Ages in their far-off fur stations. Everywhere were Irish, English and Scotch mixing with the French and Indians in the fur business.

A colossal figure appeared on the horizon of the fur trading realm—Alexander McKenzie, born in Scotland, but reared in Canada, he was hardened to the cold climate and other hardships of the Northwest. Engaging in the fur trade, which he understood thoroughly, he became a member of one of the fur companies operating in Canada. The Northwest Fur Company of Montreal was reaching out toward the Pacific. Then came a discovery of far-reaching import to the fur dealers. The famous English navigator, Captain Cook, cruising about in the Pacific Ocean, found that there were many sea otters on the west coast of North America; it was also found that there was a fine market for the skins of these animals in China. Dreams of immense wealth filled the minds of the fur traders as they planned to extend their trade to the far-away Pacific coast.

About this time the "X. Y." Fur Company, of which McKenzie was a member, united with the Northwest Company, McKenzie becoming a member of the new company so formed, which retained the name of the Northwest Company. As agent for this company, McKenzie was stationed in the district of Lake Athabasca. In the year 1789, McKenzie explored to the Arctic Ocean the great river which is named for him.

The year 1792 is very important in the history of the fur trade in the Northwest. New England seamen, during that year, flocked to the Pacific coast to trade in furs. It is recorded that there were twenty-one vessels, fitted out by Yankee money, trading in furs on the Pacific during that year. Also in 1792, McKenzie made an exploring trip across Western Canada to the Pacific Ocean, being thus the first white man to cross the Rockies and reach the ocean by a northern overland route. No less important than McKenzie's trip was the voyage of Captain Gray, a Yankee, during which he discovered

the mouth of the Columbia River.

The eagle, the lion, and the bear were now keen rivals for the Pacific coast fur trade. The Yankees, having discovered one of the principal rivers of the Northwest, were setting up a claim to trade in the vicinity of that river; the English, having explored certain districts to the ocean, were reaching forth through the two great fur companies, the Northwest and the Hudson Bay, laying claim to the lands in which these two companies operated; the Russians, being already established in Alaska, with Sitka for their headquarters, were doing a prosperous fur business there and reaching farther down the coast to the south, and claiming for Russia the lands in which their fur traders operated.

Sir Alexander McKenzie further bestirred himself. His fur stations moved nearer and nearer to the Pacific Ocean. He and his associates were very busy with plans for the Pacific coast region; so also was Thomas Jefferson, President of these Untied States. In order, partly at least, to help American trade in certain parts of the West, American envoys in Paris had been instructed to try to purchase from Napoleon's government a small piece of land at the mouth of the Mississippi River; they were overwhelmingly surprised to find that Napoleon, anxious to raise more money to carry out his schemes, was ready to sell them the whole Louisiana district, comprising a large part of the immense basin and highlands drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries to the west. The United States purchased this district and it became ours in 1803.

The Canadian companies now found it was not going to be quite so easy to capture the Pacific coast fur trade with United States in possession of a large district in parts of which their trappers and traders had been operating. President Jefferson made another important move; he sent his secretary and a companion with a suitable outfit to explore and report on this vast new acquisition of territory; so, in 1805, from St. Louis, up the Missouri, across the Rockies, down the Columbia to its mouth, went Louis and Clark, bringing back to their government a carefully prepared account of their trip and its findings. This report stirred up great interest in the new region of the Northwest.

Amout this time there loomed on the horizon of the immense fur trade another giant of industry—John Jacob Astor. For many years before this time, Mr. Astor had been engaged in the fur business; he was well acquainted with conditions in Canada, and with personalities of the big fur companies in Canada and United States. John Jacob Astor dreamed of a long chain of fur stations extending through the valleys of the Ohio, Missouri and Columbia Rivers, with a new station at the mouth of the newly discovered Columbia River; from this latter point, his ships would carry furs to China, bringing back oriental goods from that region to New York. With this gigantic scheme in mind, Mr. Astor bought out one of the fur companies already operating, thereby getting control of a line of inland stations in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes.

After some delays, Mr. Astor organized a new fur company, fitted

out two expeditions, one to go westward across North America by land, the other by sea around South America from New York. The sea-going expedition reached the mouth of the Columbia first, and founded the town of Astoria, named, of course, for Mr. Astor. By this move Mr. had gained the race the fur companies were making for control of the mouth of the Columbia. A very short time after Astor's men occupied this point, David Thompson, of the Northwest Company, arrived at the mouth of the Columbia—too late to establish a post there, as he had evidently been sent out to do.

The great Northwest Company fought its way; on one side of it was the powerful Hudson Bay Company; to the northwest were the Russians in Alaska; to the southwest, the Yankees in the Columbia River basin. The possession of the whole Northwest at that time at that time was hinging on the operations of these huge fur companies.

It was in 1811 that Astoria was founded . Then came the War of 1812 between United States and Great Britain. Fearing for the safety of his far-away fur trading posts during this war, Mr. Astor tried to get the government protection for his outposts on the Pacific; unfortunately, he never visited this region himself. His fur stations in the Columbia region were so far away from their head in New York, and it took so long for news of their actions reach him, that it was hard for him to find out actual conditions there. At the start, he had put into the venture about a million dollars.

Several of his partners at the station had been members of the Northwest Company. After a short time in occupation of the Columbia River district, they ingloriously sold out their stock of fur and appurtenances at Fort Astoria to the Northwest Company. For a short time it looked as though the enterprise of Mr. Astor and the early New England traders was not to bring any lasting benefit to United States in that section as far as acquisition of any new country was concerned. The Northwest and the Hudson Bay Companies united, retaining the name of the latter.

Into the Columbia River district then came the Hudson Bay Company, moving its headquarters from Astoria a few miles up the Columbia River to what is now Vancouver, Washington.

England and the United States, not being able to agree on their boundaries in this region, had signed a treaty of joint occupation of old Oregon, which meant all the district west of the Rockies from California to Alaska. By the terms of this agreement, each country had the right to send its people into the jointly occupied territory to make settlements or barter and carry on trade. At first, it was not the policy of the Hudson Bay Company to encourage settlers in this new district except those persons connected with the fur business. They wanted to keep the country more or less of a great preserve for the furry creatures in whose peltries they expected to barter. According to this early policy of occupation, the Indians were to be allowed to remain in possession of most of their wild haunts, since they were of great benefit to the fur dealers as trappers and

hunters of the fur-bearing animals.

The first great fur chieftain at Vancouver, Washington, was Dr. John McLoughlin, a physical and mental giant, who, with remarkable ability, reigned over the other employees of the Hudson Bay Company and the Indians in all the region extending east, south and north from Vancouver. There were perhaps 100,000 Indians in the district at this time. Under Dr. McLoughlin's management, the fur company prospered wonderfully. Over the rivers of the district darted the light canoes of the French "voyageurs," gathering up the furs from the numerous outlying stations; almost undisturbed, the Indians wandered from mountain to seashore, fishing, hunting and trapping, holding in the deepest veneration the good doctor, who, on account of his prematurely snowy white hair, was called by them the "White-Headed Eagle." Later on, the white people called him the "Father of Oregon."

Eastward from Vancouver lived the Nez Percez Indians. Having learned from various white people, with whom they had come in contact, that the white possessed a wonderful book that taught people how to be good and happy here in this world and how to live and die so as to reach the Happy Hunting Grounds of the hereafter in which the Indian believed with his deepest being, these Indians resolved to send and get this book from the white people—"The Book of Heaven," the Indians called it. Accordingly, the Nez Percez sent four of their number to far-off St. Louis to ask the white people there to give them the book and to send back a teacher with the book to teach them how to read it and obey it. No teacher came back with them, no one was ready just yet to make the long, hard trip into the wilds as a teacher to the Indians. Sad to say, only one of these four Indians lived to reach again his native tribes, but that one Indian lived to see the missionaries who soon began to come out to his district in response to the call that had been made for them.

These first missionaries considered Oregon a wonderland. They were astonished at its huge forests, its mild climate in the coast regions, its rich soil, its rivers teeming with fish. They urged other settlers from United States. Settlers began to pour in tried to get the country for the United tates. Settlers began to pour in from Kentucky and Tennessee, from Missouri and Iowa and Illinois and other States; whether England or United States should get control of this region became a burning question; each country claimed the greater part of it. The American cry of "54-40 or fight" rang through the United States. That boundary would have given our country the whole region to Alaska. For a long time England tried to hold the land as far south as the Columbia River. People from both Canada and United States had made explorations and settlements in this territory, had traded in furs there, had discovered important rivers and harbors—by virtue of these settlements and explorations and discoveries and trade exploitings, each country thought it had a better foundation for its claim to the region than the other country had.

If Mr. Astor's settlement had con-

tinued as an American fur trading post, it is more than likely that all the Pacific coast of the Northwest would be the property of these United States; if David Thompson, the representative of the Canadian Northwest Company had reached the mouth of the Columbia before Astor's men, and had suceeded in geting a station started there before Astor's men arrived on the scene, it is possible that all the Pacific coast to California, might now be the property of Great Britain. Or, to go a little further back, if Captain Cook had not discovered immense numbers of sea otter about the Pacific coast of North America, it is not likely that either England or United States would have been entering the district through their fur traders or by any other means until many years later, and the Pacific coast might have been for some time the exclusive property of Russia and Spain.

The great day of the big fur companies passed. Fur markets changed. The Indian and the picturesque voyager gave place to the farmer and the fisher and the woodsmen and logger. Furry creatures still lurk in the deeps of forest and mountain of the Northwest; trapper and hunter still pursue them, but their capture and sale have long since ceased to be the chief occupation of this region as they once were.

"In autumn," says a scientific item, "bees who feed on overripe plums become intoxicated." All bees found in this condition by prohibition agents will have their stingers padlocked.—Colliers.

MARCH.

Verna Sheard.

Windy March weather, with a lone
crow flying,
A little ebony airship careening down
the blue,
And high, high above him a wild
goose crying,
The leading cry, the clarion cry, that
guides his gray lines through!

Windy March weather, with the pine
trees singing,
Silver-red the brambles show and silver-green the birch,
And silver-gray a squirrel on a top
branch swinging,—
A friendly elf who nods to me from
his far perilous perch.

Windy March weather, with the tawny brook that hurries
Eager for the outward rush of rivers to the sea;
A tiny brook sun-dappled, that frets
and sings and worries,
A rough adventurous little brook that
calls and calls to me.

Windy March weather, and the old
spring madness
Tempting us to take the trail that
wanders free and far,—
Whispering of magic roads that wind
to lands of gladness,
Where vanished joys anl lost delights
and garnered treasures are!

TREES BELIEVE IN DEEP BREATHING.

How trees fill their lungs with moisture, exhale it with the coming of wind and sun, making differences daily in their trunk sizes and show their daily growth is being demonstrated at the Bent Creek laboratory of the Appalachian Forest Experiment station.

This apparently impossible feat is being done with the aid of the MacDougal dendograph, a very sensitive little machine. This instrument was devised for recording in minute detail the daily and seasonal growth and all changes in the size of the trunk of a tree. The machine consists of a yoke composed of slotted bars of some alloy, which has a very low temperature coefficient. This is held in place by upright pieces of brass wire seated in small brass plates. These plates are clamped to a belt of wooden blocks hinged together and fastened securely to the sheet of record paper on the tree, serving as a rigid support for the instrument.

The recording apparatus consists of a drum carrying a record sheet, the drum being rotated by clock work. Changes in the diameter of the tree trunk are accurately traced on the drum by the recording pen. The clock requires winding and the record sheet must be changed every seventh day. These machines are now being used in the Bent Creek forest in connection with a number of experiments now under way by the station.

Not only does the machine record the daily growth, but it has shown that there is a swelling at night or in moist periods and a shrinkage when the sun and wind dries out the branches of the tree.

These are registered daily and minutely by the dendrograph. This little machine has shown the growing periods of various species of trees in all sections of the country, these varying from several weeks to several months annually. Until recently little was known as to the exact time at which trees actually make their diameter growth. The machine feels all and shows all to the finest fraction.

A SIGN OF LITTLENESS.

(Kind Words).

A little man is not made large by a big position. In fact, the more prominent the pedestal upon which he may find himself, the more manifest may be his actual size in the view of his fellowmen.

And one of the sure signs of a small nature was suggested many years ago in rather stately phrase by that eminent saint, John Foster, who said: 'Nothing more palpably betrays littleness and meanness of soul than a supercilious looking down on estimable friends of inferior order after a man has attained some unexpected elevation.''

Such an attitude ''estimable friends of inferior order'' are apt to resent keenly if not bitterly. And such a spirit not even the most obsequious can long appreciate.

JOSH BILLINGS.

A wise man never enjoys himself so much, nor a phool so little as when alone.

Yung man, don't kry for spilt milk, but pick up your pail and milking stool and go for the next cow.

Snobs are always toadys.

Whenevr you see a yung man hanging around a korner grocery and drinking 3 cent gin every time he kan git ennyboddy tew ask him, yu kan make up your mind that he has been unanimously nominated for the stait prison and will probably git his eleckshun.

Thare iz no kure for vanity; getting thoroly wet cums the nearest to it, for the time being.

A pedant is like a yung rooster, he crows in season and out ov season.

I love a phool, what little I kno I have larned by hanging around them.

Munny makes munny. We all ov us take our korn to the ritch miller tu have it ground.

Thare iz two kinds of wise people in this world, the wise and the unwise.

If I kan set the fashions for a people i don't kare who makes their laws.

Take all the phools and good luk out ov this world and it would bother the rest ov us tew git a living.

The man who is willing to help everyboddy, (I am sorry to say this) iz willing to be cheated by everyboddy.

Tell me if you kan tell me whare I will find an honest man and also tell me whare all the modest wimmin are.

Sum pholks are like kats, so well balanced that they always strike on their feet when they fall.

Lovers are alwus defining their exstacys but they are in no better condishun tew do it than a drunken man is to deliver a temperance lekture.

Like Solomon ov old, he could talk wisdum better than he could do it.

The man who kan wear a paper kollar a whole week and keep it klean ain't good for ennything else.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like seafaring men on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

During the past few weeks, the barn boys have been busy hauling logs to the saw mill. They have also been planting clover seed.

By this time we know that: "Smile and the world smiles with you." That's so, but—laugh and there are hindrances. Smile and there are dangers.

Recently, Mr. Padgitt, of Charlotte, presented us with ten fine white leghorn roosters. These were turned over to Mr. Lisk, who is the manager of the chicken force. We wish to thank Mr. Padgitt for his gift.

Saturday afternoon the boys went to the ball ground. The boys were very glad to go. They had not been for a long while, because of the rough weather. Last Saturday evening was cold, but just the same the boys went to the ball ground. Peanuts were distributed to the boys there.

What is the "spice of the program?"—it is letter-writing day. This day all the boys take extreme care in writing a letter to their home folks. Probably the receiver of these letters will take notice of this—the care, the neatness and the words in this letter. And not only that, but he is glad to write home every month.

"Making the Community Christian," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells us how we should treat each of our neighbors. This lesson all seems to lead up to the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The golden text for this lesson was: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." —Ephesians 5:11.

Tuesday morning brought to the boys a big surprise. The ground was covered with snow! All during the day snow fell steadily. The ground, trees, tops of all the buildings were covered with the snow. The trees, and landscape, made a wonderful scene. Probably we all were amazed at finding the ground covered with snow on the first day of March! But it was. Snow continued to fall all Tuesday afternoon, and night. Wednesday morning the measurement was (on level) 11 inches. In the largest drift it was between 13 and 15 inches. All the boys who work indoors, such as the print shop, wood shop, shoe shop, bakery and laundry, went on to their tasks as usual. The boys went to school, while the work line remained in the cottage basements.

Listen folks, here's a real one! Just the other day, one of our supposedly bright boys was sent to the shop after a piece of glass. The sender requested a piece of glass "about six or eight inches square." The boy who was about to go for the glass looked rather puzzled and asked: "How long?" Again he was told "a piece of glass, boy, six or eight inches square." The second time the lad asked "and how long do you want it?" The officer who had particular use for this piece

of glass explained that it would be "six or eight inches, square."

Another such remark was heard the other day, when someone asked what "was Uncle Sam's real name?" He probably meant the "Uncle Sam" of whom we refer to when speaking of anything concerning the United States government. All we know is, that, his name is just "Uncle Sam."

Later on questions will arise as to what were the names of these two boys. Find out for yourself. Maybe the "goats" will tell you themselves. Try it.

Mr Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, came out to this institution last Sunday afternoon to have charge of the religious services that were conducted in the auditorium. Mr Shelton brought with him a lady with an excellent voice, who sang for us—the best we have heard for quite a while. Mr. Shelton also brought a pianist who played for us, while the boys sang. And another thing for which we'll have to thank Mr. Shelton, is, that he brought with him a good, and interesting man to talk to the boys. The man, Mr. Bridges, is one of Charlotte's leading attorneys.

Mr. Bridges in his talk related to the boys a very interesting story. He told the boys of the Army, and also a story of two men who were in his regiment. "One of these men, was a bully, who was always grumbling, he once said that 'he could whip every officer there was in the Army.' Another man who came into the regiment later, there was a quiet fellow, I noticed this. Once—I saw him on his knees—praying.***When we went to the front lines every man in my regiment, (as I was returning to camp one beautiful night), were singing. They were singing: "Onward Christian Soldiers, Under the Stars of France," and who should be leading these men in that song but this quiet fellow, who did not boast of his strength.

"Later when the order to 'go over the top,' was given, he went over with a smile on his face. The bully was shot down, and called to God for mercy. The other fellow charged a machine gun nest, was killed and when he was turned over, (as he was shot down, he fell on his face), he still had that smile there. God had seen it that he should not see pain, even in death. This was the best and most interesting talk that we have for a long time. We hope Mr. Bridges will come out and speak to us again. We will be very glad to have him.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One.

"A"

George Pearson, Paul Parton, Charlie Morrow.

"B"

Talmadge Fry, Guy Tucker, Theodore Teague, Horace Bridges, Jas. Beddingfield, Russell Capps, Fred John, Jesse Roundy, George Stanly, Herbert Williams, Jack Walker, Hurley Way.

Room No. Two.

"A"

Rex Allen, Wm. Balleau, David

Bryan, Joe Johnson, J. T. Murray, Hilton Register, Ed Rochester, Dave Whitaker, Glenn Enlow, John Creech, Fred Gray, Sherman Hoots, Colen Sills.

"B"

Boone Sherrill, Howard Shaw, Herbert Floyd, Ed Goghill, John Tomasian, David Nethercutt, Roby Clodfelter.

Room No. Three.

"A"

Roane Turner Ralph Barnett Claude Cook, Frank Earp, John Forrester, Lankford Hewitt, Joe Johnson, (second cottage), John Jennings, Mallory Poe, Luther Perry, Howard Riddle, Frank Watson.

"B"

Johnnie Hill, M. Leonard, Sam Moore, Jas. Stinson, Marshall Weaver, Hubert Crayton, Guerney Taylor, Kenneth Lewis.

Room No. Four.

"A"

Karl Kimsey, Nolen Austin, Colen Clapp, Tom Tedder, Norman Beck, Robert Sprinkle, Sherman Saunders, Amos Ramsey, Howard Atkins.

"B"

Louis Pearce, Claude Wilson, John Glenn, Robert Cooper, Chas. Carter, Bill Goss, Glendon Odom, Guy Thornburg, Earl Faulk.

Room No. Five.

"A"

Eddie Berdeau, Chas. Beaver, Dewey Walker, Wheeler Vandyke, Waldo Moore, William Doby, Percy Long, Obe Sims, Roland Tolson, Ben Chatten, Earnest Pleasant, Walter Quick, Hubert Hines, Franklin Smith, Walter Routh, Wilson Dorsey, Munford Glasgow, Victor Eavens, Dan McCausley, Leroy Daniels, Alvin Robbins, J. B. Harris, Dealton Campbell, Arthur Fowler, Clyde Kivitt, Earle Griffin, Lonnie Wright, Robert Munday, Earl Mayfield, Ted Steward, Emmit Levy, Woodrow Hines, Arnold Cecil, Wylie Moore, Aaron Davis, Chas. McMillian, Leroy Tompkins, Earl Sopshire, Claude Whitacker, Lebron Vause, Ed Williams.

"B"

Therman Parker, Julius Lambeth, Tom Parsons, Stanton Hale, Edmon Hodge, Thomas Hicks, Marion Cook, Lester Whitacker, Pinkie Wrenn, Herbert Ashe, Vance Thomason, Willard Squires, Brady Helms, June Marsh, Herbert Grimes, Johnnie Daughtry, Johnnie Price, Ernest Farr, Carl Chamberlin.

First radiote: "How's your set coming along?"

Second radiote: "Fine. Last night I sat on a vacuum tube and heard glass go (Glasgow)."

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28	P. M
No.	136	to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03	P. M
No.	30	to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56	P. M
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50	P. M
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45	A. M

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV. CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 12, 1927. No. 12

COURT THE BOY.

A boy is in the parlour what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome.

He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you.—Emmerson.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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ALL WORK WORTH DOING IS HARD.

No matter what his occupation, nearly every man is sure that he has selected the calling with the most difficulties. Whether he is a farmer or a merchant or a professional man he is impressed by the thought that he has much more to overcome than those in another line of employment. Of course, these workers are not all right in this assumption, but at least it makes plain the fact that no calling is free from difficulties. And if you are not altogether satisfied with the work you have chosen it is quite possible that you would be no better pleased had you chosen differently. Never make a change for the reason that your work is hard. All work worth doing is hard, and the prizes for success are in proportion to the difficulties conquered.—The Way.

IT HAS DONE IT DO.

Most General Assemblies get cussed, very few praised. The 1927 body is not liable to escape its quota of condemnation. It was probably an average, if not brilliant and extraordinary. It had some very able gentlemen in it—even those that might be classed as patriots. Like all other bodies it contained such as the exigencies of the several counties furnished to that body.

Some counties had representation in either body that didn't have genius or spirit or initiative sufficient to tender a single bill for the consideration of the body—it may, however, be due to the fact such representatives considered everything in their respective counties as in perfect shape.

Other representatives seemed to have gone to the General Assembly with a steamer trunk laden with bills. But after all it was an average body. There seemed a lack of unity between the ideas that governed the two houses. A see-saw and murderous spirit appeared to exist. The only criticism that may

lie against the body that it paid little heed to Governor McLean's exhortation to "look well to the spiritual values." The material seemed to hold sway.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE SOUTH CAROLINA GOVERNOR.

The governor of South Carolina has his nerve with him—he is honest and consistent. It was his duty to see that the laws of his state are executed; and this he tried to do. If the people of South Carolina have outlived the injunction to "keep the Sabbath holy" as the state laws in unison with a higher law provided, the best way to get from under such laws is for a fearless and honest executive to have them executed to the letter.

The judge that offered immunity to the officers for ignoring the injunction of the governor should, in the interest of the commonwealth, be impeached. Such recognition of judicial powers gives the cynics the only excuse they wish for criticising the inefficiency of the courts.

What is it that men will not do to make it easy for certain ones to do as they please. Golf playing on Sunday is a sin, and no argument can prove it otherwise. It is just as wrong as the maintenance of an all-day gambling frolic within two miles of a county court house even though it be done behind a boarded fence and drawn curtains.

The law and its executives have a hard time when they run up against the sins of men, who have no more regard for Sunday than the devil has for the ten commandments. If every county had a sheriff like that fellow in Union county, these men that slap law, divine and civil alike, in the face would at least move a "little back from the road" as the officer advised the distiller in Wake county back in the days of the late Dr. Blacknall.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

TELLING US HOW THEY USED TO SPELL.

Eugene Ashcraft of the Monroe Enquirer conducts a column that he calls "Catch-All." It runs true to form—it's the catchingest thing yet invented in newspaperdom in the state. Here is how he tells how he used to spell when he first attended school and afterwards became a printer's apprentice on the Charlotte Observer many years ago:

> Renn Drum is the Shelby Star's scintillating paragrapher, and like The Enquirer, no doubt often wonders at the liberties linotype operators take in composing the perfectly good United States language. Only this week it is noted where the printer divided water—wat-er—and often other words at the end of the line are separated by hyphens with no

particular attention to syllabic rules and regulations.

Only recently I noted the word aware divided a-ware and only on-ly.

Now, when I began typesetting in the good old days, as an apprentice, it was considered almost a crime to divide a word of less than six letters —certainly in a pinch only five—and then the word must contain two definite syllables.

School boys and girls nowadays are not taught to spell orally and therefore know very little about division of words as they did in the past generation, and no doubt that is the excuse that should be made for our present day printers. In the old days, for instance, a word like incomprehensibility would be spelled and pronounced thus: i-n—in—c-o-m—incom —p-r-e—incompre—h-e-n—incomprehen—s-i— incomprehensi— b-i-l— incomprehensibil—i—incomprehensibili—t-y—incomprehensibility.

No wonder the old-time school kept from sunup to sundown when it would take a slow speller the better part of a day to spell, and pronounce as he spelled, one long word.

That kind of teaching, even Ashcraft if crowded would admit, made good spellers. Somehow or other, too, when they began to read they had a pretty good understanding of just what they had read. The method today is just calling words in a mechanical manner, with the story hidden therein still concealed. The sooner the schools get back to the idea of learning first things first, the sooner we will have high school graduates capable of writing correct notes.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A COUNTRY BUILDER.

The increased number of autos has considerably affected the passenger traffic of local trains, but what the railroad service has lost seems more than made up by the enormous travel on through trains. The management of the railroads have recognized this conditions and they have left nothing undone to make their through trains the very last word in convenience, comfort and speed.

Take the Southern Railway, which "serves the South," the development to almost a perfect degree, anyway a prideful stage of achievement, has marked the efforts of the extremely wise direction. No railroad in the nation operates better or more satisfactory through trains as does the Southern. Their Cresent Limited is a marvel. This train now leaves New York, Pennsylvania station at 8:35 P. M., reaches Alanta the next evening at 5:40 (Central time) and the next morning rolls into New Orleans at 8:30. That's speed that attracts attention. Recently the Southern has reduced the running time of this train between New York and New Orleans just two hours.

The Southern, by the way, has been one of the greatest, if not the greatest,

builders that the South has enjoyed. It has revolutionized the territory it touches.

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"ME AND MY HOUSEHOLD" SPIRIT.

Self preservation is the first law of nature, but it should not stop there. Charity is a good thing, but if properly understood and practiced it will not stop in one's household.

The other day a school child was reported to an organization as being a victim of itch. Those responsible for the case were not even humiliated over the fact. Poverty seemed to hold sway. The teacher was distressed, as she had a right to be; she sought additional clothes and treatment for the afflicted child.

"I am in favor of giving help at once," said one of the sisters of mercy, "for what if that child is in the same school room with my child—it would be awful." When danger threatens the average person, and only then, does the natural selfishness give way to a spirit to render aid to the distressed. Better this than to shut one's eyes and soul to the very thing that makes us wiser than the lower animals—yes, a half loaf beats none at all.

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THE SNOW.

The snow, the beautiful snow, has come into copious notice by the press and by "old people," who remember different snows of the past. The poet, this year, however, has not sung a song to it this year. Col. Fairbrother is out in California.

Some have figured what a benefit it has been—a regular fertilizer to the soil, refilling the many wells that have failed, and one editor even noted it would help the fruit crop, giving it protection and a better flavor. Already we have found that it killed all the fruit that was in bloom. The only thing that seemed to thrive on snow was a riot of jonquils that graced many a yard.

But the old folks have fixed too many different dates for extraordinary big snows. This matter should be settled. A ninety-two year old man of Catawba county says the big snow was in 1856, while others put it 1857. At any rate the recent big snow seems to be definitely fixed for 1927.

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"IT CAN'T BE DONE."

The "Can't Be Done" crowd, observes the Reidsville Review, is the big-

gest drawback to any community. Whenever any progressive movement is started, there are always some folks who pull back in the harness and rely on the old bromide that "It can't be done."

If the advice of this type of person were followed, nothing worth while would ever have been accomplished in the world. If Wilbur and Orville Wright had listened to the chant of the "can't be done" people, flying machines would not have been invented when they were. If Thomas A. Edison had allowed himself to be swayed by the "can't be done" crowd, we might still be burning kerosene for lights.

Innumerable examples might be called to attention. All of the great paintings, all of the great pieces of literature, all of the marvelous inventions of all times have been brought into being by men who thought it "could be done."

The will to do a thing is half the battle. Half-hearted entering into any enterprise is starting with a handicap.

Whenever anything of value to the community is suggested, don't hide behind the excuse that "it can't be done," because the odds are that it can. If you must disagree, give an honest reason for disagreement.

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A GREAT ACQUISITION.

There is to be established at Charlotte a branch of the Federal Reserve Bank. This is now a certainty. For a long while the question of securing this bank and its location have been discussed in the papers, and much doubt has all along been entertained about its final success. There was one man, however, who never let up in his interest and in his hopes of final success—that man is Word H. Wood, president of the American Trust Company at Charlotte. To him probably than to all others is due the success of this movement.

Charlotte is to be congratulated on its good fortune in being chosen for this new bank, of which Mr. Wood says: "I cannot conceive of a single event in the realm of probability that would have been so far reaching in its benefits to North and South Carolina as the establishment of this bank."

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Ben Dixon MacNeill's story about the great Bladen county Cock-Fight exposition, which in one report was held, and in another that the weather and Sheriff Priest broke up, thrusts an honor upon Halifax county, as the birthplace of the master spirit. No jealousies nor protests have been lodged against MacNeill's knowledge of North Carolina geography.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

For ages they have told us that "only the brave deserve the fair," but I notice that a lot of timid men are landed just the same.

A man with an abundande of money may be a bad egg, but it is observed that people seldom take offense until he is broke.

A stroll about town reveals many beautiful flowers and plants in many windows and gardens; while in others are all sorts of rubbish. Every flower in a house or a garden certifies to the refinement of some one. Every vine climbing and blossoming tells of love and joy. Which have you in your garden, flowers or rubbish?

By a practial obsevance of Arbor day the schools are not only teaching the young idea how to shoot, but how properly to plant shoots as well.

I see that "Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep," is a new song put out on a drowsy world. It may work all right with some men, but it would keep me awake all right.

The man who never says anything worth repeating, or does anything worth imiatating, is in the way to become a popular man without enemies.

When a man is out of sympathy with his home town it is about time for him to move out, and give room for the fellow who is a booster. For heaven's sake do not get into that unconscious habit of growling. Thank fortune we only have a few "Kickers" in this town; but the few we have are weight for the rest to carry . If you have made up your mind to live in a town then stand up for it.

Not how little we can do,
But how much, that's brave and true,
Ought to be the earnest thought
Into each day's purpose wrought;
Not how much we can get out
Of the world around about,
But how much we can put in it
For the joy of men, each minute.

A friend was telling me that his uncle owns a grove of rubber trees in Mexico that stretches for miles in every direction. Another one spoke up and said he had a relative that owns a grove of evergreens in Novia Scotia that reaches as firs the eye can see. I think the last man will have to come firs—t.

A man from the western part of the state tells me that he is going to run his summer hotel on an entirely original plan. No doubt it will be an "inn"—ovation.

The oft-used phrase that says somebody or something goes "back and forth" is faulty for the reason that no one can go back till he has gone forth, so, obviously, the wording shoul be "forth and back." "It is a long lane that has no turn," is logically improbable, since a lane is more likely to be short if it is not to

include one or more turns. With frequent recurrence, persons who are portrayed as doing something in a sadly upset condition or manner, are said to have gone "head over heels," which we all know is a perfectly normal position, and a much more desirable one than the "heels over head" manner which it was intended should be set forth.

Some sage has made the remark that "the farther away those are whom you love, the nearer and dearer are they to your heart." That is a pretty sounding sentiment, and is true to a certain extent, but it seems to me if the idea is reversed and those closest to us are held in the same esteem, or a little more so, there would be a great deal more happiness in the world.

There is good in everything. Detours and big snows help us to appreciate concrete roads and walkways.

Banished—from jail. A somewhat novel sentence that will hardly enhance respect for the law is reported from Michigan, where the owner of some properties has been banished for five years from a Michigan county. Convicted of assault with intent to do bodily harm, the accused faced a term in prison for five years. Doctors testified that he was not well, and imprisonment was changed to banishment. The mine owner is said to be a millionaire. If he were a poor man would testimony from the foremost physicians of the county have saved him from jail?

In winter when the snows lie deep,
Spring joys are germinating;
The rootlets though they seem asleep,
New beauties are creating.
And while you'd scarcely deem it so,
It's true beyond all doubting,
That in midsummer, don't you know,
The football crop is sprouting.

I read a short story the other day, "The Spectre of Her Past," which gripped me with a great deal of interest. It was somewhat of a psuedo love story and I was interested in the way the subject was handled, and the way conclusions are worked out. Reporting much court news, in my time, reveals human beings in the truth that is unadorned. The carmouflage of intrigue, double living, and all the questoinable practices which life falls heir to are thrown upon the screen of investigation. So many "pasts" there stand in the white light of the present. People with a "past" that is clean, wholesome, without a regret to brood over, or a blurr or black spot to lash the conscience into a frenzy, live the happiest lives. They get more tranquility out of life as the years increase to a beautiful sunset. Any other "past" is a "skeleton in the closet." And these skeletons are often the undoing of men and women. A man may have a highly-colored "past" yet he is taken into society, and often made much of by the very women who have an abhorence for the devious ways of men. His "past," though it may be as black as night, is overlooked, condoned many times, forgiven often, and like the poet's brook, flows on with the generality of people. Not so on the woman's

side. If there is even a breath of suspicion about her it is always and ever magnified whenever her name is mentioned. If she has been indiscreet, or slipped down the embankment of rectitude, it is sufficient cause to damn her for all time to come in the eyes of the "more righteous than thou" world. This is human nature, and tendencies; but it is not the religion that Jesus Christ taught, in "casting the first stone." There are people all over this land with skeletons in their closets. Married couples who have kept the secrets from each other. When they are revealed, each to the other, there comes an explosion. Safety first. The better and safest plan, for love to abide, is for people contemplating matrimony, who have a "past," to make confessions to each other in a frank, truthful way, extenuating nothing. It clears cloudy skies. It is better to crucify love upon a cross of honest confession before marriage than to live with that past gnawing at your conscience, and producing a living pergatory on earth when the secrets are revealed to each other after marriage. This is just my idea about it. Take it for what it is worth. If it's worth nothing to you I shall not feel agrieved, for few people take gratis advice anyway.

I got my winter thrill at 2:35 o'clock Wednesday morning. The big snow storm was raging. It had already covered the earth to the depth of some eight or ten inches. It had laid heavy barrages of snow banks across streets and pavements. A la Grey's elegy, this weary scribe homeward plod his way. Every tree and shrub was dressed as if for a wedding. The hedges were bowing in their coats of immaculate whiteness; every leaf and twig was tipped white as if they held a taper. Grotesque, fairly-like and weird images were depicted in the contours of bush and hedge. The buildings seemed to draw the drapery of their white robes about them and sat like veritable crystaline palaces let down in the purity of the "great white throne" above, like the great white sheet St. Peter saw in his trance. Under the glare of the electric street lights the earth seemed sprinkled with sparkling gems, and diamond dust. Beautiful beyond compare everywhere. The frolicking winds and the crystalized snow particles appeared to take a delight in blowing me around and the latter, especially, clinging to me like a young lover to his inamorata. I trudges along, from one side of the street to the other, either side looking the best, in an indeavor to improve walking conditions, only to plunge into snow drifts, each more pronounced than the other, until I was well-nigh exhausted, and wasn't making much headway at that. Then I let my imagination have full play. For the moment I imagined I was in the Alps. It was all just as natural as if I had been there in reality. There were the great depths of snow; the tredging traveler; the impediment of snow in his pathway; all alone; in a blinding snow storm; nothing save the coldness and whiteness of the snow around about, and the leaden skies above pouring down more snow. I let my mind conjure the approach of the St. Bernard dog, coming to

my relief, and looking at me in a wishful manner with his large brown eyes beaming kindness; his head bowing "glad-to-help-you" greeting, and his caudal appendage wagging a dog-tail joy ditty. It was an imaginary trip in Switzerland, with all of the thrills except the reality of the dog, and the mountains; but the snow drifts furnished those in minature, and enough for me. But it was an early morning of rare beauty seldom witnessed in this section. I was glad I witnessed the gorgeousness of it, which again testifies that the "firmament showeth the handiwork of God."

CONTRIBUTORS TO OUR HISTORY.

By James Hay, Jr.

As Southern Catholics were in the fore-front of all our preceding wars, they held similar posts in the World War. The Georgia Catholic, Admiral Benson, as Chief of Naval Operations, headed the sea forces. The first A. E. F. officer to die on the field and the last to fall in battle were Catholics.

Two of the ablest of the eleven Chief Justices of the United States, final arbiters of the meaning of the laws by which we live, were Taney and White, both Southern Catholics, two of the many who have served the South—six in North Carolina—as judges.

The most notorious Catholic baiter of his time was the liar and traitor, Benedict Arnold. The political party that had an anti-Catholic platform was the Know-Nothings of brief duration, who were first beaten and started to oblivion by the voters of a Southern State.

Southerners put political proscription upon the Catholic? If they do, they are ignorant of their own history and ingrates to their own greatness.

The Catholics' vision in statesmanship, their wisdom on the bench, their valor in battle, their leadership in affairs, the songs they have sung and the deaths they have died are part and parcel of all that glory and guidance which we so proudly describe in the words, "The Southern Tradition."

THE BIG SNOWS.

During the past week the public press has carried many stories about unusual snow storms in North Carolina. Many things and events are dated from a "big snow" as a certain distinguished Cabarrus citizen years ago always dated nearly every event from the time "I was in the Legislature." There is evidences that considerable discussion will yet develop over which was the greatest snow in our history. Prof. W. T. Whitseet, of Guilford county, contributes his contribution on the great snow of 1857.

The present unusual snow-fall has caused some of our oldest citizens to consult their records concerning heavy snow-falls in the past. It is generally agreed that the heaviest snow-fall on record was the one that fell during the month of January in the year 1857. We have two citizens in this community that have very vivid recollections of that event. The snow was from four to six feet deep on a level, and many drifts were from eight to ten feet deep. Split rail fences were then used to enclose the farms, and the snow was so deep that these fences five and six feet high were hidden from view. The snow lay on the ground for a full month with but little melting.

One event that has been remembered in particular in connection with this snow of 1857 concerns the death of Joseph Gibson who died in January of that year. He was one of the most prominent men that lived at that day in the eastern part of Guilford county, and the matter of his burial was a serious question on account of the snow that covered the earth. His home was on the banks of Cedar creek, and is still known as the Old Joseph Gibson place. Near him t othe west on the old stage road lived a neighbor, Jacob Foust, one of the sons of Daniel Foust, and a brother of the late Daniel P. Foust. This neighbor, Jacob Foust, built a snow-sled which was used to transport the body of Joseph Gibson to his last resting place in what is now known as the Gibsonville Cemetery a distance of about one mile from the Gibson home. A heavy crust had formed on the snow, and the trip was made in safety. Twenty days after the death of her husband, Mary A. Gibson, the wife of Joseph Gibson died and the same snow-sled was used again to make the trip to the cemetery. This striking circumstance is still well-remembered by at least two citizens of this community still living.

Just where the woodland between the present town of Gibsonville and the Gibsonville Cemetery opens into a level field it is said that in January, 1857, a young man of the community trying to make his way into Gibsonville on horse back was overcome in his struggles, and both he and his horses were rescued from a deep drift of snow with difficulty. Many other matters of interest have been handed down from the day of that very unusual snow-fall, such as the complete burying of cows in the snow, tunnels to barns, the burning of furniture for purposes of heating homes etc. All in all, the fall of snow in 1857 must make the present twenty to thirty inches only a mere "baby snow" in the records.

SNOW AND POETRY.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

Apparently there are people who are unable to resist the itch to write verse when the observe that the earth is covered with snow. The spectacle seemingly affects them like drink, or like religious fervor. It is more potent in the production of poetry than is the rising of the sap in the trees in spring, or the coming of June, or the harvest moon or even the gorgeous obsequies of October.

Nobody is immune, apparently. Within these past five days I have observed specimens of verse compounded, in the name of snow, by a taxi-driver, by a dehydrated virgin engaged in the instruction of the young, by a soda jerker in a neighboring drug store and by a minister of the gospel, who should have known better. These I have observer in their own persons. No doubt there are vast numbers of others who have not brought their verses to this iambic golgotha.

All of it wholly bad and no doubt the several authors of it would be hopelessly humiliated should their wares be published on the first spring day, after the snow is gone. Some of them, no doubt, would come down here with a club, bent upon reprisals. No doubt some of them would be armed also with affidavits signed by the pastors of their churches or the potentates of the lodges, attesting their previous good character.

But I shall print none of their verses. After extended experience with it, I am convinced that there is nothing about snow that justifies the writing of lyric verse. Only persons temporarily crazed by primary emotion should be allowed to write lyrical poetry. Snow arouses no such emotions. It only moves people to write pieces beginning, substantially and on the average with "The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow."

But snow does have its social and esthetic uses. It acts like a developing solution into which a photographer drops a piece of white paper which has been exposed to light through a negetative. Drive a herd of people out into the snow and they begin to act like the paper in solution. The hidden things inside of them begin to come to the surface, and if you watch them long enough, you are likely to get a pretty good picture of them.

There is, for instance, the action of the two gentlemen who encountered one another in Nash Square on the first morning of the snow. There was only a narrow and uncertain path trodden through the drift. One man had on boots. The other had just his leather shoes. There was not room for them to pass in the narrow path. One of them had to get outside. Apparently neither man had ever seen the other before.

Without any argument or suggestion, other than his instincts, the man with the boots, seeing that the other was but poorly fortified against the weather, stepped into the drift and let him pass. The second man, unable, and I doubt not unwilling, to be unmindful of the service done him, expressed his thanks cordially

and went along. A little further along he encountered another gentleman with boots, but with a narrow soul. He insisted upon his rights to half the path, and planted only one foot outside.

Trivial? Of course it is trivial, if we have to admit to anything in this world is trivial, which I do not. But to me the observation of these incidents was worth reading all the poetry that has been written about all the snow that has fallen upon this continent in the past 40 years. I have never spoken to either of the men in my life, but I feel that I know them intimately.

And then there was the alien gentleman encountered casually in the middle of Salisbury street that night. He was floundering along, up to his shoe-tops in the slush and I was wallowing in his wake. Quite without warning he stopped in the middle of a puddle and lifted up a Semetic howl. Patiently he had been nurtured on the East Side, and was probably down here on a commercial mission of some sort.

For two or three minutes he spouted anathema. He proclaimed the fact that in New York such things do not be. One gathered that agents of the government followed snowstorms around with something like a dust pan, and swept up each flake as it fell upon the pavement. One gathered that his opinion of this town was very low, but I coudn't see that it mattered much. After a while he went sloshing into Mr. Wright's cafe. No doubt there are better cafes in New York, too

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THE UNPURCHASABLE.

Money can not buy for man the inspiration that enables him to work out his business plans. You can copy a man's work, his product or his method but you cannot copy his mind. Money cannot buy a reputation, cannot buy the gift of courtesy, a sense of the fitness of things or the power that is back of a man which gives him vision.

Without an unpurchasable mind-power you cannot develop an unpurchable an unpurchasable man-power.

The mind-power and the man-power, representing quality as distinct from quantity, presents the difference between the successful and unbeatable organization and that which is forever just one leap ahead of the sheriff.

There is nothing mysterious about the ability to suceed. It is merely a matter of common sense and common honor.

Simple, but rare as are most simple things.

Think, see and act straight—such is the secret of the road which leads up and out.—Trumbull Cheer.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER OF UNCLE BIM.

By Nell Battle Lewis.

While Sidney Smith's wistful creation, Uncle Bim, is on his way back to Australia after Andy Gump has lost millions for him, let us consider this most appealing figure in a deservedly popular comic strip. Mr. Smith's best gift is his ability to make his characters real without making them actually human. With the exception of Min, they all border on burlesque. Min, the realist, is thoroughly solid.

Uncle Bim is the flower of the flock. There is more fancy and philosophy in him than in all the others. Chinless though he unquestionably is,—a Gump characteristic apparently, in contrast to the famous Hapsburg jaw,—Uncle Bim is really a lovely character. Possessed of fabulous wealth, he is nevertheless "wrapped in the solitude of his own inividuality," a pathetically lonely soul. "The tragic sense of life in men and peoples" is epitomized in him. Down that enormous beak he looks wistfully upon a world that has given everything except what he wants most.

The heart of Uncle Bim is pure gold. The sweetness and simplicity of his nature are absolutely unspoiled by wealth. Money hasn't made him proud, but has given him gentle humility. Beloved as he is, we must believe that it is not primarily for his sheckels, but for himself. For he is the soul of unselfishness and generosity. Missing happiness himself, he wants everybody else to be happy. He showers little Chester with expensive gifts, he hands out bills of large denomination to Andy and Min; he is an unbelievable generous cavalier of the widow. He is the living embodiment of the saying, "Money isn't everything." Nobody knows this better than Uncle Bim, the fairy god-father with the aching heart. But never mistake him for a fool. He didn't make his money by accident. With all his chivalrous generosity and his apparently child-like simplicity, you notice, don't you, that the Widow hasn't caught him yet?

I trust that Mr. Smith is too much of an artist to have a happy ending in store for Uncle Bim. He would lose all his charm comfortably married at last, and having degenerated into merely a contented philanthropist. Yes,—preaching his unobtrusive little sermons on the vanity of riches and the worth of kindness and generosity, Uncle Bim must carry an aching heart to an expensive Australian mausoleum, "or what's a heaven for?

"A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love."

M'RAE COLONY DECLARED MODEL.

By Jonathan Daniels, in News & Observer.

Model farm colonies near Wilmington are pointed to as models for the entire South in a report recently made to Congress on the practicability of reclaiming and developing abandoned lands in the South by a special board of advisers named by the Secetary of Interior.

The colonies were developed by Hugh MacRae, banker and promoter of Wilmintgon.

"The most impressive demonstration of what is possible in the South," says the report, "which the advisers have seen are the farm colonies near Wilmington, North Carolina, developed under the guidance and with the substantial financial aid of Mr. Hugh MacRae.

"The oldest and most successful of these colonies occupies land of the Norfolk fine sandy loam variety similar to typical soils throughout the costal plain. Before the establishment of the colony the land was either growing cotton of an inferior variety or was uncultivated, and furnished an example of the tennant system of the South. Today it sustains a farming community which is happy and prosperous. The farms, few of which are over twenty acres in area, are owned by their cultivators. They are completely paid for and entirely free of mortgage debt. The advisers were informed that many of these farmers own substantial amounts of railroad and industrial securities, and that all have cash reserves.

"The agriculture is highly intensive in character and is diversified. Crops include garden truck, eggs and poultry, flower bulbs, nursery products and dairy products. No cotton, tobacco or peanuts are grown. The advisers were told that the freight charges for products shipped during the previous year, for one colony of about 100 families, approximated $60,000.

"One example was particularly striking. Less than ten years ago a Hollander who had been working in a laundry in New York City for $18.00 a week appeared in Wilmington with a capital of $300 and wanted to buy a farm. He was somewhat reluctantly accepted as a settler. Today he is worth at least $50,000. This accumulation is not invested in additional land; although of course the value of his original holding has greatly increased. This farmer has, in addition to building up his own farm, become president of a cooperative marketing association which now extends from the Virginia border into South Carolina.

"The most scientific and efficient agricultural methods are utilized. Careful attention is paid to fertilization, so that the soil is constantly improved. The farms are in close contact with each other, so that experiments and methods may be watched, and the examples of the successful followed. Entire dependence is never placed, even by a single settler, on one crop. The soil is in productive use the year round. Each family is nearly self-sustaining in the matter of food, since each has a cow, a vegetable garden, and

chickens.

"The success of this project is attributed, by the testimony of both Mr. MacRae and the colonists themselves, to the following factors chiefly:

"Low land prices and easy terms of payment.

"Ample credit for improvements and operations.

"Careful selection of settlers, with special attention paid to securing expert farmers in various lines, whose example may be followed.

"Expert advance planning, followed by experimentation on the part of the settlers themselves.

"Small acreages; intensive and diversified cultivation.

"The development of community activities—social and economic.

"Supervision and guidance after the colony is established.

"In assessing the achievements of this project the advisers were impressed chiefly by the fine appearance of the wives and children of the farmers. It is obviously a real community, one which has found not only economic success but happiness.

"The advisers were particularly interested in discovering the effect of these settlements on the surrounding region. Naturally, the colonies add to its wealth and attractiveness. The example of the farmers in the community is tending to transform the practice of individual farmers outside it. Some who started in the settlement have subsequently moved to other locations, so that the example is spreading. Cooperative associations started in the community have extended beyond it and are giving practical assistance to numerous farmers.

"Another aspect of note is the effect upon farm labor. Although these farmers employ comparatively little labor, they pay $2.00 a day for such help as they do need, which compares favorably with not to exceed $1.00 a day which is the prevailing price for negro labor in many parts of the South. The laborers also benefit by learning better agricultural methods, and with their superior economic status, have a real chance of becoming successful farmers in their own right.

"Other owners of land and capital have not, however, followed the example of Mr. MacRae in undertaking land settlement of this type. His interest in the project has been scientific and social rather than profit-seeking, and few if any owners of land or capital could or would undertake the arduous task of scientific colonization, for the return which can be obtained under conditions favorable to the settlers. Mr. MacRae is of the opinion that for the present any other enterprise in the matter must be under public supervision. Once a public body has led the way, however, and is ready to give its stamp of approval to properly conducted private land settlement, he is of the opinion that more private capital can be found for hthes hadoan the man of the fore for the task. Under standard technique and with official approval, land settlement should become a safe investment. It is and must remain, however, an operation conducted from an agricultural and social point of view rather than a real estate operation, if the settlers are to succeed."

FOOD FOR WIVES.

(Montgomery Advertiser).

Marriage is made in heaven, but unmade at the breakfast table. A smart writer of advertisements for the Saturday Evening Post, appreciating this, gets up a very alluring battercake-and-syrup display as a hint to wives. He is exploiting a popular brand of syrup, and is saying that special pains should be taken to put a man in good humor at breakfast.

It is not known why men are at their worst when they get up in the morning, but they are, and instead of complaining and throwing up their hands in despair, all wives who are smart will Do Something Constructive to change the situation. They cannot change the nature of their beasts, of course, but they can adapt their household policies to the peculiarities of these animals, and anticipate their eruptions, explosions and growls that according to the law of averages should occur between 6 and 8 a. m.

What the American home needs is more battercakes and syrup, and less why-ing on the part of the head women in it between these critically early morning hours.

Women are skillful, almost to the point of inspiration, in the art of winning men, but have yet to master the more intricate art of holding them.

Married men are given to making storms. The breakfast syrup can is a pretty good cyclone cellar.

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

By Mrs. Lillie Yates Shaw.

I am coming, coming, coming!
You can hear my low, sweet humming—
As I bring you birds and bees
And green leaves for naked trees.

Coming with a carpet green
For your lawn, the brightest seen,
Coming with sweet flowers to bloom
In the light of sun and moon.

Daffodils and jonquils bright,
Shining in the morning light,
Violets with eyes of blue,
Tulips—all a diffrent hue.

All the best I have in store,
Low, I lay them at your door;
Sunshine, showers and morning dew,
Birds and flowers I bring to you.

Priceless blessings, all I bring,
From our Lord and Master King.

RED PEPPERS AND REDSKINS.

By Mabel McKee.

Sally would never have even planted the red peppers that were in the Gates' garden had it not been for the visit she made into Vermont in November of 1776. For she brought the seed from there with the new red bonnet when she came home to a neighborhood very quiet and peaceful, in spite of the war raging in other colonies. Then no one in all northern New York dreamed that an invasion of the British and Indians would be made right into their own farmlands. And that the next October would find them guarding their corn fields with muskets so that foraging parties of the enemy would not steal what corn they wanted and burn the rest.

Even in the spring of 1777 no one thought that General Burgoyne and his army would leave Canada to march down to the very heart of the Hudson. Both of the Gates' boys, who were Sally's favorite brothers, were with General Schuyler's army, and Sally, who was just fifteen, had to help her father with planting and caring for the corn that year.

That took so much of her time that the flower garden she made that year was small. There were only a few love apples, hollyhocks and pinks in it. But the glory of the entire garden was the three long rows of pepper plants that reached across the whole garden and which made her father say that she was raising enough of the little red peppers to make red hot soup for the entire Redcoat army.

Early in October found the pepper plants full of tiny red pods and the Gates' field full of the finest corn Father Gates had ever raised. It was called maize by most of the neighbors, who envied John Gates his splendid crop almost as much as did the lurking Indians, who ventured near the field only to be chased away by his trusty musket.

Then came Ann Justice from Vermont to visit her cousin, Sally Gates, and see how beautifully her red peppers had grown and how full of red pods they were. When she saw them she laughed merrily. The next morning after her arrival she suggested "We can string them and hang them from the kitchen rafters."

Ten-year-old Samuel Gates protested with vigor. That was the place he hung his pop corn and his mother hung her dried apples. Hadn't he coaxed his big brother, John, when he was home because of a wound, to fix some boards up in the ceiling of the lean-to, so that the sage and other herbs could be hung there and the kitchens rafters be left alone for his corn?

"Peace, children, peace," gentle Mrs. Gates commanded. "There will be room aplenty for the pop corn, Samuel, if there's a house standing here for us. And for Sally's peppers, too. Reports are being circulated thaa the terrible Burgoyne will send his Indians out on another raid in a few days.

Sally and Samuel both looked their alarm and forgot their peppers and pop corn. "Reports" in the Gates' family were matters of import and in this case cause for alarm, for their kinsman, General Gates, had been

given the command of the army opposing Burgoyne; and he was careful that no false alarms of danger were spread among the already terrorized colonists. Usually Sally's father slipped from his home to the camp once a week, taking with him food for the soldiers who were sick and for his two sons. He brought back news of all the men of the neighborhood who were in camp.

Ann's face grew white. Well she knew the meaning of an invasion. Her father hal lost all his crops in one. In another their home had been partly burned and one of her brothers, home for a furlough to recover from sickness, had been killed by the enemy.

Then she began to sob. "I wish I were at home," she moaned. "I shall be killed as my brother was."

Mr. Gates laughed at her fears. He talked about his trusty musket. "My neighbors have been robbed by the Indians," he said earnestly, "but we have nost a thing not even Sally's peppers. They're all afraid of the Gates' trusty musket, my child."

Mention of the peppers made Ann remember the red bonnet she had given Sally. It had been brought her from England, along with the blue bonnet she had for Sundays. She asked Sally if she had worn it since she had come home.

Sally shook her dark head. Mother said the preacher would think it far too gay for church," she explained. "Since Burgoyne left Canada we haven't had a gathering of any kind save church."

"Sally wouldn't dare to wear it if there were gatherings," her father chuckled. "It's so bright that it would draw every Redskin away from Burgoyne's army to fight for the possession of it."

That evening as all the Gates' children, even three-year-old William, and the visitor sat close to the fireplace in which there was a "light fire" for early fall, Father Gates told all the stories he knew about Indians. He told of the trades he had made with them and brought out to show his visitor several beautiful skins which he had gotten in exchange for beads and trinkets.

"Father keeps them hidden" Sally explained, "for though he tells us there is a little danger of the Indians trying to enter the house, he hides them even as he watches the corn."

Her father tossed the furs lightly into the settle. "Now I'll leave them there to show how sure I am that my kinsman has the Burgoyne forces even to the redskins so afraid they will not go far from the British camp," he chuckled. "And soon I shall stop watching the corn, when he has had a little more time to scare them. By the way, mother, I am going to the village tomorrow to see what word they have from Washington. I want to know where he will take his army into camp for the winter."

As he talked on and on about the ability of his cousin, General Gates, Sally was sure there was little danger for them from the Indians. But Ann clung to her when they went into the parlor to sleep. She wanted Sally to let the candle stay lighted until they were asleep and it would burn itself out. But after Sally had helped her visitor into the high-poster bed, she snuffed out the candle and felt her way across the sanded

floor of the room to the bed and crept in beside the trembling Ann.

"Oh, I hope your father will not go tomorrow, Sally," she chattered between her teeth. "I know the soldiers will be fighting close to here tomorrow."

"You and I will fight the only battle fought tomorrow," Sally returned. "That battle will be with tears, for we are going to pick the hot red peppers, string some and then carry the rest to the neighbors who haven't any."

There were salted meat and biscuits and some plum preserves, which were so thick Samuel said they would stand alone on his bread, for breakfast. The Gates' family ate by candlelight, for father wanted to get an early start on his trip. If he could not get word from the boys at the village, he was going to ride on to the camp at Saratoga. For the Gates' forces were not so far from those of Burgoyne, according to his word.

He knew that if General Gates were planning to give battle to the English, none of his men would be allowed to leave the camp even on a day's furlough.

Mrs. Gates packed him a lunch to carry with him. She took the last of the sweet corn bread she had baked the day before and all the cold turkey in the house. Father Gates had killed a wild turkey the morning before and earlier in the week several, and the family, as he said, was now assuredly living on the "fat of the land."

After he was gone Samuel coaxed his mother to allow him to go fishing and Mrs. Gates busied herself boiling her soap in the great iron kettle in the yard. That left Sally and Ann to gather the red peppers and watch the corn field. While Sally stood at one end of the garden with the heavy musket not far away, Ann picked one bucket of the peppers.

Then she took the place of guard while Sally picked another bucket of peppers. Together they carried them to the house, fairly running back to the field to be sure that no Indians were skulking close.

Mrs. Gates laughed a little to herself at their fears and haste. Her husband had never watched so closely even when he knew there were Indians in the neighborhood. Since Burgoyne had moved his forces to Saratoga, miles away, she had not heard of any Indians in their neighborhood.

Still she respected Sally's desire to win her father's favor when he had put her in a position of responsibility. Even her company could not make her forget that.

The red peppers stung Sally's and Ann's hands as they picked them. Sally, not knowing so well as Ann did how hot they were, rubbed her hands on her face and soon the skin there, so much more tender than her hands, was burning like fire. Water didn't relieve the sting. When the burning became almost unbearable Sally ran to where her mother was watching her soap and asked for a remedy. Then some lard was rubbed on her face and soon it was much more comfortable.

Near noon Samuel came home with a long string of mountain trout. When they were cleaned and broiled, Mrs. Gates baked some hot cakes, took down the horn which she used to call her husband and sons from the woods,

and blew it. The girls came running running to the house. Samuel gloated over his morning's catch and the girls, as they ate the beautifully broiled fish, declared that they had a treat indeed.

Nor was Samuel going to allow them to be more generous with their praise than he was. When he looked at the peppers he told Sally that since they were so pretty he'd be glad to let her have part of the kitchen rafters for her strings of them. "They'll set off my pop corn," he said boyishly.

"There will not be so many strings of peppers for the rafters," Sally smiled. "I think one string will be enough for us. They are very hot, Samuel, as hot as they are red. A half a pepper will season a whole kettle of soup."

The girls said they were going to take some of the peppers to the village the next day and see if they could trade them to Dame Withers, who kept a little store there, for some dye which she had gotten from England before the war broke out. Sally wanted a red shawl to match her bonnet, and her mother already had the fleece laid out which she was going to wash and dye and card and weave into a shawl for her. Samuel went to guard the field and she went into the best room and brought out the red bonnet to show to Ann how pretty she had kept it.

She carried it to the door and held it up. Outside the brown and red forest trees showed more beautiful colors than any dye could make, but Sally missel their beauty in centering her admiration on the red bonnet. The yellow autumn sun shone on the corn fields, making them a mass of gold and brown, but that too missed Sally's eyes.

But it didn't miss the eyes of the eight Indian braves who even then were skulking around to slip into it and carry away all the rich yellow corn they could get. Oh, the fame of the Gates' corn had spread among them just as had the fame of the aim of Father Gates and the trustiness of his musket.

One of the village men who was British had told the leader of the band that John Gates was away from his house for the day. Otherwise the redskins would not have dared come to the Gates' farm, even though they were hungry. Their plans were to rob the house when they had left the field.

It was tiny William who saw the Indians first. He was playing near the door. He ran to Sally and pointed to the feathers just showing above some of the little trees opposite the door and far from the field. They were slipping nearer and nearer to the garden so they could dash across it to the maize field. She knew their intent in a minute. But she didn't dream that they were planning to rob the house too, or she could not have stirred from where she was standing.

As she started to run she called to her mother to lock the children and herself in the house. Then she ran down to the edge of the garden and through it toward the field. The bright red bonnet, which she had put on to show Ann when she stepped to the doorway, was still on her head. But she didn't know that now. She only knew one thing and that was that the maize field seemed miles and miles away.

When the Indians saw the bright red bonnet flashing like a great bird through the garden they ran after it. Past the house and into the garden they ran. There the leader happened to glimpse the hundreds and hundreds of red peppers still hanging on the bushes, just as Sally and the bonnet reached the maize field. He forgot the bonnet with all the red peppers so close to him. He thought they were beads and began to strip them from the plants.

The other members of his band at his order began to do the same. Some of their ancestors years before had given up this very land for a few bright beads and the same strain in them made them forget their hunger, the maize field and everything else.

No one was ever able to explain why one of the Indians decided to eat one of the peppers. But he did and Sally, who had reached Samuel and the musket, was just ready to fire when she heard his first yell and saw him dancing madly in the air. The peppers, which the others were still picking, and her experience with the smarting of her face that morning made her know what had happened.

Some of her fright gave way to amusement. She luaghed out loud. That laugh brought confidence back to Samuel, who was standing like a stone boy, so frightened was he. It stirred him to instant action and he helped her with the heavy gun. A minute later it went off with a force that knocked both of them back into the field and sent all the Indians even the one who was dancing and yelling from the smart of the red pepper, dashing into the woods again

After a few minutes, when Sally and Saumel were sure all the Indians were out of the garden, they carried the musket to the house, where Mrs. Gates, Ann and the younger children were huddled together, Mrs. Gates trying to calm them all.

The red bonnet, twisted to one side, was still on Sally's head. Samuel was holding his sides and laughing. Though both of their laughs were shaky, they did more to reassure Ann than had anything Mrs. Gates had said.

Sally blurted out the story. "They'll not come back today," she laughed, when it was over. "I know enough about red peppers to wager that fellow will run miles. Come on, Ann, let's gather the rest of the peppers. They saved the corn and goodness knows what else. When the village people hear this story they'll all want a pepper or two in their houses."

Samuel shook his head. He didn't want them to give away the peppers now. He was anxious to have all of them on the rafters of his kitchen. His own pop corn could go to the lean-to.

"Father will say so too, Sally," he said, soberly. "Even though he jested about them."

Mrs. Gates, who had been raised in a Quaker village, often talked as did the Quakers when she was excited. Now she said, "Thee has thy bonnet still on thy head, Sally. It will not look so good for the gatherings. But I am willing for thee to wear it to the church even if the minister does think it very frivolous."

Sally took the precious bonnet from her head and handed it to her mother. She knew now that her mother

would be willing for her to wear all the red she wanted to wear—all she could have.

She and Ann had picked their last bucket of the peppers when Father Gates, tired and happy for all that, came into the garden. He had heard the story of the peppers at the house. He told Sally about John and William and then began to laugh heartily about the red peppers.

He patted Sally's head, around which were wound her thick braids of dark hair. "You are a Gates," he said, "as brave as thy kinsman, General Gates, who has conquered the British in the state of New York. For this morning General Burgoyne has surrendered his sword to him, and his forces must leave our state.

"The Indians you saw today were on their way back to Canada, I'm sure. There will be others on their way home during the next week and we'll have to keep up our watch until they are all gone. But John and William are coming home on a furlough and you will not have to work more, Sally.

"So you and Ann can get your dyes and make two or three red shawls if you want them, even if I have to shear the young lambs to get you wool enough."

That was why no one, not even the preacher, objected to the beautiful red shawl and dress that Sally Gates soon had to wear with her bright red bonnet from Boston that winter; and why the Gates' family hung strings of red peppers in the most honored place in the house and laughed when anyone told a story about the vanity of redskins.

VALUES.

By Bright W. Padgitt.

In the vast and brittle silence
Of the night
I have stood alone upon a moonlit hill
And wondered at the littleness of man,
Who seeks in market places
His delight.

I have watched the silken rush,
By many doors,
With faces strained in the spattered light,—
Give me my pipe and dog, and starry dreams.
A mountain top and winds that sing
Through ancient sycamores.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TRAVEL ON THE HUDSON.

By Dorthy Hanford Woodward.

Over three hundred years ago, the first ship manned by members of the white race of mankind started its way up the waters of the historic Hudson River with its beautiful scenes lining the shores. This boat, sailing, for it was long before the advent of the steamship, fought against adverse winds and currents all the long way towards Albany. All along the way friendly Indians put out in graceful canoes to greet what they termed the ship, the "White Swan." Thus Hendrick Hudson and his crew of valiant men first sailed the beautiful river, which was later to bear the name of the courageous captain of the expedition. It took eleven days to cover the distance from the territory now occupied by America's greatest city to the city of Albany, the capital city of the State of New York. This first epoch-making journey was made in the year 1609.

The next journey of historic significance was made almost two hundred years later, when the Clermont, Robert Fulton's first steamship, made the trip between these two cities in the remarkably short space of time of thirty-two hours. Throngs of people, who had come out to laugh and jest at this peculiar boat changed into wildly cheering throngs as the brave little steamer, with its small crew and few friends of the inventor, made its way up the great stream. The shore was lined with excited people all the long journey, to see this wonderful invention which made faster navigation of the river possible for future generations.

This second epoch-making journey was made in August of the year 1807.

In the past hundred and more years, great strides have been made in the development of the steam engine as a means of transportation, both for passenger and freight service, and as a result, the trip, which originally took many days to be accomplished, is now completed in nine hours or so, depending upon the speed of the boats and the number of stops made before the final goal is reached.

One of the steamship lines, which began in a small way less than twenty years after the advent of the steamboat, is celebrating its centennial this year, having been in service just one hundred years. The number of passengers who have taken the trip up and down the river in that time will reach far into the millions, while the amount of merchandise shipped by boat would total up to several hundred millions of dollars in value, all due to that first valiant ship, the Halve Maene, manned by Hendrick Hudson and his brave Dutch crew, who were bent upon finding out more of this great stream which empties into the Atlantic Ocean.

Not only is the development of this river a commercial possibility for this great land of historic note, but also many of the great epochs in both history and romance took place upon the beautiful shores along the

Hudson. Nearly every cove and jutting point is of some historical interest to the youth of America.

LET'S GO BY AIR.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

Automobile travel, even for the long distances from coast to coast, has become so common in America that it is almost necessary you ask your friend who is going on a long trip, "Are you going by train or auto?" With a car of some sort for every six people in our population, and public buses connecting thousands of places, it certainly seems that the motor is king of transportation now instead of the railroad train. We might be tempted to feel a bit superior over this, especially when we hear that France has only one auto to fifty-five people and that in Germany there is one car to 123 folks.

But our national pride comes down a bit when we realize that Europe is ahead of us in developing ordinary travel by air. Just lately a report was issued covering less than half a year and dealing with the German air centers at Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, Munich, Hanover and Stuttgart. The passenger airplanes that started out from these various places carried 25,000 passengers for a combined mileage of almost three million miles. And there had been scarcely an accident of any sort, though the planes traveled over both land and sea to the British Isles and up north to Malmo, Sweden.

This Swedish service was the latest added to the reglar schedule, and a juncker plane of the largest size was used, carrying twenty-five passengers on each trip, besides the crew of three pilots and mechanics, the stewardess and the wireless operator.

Compared with these air lines on the continent we have little to show yet. And still that same half year has seen things **begin** at least in the United States. There is one passenger line that runs regularly from the Ford Airport at Dearborn, Mich., near Detroit to Grand Rapids, carrying eight people at a time. It makes the trip in an hour and three-quarters, and has proved so reliable that at either station they look off in the sky for its arrival on time. The distance is 150 miles, so the hurried business man is saving considerable time over what he would spend on a train or in an auto between the two cities. Later this line is to be extended to St. Paul and Minneapolis, the Twin Cities of Minnesota, six hundred miles away.

Freight and mail are carried on other routes, not yet opened to passengers. One of these is from Detroit to Chicago, and others to Cleveland and Buffalo. And already the American Railway Express Company thinks the plan practical enough for carrying fast express packages that it has arranged to have planes built for its work by the spring of 1927 to use between New York and Chicago and Dallas, Texas.

These planes that are already flying are all-metal in construction. We cannot take the credit of inventing this form a plane in America, for Germany has been making them. But our metal planes are all our own in the special metal used and in the way they are built. They are made of duralumin, an aluminum copper alloy, that is as light as paper and as strong as steel. Both the body of the ship and the wings are made of it, with an extra sheathing of corrugated duralumin outside of the truss pieces built almost like a bridge to form the body and wings. The corrugated metal witstands the air pressure and storms.

Airplanes are very handsome shined up, the metal takes a polish that makes it look like silver. The monoplane type has been used by the builder of these metal planes that are the pioneers of passenger and freight transportation in America. They are appropriately called the Stout planes, because it is William B. Stout who has produced these successful fliers. He has always been interested in mechanics and as the young son of a minister in Minnesota he tinkered at many things all through his boyhood. One of his first jobs was on a newspaper, where he had a department of handicraft for boys under the name of Jack Kneiff.

So it is this ingenious boy grown up who has been playing, too, with airplanes and who produced such a good metal one that Henry Ford was glad to take William Stout and his Metal Airplane Company into his own company to work up air transportation. The Ford plant is turning out the airships now both for their own use and to fill orders from other agencies which need planes. It no longer seems a wild dream that we may travel by plane on our ordinary trips, instead of by auto or train, when we know that such a practical business as the Ford Company is ready now to turn out two of these metal airplanes each week.

"But won't it be terribly dangerous?" people ask. The only answer is that there is some danger in all means of transportation, whether on land or water or in the air, and great care is being taken to develop a plane that will be as reliable as human minds and human hands can make it. One of the metal planes that carries mail to Chicago after spending a thousand hours in the air was looked over for weakened parts, and it was pronounced still as good as new. The pilots and mechanics say they are even better after this much use, for "they sort of get limbered up to the air and toughened at the same time."

In the matter of an engine failing while the plane is in the air they have done their utmost to prevent that by building fine Liberty engines of 400 horse-power. But no engine could give perfect service always, so the newer idea is to have not one but three engines in each plane. They are located in different parts of the plane, so that an accident to one end would not destroy the usefulness of the other two engines, one at the other end and one swung beneath the center. With all three going, fine speed is possible. With two the plane can travel well, but not as fast. With only one engine in commission it would be possible to stay in the air long enough to come slowly down to earth at some place within fifteen

miles. With all this leaway it would be possible to choose a landing spot level enough and clear enough to prevent serious accidents from occurring.

Though it has a wing spread of sixty feet this form of metal monoplane weighs only two and a half tons, because of the lightness of the duralumin. It carries 140 gallons of gasoline in tanks in the wings, and can fly for four hours with this amount. It has a double control and the mechanic who goes with the pilot is trained to guide the plane in case anything happens to the pilot.

From the standpoint of the passengers the planes are satisfactory too, for there is provision for heating the little cabins in cold weather and new ideas have been used to deaden the noise of the engine so the passengers can really hear each other speak about as well as they can in a fast train with the windows open.

In one respect it seems like ocean travel to go aboard a passenger airplane, for there is a gangplank. And occasionally in very windy weather, the rolling may suggest the ocean waves to people who are very sensitive to that particular motion. But probably no greater proportion of passengers would be affected by this than are affected unpleasantly by train travel.

Much of our feeling about riding in a plane is identical with the feeling that the early Americans had when they first got on a railroad train. It was with fear and trembling that they trusted themselves to the strange car hauled along the slender little rails by an even more dangerous appearing engine belching out smoke from the wood fire that heated the boilers.

Today we step aboard the train without hearts beating a bit faster than normally. But the metal monoplane is more perfect mechanically than the first passenger trains were or even the first autos of a few years ago. So it may easily happen that by 1935, less than ten years from now, we may be saying as a matter of course, when we plan to go to New York or Los Angeles, New Orleans or Chicago, "Let's go by air."

The seismograph, an instrument used to record earthquakes, is also a weather forecaster, and its records may be used to foretell storms, says Robert W. Sayles, of the Harvard Museum. This is possible, he says, because the reduced air pressure that comes in advance of a storm causes the earth's crust to rise slightly. This rise is recorded by the seismograph, and the direction it takes shows the direction from which the storm is approaching. Dr. Sayles says that the variations of air pressure and the deficiency in rainfall are often the causes of earthquakes. The low air pressure moves along slowly until it comes upon a weak place in the earth's crust. Here the crust gives way and the earthquake occurs.—Ex.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

By R. P. Wilder.

Once when I was working in Poona, in western India, I went to a place near Poona for a week-end. On Saturday night when I entered the hotel dining-room, I found seated beside me a naval officer, an infantry major and the major's wife, and a sergeant-major and his wife. When conversation started, the naval officer said:

"Why don't these missionaries stay at home and mind their business? Why do they come out here and worry these people? You can get all the converts you want at one rupee a head."

It was at the time of the Armenian massacres and there were rumors that the British fleet might be ordered to Constantinople. I turned to that naval officer and said:

"Supposing that you were ordered to take your battleship to Constantinople tomorrow, and I were to say, 'Why don't you stay here and mind your business, there is no sense in your going to the Bosphorus?'"

The man's eyes flashed fire as he said, "I would tell you to mind your own business; if we are ordered to go we must go even if every ship is sunk and every sailor killed."

I said, "Quite right, my friend, but I have marching orders, not from any human government, but from the divine government. My command was to preach the gospel to every creature, and India has one-fifth of the population of the world, and the primary question is not whether in India converts may be made at one rupee or fifty rupees a head; the primary question is not whether I get any converts at all, but **whether I am going to obey the last wish of my Lord and Saviour.**"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A number of boys have been cutting wood during the last few days.

Some of the boys have been trimming the fruit trees in both the old and new orchards.

Recently, a carload of coal arrived at the railroad siding, at this institution. A number of boys unloaded it.

During the past week the barn-boys have been very busily engaged in hauling logs to the saw mill. Lumber is returned and is being "dressed" by Mr. Cariker, and the boys of the carpenter shop. The shop boys have been repairing some of the wagon-bodies. They have also been making swings, which will be placed on the campus.

Since the snow has melted, we have a different colored landscape. On the hill—the grass is again green,

birds have started anew, to sing their cheerful songs. Maybe,—let's hope that Spring is really here now. The snow, that came suddenly, surprised almost all of us. Still the rain banished all signs of it, recently. None is to be seen—anywhere.

The religious services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of Concord. He read for the Scripture lesson, from Acts. During his sermon, wishing to make his talk more understanding to the boys, and perhaps more interesting, he used many interesting illustrations. His sermon was enjoyed by most everyone present.

Last Thursday night the boys of this School had a real treat. Mrs. Downey, who was at that time visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson, gave the boys a musical program, of four selections, in the auditorium. We were very glad that she consented to play for us and hope that she will come again, sometime, and play for us. Her musical program was enjoyed by all present at the occasion.

Sharing the "Good News," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. The theme was "Sharing Our Knowledge Of Christ With Others." In this lesson it tells us how we should live and how we should treat our neighbors. This was a most interesting lesson. The golden text was: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me."—Corinthians 1:8.

Snow?—Yes, we have had plenty of it. Last week, snow covered everything—eleven inches was the measurement of it on the level. Over 13 and 14 inches were measured in some of the drifts. During the days the snow was on the ground, several large snowballs were made by some of the boys. But the boys of the print shop can say that they rolled the largest snowball that was made at the School, during the time that the snow was on the ground. Rain came which helped to melt the snow. The large snowball that the print shop boys rolled didn't melt, or rather didn't disappear until Tuesday. During the snow's stay on the ground, pictures were taken by some of the officers. As the snow has gone—maybe Spring will come, now, surely.

Intellectual and moral growth is not less indispensable than material amelioration. Knowledge is a viaticum, thought is of primary necessity, truth is nourishment as well as wheat. A reason by fasting from knowledge and wisdom, becomes puny. Let us lament as over stomachs, over minds which do not eat. If there is anything more poignant than a body agonising for want of bread, it is a soul which is dying of hunger for light.—Victor Hugo.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Ir Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:5[illegible]	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M

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THE UPLIFT

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"DONALD."

Donald is in the eighth grade. He has not missed a day from school. He rides on the school bus. He lives seven miles away. The big snow stopped the bus. Donald must come to school. He walked the seven miles and back home, on the second day of March. The same thing happened on the third day of March.

Donald's record for attendance still goes on. I sent him a small present. There is a future for this boy. An uncle is a wood chopper living on a hill in sight of the school. Another uncle is a Professor in the University.

Which way will Donald go?—By D. D. Daughtry, of Boone, N. C.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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WHO'D BE PRESIDENT OR EVEN MAYOR?

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust (Humiliate himself) before the real masters (the political bosses) who stand erect behind his throne.—Emerson.

SPRING.

Next Monday, March 21, the day and night will be equal in length. This is regarded the close of Winter and the commencement of Spring. The yards hereabout have indicated Springtime some three or four weeks ago. The violets, jonquils and other graciously charming plants have cheered us. But the the snow caught them, along with the early blooming fruit trees.

The "old folks" have signs—not always the ground-hog—by which they lay great confidence. A few days before the great snow that blanketed the state on March 2, a covey, or bunch or drove or flock (call the aggregation what you please) of wild geese, several hundred or more, turned loose their favorite music as they sailed over our heads, headed directly North. A neighbor shouted that is a sure "sign that Spring is here." And then the snow! That crowd of geese acted foolish, leaving their Southern Winter quarters and rushing right into the heart of Winter further North. You can't always depend on a goose.

But the Asheville Citizen comes along and announces that Spring is here in these words:

Spring, and the birds flying north. An annual and ancient miracle. They fly in millions, by day and by night, following this year the same course under the same stars that birds have flown for countless centuries.

Before Cheops built a pyramid, before Sodom and Gomorrah rose and fell,

before Jason sought the Golden Fleece, they made the same epic journey, drawn always to the north by the irresistible pull of a mighty instinct. Al-to the North! Always up, to prolong their kind, to mate and create millions of young who, next spring will travel thousands of miles, by light of sun and through trackless spaces lit by the moon, on this unchanging northward path.

Men, witnessing the mysterious and tremendous pilgrimage, are stirred by the realization that they must follow the banner of those beating wings. Spring sounds a clarion call to the higher and colder reaches where work is to be done with difficulties made to blossom into the loviliness of new achievement. The flowers, lifting their fragrant bloom toward the sun, are reminders of Nature's immutable law that man survives and conquers only when his course is forever upward. The thing is written everywhere: ascend or die.

Spring! The birds flying north and men's spirits soaring on the wings of imperial ambition. Spring! The time to start anew in search of the Golden Fleece of an ever-increasing usefulness.

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THE AFTERMATH.

From the administration of Gov. Holt down to and including that of Gov. McLean we have a pretty fair recollection of the prevailing sentiment over the accomplishments of the several administrations in their dealing with the General Assembly.

It is a custom of feature writers and columnists to size up the influence each governor exerted over his legislatures. They even list the accomplishments. We cannot forget the wonderful 14 achievements credited to one governor. They have practically faded from the face of the state, if they actually had any standing. Not so much the faulty judgment of the particular governor, but the changing attitude of the people and the growth of the state.

Gov. McLean fared handsomely at the hands of the recent General Assembly. Wonder what it would have been, or what the general results would have been, had every member of the general assembly been exactly on a par with the Cabarrus representation in that body. You just can't keep from thinking on these things. Gov. McLean hasn't boasted of any power or influence he had with the recent law makers; but it remains as a fact that he got about everything he really desired. Of course, the state radio proposition went by the board, and nobody except several spell-binders hanging around Raleigh regret the outcome. We have no brief from the Governor, but we know him so well, that we make sure that he doesn't care one whit—

had he really wanted a State Radio, no one doubts his leadership in bringing that thing into life.

Gov. McLean fared gloriously at the hands of the Assembly of 1927.

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THE TOWNER-SHEPPERD BILL.

It is strange that men and women, who have come up from prostration inflicted upon the South by the issues of the War Between the States, could ever bring themselves for once to be willing to turn the educational cause of the state over to any Federal agency. There are such, however. They are propagandists, whose judgment in many instances is controlled by a selfish interest without a consideration of the cost to the sentiments and training of our people.

The very moment the educational cause of this state or any other state is put into the hands of a board, authorized and appointed by Federal authorities, just that moment will forces be brought to bear to do away with separate schools for the several races. This is no theory or even a fear. It is just as certain as if it had already occurred. The Federal forces are built that way.

If there be any doubt of this being the outcome of such legislation, all one needs to do is to recall a recent decision of the United States Supreme court in regard to primary voting, coming before that court in a case from Texas. This new federal movement to take under its wing the public school cause reminds of the Blair educational bill that men and women almost came to blows over.

No real white man wants his children in a school of mixed races—in North Carolina, at least—and the better element of the colored people—and they are increasing in number at a gratifying rate—do not desire mixed schools and would even go so far as to protest against them if they had the power so to do. This feeling is born in the blood of Southern people, a part of the very warp and woof of Southern nature. It is not prejudice, neither is it animosity towards the colored people. It is a principle; and both races recognize it and approve it.

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"WHICH WAY WILL DONALD GO?"

The frontispiece of this issue is the echo of how a manly little fellow—"Donald"—negotiated a terrific snow storm up in Watauga county. It is brief, but it tells all there is to be known about the feat which the boy accomplished, because the bus could not run, other vehicles were out of commission,

and mules and oxen dared not attempt the task of making the trip through snow piled high. No, these facts are not all that is to be known.

The story ends with a question. The boy has one uncle, who follows the respectable occupation of cutting wood on the mountain side; another one holds down an honorable position in a university, where no thought need be given to the weather or whether the tongue will mete the buckle, for the state amply looks after these little matters.

But "which way will Donald go?" Thoroughly conversant with cause and effect, this is an easy question. That boy has pep, he has spirit, he has ambition to gather unto himself all that is coming to him. He sees no obstacles; he balks not at hardships; he has his mind and eyes and hopes centered in the future. If he's a student at the Appachalain Training School, and, per the force exerted at that dynamo of power, he will teach awhile; later he'll be asked to take a position in some higher educational institution; or he will be needed in some legislative hall. There making his mark, he'll be asked to become a governor, as all men are, who reach this high and honorable position—no telling where Donald will finally land; but we make sure this promising boy, unlike a distinguished gentleman of his neighborhood, will not spend his life in lonely and distressing bachelorhood.

But, finally, should wood need cutting; chestnut bark need transporting to the railway; barley need cutting, Donald will not, when becoming a man, dodge a duty, which is honorable. Which way will Donald go—why, he's going fast and surely to the high estate of a real man.

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"THE LIGHT THAT SHINES FARTHEST SHINES BRIGHTEST AT HOME."

Is that true? People have said this so often in their missionary activities until they actually believe it. Is it always so?

In a certain city (and we'll not call the name) there is a crowded hospital; there was one evening a demand, most urgent for two beds to accommodate two very sick and suffering native people. The Hospital could not supply them. At that very time a faithful band of women (true to the teachings of their order and obsessed of a spirit to "make good" in their efforts) were struggling to raise funds to furnish a hospital way back beyond the ocean for a people whom they do not know. That is the missionary spirit. It is right. But—

Not one of these women so deeply interested in those unknown and far removed people have ever uttered a word or done a deed to encourage suffi-

cient hospital facilties in their own home town. This is one case where the light does not shine very brightly at home—it may reach the unknown heathen.

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THE NEW JUDGES.

The idea of "Bevo" judges went flat on the General Assembly of 1927. It would have no more of them. Some of the Bevo judges were very able men, just as able as many who got to be judges via the vote of the people. A strong effort was making to set up twenty-seven new districts; but adding on the extra number of solicitors caused the matter to be handicapped. Then again, the formation of the districts to provide for the fortune of some of the lawyers—some of them in the Assembly—was a ticklish business.

So a bill passed authorizing the governor to appoint four judges—two in the east and two in the west—and then two more should the business of the courts require it. The business will require it.

Gov. McLean has made four appointments. Clayton Moore, of Martin, and Nat Townsend, of Harnett. Both were members of the legislature. They are fine, strong men. For the western section the governor has appointed Tam Bowie, of Ashe county, and Hoyle Sink, of Davidson. The former has been a member of several legislatures, being speaker of one session; the latter is at present the pardon commissioner, connected with the Executive office. Mr. Sink, like Mr. Bowie, is a high class man, of judicial poise and not afraid of work.

Gov. McLean has been very happy in his selection; and not being a lawyer and having but slight use for the functioning of courts, we cannot but regret that every lawyer in North Carolina who wants to be a judge can not have his heart satisfied. But this is impossible—some have to be left to act the part of attorneys, or jurors, or witnesses or prisioners. Law business, like agriculture, must be diversified.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A college education is a good thing. The best thing about it is that you are in a good position to learn something after you get it.

They poke a good deal of fun at the Ford car on the noise it makes. The Ford car is not alone in one particular, at least. Every make of car, at some time or other, rattle the pedestrians.

If people would try to do what they are sure they can't do, they would more often be able to do it.

They tell me an aspirant for a marriage license at Springfield caused some interest among the licensing clerks when asked for his full name Samuel Nacooche Smith was the name given. It was explained that the young man had been "born at sea," and that his middle name was given him because it was the name of the ship on which he was born. This is the only instance I can now recollect of a child being named for the vessel on which it was born; but I know of instances where the parents have given the names of states and cities and, in one case, of a beautiful island in Boston harbor, to children because of such associations.

They are "knocking" the American homes out in the state of Washington. A visiting minister, at Seattle, recently told an audience that the home life in America "is falling away because there is no love between husband and wife in too many homes." Well, of course, if you keep telling people that long enough, some of them will believe it. And if you tell them, continually and interestingly, that American home life today is happier and packed tighter with love than ever it was, they'll believe that, too. The best of it is, the last statement is the true one.

Did you ever notice sometimes, when you come into the house and see the shades all pulled down. It may be raining outside. Everything is quiet as an empty church, and a little lonesome. Mother, or the wife, is away from home, and it makes you feel lonely. Then suddenly you hear the step of one or the other, or both, on the piazza and immediately everything changes. You feel glad and much different from what you did before in spite of the rain and the loneliness of the house. This kind of a feeling reminds me of what we must do—influence people to make them feel better. How do you do it? Well, in the first place we must want to do it. If I'm going to make you happy, I've got to forget all about myself. If you are going to make me happy you have got to forget about yourself. The biggest thing to remember is that God will help us. I don't know why that is, and maybe you don't but it's true, nevertheless, and if you ask God to help you when you pray to Him you'll learn how true it is. A block of i ce

left on the pavement, is continually changing unil finally it disappears. As the ice changes you can change a sad person into a glad person, by the warmth of interest and sympathy, tenderness and love, and in doing so you will become happier yourself. Who do you think will notice this change first? Well, God will be the first to notice it, as not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice and aren't you something more than a little sparrow? Next your mother and father, or your wife. In fact everybody who is around will notice the change, even the dog and cat.

I set it intimated that the oldest citizens of New York are discussing the time in their remembrance when livestock and chickens roamed around what is now Broadway. Has time improved the location? Bulls, bears and sheep are still roaming up and down Wall street, and chickens are all over the place.

It is my honest, candid and unbiased opinion that if some of the egotistical guys knew as much as they think they know, they'd know 98 ½ % more than they really do know, and knowing that they would know something.

It is a foregone conclusion that we rarely do our best, although we are continually declaring we do. The best in everyone, if put to the actual test, will carry us all 'way beyond our fondest expectations.

We are coming to tabloid eating, if one is to judge from the sandwiches which are put out from a lunch counter, to this effect: A slice of tongue, a slice of corned beef, a slice of raost beef; built up in layers and placed between two slices of bread." Who knows but what we may eventually carrry our lunches around with us, in our vest pockets, in the form of tablets.

There are two prayers being used in the Bishop's Crusade that strike me with peculiar force, as being just what the heart of earnest Christians desire. I cannot refrain from giving them a place in these columns as a guide for those who have not heard them. They are:

"A Morning Prayer—Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give and not to count the cost; to fight and not to heed the wounds; to toil and not to seek for rest; to labor and not to ask for any reward, save that of knowing that we have done Thy will. Amen."

"An Evening Prayer—O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

It is told that in a town in Georgia lives a native reputed to be half-witted and to whom people used to offer (until a few weeks ago) two coins spread out on the palm of the extended hand. A nickel would be laid beside a dime and he was told he could have one and to take his choice. How they would guffaw when

he picked up the nickel, because, as he would explain, it was the larger coin. One day a kindly stranger asked him: "Don't you really know the difference in value between a dime and a nickel?" Sure I do," he replied, "but if I ever once took the dime they would never try me again." This is a good story to remember when you feel inclined to laugh at some one and call him a blockhead. He may be aware that what you are laughing at is really not the funny part of the incident.

The Insurance Department Bulletin, of Raleigh, edited by my old friend— old in years but not in spirits—Andy Joyner, says: "editors will O. K. This," and gives the following story: "The editor of a Teaxs country newspaper moved into Dallas and deposited $50,000 in one of the local banks. He had been publishing his little country paper for 30 years, and had moved to the city with a round $50,000 to his credit. When asked the secret of his great financial success he said: 'I attribute my ability to retire with a $50,000 bank account after 30 years in the country newspaper field to close application to duty; also hewing to the mark and letting the chips fall where they may; the most rigorous rules of economy; never spending a cent foolishly; everlastingly keeping at my job with a whole heart, and the death of an uncle who left me $49,999,50.' " I certainly do O. K. this story, Andy, and I am looking around to find an uncle of like generosity.

I am told that a farmer coming to town asked his wife if she wanted him to bring her anything from the city. She said she didn't know, but he "might bring a few jars of that traffic jam she saw mentioned in the papers."

The vacant places everywhere are being built up so rapidly that soon there will be no place for a fellow to practice on a saxophone.

Talking about the best salesman on record you can't beat the fellow who sold a two-pants suit to a widow to bury her husband in.

If you want to test the curiosity of men look curiously and scrutinizingly up to high heaven. Two or three others will follow suit. Might be an airplane or a balloon. Then half a dozen other men will stop and begin to gaze upward. The crowd grows larger. Everybody looking but seeing nothing but the blue sky. "What's the attraction?" inqired a new-comer. "Can't imagine," replied another guy, still gazing up and walking around. The astronomer looking chap who strained like a scholar who had lost his telescope, was asked if it was another comet. "Search me," he answered and continued peering. Some one let the cat out of the bag by saying: "Aren't these practical jokers," he said wearily, "tired of this business of getting some people to act like boobs? There's nothing there, folks; you're all being kidded." This is an old gag; but it is ever new, and never fails to catch several somebodies whenever it is tried.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN WILKES COUNTY.

By Prof. C. C. Wright, Supt.

1900		1926
10054	School Census	10968
6233	Enrolled	10238
2312	Attendance	7646
$6580	Value of School Property	$488950
64	Frame and Brick Houses—School	142
34	Log Houses	1
33	Districts with no Houses	0
1	Painted School Houses	119
8	Houses With Bells	126
14	Schools With Desks	130
160	Teachers Employed	306
$20	Monthly Salary	$85
0	Pupils Transferred to School	510
0	Transportation Lines	20
115	Number Public Schools Taught	142
30	Number Assistant Teachers	309
0	Local Tax Schools	30
13	Length of School Term in Weeks	25
0	Rural School Libraries	140
0	Supplementary School Libraries	140
0	Volumes	12900
62	Per Cent of Census Enrolled	95
37	Per Cent Enrolled in Attendance	72
23	Per Cent in Average Attendance	68
0	No. Teachers Registered in Reading Circle	229
16	Number Seventh Grade Graduates	240
3	School Teaching High School Subjects	22
0	Medals for 7 Years Perfect Attendance	48
0	Medals for 11 Years Perfect Attendance	1
3	Schools With Assistant Teachers	90
0	Schools With Three or More Teachers	31
2185	Pupils Stuyding Arithmetic	6768
869	Pupils Studying Language and Grammar	7281
1265	Pupils Studying Geography	4460
513	Pupils Studying Santation	2183
365	Pupils Studying N. C. History	974
364	Pupils Studying U. S. History	2036
51	Pupils Studying Civil Government	745
0	Pupils Studying Agriculture	285

THE SOUTH'S PART.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Northerners who write histories, make Decoration Day speeches, deliver Forth of July orations and publish Thanksgiving Day statements have created the impression everywhere except in the South that Southerners never did anything much in the building of this country and did that only after the North had made it fashionable.

According to these eloquent but inaccurate gentlemen, America was born on Plymouth Rock, Bunkerhill won the Revolutionary War, New England created this Republic, and secession was an infamy peculiar to the rebellious Southern mind.

But consult the records.

Thirteen years before Plymouth Rock had been touched by anything but Indians and ice, the first permanent English-speaking settlement on this side of the Alantic had been accomplished. Thirteen long winters and summers before the Mayflower ever approached New England's shores, the Discovery Goodspeed and Susan Constant had anchored in the James River in Virginia.

That is to say, before the boasted Pilgrim Fathers were even rowboat Americans, Virginia children were romping in the Southern sunshine.

If Masschusetts had a "tea party," so did North Carolina. If Bunkerhill happened to be the first real fight put up by the British, the Revolution was saved at Cowpens and King's Mountain where the Western North Carolians, Tennesseeans and Virginians, paying their own expenses and, wearing their coonskins caps crikinated the expression, "They can lick their weight in wildcats!"

The main idea put forward by the Northern orator on patriotism is that this Republic would never have become a going concern but for the Winthrops, Endicotts, Adamses, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton and other inhabitants of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania.

Their memories ignore the rather substantial contributions made to the cause by Patrick Henry, George Washington, the Lees, Randolphs and Masons, William Gaston, John Marshall, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

They forget that, while Alexander Hamilton devoted his life to an attempt to make this government an oligarchy, Thomas Jefferson beat him and made it republican in form.

They forget that, while Daniel Webster was proclaiming the folly of annexing the Great Northwest to the United States, Jefferson had already visioned and begun to create this country as it is today, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

They forget that, though the South fought for the right of secession in 1861, the New Englanders had threatened to disrupt the Union forty years earlier because the South's prosperity irked them sore.

This is no time for a petty sectionalism. The only point is: Why not keep history straight? The South has been taunted, jeered and ridiculed for sixty years as the home

of bitterness and the hotbed of prejudice. But who is the North to bring the charge?

It was not until Grover Cleveland's time that the Federal Government paid for Arlington, the home Robert E. Lee, changed into a cemetery. It took all the influence and determination of Theodore Roosevelt to recut on Cabin John Bridge the name of its builder, Jefferson Davis, who before becoming President of the Confederate States was Secretary of War for the United States.

And why all this talk about the laziness and backwardness of the South as compared with the North? You still hear it in the conversation of many of our Western and Northern visitors.

The South is reaching so rapidly for the industrial and agricultural leadership of the nation that Northerners, eager for the Croesus dividends she pays, are helping her to get it. And this unprecedented development has been accomplished by Southerners who began rebuilding with their energy and the ashes of their ruins as their only resources.

They had one other thing: the finest civilization in America. They knew how to live. When the men were without a dollar and the women wore roses for jewels and crude homespun for ball gowns, it was this civilization that enabled them to live on in the same atmosphere they had had created as the chosen children of luxury.

They did it so well in the ugliness of poverty, danced so joyously by the light of one guttering candle, flirted and laughed and loved so charmingly in the Southern moonlight, that poets and novelists built around them a new and unforgettable romance.

It is this South who wrote the first chapter of the American drama, won the Revolution, extended the Republic to the Pacific, lost the Civil War in godlike glory, turned ruin into riches, built the nation's capital and gave the country its noblest architecture—it is this South that windy orators and wrong historians try to put in a secondary place in time, conquest, statesmanship and business!

Southerners will have to change all this by writing the history they have made.

"Buss," meaning to kiss, says the National Geographic Society, is peculiar to the Hatteras Sand Banks, on the eastern coast of North Carolina. It may have originated there, this word "buss," but it has traveled a long way since the day of its birth. For it is heard not only in practically all parts of North Carolina, but even as far west as Texas. The word is Elizabethean English, for we find in the couplet written by the poet Robert Herrick thus:

"Kissing and bussing differ both in this,
We buss our wantons, but our wives we kiss."—Asheboro Courier.

WEDGE AND GLUT.

(Greensboro News).

Looking for the entering wedge they did not see the glut that rived the log, Mr. Clark wrote the other day. "Supersensitive of the entering wedge," reflects the Daily News Raleigh bureau, the general assembly "proved itself the greatest glut that ever busted open a stick of wood." Glut, it is added, is a common wedge of wood or iron and is used every day to pry open a log.

All of which is terminology of correct dictionary employment, but there are, at least locally, technical distinctions; and the two quotations bear the spirit of these distinctions. Riving is done with a froe, and the product is a board; to distinguish from a small, thin piece of sawn lumber, a clapboard. A shingle may also be rived, but that is only the first stage in its construction. It must be plained thin at one and the sides must be straightened.

Technically, a glut is never of iron, but always of wood; and an iron wedge is generally called "iron wedge" instead of wedge. Your iron wedge is what the legislators were so fearful of; it is the entering wedge, as indicated by these two writers. Once the iron wedge has forced a small crack at one end of the log, the gluts, bigger, more obtuse, make short work of rending the log from end to end. Neither wedge nor glut would be used in cleaving a "stick"; a stick is a small trunk or branch that can be split with an axe.

The iron wedge, the glut and the maul were the rail-splitter's equipment in the days when rails were split. They survive for the limited employment of converting large trees into firewood. They tell of a time when every farm was surrounded with a stout, high rail fence, and every rail was made of oak; and the lumber that fenced the home of the granddaddies would be worth about as much today as the land it inclosed. The remnant of rail fences that most of us have seen belong to a later period when hardwood was getting scarce and pine remained plentiful. The old hardwood rails were good for generations of use.

Men working on farms worked in those days. It is not easy for the modern, who is quickly winded by woodpile exercises, to imagine what went into a day's wielding of a heavy hickory maul upon dogwood gluts, nor how many days of such labor went into the fencing of a farm of average size. The idea of conservation was born in the mind of a man splitting rails on a warm day, as he figured in his mind how many big trees would have to be felled, how many rail-length logs would have to be chopped, how many rails split, loaded, hauled, unloaded, then built into fence, in order to keep his neighbor's cattle off his land. The man himself hadn't many cattle animals. Conservation entered politics with the no-fence issue, and the grandsers tell of hot times on the hustlings. Has the rail-fence as an economic and political factor in North Carolina history ever had the attention from the scholar to which it is entitled?

WHAT MAKES THE OLD BOYS MAD.

By W. O. Saunders.

Our colleges and college men are under fire. A few weeks ago Roger Babson, the world's greatest statistician and the god of our financiers, declared that our colleges and universities yield an insignificant return for the stupendous amount of money invested in them.

Now comes a prominent Eastern business executive in the pages of one of our national magazines who declares with emphasis that no college graduate need apply to him for a job. This executive like many others has made an iron clad rule against the employment of college men.

* * *

Writing in the Success Magazine, the employer in question lists the following reasons "why I would not hire a college man":

Because of their native notions about business—or their prejudices against the business world.

Because of their laziness, irregular hours, desires for much time off, and their casual attitude toward their work.

Because of their constant desire for undeserved raises in salary in order to maintain the false standards of life they learned at college when they lived on their father's money or bluffed their way, or went into debt.

Because of their ingrained notion that they are of a different breed and therefore should be treated differently from the non-college workers.

Because of their lack of ability to think, to make reasoned and practical deductions.

Because of their pleasure-loving habits, fostered at college , which seriously interfere with their tackling a job in an earnest manner.

Because of their unwillingness to start work at a salary that they are worth.

Because of their tendency to leave as soon as a little more money is offered them: in other words because of no sense of apprenticeship and of growth by degrees on merit.

The Success article concludes with the charge that college men "have a snobbish exaggeration of the worth of their diploma. The showing of the graduates contrasts very poorly with that of non-graduates. I know; I've been watching them for years."

* * *

College men and parents who are contemplating sending their boys to college should ponder well the significance of that Success Magazine article. It expresses the views of thousands of business men all over America.

When we first began to build colleges and universities in America the notion took root that a college diploma was a passport to a life of leisure and luxury. "I want to give my boy an education so that he won't have to work as hard as I have worked," was—and is—the wistful thought of our old fashioned fathers.

* * *

But we are living in a changing world. A quarter of a century ago a man could support a family on

$6.00 a week here in Eastern North Carolina where almost everybody made at least one meal a day on herrings that cost $1.00 a thousand and corn meal that cost a few cents a peck. A watch was considered such a luxury that it was separately taxed and tax listers in North Carolina still ask the citizen who gives in his taxable property, if he owns a watch?

But times have changed. Modern homes require electric lights, plumbing, furnace heat, refrigeration, telephones, phonographs, radios. People demand better food, better clothes, better furniture. Everybody wants an automobile and we in this counrty have actually bought and are keeping up 21 million motor cars, and spending fabulous sums in the operation and upkeep, and for roads to speed them on.

It takes a lot of money to meet the requirements of modern living. And it takes a lot of work to produce all this money, for money is only a token representing the equivalent of so much labor.

* * *

It takes a lot of work to keep things going the modern way and it is going to take more work as our wants continue to multiply. The world demands workers. Millions of children must be educated. Millions of women must be supported in more or less idleness because men who work must have their playthings.

No wonder then that our colleges in turning out armies of white collared young bloods who think they are entitled to rewards without labor excite the ire of the old boys who have worked hard all their days and see no other way but work, work and more work to keep up—and continue to step up—our present high standard of living.

TYNDALE'S SPELLING.

We look back to William Tyndale as one of the ripest scholars of his day. Yet it is said that inadvertently or otherwise, in his translation of the New Testament, he contrived to spell the pronoun "it" eight different ways, achieving four or five of these in a single chapter!

Poor spellers at the present should gain little comfort from the great translator's variant spelling. He lived in a time when every man spelled as it seemed good or right in his own eyes. Even the myriad-minded Shakespeare seems to have spelled his own name a number of ways. The invention of printing and the advent of dictionaries have exerted a standardizing influence upon the English language. While there are variant spellings for many words, yet there is general concensus of opinion as to most of the words we speak or write Even so, good spellers are all too rare in the world today.—Kind Words.

FIRST THINGS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

By May C. Ringwalt.

The Executive Mansion in Washington, familiarly known as the White House, was modeled after the country home of the Irish Duke of Leinster, in Dublin, Italian style of architecture. The cornerstone was laid on October 13, 1792, and it was first occupied in the late autumn of 1800. It was first painted white to cover the disfigurement of the walls after it had been set on fire by the Britist in 1814; the conflagration was put out by a downpour of rain before the badly damaged building was destroyed.

The first occupants of the White House were President and Mrs. John Adams.

The inauguration of the second president of the United States had taken place in Philadelphia, which in 1790 became the national capital instead of New York City, where Washington took the oath of office. Amid welcoming boom of musketry and all due ceremony, President Adams made his formal entry into the new and permanent capital on the Potomac early in the summer of 1800. But at first he was obliged to stay at the Union Tavern at Georgetown and the Tunnicliff Hotel of Washington, and it was not until November and almost the close of his administration that the President took up residence at the Executive Mansion.

Now Abigail Adams, the president's wife, was a famous letter writer, and here is an extract from the first letter that the first mistress of the White House wrote to her daughter a few days after they moved in.

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale," pictures her graphic pen, "requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables. The lighting of the apartments from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house.....

"The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience room I made a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter."

The first public reception ever given in the White House was held on New Year's Day, 1801.

Upon this **awesome** occasiou, Mrs. Adams "sat in state in her brocade and velvets, while the president stood beside her in knee breeches, gaily colored waistcoat, high stock collar, and his powdered hair tied in a neat queue."

The first piano in the White House was brought there by the same Abigail Adams who penned the first letter.

The first violin in the White House belonged to President Adams' successor, Thomas Jefferson.

The following **delicious** story attests how fond he was of playing it when a young man.

His parental home having burned down in his absence, the first question Jefferson asked on his return was whether his books had gone.

"Yess, massa," replied the devoted colored servant, "dey is, but," he added by a way of comfort, "we saved de fiddle."

While in all White House functions President and Mrs. Adams followed the formal and ceremonious precedent set by President Washington, President Jefferson prided himself upon what has been aptly termed an "ostentation of democracy."

The levees, very grand occasions during the first two administrations, were at once done away with, the public receptions on New Year's day and the Fourth of July made most informal.

And the casual way in which persons were invited to dine with the president may be seen by the following "billit" sent to a Congressman on the floor of the House:

"Th. Jefferson requests the favor of Mr. and Mrs. Smith to dine with him on Tuesday next (26th) at half after three, and any friends who may be with them. April 25, 1803.

"The favor of an answer is asked."

It was during Jefferson's term of office that the first child was born in the White House.

This was James Madison Randolph, the president's little grandson the proud mother of the darling baby being Martha Jefferson Randolph, his idolized daughter, a woman of most beautiful character, who after Jefferson's retirement from public life kept house for her father, "not only entertaining his guests, and ministering to his personal comforts, but also sharing intellectually all his thoughts and studies."

The first wedding in the White House, by a happy coincidence of names, was that of a Mrs. George (Steptoe) Washington, nee Lucy Payne. She was a young widowed sister of the wife of James Madison, successor to Jefferson. The groom was Judge Todd, of Kentucky.

"Dolly" Madison, as the president's wife was affectionately called, was the first "social queen" of the White House.

It has been said of her that "she never forgot an old friend, and never neglected the opportunity of making a new one."

Another valuable asset that contributed to her popularity was her remarkable memory for names and little incidents connected with people whom she met even casually.

And the following story shows her wonderful tact.

While her husband was still Secretary of State, a foreign minister, whom the Madisons entertained, had the effrontery to ridicule the lavishness of their table, saying that the occasion was more like "a harvest-home supper than the entertainment of a cabinet minister." Instead of an angry, indignant retort, Mrs. Madison made gracious reply that the profusion of her table was the **result of the prosperity of her country**, and she must therefore continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance.

As we have seen, the first child born in the White House was a little boy. The first **girl** baby born

there was Mary Louise Adams, little grand-daughter of the sixth President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, and great-granddaughter of President John Adams and his wife Abigail, the first president and first mistress of the White House.

John Quincy Adams was the first —and so far only—son of a president who has in his turn became chief executive of the nation.

The first president to die in the White House was the ninth president of the United States, William Henry Harrison, that "simple country gentleman who, when he first came to the Executive Mansion undertook to do his own marketing."

And his wife, Anna Symmes, was the first "mistress of the White House" who never lived within its portals. For while she reached the advanced age of ninety, at the time her husband's inauguration took place she was in too poor health to make the journey to Washington. And in a little over a month "he was borne back to her, released by death."

President Tyler was the first president to be married during his term of office but the wedding, a very quiet one, on account of the death of the bride's father, took place at the Church of the Holy Ascension, New York, and not at the White House.

The first Thanksgiving celebrated at the White House was in 1845, during the administration of President Polk.

It was Mrs. Polk who was the first mistress of the White House to be her husband's private secretary. She took charge of all his papers. If he wanted any important document, he would say with a confident smile, "Sarah knows where it is."

It was during the Filmore Administration that the first library at the White House was instituted. In the ambitious hardship days of their youth, both the president and his wife had taught school and both of them had always been bookish persons. So when on coming to the White House they found it "destitute of books," the president asked for an appropriation for a library from Congress; selected the books when the money was given; and set them up at housekeeping, so to speak, in a pleasant room in the second story.

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes was the first of the "first ladies of the land" to enforce total abstinence at the White House, "both above and below stairs," and in tribute to her courageous stand, the W. C. T. U. subsequently presented the White House with her full length portrait.

A great lover of flowers, Mrs. Hayes also inaugurated an abundant use of flowers and growing plants in decorating the White House for all functions, while she had the billard room between the conservatory and state dining room made into an extension of the former in order to give those in the dining room a vista of "arching palms and blooming flowers.'

So we might go on indefinitely with first things of interest in connection with the home of our presidents in the national capital. But our space is limited, and we close our article with a bright happy picture of a White House wedding.

We have already spoken of President Tyler's marriage in another city, but the first wedding of a president in the White House was that of President Grover Cleveland to Miss Frances Folsom, than whom among

all the wives of our president there has never been a more universal favorite.

The ceremony took place in the Blue Room on the evening of June 2, 1886, the guests including the cabinet, relatives, and intimate friends.

The following colorful description is given of the room's beautiful decorations on the night of the wedding.

"'Potted plants' ferns, and blooming flowers were arranged in tasteful groups, and green garlands decorated the tall candelabra and chandeliers. The fireplaces were filled with red begonias to represent burning fires, with centauras scattered at their base to imitate ashes, while blossoms were laid below in the form of tiles. One mantlepiece was banked with dark pansies, bearing the date, June 2, 1886 in light pansies; the other, with red roses bearing the monogram C. F., in white roses. Roses drapel and decorated the mirrors and also the doors, over one of which was a scroll of immortelles, forming the legend, E Pluribus Unum, in red white, and blue."

The Marine band, in its full dress of scarlet coats and blue trousers, with white cords and tassels, added its brilliant bit of color to the radiant scene as well as furnishing splendid music.

The city's pealing bells and a salute fired at the Arsenal at seven o'clock marked the appointed hour, and to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the lovely bride entered upon the arm of the president.

A queen of beauty and of hearts, she looked her royal part in a superb ivory white satin wedding gown with a train fifteen feet long. It was trimmed with orange blossoms. And her veil was surmounted by a coronet.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. Sunderland, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. William N. Cleveland.

An elaborate wedding supper was served in the state dining room. There was one long table and a number of little tables. The room's decorations were most beautiful, and the center piece of the bridal party's table was the ship Hymen, its white flags all bearing the monogram—C. F.

There was the usual wedding cake, the usual toasts, and when the bride and groom drove away to the railroad station where a private car awaited them for their honeymoon trip to Deer Park, Maryland, there was the usual shower of rice; the usual old shoe thrown after them for good luck.

Someone tells about the tin roof of a Kansas store that was torn off and rolled into a compact bundle by a cyclone. Having a sense of humor, the owner wrapped a few strands of baling wire around the roll and shipped it to Henry Ford. In due time came a communication saying:

"It will cost you $48.50 to have your car repaired. Tell us what hit you."—The Cresent.

THE NEWS.

(Asheville Citizen).

Just now every man who keeps abreast of current events has to scrutinize a far-flung canvas, and this fact brings to the front the extraordinary efficiency of the modern newspaper and its news gatherers. Unrest in Nicaragua, war in China, ships laden with troops ordered to the Orient, new diamond fields in South Africa, whatever and whereever the great god Change rewrites the human drama, there is the news writer ready to send his story by wire, through the air or under seas.

As somebody has recently remarked, "Although all the taxpayers are directly dependent upon the newspapers for information that enables them to act intelligently as citizens, they obtain for a few pennies every day what is the most marvelous, and relatively the most costly product of our age."

The newspaper is, above everything else, the teacher. Then men and women who write the news can never lose sight of that fact nor escape the responsibilities it puts upon htem. The writers of the headlines siimilarly wield tremendous power, as does the editorial writer. The impact of news and comment on the news, flung against the mind of the reader day after day, is immense.

So conscientiously have the newspapers of good standing regarded their responsibility, so jealous have they been of their reputation for exactitude, that the readers pay them instinctive tribute. This tribute is found in the influence of the printed word. The average men and women who see a fact stated in a newspaper believe it, simply because they read it.

The newspaper does for the adult population what the school teacher does for the children. The adults, in order to know what is happening in the world, to maintain a modern outlook, to vote right and keep step with the parade of business progress, go to school to the newspaper. They do it because the newspaper, always conscious of the nobility of its mission, serves a lofty ideal.

ROOM TO SMILE.

The class met in a wee little room, and one day there were so many, many children that they had to sit close together to get in.

One little girl was afraid that her white dress would get mussed, so she began to scold about how crowded it was.

The little girl next to her was having a happy time, and she was so glad to have a great many children there that she did not mind the crowding, so she looked up and said: "We have room to smile, anyway."
—The Picture World.

FOR US–AND.

By Ellen C. Lloras.

"What are you setting bulbs now for, when you know you're going to move away from this place before they can bloom?" asked Nell, as she came up the neat walk and seated herself on the steps.

"Well, in the first place, I have the pleasure of planting them, answered Ethel, as she tucked in another crocus bulb.

"You won't have the pleasure of seeing them bloom," countered Nell.

"Oh, yes, I shall," laughed Ethel. This will be right on our way from the other place. I'll pass right by every time I go to town, and I'm going to watch for these hyacinths and crocuses and tulips every spring, too."

"Maybe the new folks won't take any interest in flowers."

"Yes—but maybe they will. Anyway, I'm going to give them the benefit of the doubt. And, as I said before, I'm setting them quite as much for my own pleasure as for theirs. It's much for me, you see—and for them."

"Mostly for them, I'd say," commented Nell.

Ethel and her family moved out. The Browns moved in. Spring came, and Ethel watched for the first signs of bloom. Soon there was a lovely riot of color in the long beds by the side of the house. As she passed one day Mrs. Brown stopped her.

"I just want to tell you what this bed of springtime flowers has meant to my little boy," she said; "he loves flowers, anyway, and he thinks this is the most beautiful bed he ever saw. I love them, too. We always had them at home, and I was planning to put out a few this fall. One of the neighbors told me you set them out last fall when you knew it would be too late for them to bloom for you. I just had to thank you for it."

"But they did bloom for me," insisted Ethel. "I enjoy them every time I pass. And at the place we moved to I'm going to enjoy roses all summer—roses of someone else's planting."

I'm glad of that," smiled Mrs. Brown. "I guess it's really always that way when we plant flowers. It's always for us—and somebody else."

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST.

Six-year-old Billie, descending the basement stairs, was carrying two chickens. They were to be killed the following day for dinner. With each step that he took, the chickens pecked at his bare little legs.

"That's all right," exclaimed Billie. "You may get the best of me now, but I'll get the best of you later."—Miss E. S., Hamilton, Ohio.

· LITTLE STORIES OF EVERY DAY EXPRESSIONS.

By J. Edmun Brewton.

There are many expression you use
every day,
From where they come you cannot
say.
'Tis in these stories you'll find related
How these phrases originated.

The Four Hundred.

When you hear someone referred to as one of the **Four Hundred** you know that the person so referred to is suposed to be "in society." It is interesting to note that this expression, which originated in New York, is still used in that city to designate those in society, although today more than twenty times that number might claim inclusion justly.

The term originated in 1892. Mrs. William Astor, the Empress of Murray Hill, dominated New York society in the eighties and nineties in a manner unlike anyone before or since. She was, in this particular year, planning her annual dance, which was to be the last word in American social functions.

It so happened that there lived in New York at this time a man who was the creator and the executioner of social ambitions. This man was feared by those who desired to win a place in the social scale of New York in its younger days. His name was Ward McAllister, the son of a California Forty-Niner.

It was to him that Mrs. William Astor went in this year of 1892 and said, "My ballroom is only large enough for 400 people. I want you to help me cut down the list to that number." The task was a delightful one for Mr. McAllister, and the **Four Hundred** in New York's select society came into existence.

And so today throughout our country you hear those in society as of the **Four Hundred.**

Here is the virgin soil of industry. We stand at the gateway of industry through which increasing thousands of our people and increasing thousands of our people and increasing millions of our wealth will pass for the potential production of a fairer life. As we do our day's work and dream our dream tha tthe farms and factories, dynamos and presses, schools and churches will join in the building of a more economically productive and spiritually beautifully civilization, we will place in the center of it all, not mechanism but personality, not products but spirit, not the dividends of today, but the children of tomorrow, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.—Frank Graham.

McKINLEY'S DYING PRAYER.

By James Creelman.

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Doctor Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him, the President opened his eyes and said:

"It is useless, gentlemen, I think we ought to have prayer."

The dying man crossed his hands on his breast and half-closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly in the room.

"O Father, which art in heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice.

The lips of the surgeons moved.

"Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out, and raindrops dashed against the windows.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the friendly lips.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispered the surgeons.

PLAYING FAVORITES.

A Scotchman, not feeling so well as usual, called on his family doctor, who looked him over and gave him some pills to be taken at bedtime. Whiskey was also prescribed for his stomach's sake, a small glass to be taken after each meal.

Four days later Sandy again called on the doctor, stating he was feeling no better.

"Have you taken the medicine exactly as I instructed?" the dotcor inquired.

"Well, doctor," replied the patient, "I may be a wee bit behint wi' the pills, but I'm six weeks ahead wi' that whuskey."—Boston Post.

GO AFTER CAUSES.

Miss Gertrude Weil, president of the Goldsboro Social Service Bureau for the past year, has rendered a report on the year's work of the bureau, giving the scope of the work for the past year and some of the aims and purposes for the following year. She says in part:

"It is not enough to eliminate one case of poverty after another but to eliminate poverty itself. This Bureau of Social Service must look beyond the immediate problem of the special case to the underlying physical and social conditions that lead to dependence and maladjustment. We want our work not only to relieve cases of need but to uncover the causes of need, so that we may intelligently go about removing them.

"Why put our thought and effort on adjusting one social problem while we leave untouched the conditions that lead to a continuing supply of social problems? For example, social agencies such as this have dealt again and again with cases resulting from feeble-mindedness. What have we done about it? So far we have for the most part let the feeble-minded go on procreating increasing the number of their own kind and consequently increasing social problems for this and the next generation. This can hardly be called intelligent, constructive treatment.

"It would be well if we could have from time to time thinkers and leaders in social thought who would direct our study along such constructive lines."

A CREED.

"To be earnest, to be strong,
To make light the way with song;
Slow to anger, quick to praise,
Walking steadfast through the days;
Firm of purpose, sure of soul,
Pressing onward to the goal;
Upright, even, undismayed,
Sure, serene, and unafraid.

"To be gentle, to forgive,
True to life and glad to live;
To be watchful and to be
Rich with boundless charity;
To be humble in success,
Strong of heart in bitterness,
Tender, gracious, thoughtful, good
In our man—and womanhood."

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

(Exchange).

All the editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days a week, four weeks in a month, and twelve months in the year, and "edit" such stuff as this:

Mrs. Jones, Cactus Creek, let a canopener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry.

A mischevious lad of Piketown threw a stone and cut Mr. Pike in the alley last Tuesday.

Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week, looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch.

While Walter Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square.

Isaiar Trimmer of Running Creek was playing with a cat Friday, when it scratched him on the veranda.

Mr. Frong while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib.

PLAY THE GAME.

Play the game, and play it hard.
  Just to play is not the test,
For a loafer never starred—
    Play the game, and play your best.
    They who stand and watch the rest
Do not aid them, but retard.
  Face to face and breast to breast,
Play the game, and play it hard!

Play the game and play it through,
  Even though you win with ease,
Do the best that you can do,
    Train for other victories.
    Or if foes the glory seize,
Let not conquest conquer you:
  Baffled, beaten to your knees,
Play the game, and play it through!

Play the game, and play i tfair.
  More important than the game
Is the banner that you bear,
    Free of blemish, free of blame.
    Better lose and keep your fame
Than a laurel wreath to wear
    Sullied with the mark of shame—
Play the game, and play it fair.

ASK ME ANOTHER.

(Asheville Citizen).

If you asked an artist who Corot was he probably could tell you; but if you should ask him who is Mayor of Chicago, would he think of Dever? He probably would not. Unless he is better informed than the average of human beings, he would think of everybody under the sun but the man who really presides over that city of wind and machine guns.

It is amazing into what conventional ruts the human mind drifts. Information tests that recently have been heirs and assigns in the public favor of the world where the Cross-word Puzzle was erstwhile king, reveal some curious kinks in the mental make up of the average man.

High school students for the most part make better averages in general information tests than college men. Physicians make better averages than lawyers and lawyers better than preachers. Newspaper men because of the very necessities of their trade have a vaster fund of general knowledge than any of these, it would appear, and yet professional authors who lack newspaper training show up very poorly. Just what it is that makes men and women drift into fixed categories like this the psychologists have not explained, but it affords vast amusement to those in need of some substitute for the Cross-word Puzzle craze.

In a long list that was headed "Name a"— and followed with such things as "1. A King; 2. An aviator; 3. An American painter" more than ninety per cent. answer King George of England, Eddie Rickenbacker, or Sargeant for the painter. By the same token Mary Pickford ran away with actress designation, and Fairbanks, the actor. But when it comes to naming a constellation about 40 percent of the answers in a recent test named O'Brien (Orion). We are wondering just how many Irish were in the group.

If you wish really to while away a long evening at home—for a change—make up a list of 1000 problems like "Name a color, a sculptor, a politician, a beverage, a play, an ocean, a famous Italian, a goddess, a ship, a flower, and so forth." Try it on your family. Allow them six and one-half seconds to answer each problem presented. Half of them will name "a rose" as their flower, but somebody is just as likely to say "milkweed." Somebody will name Lloyd George as a Scotchman, and somebody else will name Mt. Everest as an American peak. The moral of the whole "Ask Me Another" craze is that we are all astounded to discover that our knowledge of common things isn't nearly as accurate as it ought to be.

"You're a lucky dog, Bings," said the fellow in the next chair. "They tell me you're making three times as much money as you did last year."
"Yeah," Bings replied wearily, "but my women folks found it out."

WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE SENTIMENT.

(Monroe Enquirer).

An effort was made to get a bill through the recent legislature which would give every Confederate Veteran one dollar a day for the balance of his life.

Objection was made to the proposal because many of the veterans were men of substance and not in actual need of such pension. To this objection, a veteran said to me: "In Union county there are now only about fifty of the 'Wearers of the Gray. Some of these old Soldiers by perseverance and energy have accumulated property. But should a man be cheated out of his dues and penalized because of his thrift and industry?"

But it is ever thus. There is a penalty attached to thrift. It would be fair and just to tax the loafer, not the worker; idle land, not used land; inactive capital, not active capital; lack of enterprise, not enterprise.

That, in theory, would be just. But to secure money in order to run our government, taxes must be levied on those individuals and industries commensurate with their ability to pay.

No one should begrudge the fast thinning lines of our Confederate Veterans their long-delayed pensions. Many of them would enjoy the sentiment, more than the dollars received, to knew that they are appreciated in their declining years.

AN OLD MAN OF FIFTY.

An old man of fifty I met on the way,
A man who had not a good-morning to say;
And deep were the furrows, and dark was the frown,
For many the care that had burdened him down,
He'd no time for roses, he'd no time for words,
I doubt very much if he noticed the birds.
He worked and he worried, he labored along,
And he saw not a smile and he heard not a song.
An old man of fifty I met on the road,
A man who had nothing in life but his load.

"O, life must be a troubled, a terrible thing,"
I said to myself, with my own at the Spring,
"A little of Summer, the coming of Fall,
And then the cold ice that will cover it all.
The kings have the pleasure, the rich have the gold;
At twenty we're fools, and at fifty we're old.
With sighing and sorrow and trouble and strife,
A terrible thing is this terrible life."
But then I heard singing, for some one was gay,
And a young man of sixty I met on the way.—Douglas Malloch.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Jay Linker, of Concord, N. C. He presented to the School nine volumes of Redpath's History of the World.

Miss Boyd, Welfare officer of Caldwell county, and also Mr. Pruett, presented to the School a truck-load of shrubbery. We wish to thank them very much for their gift.

Fred John, a member of the twelfth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week.

"Spring weather continues to reign with cloudless skies," says one of our daily papers, that comes to our cottages. We hope it does.

It will soon be time to organize a first and second base-ball team. We hope to have two good base-ball teams this year.

Since the coming of the warm days, the barn boys have been doing a great deal of hauling. Probably they will begin plowing soon.

In the different flower beds—here and there about the cottages we notice that quite a number of flowers have blooomed again. Probably the cottage lawns will be "beautified" later on by some of us. Last year, the sixth and seventh cottage lawns were the best at the institution. Other lawns were also very good. Perhaps a number of the cottage lawns will be improved again this year.

"Making The World Christian," was the subject of our lesson last Sunday. In this lesson it tells us how Jesus instructed the disciples to teach the gospel unto "all nations." He also told them to baptize them "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." This lesson proved to be a most insteresting one. The Golden text was: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."—Mathew 28: 19.

Now that some of the "big league" baseball teams have started playing ball—and also some of the other baseball teams of N. C.—the boys of this School take more interest in the Sport sheet in the newspapers that happen to arrive at their cottages. Even those who do not enter the game that is played here, take interest in this page. In fact, we all, mostly, are enterested in sports. Baseball has its spectators—yes, many of them.

Yes, we're sure that most all of us like to solve puzzles—and not in particular the Cross-Word puzzles. Recently a puzzle was brought to the print shop, and most every one that happens in the shop tries to solve it. Forty-three moves works this puzzle. A number of the boys in the print shop can work the puzzle with speed. The originator of the puzzle has the record, which is approximately eleven seconds. The boys have not missed this time very much. One has been

known to solve it in twelve.

Maybe it's so—in fact, we're almost certain that day by day the days are getting longer. The boys will probably, discontinue the Literary Societies that are conducted by them in the cottages and go out on the lawns after they have finished supper. Here the boys can amuse themselves in shooting marbles, catching base ball, and other sports. The most favorite sport—probably—will be horseshoe games. Not only do the boys play this game, but are also joined by some of the officers. Last season there were several "champion" pitchers of horseshoes who challenged some of the other players. We like to take part in these games, and also to stand by and watch others who take part in these games.

Rev. W. M. Courtney, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. For the Scipture lesson he read from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews; taking his text from this same chapter, the first verse, which reads: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Rev. Courtney's talk took in boys—on the athletic field, playing baseball and running races. "The boy who runs a race and that runs toward his goal has a certain place to run to—and something to win. But the boy who runs over the athletic field—just runs around in a circle, he doesn't have a goal and then doesn't have anything to run for. That is how some of us do today—just run in a circle—we don't have a goal to run to. Others do and succeed. This was a very interesting sermon.

It rained only once during the past week—this we are glad to say did not interfere with the boys going to the ball ground. All of the boys went and peanuts were distributed to them on the field. Later two of the officers that play on the regular base ball team, organized a team of boys and had one of the first games of the season played at the Jackson Training School. The weather was fine—sun shining and everything seemed O. K. for a real game. The boys—or some of them were rather slow in their game. But their slugging the "ole pill" was good. A number of the players did some fine fielding. We are glad to start our base ball games again after the long winter months have passed and we turn from the winter sports to those of the "good old summertime."

Speaking of summertime we hope that Spring has entered and can rely on the weather conditions as—well normal. I suppose we were quite surprised not long ago—when we had a sure "hunch" that Spring was here—and then snowed about fourteen inches. We sure do hope that we won't be wrong in our "hunch" this time.

"How does the land lie out this way?"
"It ain't the land that lies; it's the real-estate agents."

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Ir Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40 to New York	9:28	P. M.
No.	136 to Washington	5:05	A. M.
No.	36 to New York	10:25	A. M.
No.	34 to New York	4:43	P. M.
No.	46 to Danville	3:15	P. M.
No.	12 to Richmond	7:10	P. M.
No.	32 to New York	9:03	P. M.
No.	30 to New York	1:55	A. M.

Southbound

No.	45 to Charlotte	3:45	P. M.
No.	35 to New Orleans	9:56	P. M.
No.	29 to Birmingham	2:35	A. M.
No.	31 to Augusta	5:51	A. M.
No.	33 to New Orleans	8:15	A. M.
No.	11 to Charlotte	8:00	A. M.
No.	135 to Atlanta	8:37	P. M.
No.	37 to Atlanta	9:50	P. M.
No.	37 to New Orleans	10:45	A. M.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 26, 1927. No. 14

ABIDING FAITH.

Hope encourages renewed interest—faith in the things decreed of God is the motivating power within that leads to the hope of the return and development of unseen things.

I heard a good house-wife say a few days since: "I can hardly wait to see nature again clothed in her verdure of freshness, for somehow I feel that this season's mantel of green foliage is to be the best of all seasons."

It is not the Spring Fashion Shows that hold the attention of this woman who loves life; but it is the varied tints of the landscape—a Divine creation—Nature.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

A REAL GOVERNOR.

South Carolina has a real governor today. He believes in the enforcement of law. He is unwilling to trifle with things that down in his soul he knows to be wrong, for the sake of pleasing the few who are clothed with the power of wealth and ease. In vetoing a legislative measure that compromised with the observance of the Sabbath for the sake of a few paltry dollars, Gov. Richards remarked:

"There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that this attempted legislation strikes a fatal blow at one of the most sacred and fundamental pillars upon which our civilization rests, and no matter what the purpose may be modifies or amends the Ten Commandments of God. Feeling as I do, I refuse to be a party to this piece of legislation by subscribing thereto."

"SPEAK TO A BOY TODAY."

In Tuesday's Gastonia Gazette is noted in a number of places in the paper this line: "Speak to a Boy Today."

" I do not know just why one is requested to speak to a boy today rather than any other old day, but if Gastonia's youngsters are like Monroe's, if one did speak, or greet them on the street, a stony stare or a grunt would come from many of the kids rather than a cheery "good morning."

Snobbery is rampant in the land, and when the average town grows to a size that "the woods" are a quarter of a mile from "de cote house," lots of people come to the foolish notion that they are living in a city and should assume metropolitan airs."

The world today seems more concerned about the boy than at any former

period. Of course, speak to the boy all the time—don't make it a spectacular event on occasions.

This concern about the boy has reason behind it. The world is coming to believe that he is not treated right, not given a square deal. Not that effort is not always making to add to his pleasure and idleness and entertainment. In fact, he is given too much idleness, too much lee-way, too little home-training, such as learning how to stay within the yard gate, picking up chips, giving his mother a lift and practicing those little things that lead to the development of a useful manhood.

Every boy that receives the proper home training will, when he meets editor Ashcraft, speak "good morning" without the "grunt."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A WORTHWHILE SERVICE.

The story in Sunday's Charlotte Observer, giving an account of the rise and progress of the radio broadcasting station maintained in that city, asserts that the Charlotte station is the third established in all the country. That is interesting information and is, in fact, reason for no little pride.

The Uplift, on account of circumstances altogether unpleasant and taxing, has been housefast for a month. The radio has mitigated the monotomy of the confinement, furnishing both entertainment and profit. Take for instance the privilege of hearing on a Sunday three fine sermons by two of the state's greatest preachers is no mean thing.

Dr. Luther Little, morning and evening at the First Baptist church, and Dr. A. A. McGeachy, at the Second Presbyterian church, in the afternoon, speak words of wisdom to immense congregations assembled, not alone in their churches but hundreds and thousands of profiting individuals throughout their radio range.

Last Sunday, however, was a very unique service held in Dr. Little's church. The morning and evening services were given over entirely to the singing of old hymns, which, though dating back into the years, refuse to become old. These two churches, close neighbors, headed for the same objective, but different denomination, are accomplishing a work that cannot be measured. Hundreds of men and women, who, from choice or incapacity, have not entered church for years, and some perhaps have never darkened the church door in all their lives—there are such, it is to be regretted—are brought face to face with an influence that soon or late will undoubtedly affect their living, their lives.

This broadcasting of sermons, at first, was regarded by some as an evi-

dence of vanity and pride—not so today. It is a valuable contribution to the business of extending the knowledge of the Kingdom to the sleeping and careless world. These two eminent divines make of the Charlotte broadcasting station its chief power and means of education.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HER WORK FINISHED.

The Daily Tribune of Concord carried this announcement in its issue of March 21st:

> "Mrs. E. S. Foil, native of Cabarrus county and for more than forty years a resident of Concord, died last night about 7 o'clock at her home 47 South Church street. She had been in declining health for several months and had been seriously ill for ten days, with a complication of diseases, brought on by advanced age."

This is one of the unusually large number of death announcements that the press is carrying these days. It seems well with those who are passing, as humans have power to understand. But we gather not from this simple statement that this fine old woman has to her credit over yonder a long list of services towards her fellowman.

She contented herself in being a home somebody, a good wife, a good mother, a good neighbor, attending strictly to her own business, never once having made the acquaintance of gossip, that terrible thing that afflicts so many people in this perverse world. This old sister's crowning glory, as we verily believe, aside from her simple faith in the abiding and loving justice of her Maker, was her concern for the orphan.

It is recorded of her, by her neighbors, who saw her great heart in action, that she sacrificedly staked her life that orphans should have a home and a proper rearing. And all but her last words were: "see that those children do not lack for care and protection." Such mothers as these are the glory of womanhood and declare her kind truly great.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE GROUCH.

The grouch cannot be properly designated a monstrosity. He is too many to be so classified. The only term to be aptly attached to him is—why, he is just a common cuss. God has done too much for humanity for any of its representatives, enjoying a perfect and complete liberty to do what they please with life's affairs, making a failure at the end, then to annoy the balance of us with their aches, pains, whines, disgusts and criticisms. It is in-

tolerable to have to associate with or be frequently thrown into the presence of a grouch.

It's an achievement to have so handled one's life that he may grow old gracefully. It's not an impossibility. I have in mind one that approaches his ninety years, not quite, but near enough to pick him out as example of one growing old in a most attractively graceful manner. He walks without a stick—he is about as erect as a grandson—he wears a clean collar every day—his shoes are shined—he balances his accounts daily—and he is never too busy or short on politeness to greet you cordially and trustfully, yet he has followed the money-lending business. Call his name— better not for there are others in the neighborhood and they are too many to be named in this instance.

There is another one—he is peculiar—fortune has slipped from his fingers long ago—may have been his fault—and it may not have been—accidents have made physical inroads upon his body—he is a student of history—he talks much of past events—how people blundered—but with all there is no malice in his heart. That is to say he is not a grouch. He may be peculiar, a thing that besets many of us whether we know it or not, but that is not grouch.

All this, dear reader, is occasioned by the delightful personal story by Roe Fulkerson in the Kiwanis Magazine. The Uplift carries it; read it. If you are bordering on the stage of grouch, it may arrest the disease; if you are growing old like some in your midst—beautifully attractive—it will make you smile and rejoice. It had that effect on us; and we are yet folks and normal.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

MRS. CALDWELL.

Mrs. Addie Williams Caldwell, the widow of the late Joseph P. Caldwell, has left us. She has been called away by the great force that operates among us without respect of personages. Her departure, after a brief illness, brought sorrow to a number seldom equalled in the state. As one interested in civic affairs, literature, good morals, the fine graces of life, so admirably demonstrated in her direction of the "One Minute Interview" column of the Charlotte Observer, she wormed herself into the hearts of an innumerable throng in this state and beyond.

Mrs. Caldwell was a loving friend of The Uplift and what it stood for. Her words of encouragement which she never left an opportunity to utter are a

constant inspiration. The type of newspaper work which she espoused became a passion with her; and she literally consumed herself in bringing it to a superb degree of efficiency. Mighty few people that ever made as many as even two visits to Charlotte that did not learn to know "Miss Addie." To know her was a choice privilege—and all these hosts of admirers sorely miss her cordial and graceous welcome.

Mrs. Caldwell made a distinctive place for herself in North Carolina newspaperdom; and the power and influence of the labors she rendered are not lost—they go on forever.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

COMPLAINING NOW.

An item in the Albemarle News-Herald leads one to believe that there is some complaint that so often Stanly folks are seen in Charlotte on shopping trips. The powers that be influenced the district director to ignore the clear direction of the law, connceting county seats with county seats, by jumping over a county to make a connection. The late Maj. Foil and his party tried to forecast this situation to a mass meeting in Albemarle, but they got nowhere.

It is planned to hard surface the eight miles where the Albemarle-Charlotte road crosses Caburrus. This will make traveling for the Stanly shoppers safer and more agreeable. All things come to those who wait, if they pull a little bit.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

SOUTHERN SHOW PLACES.

It is generally conceded that the Magnolia Gardens and the Middleton Place Gardens, near Charleston, S. C., are the most beautiful gardens in the world. They are about to reach the height of beauty about this season of the year.

The Southern Railway, which has contributed much towards bringing these beauty spots of our country to the attention of the general public, conduct annual excursions to Charleston merely to make it possible for a large number of people to see these wonderful places. This year the Southern Railway puts on two excursions, one on April 1 and 2; the other on April 8 and 9. The round trip from Concord is only $7.00, the tickets good for practically five days.

In our next The Uplift purposes to carry a story of the beginning and the development of the Middleton Place Gardens, which is both engaging and instructive.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It strikes me that fruit must feel pain, and that is the reason for grapefruit and oranges striking back and swatting you in the eye when you insert the fruit spoon.

Some people complain about the loss of memory to a more or less extent. But they all have a good recollection when money matters are mentioned; and bills become due.

You aren't really an important citizen until you get people to talking about your idiosyncrasies; and even then some are inclined to believe you are an idiot.

Feminine curiosity on the streets seems to have an agricultural trend of mind in judging calves. When female meets female some look back to see if others are looking back to see if they are looking back to see if others are looking back to see them. Shucks! I'm getting mixed up—but they are all looking, forward and backward, all the same, and I can't tell just what they are looking at.

In an accident recently, one of the curious by-standers was instructed to secure the name of the victim so that his mother could be informed. After some parleying, the by-stander reported: "He says his mother knows his name." Can you beat that for concrete information?

It is told that Mr. New Wed at breakfast the other morning, remarked to his better two-thirds: "My dear, this liver certainly tastes queer." Mrs. New Wed replied: "Oh, tha't because I cooked some liver pills with it, dear. It looked so sick when I opened the package that I thought the pills would help it some." This seems to be a case of live and let liver alone.

The myrtle and the cypress are today entwined with the crepe of mourning and sorrow in the city of Charlotte. Mrs Addie Williams Caldwell, beloved wife of the late Joseph P. Caldwell, departed this life in that city last Wednesday afternoon, surrounded by her loved ones, and those she loved. She, with her distinguished and beloved husband who preceeded her to the grave some years ago, were, perhaps, the most esteemed and brilliant literary couple in the galaxy of Southern journalism. In the material world we erect monuments to testify for such kindred souls, but in North Carolina no material monument can express the full measure of the worth and work of such a couple—they cannot be bounded by the world nor in the terms of speech. Mrs. Caldwell was loveable for the richness of her Christian mind; her quiet demeanor; her unassuming sweetness of character; her gentleness with humanity; and the brilliancy of her pen—sympathetic, broad, generous, liberal. The attributes of her character were real gems. The spirit and soul of the deceased, a pioneer woman in news-

paper work in the South, shone always through the body of her newspaper work. It was hers to awake the best in all that came in contact with her, as the touch of Moses drew the living water of life from the bare rock in the sun-baked wilderness, and make life happier. Her friends will sorrow without ceasing, but not without hope, knowing that for such a soul and such a character all must be well. Knowing her from young girlhood, when I was struggling up the newspaper ladder, I ask the privilige of laying this amaranth wreath of appreciation of her worth upon the new-made grave as a token of my esteem.

A popular and very talented young divine, a warm personal friend of mine, came into my mahogany and Persian-cushioned boudior Friday evening, somewhat apparently agitated and enthused in his remarks. He shot this at me: "Have you heard of the accident a few minutes ago? A pipe bursted in a cafeteria and ran some 50 people and the waiters out. They got to coughing and couldn't stand it. A kind of gas was escaping that smelt like 'pneumonia,' (meaning ammonia, of course) or oxide of some description." His remarks were made with as straight a face as if he were preaching a sermon. This was a lapsus linguae, and when he caught the sounding of his own words there was an explosion of laughter as pronounced as the subject of his narrative.

Experience is what you get when you're looking for something else that you don't get.

A truck hit a meat wagon on the street the other day. The truck was not damaged, but it sure knocked the liver out of the meat wagon.

Standing at the grave of one of his departed flock, an old colored parson concluded the service with remark: "Johnson Jones, you is gone an' we hopes you is gone where we 'specs you ain't."

She—"Do you like Beeethoven's works?" He—"Never visited them; what does he manufacture?"

When a cold concentrates and settles down to business, and roosts on a root of an innocent tooth, there's going to be something swell inaugurated. There's going to be some rising that far surpasses the powers of yeast cakes, and the fellow who gets rich quick. An abscess at the root of a tooth is the cheekiest thing I know of, except a tooth itself which has gone on a tear. These kind of abscesses have a propensity for selecting the head for their parking places, and then you have to wait until they come to a head; and they take their own time and means in so doing. When they get in full swing they are not a thing of beauty, but they are a jaw—y as long as they last. As Josh Billings said about corns and tight shoes, "they make you forget all of your miseries." They fatten up your jaw out of all proportions to the ordinarily prescribed curriculum for taking on flesh. They take it on all at one place, and will go so far as to close one eye to keep you from seeing clearly just how fat and pretty you look on a swell. It makes the

side of your face feel as if it is tied up in a great bundle, like the week's wash for the laundry, and hung on the outside of your jaw, waiting for the laundry truck. Laugh if you can. One side your face responds to the risibility of it in a sickly kind of way, and the other looks like a new moon rolling 'round a mountain crag, with nary a smile in sight. When an abscess is ripe enough to pull, then comes the dentist's lance, and the keen little blade goes in searching for the pus bag. For a moment or two there is not a more superlatively excruciating pain. It is like a catapult had shot a needle hot as sin and as big as a telephone pole through the top of your head. When the lance is withdrawn it brings with it the pus, which has been the "pus"—master of all the trouble. After all it feels good when the swelling has gone down and the trouble a thing of the past. One thing is firmly established; you cannot be absent from an abscess. Who knows but what these abscesses are the meannesses in nature, trying to work itself out of the system. I hope they are.

I have often wondered what would happen were the average man to give as little heed to what he should eat, or wherewithal he should be clothed as he gives to the cultivation of that splendid catalogue of human virtus mentioned in the last five verses of the fiifth chapter of Galatians? If we were as careless about our bank deposits as we are of laying up treasures in heaven, what would our mouthly balance look like? If heaven for each of us is the net result of our life work of character building, are we going to be happily surprised or disappointed when we are conducted to the home we have erected; our house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? Or are we expecting the angels to provide us with a splendid mansion without any effort on our part? If I understand the Gospel aright, we shall have just so much of a dwelling—no more, no less—as we, with all the help God's grace can give us, have builded while we are staying here. That is why Jesus was alawys saying, to all sorts of people, "According to your faith be it unto you." We shall get no more than we want of spiritual attainment, because our desire merely has no value or power to help us except as we set that desire to work, asking, seeking, knocking, until we have actually attained, achieved, experienced the thing we desire. Do you not see plainly that all our asking and seeking are acts of faith? Our faith is the substance of what we hope for, the evidence of the things still out of sight.

In these wonderfully inspiring spring days, when the infinite power of God is renewing again the beauty and splendors of the material world; when every rootlet and twig and bud is exerting itself to the utmost to respond to that power that its own life may be developed to it very best, shall not we the children of that same infinite God, as eagerly strive to attain the life that His power makes possible for us? Shall we not bend our wills with all our might to develop our characters into His likeness through the way His law ap-

points; for it is always the one who asks recieves; and the one who seeks who finds; and the one who knocks to whom the door is opened. If your faith is strong enough, just try God on these propositions and see if they are not true.

We are told in Holy Writ that "God doth not willingly afflict the children of men." Afflictions and bereavements are sent to teach us that we are "of the earth earthy," and are human; and not exempt from aches and pains and sufferings. At the same time He gives freely, in which there is a soothing balm for every ill under the sun. From the "materia medica" of His mercy He has provided an infallible remedy for every pain to prove to morals that He is a God of love. That in all of our trials, sorrows, sufferings, afflictions, woes, we must look to Him, the "author and finisher of our being," from whom the sweetest comforts come, and the richest blessings flow.

THE WIND.

By R. L. Stevenson.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
  O wind, a-blowing all day long,
  O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROCKY RIVER, POPLAR TENT AND SUGAW CREEK CHURCHES.

The Uplift has the pleasure of publishing in this number a paper read by Mrs. L. T. Hartsell, Sr., before a late meeting of the Cabarrus Black Boys' Chapter of the D. A. R. in Concord. Mrs. Hartsell snatches from fading history much that deserves preservation as relates to three outstanding Presbyterian churches, then in Mecklenburg county, but, by the separation of the territory into two counties in 1792, two of these churches are located in what is now Cabarrus county.

This particular section of North Carolina is rich in tradition as regards the early and faithful struggles in planting representative denominational houses of worship. It is easy today to build a one hundred thousand dollar church whereas in the times when these early settlers approached their Christian duty it was a larger undertaking to erect even a rudely constructed log house.

Those of us who are interested in making a practical preservation of the history feel grateful to Mrs. Hartsell for her contribution; and it is a pleasure to know that this D. A. R. Chapter has it is its program the purpose of collecting data touching the early activities of the Lutheran and Reform denominations of the county.

My subject, "Rocky River, Poplar Tent and Sugaw Creek," includes considerable territory and an immense amount of local history. The part these three churches played in our nation's independence being the subject of our April meeting, I shall endeavor to steer clear as much as possible of the details of the agitation that led to the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

As early as the year 1734 the first of the Scotch-Irish Pioneers came into this country, included within the borders of Rocky River, Poplar Tent and Sugaw Creek. That man was John Rodgers, who built his cabin near where the Jackson Training School is now located. By the year 1755 this territory between the head of Cold Water Creek and Pineville, N. C., was the most thickly settled section in the up country or western part of North Carolina. These settlers west of the ridge where the City of Concord now stands were, without exception, of Scotch-Irish or Scotch descent, and were Presbyterians, while the pioneers east of this ridge were, without exception, Prostestants from Germany and belonged to either the Reformed or Lutheran Churches.

It is declared by the historian, Foote, that "Rocky River Congregation is prior in point of time to Sugar Creek, and the first of all the Churches in Concord Presbytery." This was declared when Mecklenburg Presbytery was a part of Concord Presbytery. It is therefore certain that the original Rocky River congregation included not only the congregations of Poplar Tent and Sugar Creek, but also Philadelphia Church in Mecklenburg County. And it is not too much to say that the Presbyterian Churches in Charlotte and

Concord are but the outgrowth of the work of the godly old pioneers who built that little log church on the west bank of Rocky River where Alexander Craighead was installed, in 1758, as the first regular minister of any denomination between the Yadkin and Catawaba Rivers.

It seems strange to record the fact that this county and Rocky River Church was a part of the Presbytery of New York, as the minutes of New York Presbytery, in 1755, show a request from the church of Rocky River for a supply. Tradition says that the first preaching place for the Rocky River congregation was on the side of Rocky River near where Mr. Ed S. Erwin now lives, but the first church erected was on the other side of the river near where Back Creek flows into the River. On the site of this first church is a small grave yard which belongs to the trustees of Rocky River Church. There the traveler can see a monument which records the fact that on this spot was built the first church building between the Yadkin and Catawaba Rivers, and here Alexander Craighead was first pastor of any church between the two rivers.

Among the pioneers who attended Rocky River in the early days were William White, David Caldwell, James Alexander, Robert Harris, James Morrison, Robert Morrison, Thomas Davis, John Rodgers, David Reese, John Phifer, Benjamin Patton and James Harris, although the last four named lived in the bounds of Poplar Tent later established.

The first elders of Rocky River were William White, William Scott and Col. Robert Harris. The first pastor, Alexander Craighead, had located near Sugar Creek where he died in 1766.

The next pastor of Rocky River was Rev. Hezekiah James Balch, who served from 1768 to 1776. He was pastor of both Rocky River and Poplar Tent. There is a monument in the center of Poplar Tent Graveyard erected in 1845, but there is a dispute as to his death which we cannot settle here.

The next pastor was Rev. Robert Archibald who served both Rocky River and Poplar Tent from 1778 to 1791. Mr. Archibald was a graduate of Princeton and taught a classical school at which the famous Dr. John Robinson, later pastor of Poplar Tent, was a pupil. While Mr. Archibald was pastor at Poplar Tent a fierce controversy arose in the church because he introduced Watt's version of Psalms and Hymns into the service. Many persons left the church because they preferred to sing the old Psalms of David without meter.

The most famous pastor of Rocky River was Rev. John McKamie Wilson who served for thirty years and taught a famous classical school. In fifteen years he turned out twenty-five Presbyterian Ministers, fifteen of them from his own congregation of Rocky River and six of them were grandsons of the old pioneer, Robert Morrison. Dr. Wilson settled all disputes among the members of his congregation and there were no law suits in those days from Rocky River.

The next pastor was Rev. Daniel Lindley, who was pastor only three years, but accomplished a wonderful work. He added 252 new members

and organized a temperance society of 500 in the year 1832.

Dr. Daniel A. Pennick, the next pastor, served 37 years. He was pastor when the present brick church building was erected.

Dr. Jos. B. Mack, Dr. J. M. Wharey, Dr. John G. Anderson, Rev. R. V. Lancaster, Rev. M. Miller, Rev. Junius Hunter and Rev. R. A. Lapsey have been pastors of this church and Rev. T. H. Spence is present pastor.

Poplar Tent.

The first settlers of the country around Poplar Tent were Clark, for whom Clark's Creek was named, Aaron Alexander, Daniel Alexander, David Reese, Charles Harris, William Black, James Campbell, Adam Meek and Zaccheus Wilson. Rev. John Thompson organized Popular Tent church with David Reese, William Black and Charles Harris as elders. The wife of Clark was killed and scalped by the Cherokee Indians. Her body was wrapped in a blanket, hauled in a sled to the bluff on Rocky River known as the Harris and McClure graveyard. This shows the hardships and dangers which the early settlers had to endure. The name Poplar Tent was used because the first preaching was held under a great Poplar tree near the spring. As already stated the first pastor of Poplar Tent was Rev. Hezekiah James Balch.

The most famous pastor of Poplar Tent was Rev. John Robinson who was both preacher and teacher. Seven ministers, three governors, four congressmen, several judges and fifteen doctors are named by Mr. William Shakespere Harris in his history of Poplar Tent as the pupils of Dr. Robinson. Judged by these pupils he did a work scarcely less wonderful than that of Dr. John McKamie Wilson. Both were great and good men.

The story of Poplar Tent would be incomplete without saying that the Allison's, Youngs, Cannons, Harrises, Hopes, Phifers, Wallaces, Rosses, Caldwells and Pattons for several generations played no small part in the work of this congregation.

This church is remarkable for the number of signers of the Meclenburg Declaration of Independence, and many prominent people both in church and state have gone out from her borders. An account of these more properly belongs to our April topic, the part these congregations played in our nation's independence, and are here omitted.

Sugaw Creek.

The Indian name was Sugaw Creek and the church is no longer known as Sugar Creek but is today called Sugaw Creek. In Foote's Sketches on page 186 he declares "The oldest church in the upper country was Rocky River; and it included Sugar Creek in its bounds. In 1765 the bounds of all the congregations were adjusted by order of the Synod of Philadelphia." Rev. Alexander Craighead was dead at that time, but his grandson, Samuel Craighead Caldwell, son of Dr. David Caldwell, the famous preacher of Guilford, at the age of 19 became pastor of the Sugaw Creek Church. There he labored for 35 years.

His successor was Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, a son of Rocky River. He was pastor 10 years and then resigned to become the first president of

Davidson College. His successor was Rev. J. M. M. Caldwell, son of Rev. S. C. Caldwell, who served till 1845 and removed to Rome, Ga. Rev. Robert H. Lafferty, the father of Dr. J. S. Lafferty and Mrs. Jane McConnel, served the church for many years and died while pastor. Shortly after the war between the states the old church was burned. It stood on the left side of the road to Charlotte near the graveyard.

The members of these churches, Rocky River, Poplar Tent and Sugaw Creek, still hold fast to the faith of their fathers. They have the birthright of Godly forefathers—men who feared God but not the face of man. They were men who came to this new land to gain the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They were "men who knew their rights and knowing dared maintain."

MISS BINZEL ON CHILDREN.

Monroe Enquirer.)

Alma L. Binzel, the maiden lady, who recently lectured the Parent-Teacher Association of Monroe, and who also has made several addresses to Charlotte audiences, advances the theory that "the entire life of a child is made or marred pior to the age of six by the actions of his parents."

Miss Binzel is a representative of the Child Study Association of America, and, although childless can give parents pointers and instruction on the rearing of children. Altho it is always the case that old maids and bachelors know exactly how children should be reared, and where there are eight or ten in a family the parents bring 'em up by main strength and awkardness.

In this connection I am reminded of the old colored woman who applied as nurse in a white family.

"Do you know anything about children?" she was asked.

" 'Deed, I do, ma'am. Ain't I had ten chillun of my own and everyone of 'em dead and buried!"

But Miss Benzel may be right about that first six years. Certainly the ten-year-old kid of today is sophisticated, and enabled to bring up his father and mother after having attained that advanced age.

"You're looking fine," announced the docter to his patient. "Have you followed my dieting instructions and eaten only what a three-year-old child would?"

"Yes, docter," was the sad reply. "For dinner I had a handful of mud, one of coal dust, a button hook, and a box of safety matches."

MY PERSONAL PAGE.

By Roe Fulkerson.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. Some men take naturally to training tigers, while others take just as naturally to matrimony.

I am one of the meek, humble kind who take to matrimony like a duck takes to going barefooted.

Unfortunately I never had any children and so I am authority on their upbringing. I can tell people exactly how it ought to be done so they will grow up to be saxophone players or toe dancers depending on their sex.

But I like children and nothing appeals to me more than a mother with a couple of youngsters. I always try to do my little bit towards helping her when I can.

Coming home from the International Council in Chicago, across the aisle in the Pullman was a woman traveling with two children. One was a five-year old boy to whom I devoted a lot of attention, drawing bears for him. His mother seemed appreciative as my entertainment gave her a chance to take care of a very fretful one-year old.

On my return from the dining car I found the small boy begging for his dinner and the one-year old asleep. I suggested to the mother that she take him in while I watched the sleeper. She gladly accepted when I told her that if the baby awoke I would send the porter for her.

She had not been gone five minutes when that baby woke up! He told the world in general and that Pullman car in particular he was awake. There was no half way business about it. He opened his mouth till his ears almost fell in and yelled for something! I don't know for certain what it was but I didn't have it. I offered him my watch, my cigarette case and finally a five-dollar bill but he would have none of them. I pushed the bell almost through the side of the car but the porter was evidently shooting craps.

I never carried a yelling, kicking baby before and I was afraid I would drop this one between two cars if I tried to carry him to the dining car. I paraded him up and down looking for a woman in whose lap I could lay him. The only woman on my car was a little flapper who did not look as though she were baby wise.

On the second trip through an old man who was trying to read the Literary Digest looked up at me and growled "Why don't you do something to stop that child's crying? Where the devil is its mother?"

If that old bird had searched all through my life he could not have picked a better time to jump on me. I was looking for some one to say things to. I was just ready to tell him wehe he got off when a heaven sent idea came to said in a very tearful voice: "She is up in the baggage car in her coffin, Sir. I am trying to get my baby back home to its grandmother." He looked at me a minute with his mouth open and, mumbling something about being sorry, went out of the car.

As he walked out the flapper shrieked with laughter. Seeing my fix she

took the baby from me and made some sort of a little cooing motherly noise to it and it went right to sleep! Wiping the perspiration off my bald bean, I sat down to meditate.

I felt sorry for that old man. I began to look fearfully forward to the day when a grouchy old man would move in and take possession of this body I call me. I wondered if he would slip in on me gradually or if I would be dispossessed bag and baggage all of a sudden, waking up some morning to find the grouchy old man had moved in with his lares and penates overnight.

Once or twice in my life I have wakened ready to bark at my family, go down to the office and growl at the pretty girl who secretaries me and make a fool of myself generally. Up to now I have caught myself, recognized the old ogre who had taken possession of me. Would the time ever come when this old grouch would move in permanently and make me bark at all my friends?

This particular old man looked like he had bought the world for a nickle and wanted his money back because he was dissatisfied with his bargain. He looked prosperous. He was educated or he would not have been reading the literature he had. I wanted to follow him out in the observation car and ask him how he got that way.

Do we have to grow grouchy when we get old? Every one does not do so. Some of the sweetest, jolliest people I have ever known have been old folks with laugh wrinkles all over their faces, that make you love them at sight. There are other old faces in which the ends of the wrinkles turn down instead of up, people who look like Hope had departed or was figuring her hat check, ready to go.

When we have lived our lives, when we have succeeded or failed in accomplishing what we set out to do, when we settle down to old age like a man settling for an afternoon nap, we have to live our lives vicariously. We must begin to try to help some other persons live theirs. We cannot hope to give them the benefit of our experience. No young man ever takes the experience of older people and cashes in on it; we all must learn by exposure. But we can stand by and lend a helping hand.

Old people must step off the stage of life and become a part of the audience. We can applaud loudly and encourage the actors. If we hiss we do not help.

If we give an encouraging word to the really struggling youngster, if we extend a friendly hand, try to help him over the rough places, lend him a few of our dollars when he is in a tight place, we will probably keep the old grouch from moving in because we are interested in people who have what we have lost, youth and enthusiasm.

The train stopped at a station. Across the aisle I heard tinkling laughter as the flapper told the returned mother the sad story of her death. "I have come to life!" she laughed across at me. The baby had what he wanted; she had brought it to him in a bottle from the dining car. He was enjoying it immensely even if ours is a prohibition country.

I looked out of my window. In a little park I could see the reflection

of a moon on the surface of a small lake. The ripples were joyously breaking pieces off it and tossing the silver chips in a long glittering row across the water to me, laughing at me because I could not reach them. No, I cannot hope for Youth. It is out of reach. But, by golly, I can and will keep that old grouch from moving in!

Dorothy (aged seven, to brother): Tell me a lesson in history, Billie.

Billie: All right. Do you know who Patrick Henry was?

Dorothy: No, tell me about him.

Billie: Why, he was the man who said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Silence for a full minute.

Dorothy: Go on, Billie. What did they give him?—W. R. H., Dallas, Texas.

THE MEN WHO PULL BACK.

(Asheville Citizen).

"Whenever anything of value to the community is suggested," says an editorial in **The Uplift**, published by the Stonewall Jackson Industrial School, "don't hide behind the excuse that 'it can't be done,' because the odds are that it can. If you must disagree, give an honest reason for disagreement."

Every community, Asheville included, has its citizens of substance who, when a campaign for public betterment is proposed, refuse to support it. Usually their excuse is either that the town is all right as it stands or that the project is bound to fail.

Either line of reasoning is an indication, not of the community and its powers, but of the speaker's own personality and habits of thought. The man who thinks the community does not need to progress and develop is one who believes that he himself does not need to grow and advance. The one who fears the town can not succeed in an attempt to do something bigger is a man who distrusts his own capacity to pull off bigger achievement.

The "It can't be done" boys are done with growing and satisfied with their stagnation. But there is another side to them. When the new movement is put over, and more business is brought o the town, and their property is increased in value, and they make more money, they are always in the front ranks of those who try to grab every extra dime in sight. They are willing to profit by their neighbors' exertions, but the profit does not persuade them to take part in the next campaign.

The only way to deal with the "It can't be done" brigade is to ignore it. It takes all sorts of people to make a world, and every growing community does its growing in spite of the men who pull backward instead of forward.

LITTLE STORIES OF EVERY DAY EXPRESSIONS.

By Edmun Brewton.

There are many expressions you use
every day,
From where they came you cannot
say.
'Tis in these stories you'll find related
How these phrases origiinated.

Bury the Hatchet.

We very often say that certain people have agreed to **bury the hatchet** when they mean that they have agreed to forget any ill feeling between them and be friends once more. "Let's bury the hatchet," is the expression used sometimes when one desires to forget and become on friendly terms with one with whom he has had a misunderstanding.

It might be guessed at once that this phrase had its origin in the fact that the burying of the hatchet symbolized the cessation of hostilities, owing to the fact that the hatchet was a weapon and burying it signified that it was no longer needed. And the guess would be correct.

Our North American Indians had many interesting customs from which many of our expressions have come and this is one of them. The chief weapon of the Iidian in battle was the hatchet, or tomahawk. And, when they desired to show their friendship, or when they desired to assure their enemies with whom they had fought that they no longer were their enemies but were now their friends, they went through a very elaborate ceremony. This ceremony had a very important feature, which was the actual burying of a hatchet, which symbolized to them that all enmity was buried and that friendship was reborn.

Today we do not actually bury a hatchet, but we do use the expression **bury the hatchet**, which symbolizes the same thing.

Militarists tells us that to have safety from war we must have large armies. This policy reminds me of Mrs. Billson's.

Mr. Billson had been attending an alumin dinner, and when he let himself in at two o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Billson shrieked wildly from the head of the stairs:

"I don't know whether you're my husband or a burglar, but anyhow I'm going to be the safe side and shoot!"

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A COMMUNITY LEADER.

By W. O. Saunders.

Out of 14,000 girls engaged in agricultural club work in North Carolina, Lela Paul, 17 years old, of Pike Road, Beaufort County, has been rated the outstanding leader in club work in the State and will go to Washington, D. C., in June as one of two girls from North Carolina who will be entertained for a week by the extension division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Pike Road is in the Pungo section of Beaufort County, 14 miles from Belhaven, 45 miles from Washington. To a stranger it would appear only as a desolate back country neighborhood, whose farmers fight incessantly against the jungle growth of black lands. A stranger passing through the Pingo country wouldn't see much in it to make life interesting or even endurable. But out of Pungo comes a little slip of a girl whose reputation as a community leader has brought her into statewide and national fame within the past few weeks.

A little more than a year ago the Department of Agriculture conceived the idea of picking out the two outstanding leaders in girls clubs in every state in the union and bringing them to Washington for a week's encampment. Every girls' club in the State was asked to nominate its outstanding member, without knowing what it was all about. Lela Paul among scores of others in North Carolina was nominated.

Lela didn't know it, but from that moment and for a whole year she was under the close and constant observation of specialists, district agent and field experts of the department of agriculture and all of its ramifications.

Under Surveillance.

The little girl in Pungo didn't know it, but a dozen or more spies were on her trail for twelve months, checking up on all of her activities, and her deportment, in the home, in the church, in the school, in the neighborhood. When she went up to State College last summer to attend the annual girls club short course, she was under observation by experts of the college from the moment of her arrival until her departure. The little girl didn't know what they were doing to her, but they pushed her forward into all sorts of activities, called on her for an impromptu speech, interviewed like so many scientists studying a her time after time, and studied her poor little bug under a microscope.

And then when all the experts got their heads together and with their own notes and the reports from county and district agents all over the State, they had to hand it to Lela Paul of Pungo that she is the greatest little old all around community leader among all the 14,000 fine upstanding club girls on the farms of North Carolina.

Leaders Wanted.

It was leadership that the agri-

cultural departmentalists were looking for. It wasn't enough that Lela should be the best little housekeeper, the best home gardner, the best little clothes maker, the best food preservationist, the best little poultry raiser, the best little biscuit maker and the best little high school student in the State; she had to be a community leader as well; one who had the respect and confidence of everybody in her neighborhood, to whom people naturally turned for leadership, and who had qualified as an actual community leader.

And they had to give it to Lela Paul, a seventeen year old Pungo girl who rises at five o'clock each morning, helps with the cooking, house work and out door chores, catches a school bus at 7:30 and rides ten miles over rough roads to a country school, carries a full schedule of third year high school work, helps again with the home duties before she prepares her lessons for the next day; and with it all takes an active part in club, church and community life.

When Miss Violet Alexander, the county agent, was 45 minutes late at a club meeting one day, when her Ford broke down on the road, Miss Alexander found the club meeting under way and proceeding with a fine program under the leadership of Lela Paul who had called the meeting together, apoligized for the absence of the county agent, and was staging a great meeting.

When the county agent expressed a regret that older women in the community were not interested in club work. Lela rounded up the older women in the neighbourhood, enrolled them in the club and they gladly followed her leadership.

Under the leadership of Miss Paul the Pungo Club, which was organized a little more than four years ago, grew and grew and grew. And then she did something that had been done in no other girls' club in North Carolina. She conceived the idea that her club should have its own clubhouse instead of having to meet at the schoolhouse of in members' homes. An idea with Lela Paul means action. She got the land and lumber donated for the clubhouse and is now raising money to build the house.

How Did She Do It?

Now who is this little Miss Lela Paul of Pungo and what is there about her that distinguishes her from thousands of other girls on the farms of North Carolina. I asked Miss Pauline Smith, district supervisor of girls' clubs. Miss Smith answered by bringing Miss Paul to Elizabeth City the other day and presenting her at my office.

And so I looked the little girl over. Never in this world would you make a snap judgment that she is a leader in anything. She is just a neat, frail, modest retiring little girl who doesn't make a move or gesture of any kind to impress you. And when I asked her how it felt to be a nationally recognized community leader she smiled naturally, showing a wealth of dimples, and said just what any genuine wholesome red-blooded American girl would be expected to say: "Why, I think it's fun."

And as I studied this fine little girl and asked Miss Smith and Miss Alexander questions about her I discovered the secret of her com-

munity leadership. When the disciples of Jesus were wrangling over the question of who should be greatest among them, the Master called them together and said: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last and servant of all." The wisdom of the Great Teacher justified in the life and character of 17 year-old Lela Paul of Pungo.

To become an outstanding community leader among 14,000 club girls in North Carolina, she didn't set out to be a leader at all. She only took hold of the things that could be done on a lonely farm in a backwoods neighbourhood in North Carolina and did them so beautifully, so enthusiastically and so well that the neighbours took note.

When help was needed anywhere in the neighbourhood, Lela helped. When a girls' club was organized in Pungo, the secretaryship was forced upon Lela because everybody knew that she would put her best into it. And she did.

If an ignorant and unskilled housewife anywhere in the neighbourhood wanted to know the latest and most approved method of preserving a certain vegetable. Lela would come over and show her. If a little girl in the neighbourhood wasn't satisfied with her method of darning a stocking, she would take the stocking over to Lela with full assurance that Lela would take time to show her how to darn a stocking to make it feel and wear as good as new. If there was a school entertainment or a Sunday school entertainment, Lela could always be depended upon to take an important part. If there was a picnic or a party anywhere, in the neighbourhood, Lela would be the life of the party and without putting herself forward in any way, would always have new games and diversions to suggest.

They have better homes, better home gardens, better filled pantries, better poultry, wear better clothes and eat better food in Pungo today because of Lela Paul.

And what Lela Paul did in Pungo is given thousands of other girls to do in thousands of other rural neighborhoods in North Carolina today. Miss Augusta Raymond of Hertford County did it. Miss Raymond is the other North Carolina club girl who won the trip to Washington.

BUCK UP AND BOOST.

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth; sing a little, bring a little happines to earth. Pray a little, play a little, be little glad; rest a little, jest a little, if the heart is sad. Spend a little,, send a little to another's door; give a little, live a little, love a little more.—Ottawa Citizen.

COL. WASHINGTON'S CANNON.

By A. M. Barnes.

"Colonel Washington's compliments to Colonel Rugely, commanding the garrison of Camden fortress. Twenty-four hours will be given Colonel Rugely for the evacuation of the fort. If, within that time, the British forces have not been withdrawn and the fort surrendered, the cannon of Colonel Washington will forthwith proceed to demolish the fort."

The British commandant glanced up with a sneer on his lips; then he gazed contemptuously at Colonel Washington's messenger, a youth in the tattered uniform of the Continental Army.

"The message is not worth the scratch of a pen in reply," he said. "You can say to **Mr.** Washington that to Colonel Charles Rugely, commanding the British forces at Camden, South Carolina, his threat brings only amusement. Say to him further that Colonel Rugely holds this fort in the name of his British Majesty, and will continue to hold it to the end."

With a pompous wave of the hand he dismissed the youth; then turned with a laugh to two of his officers standing near.

"The thing is too ridiculous for even a moment's consideration. A bit of bluff and nothing more. Who fears a lion without claws?"

"But, Colonel," ventured one of the officers, "I have heard that this fellow Washington is a man of quick wit and considerable cunning; noted for giving surprises. My Lord Tarleton can testify to that."

"Granted he has owtwitted Tarleton once or twice, but what of it? 'Twas Tarleton's own precipitancy each time that caused it. But, laying that aside, haven't we reason to know how ill-prepared the fellow is to do us harm? A troop of ragamuffins, re cruited from the hills and swamps, no real soldier among them; men and horses ill fed, clothing and trappings falling to pieces; besides, where is he to get cannon to caliber sufficient to demolish this fort?"

"I have heard," persisted the officer, "that he has a marvelous tact for doing the unexpected thing."

"That for **that!**" exclaimed the British commandant, as he snapped his fingers and turned away.

Meanwhile Sergeant Lawrence Eberhard, having a keen mind for remembering, had returned to his colonel with the oral messages of the British commandant.

"He said all that, did he?"

There was a faint smile playing about Colonel Washington's lips.

"Yes, sir; and he was mightily amused. And, Colonel—" The young sergeant hesitated.

"Well, what is it Lawrence?"

"It's a pretty strong fort, sir. They let me see that."

"No matter; we'll try anyhow for its capture."

Colonel William Washington, a near kinsman of our first President, had been sent south in command of a cavalry troop in the hope that he might put a check to the barbarous warfare of the "Bloody Tarleton" in the Carolinas. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, stand-

ing six feet three in his bare feet, and was known as "the tallest and strongest man of his family in England and America." Before coming south he had been in many of the campaigns in the north, and for "conspicuous deeds of valor" had been commissioned a colonel by Congress, one of the very youngest officers in the Continental Army. He soon became known as a brilliant cavarlyman, a "master of light horsemen," and early won the title "The Sword of the American Army." And this was the man at whom the British commandant's sneers had been directed, to whom he had sent the contemptuous messages.

Very early in the campaign in the Carolinas, Colonel Washington had made up his mind to attempt to capture the fort held by the British at Camden, South Carolina, for there were the supplies of food and ammunition of which he was in such sore need. He was well aware of the strength of the garrison, but this did not deter him.

Colonel Washington sat in council with his officers. He told them of the messages received from the British commandant, and he also told them of his determination still to make the effort to capture the fort.

They stared at him in amazement, wonder, incredulity pictured on the face of each. For some seconds they were speechless.

"But, Colonel, how is it possible for you to do it?" one at length found voice to query. "We have no heavy artillery; not even a single cannon."

"I am aware of that," replied Colonel Washington quietly.

"We are powerless to take the fort without cannon," remarked another officer.

"We will obtain such cannon as will be necessary," Colonel Washington assured them, and as quietly as before.

"But **where and how?**" the officer persisted. He knew as did his colonel that no guns such as were needed were anywhere procurable within their resources.

"We will make what cannon we need," replied Colonel Washington, and smiled inscrutably.

Then he detailed a half dozen or so of his men and sent them with tools into the woods.

When the officers saw the cannon Colonel Washington had manufactured, they roared with laughter; then they went cold with fear. How would this bluff on the part of Colonel Washington really turn out? For the cannon Colonel Washington's workmen had constructed under his directions were no more than two huge pine logs, partly hollowed out and rigged up to represent guns. Mounted upon wagon wheels and placed during the night in a position commanding the fort, they were indeed most formidable looking as the early morning sun flashed upon them.

Officers and men stood waiting, uncertain and apprehensive as Colonel Washington's messenger again sought the fort, a white cloth dangling from the end of a staff. Colonel Washington had sent a verbal message this time. He, too, had not condescended to write.

"Say to the commandant," he told Sergeant Eberhard, "that I give him just one hour in which to come to a decision. If within that time the fort

is not surrendered, I will proceed with the demolishing of it.''

What would the commandant do? Would he suspect the bluff? Or would the formidable aspect of the huge pine log guns, pointed straight at the fort, drive him into yielding? Officers and men waited in suspense. Well they knew their own weakness in numbers compared with the strong forces of the British. If the ruse were suspected, and they were attacked and pursued, the result was likely to be most disatrous for them.

Sergeant Eberhard was seen coming back. They crowded eagerly around him.

''What was Rugely's answer?'' Colonel Washington queried.

''Never a word, Colonel, but—''

''Well?''

''He looked mightily scared.''

On that crumb of comfort they had to subsist while awaiting developments.

Time wore on. Twenty minutes. Thirty. Still no sign from the fort above which the British ensign, with its conspicuous emblem of the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, floated triumphantly.

''Hadn't we better get out of this, Colonel?'' anxiously queried one of the younger officers.

Colonel Washington glanced at him reprovingly. Then he said, ''No American soldier, Hamilton, retreats before a battle.''

Ten minutes more.

''Colonel, this is surely getting ticklish.'' This from ine of the older officers. ''What now, if they are preparing to surround and capture us?''

''Just what I am thinking,'' said young Hamilton somewhat unsteadily.

He had barely spoken when a man was seen issuing from the gate of the fort bearing a pennant of white.

''A messenger at last,'' said Colonel Washington. ''Go to meet him, Eberhard, and you too, Hamilton. Don't let him come a foot nearer the cannon than can be helped.''

The communication of Colonel Rugely was soon in Washington's hands. What terms, in the event of a surrender, was Colonel Washington ready to give? In a few minutes Colonel Washington's reply was prepared and placed in the hands of the messenger, still held at a distance.

The hour was up.

The strained attention of the men was turned now from the fort toward their horses. Several had already grasped their bridles, when there came a little shout from Sergeant Eberhard. ''Look!'' he cried.

Every man's head was swiftly turned. The British flag was no longer flying above the fort. It had gone down in surrender!

A few minutes more and the British garrison had marched out and Colonel Washington and his men were in possession of the fort. Washington had deemed it wise to retain but a few prisioners, but all had been deprived of their arms.

When the British commandant learned of the trick that had been played on him by Colonel Washington and his pine-log guns, he was overwhelmed by chagrin and furious with anger. Gladly would he have taken revenge, but it was out of his power. He paid dearly for his blunder, for he was not only degraded in rank, but he became the laughing stock of the British army in the Carolinas.

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the beloved story writer and poet, was never a strong man. He wrote under difficulties, sometimes working when he was not able to be out of bed.

But his spirit was always gay and he never gave up to despair, no matter how sick he felt.

Thinking to improve his health, he made a voyage to Samoa with his family. The climate was so beneficial that they decided to stay.

Mr. Stevenson was very kind to the natives and did many things to relieve them of oppression. The government controlling the islands tried to force the men to build roads for them. The chiefs especially rebelled against this and were put in jail and held as political prisioners.

Not only did he advise them and use his influence in their favor, but Mr. Stevenson entertained them, through an interpreter, with delightful stories. They grew to love him and he was known affectionately throughout the islands as "Tusitala," teller of tales.

About the time the prisoners were freed Mr. Stevenson was completing his house at the foot of the mountain. A company of chiefs called on him and offered to build a road from his house to the main highway. Not only that, but they vowed they would pay their own expenses while doing it.

He was greatly touched and accepted their offer. They were doing for love what they had refused to do by force—building a road in the Samoan heat.

The making of the road required a large number of men several weeks. When it was finished Mr. Stevenson gave the chiefs and their helpers a feast, where there was much speech-making.

Mr. Stevenson made a very wise talk and in turn the chiefs told him how they had made the road, out of love and gratitude for Tusitala; how his name was always in their prayers, and his goodness would be their most cherished memory.

The road contained this inscription drawn up by the chiefs themselves: "Considering the great love of His Excellency, Tusitala, in his loving care for us in our distress in the prison, we have therefore prepared a splendid gift. It shall never be muddy, it shall endure forever, this road that we have dug."

All the rest of his life Mr. Stevenson went back and forth over "Ala Loto Alofa," "The Road of the Loving Heart.'—B. M. S.

Frances came to the ice-cream booth at a picnic for her sixth ice-cream cone. The woman at the booth said:

"Why, Frances, you shouldn't eat so much ice-cream; you'll be sick."

"Oh," said Frances, "that doesn't make any differenc. I'm always sick after picnics, anyway."—Miss D. H. B., Sullivan Co. N. Y.

COTTON.

(Asheville Citizen.)

There are mysteries in literature just as there are mysteries in life, for literature, after all, is but an expression of one phase of life. One of the mysteries of all literature is the fact that cotton has made no appeal to writers of fiction or history. Great novelists have written great novels on iron, on coal, on cattle, on packing houses, or poor asylums, on many other subjects, but so far as we know none of them has ever written a novel or a history based on cotton.

Every great people at one time or another write their own epic. Often it is written in a spiritual revolt as Germany did under the leadership of Martin Luther, and England did under the mighty hand of Oliver Cromwell. Thus was the South's great epic written.

But what would the South's epic be without cotton? Those of us who are but a little bit informed know that but for cotton there would have been no slavery in the South, and no contest with New England over the balance of power which precipitated the civil war. Therefore the history of the South can be never be told except the historian saturate himself with the story of cotton.

Not alone did cotton play its part in bringing on a great sectional war, today it is bringing on another great war of manufacturing, and the epic that is now being written in the develepment of our cotton mills, and the tearing down of New England's is pregnent with glowing interest to all of us.

If by one mighty stroke of misfotune cotton were wiped out of existence the wreck and ruin that would follow would be the most awful the earth has known since the deluge. Commerce on the high seas would be stopped, millions of people in all lands would go hungry and unclad, wages would drop in all industries, the banking system of the world collapse, and governments would tumble right and left. This is not an exaggeration; it merely touches the outer edge of the epic.

Does it not seem that a weed that exerts such a mighty influence on society should have moved the mind of some genius to sing its claims to everlasting glory?

But it has not. Cotton is simply cotton, a thing that men gamble in and commit suicide over, and that keeps on holding the commerce of the worl together. Somehow we can not personify cotton.

Liza was on the witness stand. "Are you positive," inquired the prosecutor, "that you know where your husband was on the night this crime was committed?"

"Ef Ah didn'," "den Ah busted a good rollin' pin ovah an innercent man's haid!"

WHERE WAS UNITAS?

(Lexington Dispatch.)

A recent historical article coming to the attention of the paper speaks of the "Old North Road" or the "Carolina Road" as leading from Pennsylvania down across Maryland and Virginia in to North Carolina by a place called Unitas and thence on to the Yadkin River. An old map is spoken of as showing this trail that was much used by the pioneers who settled this part of the country. Local historians, however, are so far stumped as to the location of Unitas. The itinerary of a traveler over this road says that after crossing the North Carolina line he pursued his way south by southwest to Unitas. From Philadephia to that point over this highway it was 435 miles.

That what is now Highway 66 from Lexington to Winston-Salem and No. 77 thence to the Virginia line is the modern version of this historic route seems most likely. Between here and old Salem was a well defined road before the Revolutionary days and General Greene marched up that road to Abbots Creek meeting house, according to authenticated historical accounts. Down the Shenandoah Valley from Pennsylvania came, thousands of the settlers who were the pioneers of a great section of the Piedmont. Those who passed on beyond the Yadkin followed well defined trials no doubt to this immediate section to find suitable crossings of that stream, with trails leading on beyond.

Whoever can locate the place that many years ago was known as Unitas can definitely mark the route of the "Old North Road" into this section. This may be of importance in view of the fact that before very long there will be a solid hard surfaced road from Charlotte, in the lower edge of the Piedmont, on through Lexington, in the center of the Pennsylvania Dutch emigration, and thence through Winston-Salem to the Virginia line and on to the heart of Pennsylvania.

REMEMBRANCE.

To be useful is to be remembered, says an exchange. Usefulness is the golden thead that weaves one's life into the gorgeous texture of the race's history. He wins the fight for this earthly immortality who paints a picture to the charm the imaginations of men, or speaks a sentence that renews the courage of one man or a million men, or shows a woman the way to happiness and so hands down her happy influence from generation to generation.

The ideal life is that which shapes itself to the prayer in George Eliot's lovely lines:

"Oh, man I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence!"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A number of the boys have been busily engaged in spraying the fruit trees.

Jack Page, a member of the seventh cottage, was given a position in the print shop last week.

Mr. William C. Bosenbury, of South Bend, Indiana, is visiting his nephew, Leon Godown, at the institution this week.

The lawn in front of the cottages has been plowed. Although we do not know as yet as what will be planted there this year—it was sowed in peas last season.

Work has been started on the reception cottage that to be built here. Workmen are now busy with excavation in which to place the foundations.

The boys in most of the cottages have started going out on the lawn after they have finished their supper. They have a good length of time from supper until almost bedtime in which to play games or pitch horse shoes.

Last Saturday afternoon two teams were chosen—and they had a game. Some of the boys are progressing in the game. In fact, they all like to play this game. Other boys played games to amuse themselves during their stay at the ball ground.

The trees along the highway have leaves on them, now. They are all mostly green, we're glad to see them, it helps the scenery very much. The grass on the lawn a bright green, and to blend with it, the trees. It makes a wonderful scene.

The shoe shop boys—although they won't have many more to repair—have been fixing shoes during the past week, as usual. Soon the boys will be permitted to go without their shoes, or barefooted, anything you would call it. Then these shoe shop boys won't have many shoes to repair.

"The Christian Hope," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells us about Jesus "going and preparing a place for us and then coming and receiving us unto Himself." It explains it in a very good way, through the theme and golden text of this lesson. "Getting Ready for Better Things." was the theme. The Golden text was: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.—John 14:2.

The flowers, in most all the flower beds have set forth in their best blooms. Everywhere, on field and tree, there is that knowing sign. It almost shouts the news to us. In the early morn, we can hear the birds singing merrily, and again we are aware of the fact. The days are gradually, one by one, getting long. We can tell this without paying particular attention to it. Gone

are the cold dreary days and nights of winter. What have we now in front of us which makes us happy to think of? Spring! It's here at last!

Although a number of days in last week were cool—they were pleasant—an abundance of sunshine flooded us. It is certain now, that the long-looked-for Spring is here at last. Last Sunday afternoon—after the religious services were conducted in the auditorium—the boys in most all the cottages sat on the lawns or walked about the campus.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Arrowwood, of Concord. He read from the twenty-first chapter of John. He took his text from the same chapter; the sixth verse which reads: "And he said unto them, cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." Rev. Arrowwood told the boys that there was success in only four feet of these fishermen. "They had been out all night, fishing. When they saw the first streaks of dawn in the east they started home. On the banks they noticed someone. He was there but they did not know it was Jesus. It was. He called to them saying: "Lads, did you catch anything?" They answered: "No." Then He told these fishermen to cast their nets on the right hand side of the boat. They did and caught a large number of fish." This was a most insteresting talk made by Rev. Arrowwood to the boys. We hope that he will come again and speak to us.

HAVE FAITH.

By S. W. McClelland.

Canst thou take the barren soil,
And with all thy pains and toil
Make lilies blow?
Thou canst not? O helpless man,
Have faith in God. He can!

Canst thou paint the clouds at eve,
And all the sunset colors weave
Into the sky?
Thou canst not? O powerless man,
Have faith in God. He can!
Canst thou still thy troubled heart,
And make all cares and doubt depart
From out of thy soul?
Thou canst not? O faithless man,
Have faith in God. He can!

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M
No.	30	to New York	1:53 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 2, 1927. No. 15

IS FOR YOU.

An old man working, tho weary and frail,
Had set a plant by the side of a trail.
A youth now passing said to the man,
"Why are you planting and what is your plan?
You cannot live till the plant is a tree,
So why is toil and sweat that I see?
The old man passing, said, "Though it is true
I'll not be living, the tree is for you."

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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The statement recently has been made that good humor is the highest attainment of good manners, a statement that will surprise some of you. Many of you young people who are touchy, irritable, and gloomy, fail to realize that you fail in courtesy. If you go about wearing an expression which shows you out of tune with life, you are impolite. You would apologize for stepping on somebody's toes, but you do not realize that lowering brow of yours makes scores uncomfortable, instead of one. The bad temper of a single member upsets the peace and harmony of innumerable households. When the spirit of courtesy takes command of a life it flowers in good humor.

A SHOCK.

Along with the anouncement that the state D. A. R. was to hold its annual meeting in Wilmingtno the statement was made that the local D. A. R's protested against the invitation to U. S. Senator Borah to address the Convention. This information was sent all over the country. The objection was predicated on the belief that Senator Borah is a "south-hater" and that he had not been a friend to President Wilson.

It turns out that there is not a word of truth in the whole matter. The local daughters made no protest; on the other hand many in the state protested against the alleged protest of the Wilmington Daughters. The truth of the matter seems resolved into the simple fact that a newspaper correspondent surmised the whole thing.

Senator Borah is not a south-hater, whatever that is; he is a very able and patriotic man. Of course, he did not follow President Wilson all down the line—that's politics—but that is no evidence that he was an enemy of the great Wilson. The whole thing was mighty small, and the good women, who compose

this order, must bear something that is not theirs for awhile—an affront to an able and conspicuous American statesman. But truth, a little lazy at times, finally asserts itself.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

BREAKING A PRECEDENT.

It is definitely stated that President Coolidge will spend his vacation in the West. What a wonderful encouraging announcement it would be if another precedent could be smashed: "President Coolidge announces that he will in no sense be a receptive candidate for renomination—two terms are enough."

The exigency of politics and the visitation of death put this country in a small light before the world. The United States is too great a nation, with too much constructive power and blessed vision—all going to waste. She does not enjoy a leadership that is commensurate with her importance. This country is big enough to enjoy the leadership of one, who sometimes thinks for himself and has the courage sometimes to speak out.

You oftentimes judge a person by the company he keeps—a pretty safe guide. Just think for a moment of the type of American statesmanship that constitutes the presidential cabinet.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HOW THE GOOD AID THE BAD.

Great is the power of advertising. The business world, including the ligitimate and the questionable, have learned the lesson. Campbell's soups have a national and even world-wide standing, not on account of their superior quality, but because of the advertising genius behind them.

A small-hearted, vain man that figured very largely amongst legislators several years ago in the legislative body, afterwards became a perfect inkhound, through a well-defined system of advertising; he became very prominent until his little measure was discovered, and now one scarcely hears of him. It was simply the power of advertising; and after the world learned the facts, he waned.

Fertilizers get their standing through advertising. Fine pictures of wonderful crops via a certain brand of fertilizer flood the mails, and a trade is started. We have examples of that going on particularly at this season.

A bad man, at heart and in mind, writes a book, the primary purpose is not to do good but to make business. Sinclair Lewis, seeing the power of advertising and the creating thereby of enormous sales, writes himself a book that

shocks the decency of the land. The preachers, the moralists, the semi-religious papers condemn it in severest terms. That's what Lewis wanted. It gives him advertising. He knows the perverseness of human nature—seeing the vileness of a book condemmned from the pulpit—that will at once create a curiosity and desire to read it.

The condemnation of that literary villian, Mencken, has built up for him an enormous following. The featuring and publication of crime, that always gets a better position in a daily papers than a deed of mercy and greatness, is suggestive to the weak, and crime grows.

Take our good friend, Archibald Johnson, who directs the fortune of the admirable Charity & Children, at the Thomasville Orphanage, who has in a recent issue given Sinclair Lewis an advertising that will sell two thousand or more copies of his vile book, by simply making this reference to it: "It will be remembered that Lewis borrowed a pulpit some time ago, and taking out his watch, gave the Lord a few minutes to strike him dead. Nothing happened to him, of course, as the Lord is not in the advertising business."

Oftentimes the honest purpose to condemn turns out to be, financially, just what the bad desires. In the end the public pays the bill.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE UNIVERSAL NEED.

Here, says the Asheville Citizen, is the kingpin of all absurdities; an organization has been formed with headquarters in a Northern city for the purpose of "abolishing belief in God, together with all forms of religion based upon that belief." And in the magazine sponsored by the organization it is proposed to promote atheism by circularizing children and persuading the youngsters to scatter the atheistic propaganda among their little friends.

The idiotic egotism of the people back of this movement is limitless. They evidently believe they can accomplish the impossible. Nobody ever has been able to make atheism popular. Nobody has ever dethroned religion. Russian Bolshevicks, with all the machinery of government in their hands and an army a million strong at their backs, tried it and failed. They persecuted the priests and preachers of God. They shut up the houses of public worship. But God and the people's need of God prevailed. Religion in Russia defied the army and beat the government into submission.

But conceding, for the purpose of illustration, that the atheists could be successful in this country and in the world; conceding that in a hundred years they could raze every church and put out every spark of religion; what then

would hapen? Religion would again rule the earth, new temples and churches would rear their spires toward the heavens, and God would be, as He always has been, upon His throne.

Man is born into the world with the instinctive cry for help on his lips. At the height of his power, in the midst of riches, as a conquerer ro as a slave, in illness and in poverty, he knows in his heart that, if he tries to stand alone, he is not sufficient unto himself. That is why the savage in the bush builds altars and gropes for realization of the true God. He must have help. He must feel beneath him the everlasting arms.

Individuals may persuade themselves for a season that God can be mocked. They may turn from religion. They may put their trust in material things. But the great heart and the unerring intelligence of the race laugh them to scorn. Religion is the universal need, God the supreme and final refuge. The eyes of the world inevitably turn to that morning star, that unfading splendor of every life, the hope and promise of immortality.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

NO COMPROMISE WITH LIQUOR.

The Liquor business is like a deadly serpent.

It is about as easy to regulate or to make legal as it is to tame a hyena.

It is essentially a wild beast.

It unfortunately aligned with conviviality. Many people seem to think that getting drunk is a joke and the consumption of alcohol is amusing. They speak condoningly of the use of whiskey by the youth.

Many people, and especially those engaged in the wet propaganda, do not realize the deadly end of this peril.

It is an own brother to murder, hold-ups, burglary, smuggling and thuggism.

A man engaged in the business of enforcing the law of prohibition take his life in his hands, for those in the liquor business do not hesitate to kill when it is necessary. It embrcaes not only low thugs, but millionaires and social leaders.

While the common people have declared for the abolition of alcohol there are many who are determined to go on with their consumption of liquor.

The efforts of the convivially inclined and those who think that their personal liberty has been interfered with are influenced by one of the strongest passions in the human breast—greed.

It is difficult to enforce any law when the breaking of that law is backed up by human passions. They law against arson, murder, adultery and theft are

thousands of years old, yet they are constantly violated no matter what their evil effects.

The law against the use of liquor is aimed at the greatest curse and greatest cause of crime that humanity has even known.

Those who see the vileness of its effects, the moral degradation of youth and the damage to business have lined up solidily for prohibition, while against the prohibitory law are those who are subtly influenced by the traditional tolerance of the human race to a habit that is supposed to be genial and pardonable.

The trouble with bootlegging is that it pays and pays big. Whoever will take the profit out of the unholy business will be doing a great service.—Dr. Frank Crane.

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TAKING ON ADDITIONAL POWER.

The public prints carried the announcement that the stockholders of the Piedmont and Northern Railroad, which is preparing to extend its line from Charlotte to Winston-Salem, and ultimately to Durham, has elected two additional directors. One of these is Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, who in the business world is a great and conspicuous power.

When the said company begins to do things like this—taking on forward-looking ability along the proposed route of extension—the public becomes at once intensely interested and hopeful.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The Federal laws up to December 1926 have been recodified and printed in one huge volume, containing 2,465 pages. There are 14,000 laws.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

When you see a woman going along the street, brushing a man's shoulder, or rubbing a spec from his ear, he is not her beau or her brother: he's her husband. Wives like to knock the spots off their hubbies.

Said one Durham citizen to another: "Isn't it simply fine to wake up early these oncoming Spring mornings and hear the expanding leaves whisper outside your window?" The other citizen replied: "It's all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing in early morning the grass mown." From which I infer there was no "mower" on the subject between those two.

Some men are so lazy they cannot catch up with the spring fever; or even catch a cold when it is coming to meet them.

There are some folks who laugh at the idea of left-handed scissors. Well, you needn't laugh. There are such things. In Eastport, Maine, scissors are used sometimes to trim fish in the sardine and smoked herring industries. Some years ago, one factory owner who employed several left-handed women, used to buy left-handed scissors in half dozen lots for their special benefit. On righthanded scissors the broader blade is on the right hand side of the narrower blade. Left-handed scissors the broad blade is on the left side. When the blades are the same proportion in width, and the handles the same for thumb and fingers, you can use them with either hand.

A great deal has been said about a woman "having the last word." It is not always so. There are some men who talk much; in fact they run largely to loquacity. There are many women whose only chance is to get in their last words first.

If you see many pieces of baggage, at the bus and railroad terminals, and hotels as well, bearing numerous hotel labels, both American and foreign, it is not necessary to imagine that the owners have visited all the places described thereon. In Paris, I am told, at the office of an American express company, a thriving business of "sticker" selling is carried on and vivid labels depicting hotels and "places over the world" may be obtained there. The deceptive sinners.

I had a little time the other day, and just at that time, a clock manufacturer visited me, and during our confabulation he told me that his factory made 28,000 complete time-pieces per day, mostly the spiteful "get up at 5:30 a. m. kind." But the market is evidently some way off from the saturated point judging from the slothful, who have so much trouble making the grade in the morning.

I have heard that rivers are crooked because they follow the paths of least resistance. Haven't you seen many men that were just like rivers?

Very seldom does a business man figure in "half cents," when taking a discount, so the following incident seems worth mentioning: Payment of a bill was received recently and a one-half cent stamp was tendered as part of the payment where the discount taken made a balance of 72 1-2 cents. Thus, a new use for the "one-half" cent postage stamp has been discovered.

Worry, Fear, Inferiority, Disease and Indecision are the five great thieves of achivement and happiness that dwell in the one-fifth part of the minds of many people. Good, honest, old-fashioned common sense, which is so often uncommon in this hurley-burley, rushing age, tells people that the world's happiest and most successful persons do not worry and fret. They do not fear anything in the present or the future. They do not feel that others are more fortunate, powerful or better than themselves. They are not handicapped by disease. Their minds are not a turmoil of indicision, but they are calm, clear pools of assurance. They have driven out the five thieves of achivement. So long as you use the small percent of your mind, instead of 100 percent efficiency, you are using only 20 percent of the glorious equipment for success and happiness with which you were endowed at birth.

One time Gen Tom Marshall was speaking to a large gathering at Buffalo when someone present, every few moments kept shouting: "Louder! Louder!" Tom stood this for awhile, but at last, turning gravely to the presiding officer he said: "Mr. Chairman, at the last day, when the angel shall with his golden trumpet proclaim that time shall be no longer; when the quick and the dead shall appear before the mercy seat to be judged, I doubt not sir, that the solemnity of that solemn and awful scene will be interrupted by some drunken fool from Buffalo shouting, "Louder, Lord, Louder!"

In these early spring days nature seems to use beautiful yellow flowers to streak the sprouting landscapes with bright rays like bars of sunshine spread upon the green carpeted earth. The buttercups hold up their lovely chalices to catch the morning dew; the jonquils write Spring at the doorsteps; the dandelions are sprinkled over the turf like stars shining in the green rugs of yards and lawns.

There's the dainty "foot-steps of spring" and the Johnny-jump-ups; and the tiny, daisy-like flowerets of "Sunshine," which grow in thick rugs on the hillside; the dainty yellow for-get-me-not or fiddle neck; the burr clover and the mustard blossom with its delicate fragrance and seeds from wihch anticeptic oils are made. Pretty soon the color will change to pink, and then will come on all of the pink family of blooming blossoms. These to be succeeded by the blue. The brodea of wild hyacinth; the brilliant blue larkspur; the blue bells; the little baby-blue-eyes, which look like patches of sky dropped down in the meadow. Then will come on the flaming reds with their retinue of gorgeous blossoms. Thus does the Master artist hand add color after color to the picture nature paints spring after spring for the delectation

of humanity, and the adornment of her wonderful works on this old globe. It is all so beautiful, in its minutest detail; and too wonderful are the gifts of God to depict in cold words on paper. You just cannot get the loveliness, the thrill, the charm, the colors, into words.

I think there is nothing in the whole Bible exactly like the book of Daniel. It is true that it is puzzling and bewildering in many places. It reminds older people of the dissolving views that used to be shown, changing imperceptibly from one splendor to another. Here are the glories of the Persian empire, and there bits of wondrous truth over which to brood and wonder, wondering what share and part you have in it. Younger folks will find it like some spectacular film. Here is a grand review, with a backward look over things gone by, and there a forward outlook into the future, cast in shadow. It is a challenge, a call to all of us, as it was to the prophet. Much of its significance is hidden from us in cryptic language, but still we feel the sense of impending events, and are impressed with a peculiar feeling of destiny and responsibility. Daniel himself thought there was much in the book that was not to be understood as yet, and the words of the Law comes to us as it did to him, "Blessed is he that waiteth." Isaiah also had the same message, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

How often, oh, how often, so many of us grow impatient at the slowness of God's machinery, and, too, at the slowness of men to catch the inner meaning of life! Where we came from and why; what lessons we are to learn; and whither we are journeying. All these are tremendous questions, and we get impatient sometimes, too, that God has not told us more of what and where the splendors of His kingdom are. We are always trying to spur ourselves to generate more power, to push the world along faster to the place where God would have it be. I think we need to come back and listen to the answer given Daniel: "Go thy way till then end, be* * *but blessed is he that waited."

A life may be active, and yet serene; faithful, but not fevered. We often mistake high temperature for vigor of life. Being is far more important than doing. In the realm of the spirit, which is the realm of life, time is not the measure of anything; but character is the measure of everything.

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour," may be a beautiful sentiment, but picture the bee struggling on the window pane exerting every bit of energy and accomplishing nothing. We would be amazed to discover how little honey is really made in a hurry, bustle and fevered pace. We mortals need to remember the patience, the serenity of God, with whom "a thousand years are but as yesterday." The Bible speaks of the "fullness of time." I suppose that means what we call the psychological moment, the one instant in all eternity when all is right and fit and ready; but in our haste

and fearfulness alike, we are so liable to miss that moment.

Through the golden gates of California, from amid the balmy shore breezes of Long Beach, comes the subjoined message from "auld acquaintance," not forgot, laden with the spices of Arabia and sparkling with the spray of the Pacific, and is decidedly, characteristically, Fairbrotherean. Hear Al warble:

"Dear Hurrygraph:

"I have your Sunday Herald, where you are 'Rambling Around', Section 2—page whatever it was, and read with glee your story of the chilling Alpine snows.

"I remember distinctly when you and I crossed the Alps with Napoleon—and he told you that beyond them was lying Italy. But I do not recall that Saint Bernard dog—I thought it was a coon dog from North Carolina that took us safely to the Inn that night.

"Well, the trouble with the old fellows—of which you are one and I am the other, is that we don't remember things just as they were.

"But when I sit out here in the genial sun of the Summertime—when I see the roses giving back their blushes to the sun in February and March when I see the calla lily in a profusion and perfection and wonder if those were the boys which toiled not and neither did they spin; when I see the wonderful plants and flowers that are ours always for the year around—when I understand that my overcoat which I pawned upon my arrival may remain in cold storage always and I disport myself in my silk pajamas and lingere—and watch the ladies who are undressed and unashamed on the beach—why, Old Hurry, your frozen Alpine snows give me a spinal column chill that is unspeakable.

"Write on—write on—if the snow falls for thirty feet instead of thirty inches find something in it that pleases you—

"But please excuse me.

"The man who has philosophy enough to find beauty in a two foot snow storm when it wasn't expected, has no real reason to want to enter the kingdom of heaven.

"If you got so much out of two feet think what you missed because the weather man didn't make it ten feet.

"Your in the Faith,
AL FAIRBROTHER."

INNOCENT CHILHOOD.

A little girl had been allowed by her mother to visit the minister's family and stay for dinner After the preacher had finished asking the blessing, the child said:

"That isn't the way my papa asks a blessing."

And how does your papa ask a blessing?" inquired the minister.

"Why, he just says, 'Good God, what a meal'."

BEHAVE LIKE IMBECILES.

By George Henry Parish, in Dearborn Independent.

Radio and the movies are taking off the lid and enabling us to see ourselves as we are. Never before was such an opportunity possible. What we see is not exactly pleasant. In some respects it is horrible. If we were to accept it as a finality, as the best of which we shall ever be capable, we might well dismiss the human race as something not worth bothering about. But there is another way of looking at it that gives rise to quite a different set of thoughts. It enables one to see that a world much changed is coming upon us; a better world and a happier one.

Let us look at ourselves as we are before considering what we shall be.

Last summer a young New York woman named Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel. When she returned to New York she was given the greatest reception that the city had ever accorded to a human being. Grant had returned to New York from his trip around the world; Dewey had sailed up the Narrows after winning the Battle of Manila; Foch and King Albert and a long list of eminent men and women had come to the Western Continent's largest city and been welcomed in a manner that was supposed to be in keeping with their importance. But it remained for Gertrude Ederle to elicit from her home town such a welcome as none of these had ever received. What Grant could not get in numbers and enthusiasm was given to her, and what was denied to Dewey was hers without the asking.

What was it all about? Nothing through a certain distance of water, using her body as a ship, her arms as blades of propulsion and her heart as an engine. No other woman had ever done it, though one did so a day or two later, and few men had ever done it—but what of it? Few men and women have ever tried to swim the English Channel. Most men and women can think of something better to do. If all of the human race were, at a certain time of life, to be hurled into the English Channel, the probability is that a great many of them would get across. But if all the men in the world were to be given a try at Edison's job, or Marconi's job, or the jobs of some other men who have done something worth doing, very few of them would 'get across.' And if all the women in the world were to be given a chance to be Harriet Beecher Stowes, Susan B. Anthonys or Madame Curies, probably but a few of them would make the grade.

To do anything worth doing in this world one must have something in his head, and the more one has in his head the less likely he is to try to do something that requires only unusual powers in his heels, his arms or his heart. No great man or great woman has ever tried to swim the English Channel, or beat up somebody in a prize fight. Such tasks are left for those who can win at nothing else. Which is meant as no slap at Gertrude Ederle or Mrs. Corson. Both these women have nice faces and are undoubtedly fine women who are loved by their friends, as they should be, because they have finer qualities

than were required merely to kick their way through so many miles of water.

But New York did not break all records in applauding Miss Ederle and give more than a queen's welcome to Mrs. Corson because these women were fine women. It welcomed them because they exhibited great skill and endurance in performing a useless act. New York and the whole country are packed with men and women who exhibit great skill and endurance in performing an infinite variety of useful acts—acts that can spring only from the purest recesses of the human heart, yet these men and women never get a hand.

New York went crazy over Miss Ederle because she had done something that a great number of New Yorkers could understand. Nobody applauds what he cannot understand —such a thing would of course, be impossible. It therefore follows that the measure of our understanding is proclaimed by our very act of selection of those whom we would honor, as well as by the amount of honor we choose to bestow.

One could go on almost indefinitely enumerating the various unusual glimpses of ourselves that we are getting by means of the radio and the movies. Who, for instance, would have believed there were so many young women who would fall for the sickish, sentimental and ofttimes disgusting songs that New York song writers of a certain class compose and sing over the radio? Practically all of these songs infringe upon good taste. They are rank and rotten—there is no other way to put it.

The probability is that people are not such fools as they sometimes seem to be. That we know so little is mostly because we have had no opportunity to know more. We sometimes seem to learn remarkably quickly, once we get a chance. There is real craving for knowledge.

Everybody who buys a newspaper buys it because he wants to know what is in it. We do not always know what knowledge is useful and what isn't, but that is because we have not been at the business long enough to become experts. Most of those who, consciously or unconsciously, are trying to educate us by means of movies, radios, newspapers and even the colleges are not experts. The directors of radios, movies and newspapers do not even try to know what knowledge would be most useful for us and what would'nt. Out for money as they are, the easiest way to get it is to take us in the ruts in which they find us.

Movie managers have seldom given evidence that they think of any thing but money. Radio managers perforate the air with music and what passes for it, explaining the while that seventy-five percent of their listeners have written in that they prefer music. What do they prefer music to? They prefer it to the other stuff that has been put on the air. Why shouldn't they? The other stuff is, for the most part, as stupid as the worst music. But is there nothing else that could be broadcast? Might not something else, if it were wisely selected, be as popular as music? At any rate, is there any sense in 600 broadcasting stations devoting seventy-five percent of their time to music?

Good music is good, but too much good music, with an utter absence of anything else that is worth while is too much. Why not try something else? There is something else. A few of the radio stations have put on educational courses prepared in colleges. Is that the right way to do it? How many persons go to college for the sheer joy of it? How many would turn off a college as they dial out a radio station if they were to consult only their own desire? It is not approximately true that a college course bears the same relationship to knowledge that dried apples bear to apples on the tree? Why not freshen up knowledge a little, when it is put on the air and make it more palatable? Writers are doing it with great results.

Radio and movie managers don't know this. They are plowing along in the stone age because it is easier to do that than to think. They declare the people are satisfied because they say they are satisfied. The people are always satisfied with what they have, provided they nothing better. The moment they know of something better they are dissatisfied. Give people something worth while to think about and present it in a way that they can understand and they will rise to it like a plant that gets sunlight all day and electric light all night.

IMPORTANCE.

You say you're not important! Why you're more important far
Than presidents and monarchs and all famous people are.
Boy o' mine, if you but knew it, what you are and what you'll be
Are all that really matters to your mother and to me.

I can prove what I am saying. If the president should die
We should feel a touch of sadness, but we shouldn't really cry.
Deaths of kings and famous people little lasting sorrow leave,
But if you were taken from us, we should never cease to grieve.

Boy, don't ever get the notion that you're not important here,
For your life is all-important to the ones who hold you dear.
You can make our lives or mar them. All our dreams are wrapped in you
You can bring us to disaster if one careless deed you do.

If you're hurt we suffer also. If you truimph we rejoice.
We are radiantly happy when you make the braver choice.
So don't think you're unimportant. What you are and what you'll be
Are all that really matters to your mother an to me.—Edgar A. Guest.

TRAIN LOAD OF COTTON SEED OIL.

(Shelby Star).

A train load of 22 tank cars of cotton seed oil, made from Cleveland county cotton seed, was shipped from the local plant of the Southern Cotton Oil company a few days ago to Bayonne, New Jersey, where it will be manufactured into Snowdrift lard and Wesson Cooking oil for the use of housewives throughout the country. J. F. Jenkins, local manager says each car contained 60,000 pounds and brought eight and a half cents per pound or a total of $112,200.00 for the twenty-two tank cars full.

This was the largest shipment ever mde from the local plant but represents only a part of a season's output. The large shipment was occasioned by a lack of storage space at Bayonne, New Jersey. The oil company owns its own tank cars and these were placed on the siding here where they were filled and kept in storage until ample storage room was available at Bayonne, N. J.

Since the oil from cotton seed has been put to the commercial use of shortening cotton seed represents a very valuable part of the cotton crop. Raw seed this year have commanded a much better price than cotton in proportion.

WHAT KIND OF FATHER ARE YOU?

Does your son know you as you are?
Do you know your son?
Does he tell his innermost secrets to you?
He surely tells them to someone.
Are you that one?
Do you go hiking with your boy?
Is it a fifty-fifty deal?
You want him to do things for you.
Your responsibility goes beyond the providing of food, clothing, shelter and education.
He is one of the citizens of tomorrow.
Perhaps a statesman, a merchant, a doctor.
What kind of a citizen will your son be?
The country's and the world's greatest need today is men, good men—men of character—noble men.

WARNS OF FOREST LOSSES.

The life and welfare of the nation is absolutely dependent upon a certain definite acreage of the country being maintained with a forest cover Joseph Hyde Pratt, Chapel Hill, N. C., president of the North Carolina Forestry Association, said today.

He spoke before the Southern Forestry Congress on "National, State and Town Forests."

"This is conclusively proved in the life of civilized countries whose histories extend back a thousand years or more," he said, "was, for instance, the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, once a fertile and prosperous country with much of its land covered with dense forests, including the 'Cedar of Lebanon,' and containing the rich and prosperous cities of Tyre and Sidon, had its forests destroyed, and now these cities are in ruins and the country is almost a barren desert.

"Palestine had its forests destroyed and is almost a desert.

"Mesopotamia, once praised on account of its fertility, is now practically a desert region.

"Sicily, once the never-failing granary of the Roman Empire, has now a large part of its area a desert region.

"China, once covered with magnificent forests, is now almost entirely deforested, and is compelled to labor vigorously to conserve enough soil to raise crops to support its people.

"Thus far in history timber is the first product in which the nations of the world have felt a shortage, as recorded in the history of Egypt, and China, and at a later date in the histories of France, Germany, Great Britian, Italy and Spain.

"These European nations realizing the need of their future timber supply began from 100 to 50 years ago the conservation of their remaining forests and the reforestation of their depleted forest areas."

Dr. Pratt said the country had a big problem on its hands to balance its forest growth and forest consumption, if the timber shortage or famine which had been experienced in the European countries was to be avoided in this country.

"To do this, it will be necessary to restore to full production, the 81 million acres of denuded land (of which only 0.04 of one per cent is now being planted annually) and the 250 million acres of second growth, most of which at the present time are producing only a fraction of what they are capable. The country should also arrange so that the remaining 138 million acres of virgin forest shall be cut in such a manner that they will be replaced by fully stocked stand to desirable species."

He said the future of "our water powers is absolutely dependent upon maintaining an adequate forest covered area on the headwaters of streams; and this is also necessary in order to maintain the navigability of the lower stretches of these streams.

"It will be seen, then, that preserving and maintaining a forest cover on the 470 million acres of land in this country which is primarily better adapted for growing timber than for any other economic pur-

pose, and which represents perhaps the minimum acreage that should be maintained in forest cover, is not only a national, but also a State and town or municipal problem.''

IS IT FAIR?

Courtesy, good maners, etiquette, so nearly synonymous terms, are all founded on respect for the rights of others, says the Kiwanis Magazine. Selfishness is their antithesis. There are so many of us in the world that we are apt to interfere with each other. To avoid this the rudiments of good taste and gentility have grown into a code of maners which make life easier for all of us.

Courtesy adds the words ''if you please'' to a command making it a request which relieves the feelings of an underling. ''Thank you'' for a service rendered relieves the recipient of obligation and repays the one doing the favor in appreciation.

The rush of modern business, the fact that so many of us are ''snowed under'' with what to us are highly important matters make us prone to forget this courtesy which acts as the lubricant to make business move smoothly and happily.

Many good exasperating acts which violate the fundamentals of good taste grow out of the use of the telephone. Many men would gain valuable instruction were they forced to attend a school of telephone manners. Men who are ordinarily well bred are boors in a telephone conversation. Not actually seeing the individual to whom they speak they respond to a voice which has to them no body, no feelings, no entity.

An example happens in every business office every day when a busy man is interrupted in dictation, calculation or serious consultation by the imperative ring. With a shake of his impatient head he picks up the receiver and growls ''Well?'' in a tone he would use to no real individual. A sweet feminine voice asks: ''Is this Mr. Busyman?'' "Yes.'' ''Just a minute, Mr. Busyman.'' Then a long silence and Mr. Busyman realizes that some discourteous, thoughtless man has told his secretary to get him on the wire. While Busyman frets and fumes at his end he is conscious that the man calling him is finishing his own dictation, calculation or consultation while he wastes his own time waiting. After several minutes a voice on the wire asks again ''Is this Mr. Busyman?'' ''Yes?'' snaps Busyman still more impatiently. ''Mr. Busyman this is Schmeltz, of Schmeltz, Schmeltz and Schemtz. We are marketing a new issue of first mortgage five per cent.....'' ''Not interested'' snaps Mr. Busyman, slapping the receiver on the hook indignantly.

Is Mr. Busyman to blame? Has Schmeltz any right to have his secretary call him until he was ready to take the wire? Can Mr. Busyman be blamed if his telephone manners are bad?

EVERY DAY ELLEN.

By Nancy Masterson.

"This farm life makes me sick! What chance is there for a fellow out here in the wilderness?" As the speaker, Hal Anderson, a tall, strongly built chap of nineteen, asked the question impatiently of his sister, Ellen, his frank, open countenance was disfigured with an angry scowl. To the boy there was something maddening in Ellen's calm, contented manner. She was sitting milking the cow with a placidity that rivalled old Bessie's, as she dipped her soft muzzle in the succulent alfalfa.

"There's plenty to do, at any rate," said the girl as she glanced up, disclosing a pair of candid blue eyes, and a good-natured freckled face. Though Ellen was about two years his junior, she had "a heap more common sense than her brother," as their father, Dan Anderson often remarked.

"Oh, yes, plenty of chores, such as milking the cow and feeding the chickens," sneered Hal. "All right for a girl, if she doesn't know any better, but what future is there for a man with ambition?" His sweeping arm included the entire scene, the dilapidated cow shed, the rambling old farm house, half hidden in a tangle of honeysuckle and rose vines, the clutter of farm implements, the barnyard stock, and beyond the fields of ripening grain.

"I reckon a man with ambition could start right in on this cow shed," said the girl with a merry twinkle in her eye. "It sure needs repairs."

"Ellen, you're hopeless!" cried the boy, thoroughly exasperated. "You have no more vision than that cow you're milking. Don't you want to get anywhere in this world?"

The girl set down the pail of foaming milk and rose from the milking stool before answering. Then she turned and faced her brother,she was a tall girl with a supple, athletic figure, bespeaking a healthy outdoor life. There was a quiet strength about her that showed now as she said slowly:

"Yes, Hal, I want to get some place, but I don't see why we have to leave the farm to do it. There are lots of prosperous folks around us. What about our neighbor, Mr. Donaldson, of Circle B ranch? Isn't he about the richest man in the state?"

"Donaldson, of Circle B!" exclaimed Hal, "Why, he's a big cattle man and so, for that matter, are all our other neighbors. We're nothing but farmers."

"What's to keep us from being cattle owners, too?" questioned Ellen shrewdly. "All we need is a start."

"That's just it," scoffed the boy. "Will you tell me how we are going to get it " Then he added determinedly, "No, Ellen, I've thought everything over and I've made up my mind. You see those mountains?" Ellen nodded as her brother indicated the Sugar Loaf Mountains, a distant range in the far-off western horizon. "Well, Bill Hendricks and I start tomorrow morning at sunrise for them. We're going to prospect for gold."

"But Hal, you're needed here on the farm. How will dad manage without you? You know we're short

one of the hands now," cried Ellen reprovingly.

But Ellen's pleas and the protestations of her father and mother were useless. The boy had made up his mind.

"When I strike pay dirt and come back home rich, you'll thank me for what I am doing now," he said that night as they sat around the table talking things over.

"Well, son," said his father finally, "I reckon your mind is made up and as long as you feel that its the right thing to do, go ahead. We'll manage without you, and Ellen here is a great help," the man patted his daughters' mop of tawny curls affectionately. He figured to himself that Hal might be back sooner than he expected. "Better take Dixie," he added to the boy. "The colt is big enough now for Ellen to ride."

In spite of the fact that Hal had spent most of his time in grumbling, his sister missed him greatly. They were deeply attached to each other and had been close companions ever since their baby days. As early the next afternoon as she could get away from her duties, Ellen saddled the colt and rode out to the boundary between the small farm and the open range. Here she drew rein and gazed off wistfully in the direction of Sugar Loaf.

She wondered just what Hal and Bill might be doing now. Perhaps there were hard at work panning the gravel in their quest for gold. Maybe, after all, she reflected with a tired sigh, maybe Hal was right. Gold had been found over there in paying quantities and great fortunes had been made by the lucky few. Perhaps it was all a mistake to stay at home and toil on and on in the same beaten path, doing the same accustomed tasks.

The colt neighed and pawed the ground restessly, as if anxious to be off. The girl patted his long, flowing mane fondly. He was a beautiful little animal, a roan with a white start on his forehead, and as fleet of foot as a greyhound. And Ellen was a skilled horsewoman, as much at home in the saddle as any of the cowboys of the Circle B ranch.

"All right, Dicky boy," she said, picking up the reins and giving the colt his head. He broke into a frisky canter, cleared the fence and made for the open fields of the Circle B range. On raced the animal, tossing his mane joyously and covering the fields in an amazing short space of time.

At last, out of breath from his mad pace, he stopped of his own accord near the edge of the deep canyon which brought the Donaldson ranch to an abrupt termination. Ellen wheeled him away from the yawning expanse beneath and surveyed with admiring gaze the smiling, peaceful scene which stretched before her. The vast herds grazed on all sides with here and there the figure of a lone rider.

In the near distance was the prize herd of Herefords, which had captured many blue ribbons for their owner. They were bunched together now, munching away industriously. The girl dismounted and threw the reins on the colt's neck. She stretched full length on the soft gress, drinking in the quiet beauty of the scene and sniffing contentedly at the sweet-scented clover.

Dick nibbled away at her side, and

Ellen, as she looked around fell to day dreaming, as was her custom, of the better time to come, when the little Anderson farm would have grown into a prosperous ranch like the Circle B. Where Hal could see nothing ahead but the drudgery of the small farmer, Ellen never tired of studying various practical methods for adding to the family income and increasing the output of their small holdings.

She was thoughtfully calculating now the most practical manner of getting in touch with the larger eastern markets for the disposal of eggs and poultry. Although Hal refused to see the possibilities of such a market, Ellen, who had taken to heart the advice and instructions of the home demonstration agent, Miss Hobbs, was eager to experiment along this line. The disposal of canned fruits and vegetables was another of Ellen's pet hobbies by which she hoped substantially to increase the farm revenue. Then, perhaps, in some not-too distant day her day dream and Hal's for a well-stocked cattle ranch might be realized.

Ellen glanced up at the sun, now well on its way towards the west. Time to be getting back, she thought. She rose to her feet and called softly to the colt, who was still grazing close by. Then her glance suddenly became fixed and concentrated on the scene before her.

Something was wrong—something was alarmingly wrong with Donaldson's prize Herefords. Just what had started the trouble Ellen could only surmise, but the entire herd was in rapid motion. They were heading straight for the edge of the precipiece, half crazed with fear and folblindly in the wake of a bellowing, madly careening leader. A cloud of dust rose over them, and in the distanee above the bawling of the steers Ellen could distinguish the cries of the men.

A stampede!

Ellen took in the situation in a flash. Dick, catching the contagion of terror, shied violently and would have joined in the wild melee, were it not for the steadying hand and voice of his mistress. Trembling in every limb and with his eyes rolling in agitation, he remained rooted to the spot.

On came the herd. In a few more moments they would go dashing blindly past the girl to be hurled to pieces at the bottom of the canyon.

The cowboys were closing in at the rear and spurring their horses desperately in a futile effort to intercept the inevitable finish. A hopeless attempt, thought Ellen. Only some force between them and the precipiece could stop them now. And she alone stood between them and certain destruction. What could she do? There was not a moment to be lost.

Before the girl's excited imagination came the possibility of what might happen if she should fail in an attempt at stopping the herd. She shuddered at the thought and the colt whinnied in fright. She had known of instances where men were stamped to death under those pounding, merciless hoofs.

But only for a second did Ellen waver. Then with deft fingers she unloosed the saddle, flinging it aside and seizing the blanket from beneath. She spread its folds then leaped to the colt's bare back, spurring him with all her might straight at the ad-

vancing leader. She waved the blanket frantically and urged Dick on as she bore down on the frightened herd.

The effect was almost instantaneous The leader, faced by the determined, oncoming figure with the fluttering blanket, shied instinctively from Ellen's path. At once, the entire herd whirled with him, swerving to the left and the safety of the broad acres. Here they were quickly rounded up by the punchers.

The ground shook as the cattle dashed past the girl in a cloud of dust. Ellen brought Dick to a halt as quickly as possible, then crumpled to the ground, exhausted and panting for breath. Now that it was all over she was trembling and unnerved.

One of the men, Ted Holt, came running to her assistance.

"That was the gamest thing I ever saw, Miss Ellen," he cried in excited admiration. "Only for you that prize bunch would have been gone to kingdom come by now." He helped the girl to her feet and led her to a seat under a nearby tree. When the pony was re-saddled, Ellen assured Tod and the others who had gathered around that she was "all right" and able to go home.

"Wait 'til the old man hears about this," prophesied Tod knowingly as he left Ellen, after escorting her to the farmyard gate.

It was sunset of the third day after Ellen's adventure, and Ellen was back at her prosiac job of milking old Bess, when Dixie clattered joyously into the barn and Hal clambered down from her back. Mare and rider were both glad to be home, and the boys sighed in weary contentment as he surveyed the familiar scene.

"Well, sis," he cried, "still right on the job, I see."

Ellen jumped up happily at the sound of the well-known, teasing voice.

"Oh, Hal," she cried eagerly, as she greeted him with a fond embrace. "What luck?"

Hal shook his head gloomily, and a disappointed expression crossed his face.

"Not a thing," he answered in evident dejection. "Bill and I worked from sunrise to sunset all up and down the creeks and river beds for three days and never saw a trace of pay dirt."

The girl waited until Hal had completed his story. Then, with eyes that twinkled with mirth, she led him to the back door of the barn, opening on the pasture.

"Look, Hal," she exclaimed. The boy's astonished gaze took in the unusual sight. There, grazing peacefully, were three of the finest beef cattle that Hal had ever seen. "There's the beginning of the Anderson ranch," added Ellen.

"What do you mean, Ellen?" asked her brother in blank wonderment. "They look to me for all the world like three of Old Man Donaldson's blue ribbon Herefords."

"Then there is nothing wrong with your eyesight," answered his sister with a happy laugh. "That's just what they are, or I should say, were" she ammended. Then she told Hal of the stampede of the prize herd and of her own part in the exciting happenings.

"The very next morning," she went on, "Mr. Donaldson himself drove up to the house with three of the blue-ribbon winners as a present for

me. He congratulated dad on being the father of the bravest girl he ever knew and he told me I was a real heroine.''

''And, Hal,'' added Ellen, ''he said that he made his start with less than three steers and that he didn't see any reason why we couldn't be just as successful as he.''

''Well,'' remarked Hal thoughtfully, ''I reckon you've got the right idea, Ellen, after. No more chasing rainbows for me. I'm going to dig for that pot of gold right here in the backyard and find it, too.''

Get a man with a plan and the more money he has the greater is his chance of doing a larger work; but a plan without a man is as bad as a man without a plan—the more he has the more he wastes.—Arthur T. Hadley.

JAIL FOR SINCLAIR.

(Reidsville Review).

Harry F. Sinclair faces jail.

A relatively short term; a relative small offense.

Yet if Sinclair goes to jail after he has exhausted every appeal, he will be the richest American who ever sat in a cell; and so the verdict of guilty, found by a District of Columbia jury, is important.

This man is a multi-millionaire, and one of the most powerful individuals, in the world.

It is often said that in this country you can not convict a million dollars. That much money has a very real appeal to the imagination of all men. It must have had an appeal to the imagination of this jury, for in the face of the simplest, clearest case imagionable, the jurors debated more than seven hours before they reached their dicision.

The Senate had possessed power to summon witnesses before it in the exercise of its business from the days of the adoption of theConstitution.

It had done so, and its power had seldom been questioned. Yet Sinclair believed his wealth was powerful enough to exempt him from the operation of the law.

It is not the law that is vindicated by the verdict of the jury. It has been sustained before this.

This Sinclair verdict, if Sinclair finally goes to jail, will establish a more vital thing—proof that this law shall and does apply to all men alike, of high station or of low, of great wealth or of little.

TREASURY STREET.

The narrowest street in the United States is believed to have been laid out in 1585 by the Spaniards who settled St. Augustine, Florida. This street, known as Treasury Street, measures only seven feet in width—Ex.

MIDDLETON PLACE GARDENS.

(E. T. H. S.)

The history of these famous old gardens on the Ashley River near Charleston extends back for more than two centuries and a half. Soon after the original grant the estate passed into the possession of the Middleton family through the marriage of the heirless of John Williams to Henry Middleton in whose descendants the ownership has continued down to the present time. The real beginning of the landcsape work was when in 1740 Henry Middleton, who was later president of the Continental Congress, sent to England for an experienced landscape gardener under whose guidance 100 slaves are said to have worked for ten years. With this force he created not only the formal terraces, the walks and ornamental waters but skillfully blended the glory of the coastal forests, the wistful vitas of river and marsh with the well-ordered beauty of the European garden. The march of many years has mellowed the loveliness of his handiwork while the lustre of great names and the stirring acts of history staged here enhance the human appeal of this eighteenth century river domain.

The fame of the gardens was early widespread; a writer in the Century Magazine says, "Before the Revolution the gardens of Mr. Middleton of Carolina were noted in England, and deservedly so."

Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was another proprietor of Middleton Place. He died in 1787 and sleeps in the great grey tomb in the quiet of the garden. He was followed by his son Henry Middleton, governor of South Carolina and later United States Minister to Russia. At his invitation Andre Michaux, the celebrated French botanist, came to Middleton Place. Through him Mr. Middleton procured the first Camellia Japonica ever brought to America. Of the four plants set out by Michaux three are yet living and blooming after a century and a half. Williams Middleton who inherited the estate in 1846 embellished the gardens with the magnificent collection of Azalea Indica that now brightens groves and terraces each spring with a many colored flame. During his life came the War Beween the States and in 1865, after the fall of Charleston, Middleton House with the other homes along the Ashley River was pillaged and burned. The right wing of the building partly escaped and this has been restored as a country home by the present owner.

During the Revolution the British held Middleton Place. They detroyed much of the furniture and also many works of art. They even cut the head from West's picture of Arthur Middleton whom they deemed a leader in the revolt against their king yet they did no harm to the building. The American army later encamped at Middleton Place before reentering Charleston and there were arranged terms for the final departure of the British from Carolina.

Aside from its sheer beauty, from

its appeal as a shrine of American history Middleton Place holds rare interest because of the infinite variety of flowers, shrubs and trees, both native and exotic in the gardens. Located as it is, where the eternal summer of the far south blends with the decidious forests of the north the the range of plant life is almost without limit. Dr. John K. Small, curator of the New York Botanical Gardens calls Middleton Place "a botanical paradise." Besides the Camellia Japonica, Michuax introduced here many other new plants, among them the Japanese varnish tree, the Chinese candleberry, the ginko tree, the Asiatic accacia or mimosa tree, the tea plant and the Chinese azalea. With each generation of owners new trees and shrubs have been added so that today these gardens tell the botanical story of this section. For years the river marshes were reclaimed and cultivated in rice, a crop that brought great wreath to Carolina. Valuable deposits of phosphate rock were also mined in the marsh and the adjacent high-land.

While countless varieties of flowers are found in the gardens the greatest glory of Middleton Place is during the spring season of the camellias and the azaleas. Ancient camellia bushes lift their glossy foliage into long hedges twenty feet high, again they meet forming cool tunnels of verdure studded with wax-like blossoms above old brick garden walks. Here the azalea masses reat to frame open courts and squares, there they pattern with color the curving lines of terrace, again they spread into wide Elysian fields. Amy Lowell writes of this spot, "Step lightly down these terraces, they are the records of a dream."

Middleton Place plantation embraces nearly 7,000 acres; the grounds and gardens cover 40 acres.

The visitor, after passing through the gates, crossing a wide lawn and enters the garden proper through the ruins of the mansion. This building was erected by the first Henry Middleton about 1740. It was built in the Tudor style with massive walls of brick. The main house, three stories high, was connected by arched colonnades with two story wings or "flankers" on either side. Only the right wing stands today. Looking down from the steps of the ruined house one sees to the right the restored wing shaded by vast, venerable live-oaks. Directly in front is a level space with walks of Camellias and spice buches, then the long curved terraces sweeping down to the two "butterfly" lakes and the ancient rice-mill while in the distance, through the marsh, flows the Ashley River. This section of the gardens terminates at the left in the Long Terrace beyond which are the sunken gardens, once the Bowling Green, the rose garden and the many and beautiful camellia and azalea walks. The five lakes at different levels form pleasing mirrors for the azaleas that crowd their banks and for cypress trees and grey moss far overhead.

The haunting beauty and the pathetic story of these Ashley River gardens have been epitomized by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly—Gardens that rejoice with blaze of ozalea and japonica; gardens that remember with cypress and black waters."

DRESS COST JUST $1.13.

(Capper's Weekly).

"I would like for some of you senators to tell me what you think my dress cost." The question was modestly put. It was addressed to the Senate committee on agriculture a recent morning, by Gladys Bull, 17-year-old Maryland farm girl.

"About $135, judging from the Washington scale," hazarded Senator Smith, South Carolina family man.

Senator Heflin guessed $35. determined to be well within the actual figure.

"One dollar and thirteen cents," smiled Gladys, "not counting my work."

Gladys had just told the committee how her farm girls' club had found it could take seemingly useless old clothes and make really attractive dresses from them at little expense. "When I joined the club," she added, "there were only two of us in it. Now the club has grown for 10 miles and there are 15 girls. First we took up poultry, canning and sewing. At home we had never been able to have our canned vegetables keep through the winter. I learned the use of the steam-pressure cooker. Mother bought one. Since then we have worked together. Now every winter we have our own canned fruits, meats and vegetables.

"Last spring I started an own-your-own-room project. My room was not attractive. The furniture was dark. So I did it all over, repainted it, repainted the floor, and made a rag rug from some strips of rag carpet that had been my grandmother's. Now I have a very attractive room which repays me for the work I did."

Gladys and Charley Hines, 19-year-old Maryland farm boy, were prize exhibits that morning at the meeting of the committee to consider the Capper-Ketchum bill authorizing appropriations for boys' and girls' club work under supervision of the farm colleges. It was the first time in history two young people had appeared before a congressional committee. Charley had told how he had joined a pig club, introduced purebred swine on his father's farm, made money, won two state contests, won $225 in premium money and had been given charge of all the livestock on the farm by his dad.

Charley and Gladys made a great hit. At the close of the hearing the senators reported the bill unanimously without going into executive session and Senator Capper was congratulated on getting the young people to come to Washington to show the committee what such club work means and does. There are 600,000 farm boys and girls in these clubs, and 11,000,000 on farms.

Senator Capper is strong for the club idea because of his 12 years' experience, in promoting calf, pig, and poultry clubs in Kansas. We learn most by doing. That's the idea.

WHICH KNEW NOT JOSEPH.

By Bruce Barton.

It's a very old story; but it never needed telling so much as in this present hour.

His name was Joseph, and he was carried away from home, and found himself in Egypt, a strange new land. Because he was good-looking and intelligent and a hard worker, he rose rapidly until he became prime minister. Except the king, there was no other man in Egypt more influential or more celebrated.

His relatives learned with interest of his rise. They followed into Egypt and with help they, too, prospered and were likewise influential. It looked as though they were permanently provided for, as thought nothing could happen to dislodge them.

But in a single generation—yes, in a little fraction of a generation—the unbelievable occurred. The people who were so centented, so free from all concern, were hurled from their high position into the bitterness of slavery. The thing that had happened to them is recorded in a single sentence. Joseph died.

And "there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph."

Only a few years since Joseph's death—and the king knew little about him and cared less. His name had been a byword in the ancient world; but a few people passed away, some new ones were born, and presto, he was as much forgotten as though he had never lived.

I would print that story large upon the office walls of thousands of men these changing days. On the walls of business men, for example.

Only last week I talked with a man who told me that his company controlled seventy-five per cent of the business in its line of work a quarter of a century ago. Today this company controls less than twenty per cent. The men who owned it had grown self-satisfied; and almost overnight a new virile competitor arose, and with advertising pushed the older company from its place of power. Our fathers knew that older company well; but you and I have hardly heard its name.

A new generation has arisen, a new king, which knows not Joseph.

I would print it on the walls of writers and of preachers and of lawmakers, and of every man who wants to see the race progress.

You think that you have told your story to the world, and that therefore your task is done. Overnight a new world has been born that has never heard your story.

You think because the gospel has been preached for nineteen hundred years that by that preaching the race must automatically be saved. Every sermon preached as long ago as yesterday is already dead.

A little slackening of the effort, a little moment of self-satisfaction, and all the momentum gained by years of work is lost. For the world moves more swiftly today than ever before in its history. And even in the very instant of your self-content the silence is shattered by the trampling of new feet.

Behold, another generation has come, a new king who cares naught

for precedents, in whose experience nothing is fixed—a king in whose sight Yesterday has been cold a thousand years; a king which knows not Joseph.

PLUNDERED TREASURES.

On the day after Hallowe'en last year gates, parts of picket fences, tires, dead cats and other household articles were found draped over telephone crossarms, in the branches of trees and on chimneys.—Galveston Daily News.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

Copernicus, Kepler, Newton! These three men stand for the most far reaching generalizations known in the history or the human intellect.

Copernicus, alone and unaided, worked out the theory that the earth moved around the sun, instead of the sun's moving around the earth. That was in 1531.

Then, in 1609, Kepler announced that the earth and other planets moved around the sun in elliptical orbits, and stated the laws of motion which determined it.

And finally, in 1687, came Newton, with the "Principia" and "Gravitation," and the mechanism of the heavens was complete.

Ever since the publication of Copernicus's book, 125 years before, the existence of some kind of force, had been thought of as accounting for the movements of the planets, but it was left to Newton to demonstrate what that force was.

Newton began his Herculean task in 1665, when he saw the apple fall in the garden at Woolsthorpe, but that he was able to announce the truth he was after.

In his first attempt he was defeated by the fact that he employd a figure for the radius of the earth which was derived from an erroneous valuation of the length of a degree of longitude.

Because of this error in the figure mentioned he could reach no conclusion, but going over his calculations and finding no material mistake, he abandoned the study for a time and turned his attention to light.

In 1679 more accurate figures of the earth's diameter became available, and Newton resumed his studies. In 1684 his conclusions were confidentially given to Halley, who begged him to put it in the "Principia." Four years later, 1687, it was given to the world.

The most notable scientific work ever published rested on this law.

"Every particle of matter attracts every other particle, with a force directly proportional to their masses, and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them."

During the years that Newton was thinking out his great problem he was as near being a pure spirit as could be. I remember this story about him:

When in the midst of his studies on gravitation he was sitting snug up to a large stove which was uncomfortably warm. Calling his servant, he ordered him to remove the stove. The servant suggested to his master that it might be just as well if he moved his chair.

In 1703 Newton was elected President of the Royal Society, a position which he held until his death, being re-elected twenty-four consecutive years.

Sir Isaac died March 20, 1727, at the age of eighty-five, and his ashes repose in Westminister Abbey, along with the other immortals who share with him the honors of the illustrate resting place.

SWEET SLEEP.

(News and Observer.)

Science, or pseudo-science, is devoting considerable attention these days to sleep. It has been alleged that sleep is poison, that if we slept less we would be happier and more efficient. Experiments have been undertaking to show that by reducing the number of sleeping hours the mind becomes more acute and sustains mental activity with less effort. At least one news feature syndicate has gone on the market with a series of articles on sleep entitled "A Third of Life" or something to that effect.

It strikes the average man that until he can find some way to spend his waking hours more profitably and pleasurably he will not go experimenting with one human process that seems to be generally satisfactory. Why run around worrying about whether we move every 15 minutes or every two hours during sleep when there is enough to concern us already about our waking movements? Until we can curb some of the fool things we do wide-awake, there isn't much point in being disturbed about the unconscious activities of sleep.

One investigator, after a vast number of experiments, has announced as a solemn conclusion that six hours of sleep on a soft, comfortable bed is worth eight hours sleep on a hard, uncomfortable bed. Maybe so, but why not eight hours on a soft, comfortable bed? Or even nine, on occasions?

We don't know how much sleep these experimenters themselves are losing in their effort to cut down the sleep ration of the rest of mortals but most of us, for the present anyhow, will stand by the conclusions of Sancho Panza in Don Quixote:

> Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The boys have begun to play on the tennis courts at the ballground again.

Last week all the boys of this institution had the pleasure of writing a letter to their home folks.

The incubators have been set again. Soon we will have more little chicks in our little chick house.

Boys in most all the school rooms are starting to learn speeches. They are to be prepared for a contest that is to be held soon.

A number of boys, and members of the barn force, have been transplanting trees during the past few days.

The boys of the barn force have again started to plow. Soon all the fields, which are to be planted, will be plowed—then they start planting.

All the boys went to the ballground last Saturday afternoon. Some of them engaged themselves in playing baseball. The others found amusement for themselves during their stay at the ballground.

For the boys' Sunday School lesson last Sunday they had a Review of all the lessons that they have studied during the past quarter. "Studies In The Christian Life" was the subject of the Review lesson. "If you love me, keep my commandments"—John 14: 15, was the golden text. New quarterlies are to be given to the boys soon.

The boys have been praticing singing new hymns, under the direction of Mrs. Fisher. During most every —or anytime they are called on to sing, they are ready. They—of course, all of these boys like to sing. If you don't believe it, ask some of our visitors who have heard them—or come and hear them yourself and be convinced.

Last Thursday the work lines retired to the cottages on account of the rain and cold weather. During the last few days we have had some ideal Spring days, some very cool—or cold—days; then came rain. We don't mind rain, for it was needed, though not very badly. We are glad to have warm days of the Springtime with us. It received a cordial welcome from everybody.

Happiness always has effect on most every one. We can easily tell —most always—when one is happy, just look them in the face—you'll see. They can be singled out from the crowd—anytime or anywhere. So it is with us who have been disappointed—or are unhappy. There are many who are like this every day. Probably one person is happy one day and the very next morning wakes up and thinks everything in the world has gone wrong—then when this individual changes—all in a night. Happiness doesn't stay with one person always; it travels on—and so does

sadness—or then he isn't happy. Then we can't never ascertain when we are to be happy—or when we will change from happiness to something else. This is why it—happiness—hardly ever stays with one person always.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon, as usual. The speaker, Mr. Stuart, of Charlotte, told the boys how they would or should be twenty-five years from that day, "March 1952—twenty-five years from today—boys, think of it. What will you be doing?" Mr. Stuart then read (as what would be printed about the boys and their work in 1952) about different boys who had erected a large church and carrying on other successful business. "The thing, boys, that you think about, is that you haven't a chance—yes, certainly you have. Look at these men who were only newsbutchers on the trains, delivery boys, delivering newspapers to the different homes in London and other places. Men who had practically nothing—made a success." Why can't we? This was an interesting talk and we hope that Mr. Stuart will come again and speak to us.

Just a few days ago we had visitors, who came to give the School "the once over." We have a great many visitors with us at times. We are very glad to have them and take delight in showing them about the institution. Not long ago some visitors were being showed around by our Superintendent, Mr. Boger—they were from Winston-Salem, by the way. Most every person who has been to the School only once or twice will be surprised at the works of the boys here. These visitors came to the print shop, the shoe shop, the school rooms, the laundry, bakery and carpenter shop. The dairy and the granary and other places of interest were included in their inspection. They seemed to be pleased at our works and school system. A news-reporter takes space in one of the Winston-Salem papers to tell of the work that is being carried on here and of the boys also. We hope that they will come and visit us again—soon.

WHEN FREAK MEETS FREAK.

The only time a horse gets scared nowadays is when he meets another horse.—North Jersey Motorist.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Ir Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No.	40	to New York	9:28 P. M
No.	136	to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No.	36	to New York	10:25 A. M.
No.	34	to New York	4:43 P. M.
No.	46	to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No.	32	to New York	9:03 P. M.
No.	30	to New York	1:5[illegible] A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No.	35	to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No.	29	to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No.	31	to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No.	33	to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No.	11	to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No.	135	to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No.	37	to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No.	37	to New Orleans	10:45 A. M

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 9, 1927. No. 16

MEETING THE PROBLEM

It costs nothing whatever to think optimistically, so why not chase away discouraging thoughts as fast as they appear! An old adage says that a coward dies a thousand deaths while a brave man but once. Imaginary troubles are worse than the real ones. Somehow people are prepared for the real ones, but the others, self-made and unnecessary, are not taken care of in the same way.

—Oxford Friend.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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WHAT NEXT?

If Bishop Cannon and others, who have issued an alarm regarding situations at mill communities, could know fully the conditions that obtain about Kannapolis, Forest Hill, Albermarle, Dan Rhyne's village in Lincoln county, the Cone developement at Greensboro and many others in the state, they would realize that they had taken in too much territory.

Human comforts at these places have not been overlooked; religious opportunities have been encouraged; educational facilities compare with the best in the state; the elbow touch markedly friendly; aspiration to make their several communities speak good fellowship; encouraging a participation in public affaris—all bespeak a spirit of brotherhood.

What next?

A NEW ERA.

We are in the midst of strange and novel things. Standardization of everything seems to be the goal—individualism is in the discard. You hear much about the Budget System, or the "b-o-o-g-i-t" as pronounced by a certain distinguished North Carolina statesman. The budget system seems to be fundamentally sound as applied to business. But there are budgets and budgets. The trouble, if any, lies in their administration—either at one end, or the other or at both ends.

The national government started this thing a-going. It appears in the national government to be a lame agency, if not impotent. No congress ever meets without having to contend with a deficiency bill to remedy shortsight-

edness or error in human judgment. It is not due to rascality or dishonesty or incompetency. It is due to the lack of human genius to foretell what the future holds in store.

No one short of an angel direct from Heaven (and we almost doubt his ability to do so) could tell the cost of feeding four hundred growing boys for a year ahead or for even three months. It is not vouchsafed to mortal man the power to know how many are to be sick and need attention by medical authorities or subjects of sugery; or to know when a pipe-line is to spring a leak; or a tractor go to the bad or a hundred other things that may enter into the proposition to upset a calculation. Yet a strict administration of the average budget system contemplates that man must be infailible in these things.

The idea, and it is a good one, is to practice economy; but our observation for the moment seems to indicate it is at the expense of efficiency in service, hinders progress and is the overlapping of authority to the point of confusion. These observations may prove groundless after more extended experience with the system.

This budget idea, by legisaltive authority, is to be tried out by the several counties of the state. Its introduction involves additional expense in the employment of another officer, which means not economy but more expense.

Let us hope that it will prove to be what its authors claim for it.

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ESSAYS ON THE GOOSE.

Mr. MacNeill, a staff correspondent of the Raleigh News & Observer, has a big time with his "Cellar and Garret." It gives him latitude, and he uses it to the great pleasure of his readers. Ben Dixon MacNeill, in fact, is an institution, and it must have a Cellar and Garret.

One would think that his subjects might run out; but they never do. All this is due to the fact of his country rearing—he has ploughed, hoed, saddled calves, tied strings to dogs' tails, gone a-fishing, ate corn bread, never handicapped by pajamas in his youth, set rabbit boxes, 'tended the chickens and geese out on his country preserves, and went to Sunday School.

Like Gov. McLean, MacNeill has a storehouse of experiences that stand him to the good in times of emergency—experiences that have never blessed a town child to his hurt and debilitation. Sometimes MacNeill slips up. He takes in too much territory—kind of runs away. His latest is that automobiles never murder geese on the highway. Being called down on this pro-

position, he gracefully sidestepped by telling of the struggle Gov. McLean, when a boy, had with a goose. It is so interesting to us country-reared fellows, and will be information to others, that the Uplift reproduces it.

If MacNeill can find the time to run down to Nansemond county in eastern Virginia he will get some thrilling stories about the doings and performances of geese. His forty-year old goose is an infant in comparison to some in that section of Virginia. They live there to be upwards of one hundred years. They go blind, but never lose their hearing in that section of our glorious country. Just a few years since a goose departed this life at the age of 74, twenty of these he was stone-blind but his hearing was acute. He walked by faith and was led to his feed by sound.

We call it, him or her "he." Our informant did not specify whether the subject was a goose or a gander.

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HE STILL LIVES.

It is noted by the News & Observer that the 184th birthday anniversary of Thomas Jefferson passed last Saturday without celebration in America. The Raleigh paper goes on further to say:

If Jefferson had never been President, he would still have a large place in American history.

It is not alone as the author of the Declaration of Independence and as chairman of the committee that drafted the Constitution that he is entitled to a large place in the Hall of Fame. As a champion of free speech and a free press, his influence has been felt largely in America. In the largest sense he was the author of the liberties of which we are so justly proud. Jefferson did not publish a newspaper, and rarely wrote for newspapers, but he realized to the largest degree the necessity of free speech in a republic. "If left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate for a moment to prefer the latter," he declared. This is the supreme test of one's belief in a free press. Jefferson met it bravely. He was attacked on every hand by the newspapers of his day, yet he did not flinch. He was content to abide the passing of time to vindicate the principles for which he stood.

He met the test, too, in his championship of human rights as superseding all other considerations, in his belief that men are created free and equal, in his advocacy of opportunity for all comers, in his confidence that the checks and balances of the Constitution are reasonable and just and in

his acceptance of the principle that the final judgments of the people are right.

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BOYS AND BIRDS.

When most of us were boys, says the Lexington Dispatch, there was nothing to restrain us from slaughtering the innocent birds, robbing their nests or knocking them to pieces with rocks just to prove our aim, except conscience. Since the State had no community conscience directed to the protection of bird life, the boy conscience was not developed along that line either.

Then about all the State protected was the buzzard, and who among us does not recall with what awe we regarded the buzzard under the protecting arm of the law. No sir, we didn't try our pokestocks on the buzzards. But robins, larks, redbirds, chickadees, yellow breasts, woodcocks, woodpeckers, thrashers, the innocent doves, bluebirds, wrens, catbirds, and many other familiar friends were fair prey. With what glee the catbirds were slain memory is yet green with most of us, for that meant more sarvice berries left for unlimited boy appetites. Not satisfied with what might be killed in open day light when the birds at least had the chance of flying, many boys thought it sport to go out at nights with torches and brushes and slay the sleeping birds in the thickets along the streams.

But now it is all changed and the law has stepped in to give the boy something else besides a buzzard conscience in regard to his relations with the feathered friends of man, and especially of the farmer. The game laws of the State have been broadened now until all of these that used to be fair prey for primitive urge to kill are wards of the State and may not be molested without making criminals of tormentors. Birds and their nests are protected and all boys who are taught by their elders that the law is made for the benefit of man and should be highly regarded will have a conscience to help them in conserving the wonderful wild life about us.

The buzzard is no longer sacred. It has been found that his work as scavenger is not needed and he may be slain at will. He is a desease spreader. No useful purpose has been found for the existence of the crow commensurate with the damage he does, so crows may be slain and their nests may be destroyed with impunity as has been the case all along. The chicken hawk is a destructive pest in the eye of the law and the shotgun may still be kept handy for visits to the barnyard. Of the ordinary groups of birds only the

jay bird is left outside the pale of the law, and since its passage many admirers have come forward to say that the irrepressible jay should also be protected. He was left outside the law because some contend that he follows the bad habbit of robbing the nests of other birds. But at that he should at least be given a fair trail and treatment in accordance with the evidence. The English sparrow is simply a pest and the law holds he should be gotten out of the way by fair means or foul.

But outside of these few exceptions noted practically all the birds are protected by the law. Game birds, which in this section include the partridge wild turkeys, which do not exist here any more, and a ew others well recognized as game may be taken under certain restrictions during a limited period of each year. All other birds not specifically expected are under the protection of the law the whole year long and may sing in undisturbed happiness if boys will keep their conscience handy.

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GETTING TO THE TOP.

Dr. Alferd Adler, the Viennese psychologist, observes the Asheville Citizen, after looking over the American scenes says: "The competitive spirit appears in every phase of American life. Your young men and women are striving to be gods and goddesses. When they fall short of their ideal, they suffer breakdowns—hence the suicide, the criminal, the neurotic. Every man must have a record. The American wants to be a conqueror in everything he does."

Things are different in Vienna. There, declares the learned doctor, "if a man is competitive, if he strives to be a leader, he hides it like a shame. If a student is ambitious to stand at the head of his class, he is ridiculed. Football and other games are played and attended for recreation, not for championships. In Europe a good man who misses success is still respected and beloved."

If the Viennese and other Europeans like to live that way, they are welcome to the inevitable results. Europe is old, and age likes to sit by the fire and tell itself that it has done enough. Over here we are young, and we have work to do, distinction to win.

The doctor to the contrary notwithstanding, the object of life is to improve, progress and go forward. The boy who plays a game without any desire to win is certain to be a poor player. The man who goes to his job without the wish for promotion is bound to become a loafer or a poor workman.

The human machine is so geared that it responds best to an incentive, and a hard-driving incentive at that.

When the Greeks threw the javelin and the Latins thundered down the course in the chariot races, the populace, frenzied by excitement, cheered the winner who was signally honored by the sovereign. It has been so through all history. The desire to excel, to win, to stand above the average, has made civilization. The winners in life are the ones who have benefited the race. The boy or the man whose mind is not quickened by a worthy ambition is licked before he starts.

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PLAN FOR FARMING IN THE SOUTH BOOSTED BY SOUTHERN.

Emphasis is laid on the Cow, Hog and Hen program, as fitting in with all types of farming and applicable to all parts of the South, in a special edition of the Southern Field, just issued by the Development Service of the Southern Railway System.

It is made up principally of articles written by Southern Railway System Agriculture Agents, pointing out the opportunities for profits from diversified crops, live stock and poultry, with many illustrations showing in dollars and cents the profits that have been made by individual farmers from live stock, poultry and crops other than cotton.

It is pointed out that, by diversification, the growing of special crops, production of dairy and poultry products and raising of sheep and hogs, the farmer may have a profitable income throughout the year, even more than sufficient to pay all farm and living expenses, leaving the proceeds of cotton or other major crops as clear net profit at the end of the year.

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STAINS THAT REMAIN.

From an old writing in a forign language, quotes the editor of Young Folks, the following lines have been translated and put into poetic measure:

"A speck upon your ivory fan
You soon may wipe away;
But stains upon the heart or tongue
Remain, alas, for aye."

Stains are worrysome things, especially when they are on things of value. A costly gown may be well-nigh ruined by an irremovable stain. Fine products depreciate in value because of stains. It matters not how these stains come, if they are there to stay, their damage is undeniable. Now the heart

and tongue are such important parts of us that we do not want them stained. Think of a stained heart, stained so that the stains remain! The cause of these stains may be corrupt thinking, contact with wickedness, seeing the vicious, loving the vile. And there are countless opportunities to have these stains. It is too sad to imagine that anyone would deliberately put these stains on his heart. But, can we deny that many lives are thus stained? How about the tongue, which stands for all that we say? It may be stained by evil words. Listening to a casual conversation between two boys recently, we learned in a few words we overheard that both of them had stained tongues. Listening to men and women in their talk is often evidence that the stains on tongues are apt to remain. What with oaths and what with smut they express their thoughts. Even to excuse these stains by saying it is just habit and they do not mean it, does not make the stain any less obnoxious. If these stains on heart and tongue could be flicked off like dust from a coat, it would not be so dreadful to see them on others, or find them on ourselves, but these stains cannot be removed easily, if at all.

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WHAT THE PRESIDENT THINKS OF THE BIBLE

Though not availing himself of the privilege of church membership before becoming president, Calvin Coolige rings clear on the vital importance of the Bible in the affairs of government. In a letter to the organizer of the Bible class of a certain Washington church he took occasion to say:

"The foundation of American society and government rests so much on the teachings of the Bible that it would be difficult to support them if faith in these teachings should cease to be practically universal in our country."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

It is a matter of note that so many men are looking for better jobs with so little inclination to do better work.

People are always saying "there's room at the top." That is so from the fact that the top is not so much crowded. But let me tell you, friends, neighbors and citizens; it's a blamed sight harder to stay there than it is to get there.

This go-getter business is all right in theory. But it is a lamentable disappointment to do a great deal of going resulting in so little getting.

Talking about recommending things here's one that takes the prize. "Your remedy has worked wonders in my case," wrote a grateful woman to the patent medicine concern. "When I began taking it six weeks ago, I was so weak I could not spank the baby. Now I am able to lick the stuffings out of my husband. May heaven bless you, sirs."

A colored bootlegger, several minutes ahead of the officers, appeared at the railway station, and excitedly said: "Gimme a ticket on de speediest train what runs. I craves distance and you needunt mind where to." "But the fast train has just gone," replied the ticket agent. Ne' mind. Jest show me de track what it lef on."

A close observer of human nature advises not to have one tone of voice for the customer and another for the employe; one tone of voice for the home and another for company and the street. It breeds hyprocrisy.

A young fella who has developed a fondness for writing for the papers, gives me his experience in his new found pleasure. It fits most writers, to tell the truth. The following lines reveals his thrills:

"There's one joy comes fresh with repeating,
That you hope the gods never will stint.
Call it vain if you will, but still it's a thrill,
When you see your own efforrts in print.

You may think that the subject is trifling,
That the wording is hackneyed and worn;
But you read o'er and o'er, then scan it some more,
'Till you scarce can believe that it's yourn."

I have heard of many varieties of lazy people but, I think this case tops the bunch. It is told of a cook so lazy that he puts popcorn into his pancakes to make them turn themselves.

Things are not like they used to be—say, some 60 or70 years ago. I'm glad of it. How would you like to go back to the days when they wore red flannel underwear, even the girls? In those days, or a little further

back, when a man missed a stage coach he had to settle down and wait three days for the next one. Now if he misses one section of a revolving door he "raises a rumpus." Those days are styled "good old days." They were; wood to chop, horses to feed, cows to milk, ashes to carry out and wood to bring in; rough and muddy roads—no automobiles; no movies; no radios; no telephones; no electric lights, but tallow dips to mould—giddap horsey, keep your tail up and let's leave them further behind.

The police are continually warning motorists against picking up people while driving. In one point of view that is good advice, but in another it is cruel and heartless to go by unconcerned, or drive off and leave them for the ambulance.

Some men talk a lot; in fact several lots; and even go on to broad achers. They go right on talking, and it appears that they do not want people to know what they are talking about.

It has always been a puzzel to me why the water runs so much colder in the shower bath than it does in the drinking water faucet. Ever notice the difference?

It was a cozy room, revealing all the comforts and refinement of comfortable living, with evidences of the presence of "a little fairy." But the room was the embodiment of silence. Unwrinkled the coverlet on the little bed. The pillow was as smooth as the bosom of a placid lake. Dollies were resting here and there just as she had left them. They looked as if they wondered where she could be, and why away so long. Some one was absent who had been putting them to bed, and tucking them in so softly. Huddled together, through several long nights, was Alice, and Jessie, and Jennie, and Eunice and Dinah, and Jocko, the monkey; the celluliod lady and a wee China baby —all waiting for her. By the bed was a teddy-bear looking backward over his shoulder; near a chair was a rag dolly with one arm hanging by a thread or two. Over there was a little shoe. The toe was worn to a slit to let the foot peep out. The heel was run down. A little blue stocking near by. There was a little white cap with a bit of blue ribbon on it, hanging on a little chair A little china dog, by the side of a doll's bed, with a sad-eyed expression. They were all waiting silently for their little mistress. In a white ward, in a hospital, where nurses attend her like ladies in waiting attend a queen, and prayers were being said for her recovery, in the grip of fever, was the "little, prattling fairy" that is away from her household pets. Some day, it's hoped, she's coming back in gladness to the wee waiting dollies, and they will dance with glee, the teddy-bear will smile, and the China dog will wag his tail in joy.

This thing of newspapers telling its readers about the weather for the next day is a risky business. More frequently than otherwise the forecast is incorrect. Most of the local prognostications are all right, but they are not remembered. Like a

man's good deeds they are likely to be passed over and unnoticed, but a misstep on his part is broadcast far and wide. No concientious newspaper man will presume to guess at the weather. He has all the facilities of the United States government at his disposal. So the newspaper, when it is wrong, can "pass the buck" back to Uncle Sam, except for the fact that experience should teach the publication that even the weather man cannot always tell. I have been fooled many times. I have quit prognosticating, and leave it all to the government prognosticator and his elucidation of what is to happen. On one occasion I wrote, as I thought, a beautiful piece on Spring and the balmy air; the warmth of coming summer's greetings, and before the budding thoughts got around to the subscribers of the paper, we were wrapped in a blinding blizzard, and the temperature was close to zero. That cooled me; and put a stop to my predictions.

There are any number of good front page stories that never get on the front page of a newspaper. Out in California there is a boy 29 years old. His mother died a few nights ago. That mother hadn't walked a step since that boy was born. His name is Mark Estes. He is a shining Mark. Mark's father cared for his invalid wife for 29 years up to a few months ago when he had three fingers injured and could no longer care for his wife. Mark took his place and gave her every attention. Mark had a strap arrangement in his car. He would put his mother in the car, and strap her to the seat, and take her out for rides. He won't need the strap now—his mother is free from her bodily infirmities. The story of the loving care and devotion of this husband and son isn't news. It won't get on the front page of any paper, a space usually filled with "Peaches" Browning's marital experiences; the latest scandal; a new murder; a drunken party, and so on. If Mark had gone out and proven to the world by some infamous deed that he wasn't fit to live, that story would have adorned a front page in blazing letters. As it is, he and his father have as their reward the consciousness of a duty well and lovingly done. The world has all sorts of greatness. By the bier of such a woman in the atmosphere of such devotion, a better place could not be found to make a man feel his own unworthiness. Men in other spheres may be called great, but most of us would gladly trade it all for a feeling that we have the kind of character that would carry us through 29 years of such devotion. Advocates of "companionate marriages," and other forms of free love disguised with high-sounding titles would do well to reflect on the reason for the 29 years of loving care shown by this husband and son, before they tamper too much with a relationship that can produce such evidences of fidelity. If just a few of the good things that men and women do could get on the front pages, it might be easier to understand that the human race hasn't gone to the dogs—but of course that wouldn't be held as news.

ENTRAPPING.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

The practice of entrapping suspected violators of law into actual violations in order to get evidence to convict them frequently arouses indignation and is severely condemned; and it has been and is yet a moot question whether entrappment is permissible, and if so the extent to which it may go. A federal district court in Minnesota holds that "one who lures another to commit a crime for the purpose of evoking the law against him is justified if the act was based on certain knowledge, not permitted in court prosecution, that the law was being violated."

As understood, if the officer has knowledge that the law is being violated, but his knowledge is not competent court evidence, then he may lure the person to violate the law in order to obtain competent evidence. The case decided was the sale of narcotic drugs. A person claiming to be seriously ill and in need of the drug was sent to the suspected vender and purchased the drug. The court enjoined, however, that information procured from a drug addict was not sufficent to justify the trapping. In other words, if there is reliable evidence—not mere suspicion—that one is violating the law but the evidence isn't sufficent to make a case, then the officer may lay a trap to betray the offender into furnishing additional evidence against himself.

Where there is no question of guilt, one who offers as a defense that he was entrapped has little ground for sympathy. But the trouble about tha trapping is that it is sometimes used to inveigle persons into wrong doing who had no wrongful act and would not if let alone. The trapping method is enticing and the unscrupulous, or overzealous, officer can easily misuse it. According to the court decision, if entrapment is offered as a defense, the prosecution must show evidence of similar acts previously committed. Unless there is such evidence—and evidence that would satisfy the court that the defendant had been engaged in similar acts—inference is that the trapping would be held illegal. Certainly inveigling and suspecting persons who had no purpose to violate the law and had not engaged in such acts, into a violation simply to initiate a prosecution, would be indefensible.

EXHAUSTED.

Grace (just enaged): "George said if I refused he would never propose to another girl."

Girl Friend: "That's true. I understand you were the last on his list."—Answers (London).

ALL AT PRIVATE EXPENSE.

(Charlotte Observer).

Word given in today's paper that the Duke interests, specifically the Southern Power Company and the Southern Public Utilities Company, are inaugurating in a large number of important nationally circulated publications an ambitious advertising campaign designed to present to interested persons and concerns in all sections of America the economic and other advantages of piedmont Carolinas and the industrial and commercial opportunities that exist because of these advantages, will be read with more than passing interest by every Carolinian who is ambitious for the continued development and prosperity of this section. It is likely that a very small per cent of those who read about this new activity of the Duke interests will have anything like a full appreciation of what such an advertising campaign must mean to the piedmont.

The fact that the executives of the Duke interests devoted several months of time to a careful and exhaustive study and survey of the situation before determining to launch such a campaign and the fact that they are appropriating for this activity such a considerable sum as this campaign will certainly cost is ample proof not only of the faith of the Duke executives in the further development and larger possibilities of piedmont Carolinas, but it is also evidence of the vision and patriotism of this group. In this activity is found another evidence of the fact that the vision, the faith, the zeal and the wisdom of the late James B. Duke still live in the lieutenants to whom, with confidence he delivered the responsibilities and burdens that must fall upon those who are in such positions of leadership in a great community like piedmont Carolinas.

The Observer is free to express confidence that the advertising campaign being inaugurated by the Duke Power Company in such publications as World's Work, Literary Digest, Nation's Business, Chicago Journal of Commerce, Wall Street Journal, Boston News Bureau, and other publications of the character and stamp of these, is going to bear abundant fruit. Our own people will be brought into a keener appreciation of the opportunities that exist here for human effort and capital, and ambitious people, of large and small means, in every other section of the country are going to have their attention arrested and drawn to these opportunities and to the wholesome living conditions in this section which have so close a relationship to these opportunities.

Not only do we have vast and varied resources awaiting development, but the time has arrived when we have a magnificent market at home for products of many varieties which are now manufactured elsewhere that could be more economically manufactured and distributed from cities and towns in North Carolina. The opportunities unquestionably are here and this campaign means that more rapidly than in the normal course of events they are going to be utilized.

This is a case of the State secur-

ing a valuable line of advertising at private expense. This publicity campaign, paid for by the Southern Power Company, is destined to be worth "millions" to the State in the actual sense of the word.

THE CROWNING GLORY.

(Asheville Citizen)

As the wheel turns the submerged rises to the top and the meek are exalted above the mighty. We crave novelty and we get it by substituting the new for the old, and then after a while by putting back the old again to take the place of the new. **Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse,** said the Frenchman, and after we are fed up with the new one we return to our ancient gods. Only yesterday we rolled the stockings which to-day are higher—so they tell they us—than ever, and it is only a question of time and fashion when crinolines and bustles will be back in their pride of place. All movements, as Mr. Einstein points out for our edification, is relative, and if we stand still long enough we come back to the place where we started.

We happened a few days ago purely by chance to strike an old fashioned North Carolina town where we had never been before and where, as is our wont, we foregathered anonymously with the socially elect and the intelligentsia of the city, and we were impressed to an uncommon degree by the charm and beauty of their female residents—we took them by their hair to be residents—of this urban Eden. For some time we were puzzled. Unlike others of our furtive sex we are strictly monogamous, and we couldn't make out what it was about them that made them all seem more than passing fair. Bright lights and the rustle of silk were having their usual effect on us, yet it couldn't be that alone that made these women shine like stars, and we only really found out what the reason was when we were shown that practically none of them had their hair bobbed. One we saw with a boyish bob and a Spanish shawl, but she left us cold. All the rest wore the hair that Nature gave them, and the result was a knock-out. One we might have withstood, but three hundred—call it three hundred—were too many for us, and we're going back to the city again.

We are too prudent to give it a name or say where it lies, and we only drag it in to illustrate in our own person the truth of how easy it is for the old to become new. They might have worn bustles—perhaps they did—but it was their unshorn locks that drew us, and we have been taught, what a wiser than we found out, long ago for himself, that a woman's crowning glory is her hair.

"Thirty-nine per cent of the students in American colleges are working their way through, wholly or in part, according to a recent survey."

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

(Asheville Citizen).

All trades and professions have a language of their own wherein words and expressions develop a meaning quite distinct from that of ordinary usage, and diplomacy is one of the oldest of them. Hence arises that necessity for training diplomats which the United States has finally begun to appreciate. We are now catching our diplomats young and training them the way they should go, and we see at last they are made and not born.

One diplomat can understand another, but the layman can not hope to do so. To say that his country can not look with indifference on a proposed course of action is to the uninitiate only an expression of opinion, yet in the language of diplomacy it is the equivalent of a declaration of war. So when the Mexican Ambassador in Washington suddenly develops a sick brother his fellow diplomats know that he has gone home to consult his government, but it would be against the rules for him to admit the naked truth. Our own Ambassador to Mexico comes North to attend a college reunion and by the traditions of his profession it is by pure chance that he takes opportunity to stop off in Washington and get his instructions. It is a private matter that brings him and he never has official business of any importance. In Europe where the art has been brought to the highest pitch of perfection an official denial is—or used to be—the only appropriate way to express assent, and a place where an Emperor went on the best medical advice to take his annual baths might close or leave open the issue between peace and war.

Bismarck for a time fooled all Europe by sticking to the truth, but Bismarck was an exception to the rule, which still holds good, that the language of diplomacy means something quite different from what it says.

JUDGE PRAISES SCHOOL BOYS.

That many of the business, professional and even religious leaders of the future will owe their beginning to Jackson Training school, was the statement made today before the American Legion luncheon club by Judge William F. Harding.

"The average good boy, from the school teachers, viewpoint, is a sick boy," he declared, adding that no boy who is perfectly well and healthy can sit side by side with another boy thoughout a whole day and not stir or do something contrary to the department rules of the school.

In talking about Jackson Training School, he declared that he recently found there the brightest group of boys he has ever seen in any institution. "That is the reason they are there. They have more physical and mental energy than their parents and for that reason they get away from them," he said.

TALKING GARDNER AS NEXT GOVERNOR.

(Durham Herald).

After being proclaimed up and down the state for four years that he is to be next governor of North Carolina, wouldn't fate play heck if at the last minute it should turn against Max Gardner? Max has enjoyed every recognition as "the next governor" of the state. It has been proclaimed from speakers' stand and by newspaper. No other men so far as we remember even had the particular experience that the Shelby man is now enjoying. The state has never before had a situation just like it. It is not known how much thrill Gardner is getting from the face that attends him as prospective governor, but if there is any thrill to it, he is getting plenty. On every hand he is greeted as "the next governor," until now, no doubt, it has become so much a matter of course that it would give him something of a surprise were he to be addressed in any other manner.

So far as the political signs indicate, there is nothing on the horizon to cause the least uneasiness for Gardner. He probably will not have an opponent at all, and will establish the record of having an unopposed primary nomination. No one with any regard for his own political future would dare contest the nomination with Gardner. To do so would be nothing short of political suicide. If he should have opposition, it would probably be by some one seeking noteriety rather than having any idea of winning.

BOYS REMEMBER.

That every boy is good for something.
That truth is essential to a boy's success.
To help your weaker brother along.
To return a favor whenever you can.
That prosperity awaits the honest boy.
That Easy Street is just off Work Avenue.
That cheerfulness makes you welcome.
That opportunity awaits the willing boy.
That merry boys make merry homes.
That attention to business always pays.
To zealously guard your character.
That indifference makes you a slacker.
That no play wears your life away.
To aim straight though you miss the mark.
That good games make good muscle.

CONFLICT WITH A GOOSE.

(Ben Dixon MacNeill in News and Observer.)

Psychologists, psychiatrists and other gentry who know the workings of the human mind, or at any rate, who write learned pieces in their trade journals about such matters, will no doubt be able to explain precisely what and why and how things happened in the Governor's mind when, at the age of six, he encountered the personal gander of his great uncle down in Robeson county.

Not being privy to the lore of these learned brethren, I am able to only understand vaguely that something momentous happened to the mind of the future Governor that afternoon, some process of chrystallization of inherited characteristics that, but for the goose, might have remained dormant throughout his life to the end that he might have been a man lacking in courage and quiet strength.

Vagrant observation upon the intelligent of geese, prompted by the passage of the executive automobile through a flock of them without hurt to any of them, brought the incident to the Governor's mind. He could not recall that he had thought of it for thirty years until these Duplin county geese moved purposefully, but not precipitately, out of the way of the car. There was a certain dignity about them. But to get on with the story that happened a little more than fifty years ago.

In company with his mother, McLean, wearing his first pair of pants —the Governor grew up in the era wherein male youths wore a species of skirt until they were four or five years old—went to visit at the home of a great uncle. McLean wandered about the farm house, prying into things in general, as any five-year-old child will do. He recalls that he was not very happy, because the transition from skirts to pants left him sartorially self-conscious.

The great uncle, a bachelor past 70 years of age, owned many geese. An old gander, also advanced beyond 40 years in age, and who had suffered the loss of his goose twenty years before, had attached himself to the bachelor uncle, and was uncommonly jealous. McLean, wandering about the barnyard, encountered the gander, who immediately instituted an offensive against the small intruder. The lad was driven out, with bruises and abrasions on the calves of his little legs, and went, crying loudly, to the house.

Another uncle, brohter to the father of the lad and recently returned from the University of Virginia, rescued him, and shamed him gently for run ning from a goose. He told him that only babies were afraid of things, and that now that he was wearing pants, he must be a man. He told him that it was not becoming for a Scotchman, to run from anything. He told him the story of Robert Bruce and of William Wallace. The thing must have made a powerful impression on the lad's mind.

Later in the day the lad was sent to the barnyard to call his great uncle to the house for dinner. On

the way out, with his younger uncle's words still burning in his mind, fearful of the gander, but determined not ever to be afraid of anything again, the lad picked up a heavy cane that his older uncle carried with him to church on Sundays. Lugging the cane he entered the barnyard, and looked around him a little fearfully.

The great uncle was in the barn, and the gander was keeping watch outside the door. When the gander saw the lad enter the gate, he immediately charged, hissing blasphemously, and lunging at the lad's legs. Instead of turning to flee this time, the boy struck at the gander with the cane. A red spurt came from the gander's head, and a moment later he lay dead.

The old bachelor came out of the barn, greatly distressed at the death of the faithful gander, and not understanding any of it, he was more or less harsh with the little boy. Fortunately the younger uncle appeared on the scene, sensing that something might be happening. He told the older man the circumstances, and he relented. "I think I learned the value of two things that day," the Governor concluded his story. "First that it was foolish to be afraid, but more than that, I was impressed by the fine fairness of my young uncle in speaking for me things that I did not know how to say. He has been a hero to me ever since.

RICH OR POOR.

(Winston-Salem Sentinel)

Any person not acquainted with North Carolina would no doubt be puzzled to know whether the State is rich or poor were he to try to render his judgment on the basis of what he might read. On one hand we hear that North Carolina is menaced by her great wealth; on the other we hear that the curse of the State is her poverty. On one hand we hear that North Carolina is so wealthy she is neglecting to educate her people; on the other, we hear that the State is so poor that she connot instill in her people the culture they should have.

Which is the true story? Is North Carolina rich or poor? Well, the answer is that the State is rich in spots and poor in other spots. Forsyth County, Guilford County, Mecklenburg and a number of other counties are quite well to do. Yet other counties languish under the blight of poverty. If every county were like Forsyth county for example, and had a city like Winston-Salem, then the aggregate would issue in a very wealthy State with very little poverty. Several sections of the State need development. This need should be the concern of the whole State. North Carolina cannot be a really great State until all the counties have been rendered fairly prosperous through a greater degree of development of their resources and potentialities.

ELSIE GOES TO THE HEAD.

By Antonia J. Stemple.

"Way down upon the Suwanee River"—the sound of Elsie's clear soprano voice caused Mrs. Hale to drop her sewing and wait expectantly for her daughter to appear. Whenever Elsie sang in that fashion, the Hale household knew that she considered herself "out of luck.' Elsie had long since formed the not-unpleasant habit of bursting into song whenever she was troubled. When the situation was especially trying, to her way of thinking, it was the old Southern melody which she invariably used.

Elsie sang two verses before she presented herself. "A letter from Aunt Elvira, Mother!" she announced. "Special delivery, too." With a grimace she handed the missive to her parent.

"She's asking me to go to Washington with her next week," she went on. "Won't cost me a cent—except I'm to do what I can to make things pleasant for HER PARTY!" The girl turned and looked out of the window. Her mother saw that her mouth twitched.

"Well?" Mrs. Hale was one of those wise mothers who understood girls. "You don't like the idea?"

Elsie turned like a flash. "I certainly do not! Its just to bad!" she exploded. "Here I've saved and scraped and planned and read and studied for the past two years and now that I'm all ready to go to Washington with my class, at the very last minute Aunt Elvira springs this. It's a great chance for me, she says, so much better than to go with a lot of boys and girls as silly as myself."

"Well, that's probably true," answered Mrs. Hale, glancing over the letter. "Aunt Elvira knows Washington like a book and you'll see and meet the best if you are her guest. It really is an excellent opportuni-ty."

Elsie began humming again. "But I'd have such a good time with our crowd, Mother! Aunt Elvira has twenty old ladies in her party! I'd be expected to be nice to them all and do and go just as they do. And maybe some of them can't walk much! Why, Mother, it's awful! I won't fit in!"

The more Elsie thought about it, the less she wanted to see the Nation's capital with her aunt. Miss Elvira had for several years conducted tours to Washington. They were very select and leisurely affairs, being adapted to the elderly women, mostly club members, who compose them. Aunt Elvira herself was an exceedingly dignified and cultivated maiden lady, and Elsie stood in considerable awe of her. That she should have asked her niece to accompany her on this particular spring seemed to Elsie a great misfortune. Secretly, Mrs. Hale sympathized with her daughter, but she wisely refused to settle the problem for her. In the end Elsie's sense of duty triumphed, and she accepted the unwelcome invitation.

When she saw the elderly ladies gathered at the station in Essex, ready to start on the great adventure, Elsie's heart fell within her. Her aunt looked pale an worried.

The look of relief which came into Miss Elvira's face was eloquent. But a cloud came immediately after.

"You blessed child!" she exclaimed. "I admire your spirit, but it would not be fair to give you such a hard task and such responsibility. It is too much for you."

"I have a better opinion of myself than you have," returned Elsie lightly, trying to hide her fright. "I'll just tell the party what a fix you're in, and if they rather put up with me than go home or paddle around by themselves, let's call it settled. I'll do my best not to disgrace you."

"Very well," returned Aunt Elvira more cheerfully. "It's Hobson's choice. But don't urge them."

In about ten minutes Elsie came back from her conference. "The party sends you its sympathy and hopes you will soon be well, Auntie. I put the question up to them, and after due deliberation—I retired while it was being debated—they decided to risk it with me. But I'm not flattered. Miss Pike said I might be better than nothing, so I'm to be given two days' probation. If I don't suit, the whole thing will be called off and I automatically lose my job."

Miss Elvira smiled. "Well, that takes a great load off my mind, but puts a big one on yours," she said, squeezing her niece's hand encouragingly. "Miss Pike's bark is worse than her bite, but if you suit her, you'll have no trouble with anyone else. Now remember, you insisted upon doing this and I don't wholly approve of it. However, I know you'll do your best, and however the project turns out, you'll have my thanks—and my prayers!"

After Miss Elvira had gone to the hospital and the excitement incident to this unfortunate event had abated, Elsie found that by speeding things up a bit, it was still possible to "do" Mount Vernon and Alexandria as originally planned.

"No use moping about and talking over our hard luck," she remarked. "We can't help Aunt Elvira, and she doesn't want your pleasure spoiled, so we'll go along as though nothing had happened."

Elsie was very nervous and frightened as they set out, in spite of her brave words and self-confident air. She was further annoyed by the smiles which wreathed all faces the moment she appeared with her retinue of ladies. She was glad, indeed, when the steamer finally docked and the Lamb party was swallowed up in the mass of other tourists intent on seeing Mount Vernon.

It was arranged that if the members of the party got separated or lost each other in the crowd, they were to meet on the front veranda of the home of the Father of His Country at half past one o'clock.

One by one the ladies dropped their explorations. Elsie managed to keep some of the party in sight, but at the appointed hour for meeting several women were missing. Nobody seemed to know what had become of Miss Pike, so Elsie set out to look for her. She met Mrs. Potter, who had blistered a heel and could scarcely walk. That lady informed the anxious little conductor that Miss Pike had gotten into a discussion with another visitor about her ancestors and as she talked she had twisted

her amber beads so vigorously that the cord had broken and the beads went rolling in every direction under the feet of the crowds which were coming and going all the time through Martha Washington's chamber, where the mishap occurred.

"I suppose she's in there yet," explained Mrs. Potter with a smile, "but I got out in a hurry. She was causing so much trouble that the caretaker got after her."

Mrs. Potter had not exaggerated. "There's such a crowd that you mustn't discommode the visitors," the caretaker had told Miss Pike as kindly as possible. "I'll look for your beads after the house is closed. If you'll leave your address with me, I'll send you all I find."

Miss Pike, explaining that she wouldn't lose the beads for anything, ignored his suggestions and kept right on with her search, asking the visitors who were jammed in the room to "step aside for a momena please." The caretaker, his patience now thoroughly exhausted, took the unhappy lady by the arm and was just escorting her out, when Elsie arrived on the scene. Miss Pike was almost crying with anger and vexation.

"Thank heavens, you've come!" she remarked at sight of the girl. "I've lost my beads and this heartless man won't let me look for them. And I'm a D. A. R., too! I'll report him!"

The caretaker saw the glint in Elsie's eyes. His face lost some of its stern look. "Your grandmother has caused me a lot of trouble, miss," he began, "and—"

"Well, you just keep hold of her so she can't cause any more," answered Elsie, with her most beguiling smile. "She meant no harm." Then she darted into the room from which Miss Pike had just been ejected. Most of the visitors had followed the pair to see what was going to happen, so there were only a few left in the bed chamber. Elsie's sharp eyes and her happy manner were used to a good advantage, and presently she came back with all the lost beads but one. The caretaker grinned. Miss Pike's wrath cooled down somewhat after the restoration of her cherished treasures, and she even made a half apology to the official.

After Miss Pike returned to the waiting group on the veranda, Mrs. Ellis was still missing, so Elsie had to start out to round her up. The girl found her sitting in the garden in ernest conversation with two strange ladies.

"Heighho! Have you taken all the pictures you were going to, Mrs. Ellis?" demanded Elsie. "I've been looking everywhere for you. We are all ready to move on."

Mrs. Ellis slowly got up and picked up her camera. "I haven't taken a one, ' she confessed. "I met these two ladies, and we came out here and got so interested in talking that—well, I forgot all about meeting at half past one!"

Elsie laughed. "That shows you've enjoyed yourself. But we must go now. Let me take a picture of you and your new friends in this lovely old-fashioned garden, then you'll have a souvenir of your visit to Mt. Vernon."

Mrs. Ellis was delighted. "Oh, Miss Elsie, how lovely of you! But would you —oh, Miss Elsie, would

"There are several members in the party whom I'm afraid won't mix very well," she confided to her niece. "Mrs. Burton brought her sister, who has never been anywhere—she's the one with the red hat. Mrs. Ellis has the rheumatism and Miss Pike, the lady with the yellow beads, has had a hard life and is hard to please. So while I hope there will be no lack of harmony, I want you to be especially nice to these ladies and do what you can to help them have a good time."

Elsie found plenty of opportunity to make herself useful immediately after the party arrived at the great hotel which was to be the headquarters in Washington. She felt, dismally, more certain than ever that this was to be no pleasure trip.

The end of the second day of sightseeing found every one tired. Aunt Elvira looked utterly exhausted, and Elsie commented on her appearance.

"The fact is I'm not feeling up to par," she confessed. "It was all I could do to keep up today, but doubtless I will be better tomorrow."

But in the morning Aunt Elvira was too ill to get up. The doctor, hastily summoned, ordered her to the hospital at once for a minor operation.

"But I can't go!" protested Miss Elvira, aghast. "Why, man, I have a party of twenty here on a personally conducted tour. I don't feel so very ill, only tired. Give me something to brace me up and keep me going for the next two weeks and then I'll do as you say."

"It will be too late then," was the stern reply. "You should have had the operation long ago. I'll send for you in an hour. That will give you time to dispose of your party."

Aunt Elvira was much distressed. Her feelings were further harrowed when Elsie started to sing "Suwanee River," almost before the doctor had closed the door. Aunt Elvira did not know of her niece's peculiar safety valve.

"Well, I must say!" she began. I'm glad you feel like singing. But I don't, so I shall have to ask you to postpone your solo until I am gone and help me get ready for—"

"Oh, Auntie, I'm so sorry!" Elsie hastily apologized and explained in a few words. "Now what's to be done about the party? Give me all the instructions and I'll do the rest."

"That is just what troubles me!" wailed her aunt. "I hate to call the trip off because it will disappoint the dear old souls so much. Hardly any of them have seen Washington before and have counted so much on it. Of course, I'll refund their money, and while that means a loss to me, that is the smallest part of it. If there were more time, I might turn them over to somebody else, but they wouldn't like that either."

Elsie nodded miserably. Then suddenly she resolutely squared her young shoulders.

"Tell you what I'll do, Auntie," she began resolutely. "If you're willing, I'll put on your conductor's shoes and rattle around in them. I have a good bump of location and have read heaps about Washington. If you'll tell me a little about each day's program, I'll make a try as a tour manager—that is, if the ladies are willing to risk their lives and sacred honor with a high-school senior."

you mind if Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Bates joined our party? They are here alone and they are having a rather hard time getting about by themselves."

The two ladies nodded emphatically. "I should say so," said the older woman. "All we've managed to do so far is get lost."

"The same thing may happen if you come with us," giggled Elsie, "but if you are willing to take pot luck with us—why, the more the merrier!"

When the party was finally ready to continue to Alexandria, all the members were rather subdued. They were all hot and tired and were uncomfortable from various causes. Elsie had no idea what an experienced tour manager would do in such a case, but she had an inspiration. Arriving at Alexandria, the first thing she did was to lead the entire party to the nearest drug store and treat them all to a cool drink or an ice. This had an astonishingly favorable effect on their spirits and restored them all to a good humor.

But the first day of Elsie's experience in her new role was not to close as smoothly as she hoped. As they were in the old church where Washington once worshipped, who should come in but her high-school classmates, who happened to be in Alexandria for the day! There were endless questions to be answered, and her friends poked much good-natured fun at her and twitted her about her new "position," beside upbraiding her for not letting "the secret" be known before she had gone away. All in all, poor Elsie was much mortified and annoyed by the encounter, and she was glad indeed when she saw her classmates drive off. That night she felt that her first day's trial had not been a great success. What a fool she had been to attempt the impossible she thought savagely the last thing before she fell asleep.

The next day, when the Lamb party visited the Capitol, it seemed as tho every one in Washington was doing the same thing. The official guides had the maximum number of persons in each trip and kept moving every minute. Hundreds of other visitors were going about independently. Important debates were on in Congress and Elsie's ladies were very anxious to get into the galleries and and hear and see some of the celebrities. They stood around and waited till they were nearly ready to drop, and they were terribly disappointed when they could not get in. Mrs. Ellis voiced the sentiments of most of her companions when she said reproachfully:

"Oh, Miss Elise, we've walked so much and we haven't seen or heard what we want most! There must be a way to get into the galleries! Other parties do, why can't we?"

Elsie felt like giving up right then and there. Instead of that she squared her shoulders and assumed what her brother teasingly called her "do-or-die" look.

"You must wait here a little while longer till I go and see if there is anything more that can be done," she answered calmly. "There're a few seats over there and you can take turns sitting down. I won't be gone long," and off she flew.

She had no idea what she was going to do, but she meant to do some-

thing. She felt that Aunt Elvira's honor was at stake and she, as her proxy, must maintain it. So when she saw an intelligent-looking gentleman, whose face seemed puzzingly familiar, come hurrying out of one of the chambers, she marched right up to him.

"Pardon me, Senator," she began politely, "but I must get into the galleries. Won't you please use your influence to make it possible? It's very important indeed."

The man looked quite taken aback and a trifle annoyed.

"I can't do miracles, young lady," he snapped out, "but if you will go to my office, Room 321, my secretary may possibly be able to get you a card for tomorrow."

"But Senator Brown, you don't understand! I'm not asking just for myself! It's a party of ladies—twenty of them—the nicest old dears you ever saw. And I must get them in where they can see and hear today, or I am disgraced!"

The man's eyes suddenly snapped with amusement. "And how do you happen to know me and who may you be? I didn't know my feminine constituents were such determined persons! And what are you doing here with twenty ladies? Old ones, you say?"

Elsie poured out her story rapidly. "So you see you must help me," she concluded. "You are Senator Brown from my own state. I recognized you from the pictures which have been in the papers, and you'll lose a few votes if you don't come to the rescue of my countrywomen. The others are old enough to vote, but I'm not qualified—quite yet."

The senator roared. He evidently liked Elsie's mode of attack and the earnestness which her gay words did not quite conceal.

"Well, where are those wonderful old ladies who must have what is denied to others?" he demanded. "Take me to them, and if they don't look too dangerous—why, we'll see what can be done."

Elsie escorted him to where the tired, disgruntled group were listlessly waiting. The wonderful old gentlemen took charge of the situation, and, as if by magic, the Lamb party found themselves in a gallery in very good seats. Then, after a time, the senator came back and pointed out all the famous personages, after which he himself took them to different parts of the Capitol, where the regular guides did not take the ordinary visitors. It was a wonderful experience.

In parting, Elsie thanked him very warmly. "I asked for an inch and you gave us an ell," she said appreciatively. "I think perhaps I was too—well—but you know something just had to be done!"

"You'll make a wise voter and an intelligent politician," replied the senator, smiling. "I'm delighted to have been of service."

Elsie didn't lose her job! So the days passed swiftly, each filled with a varied program of sight-seeing and adventures. It was hard work for Elsie, and though she did her level best for the members of the Lamb party, things sometimes went wrong, and she felt that her aunt would not get a very glowing account of her stewardship from those most concerned.

On the afternoon of the party's last stay in Washington, Miss Elvira, still rather white and shaky, came back from the hospital. Dinner that night was served in a private dining room and was an especially festive affair in her honor.

In the midst of the chatter and gaiety—for old ladies really can be merry—Mrs. Morton stole around to the back of Elsie's chair and clasped about her throat a beautiful string of pearls.

"A little souvenir of Washington from the flock of appreciative sheep for their efficient little shepherd," she said with feeling.

"Don't," cried Elsie, wincing and starting to take the pearls off. "Don't! Don't joke! I've been a fizzle of a conducter I know— but I tried. Honestly I did."

"But we're not joking!" cried the company as with one voice. "You were splendid and we've all had a wonderful time."

"Yes, indeed," added Miss Pike. We haven't seen a party in Washington that had so good a time or was better taken care of than we were. We all feel the same way, even though we have been fussy and fault-finding and made things hard for you. And I was the worst of all, too."

"Why, why, I thought I was an awful failure," stammered Elsie, still feeling that she was the victim of a joke! "I was so sure of it I told Aunt Elvira, so she would be prepared to hear the worst."

"Instead of that I've heard such good things about what you've done that I'm proud beyond words and my home-coming is a most happy one," beamed Miss Elvira, in her precise way. "You've made such a success of your impromptu undertaking that—oh, Mr. Wilson, do tell my niece here what you told me this afternoon," she broke off as she saw the manager of the hotel standing in the doorway and looking on.

The fine looking gentleman who presided over the destinies of the great hostelry came in and stood beside Miss Elvira's place. Elsie, fingering her new pearls, stared at him breathlessly.

"With pleasure," he began smilingly. "I am happy to repeat to this assembly that I have been so impressed by the way in which Miss Hale has handled the Lamb party, despite her inexperience and lack of preparation, that I would like to have her take a position as companion or guide, or whatever is the proper term every season, for unescorted women guests who come to this hotel in large numbers and who would like to see the sights of the city without going alone or with regular tourists guides. We have felt the need of such a person for a long time, but I never found one with just the peculiar qualifications necessary till Miss Hale appeared. I've been watching her movements closely, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Bates, who joined your party so informally at Mount Vernon and who are personal friends of mine, have been so enthusiastic about her, that I approached Miss Lamb on the subject. So you see, Miss Hale," he concluded, turning to Elsie, who was quite dazed, "that you have been entertaining angels unawares. As long as Miss Lamb had to get ill it was lucky all around that she got ill at this particular time and place. Think

over my proposition and name your own salary. Don't be too modest about it, either."

Elsie's face was illumined. After she got her bearings and found her tongue, she ran to her aunt and hugged her.

I'm so glad I came to Washington with you," she exclaimed. "It was a great opportunity, as you said, though I couldn't believe it."

"Is 'Suwanee River' in order now?" asked Miss Elvira, twinkling with pleasure.

"Indeed no!" was the happy answer. "For this particular occasion it's 'The End of a Perfect Day'."

WHY NO DIVORCES IN SOUTH CAROLINA?

(Charlston News and Courier)

In every other Commonwealth of the United States divorce has always been permitted. Why is South Carolina different in this respect from all the other States?

The answer is not to be found in any study of South Carolina laws on the subject because the attitude of the people of South Carolina toward divorce was determined not by laws but by practice. It grew out of the fact that during the colonial period there was no authority in South Carolina capable of granting a divorce and the expense of instituting such a proceeding in England was so great that divorce in the colonial period was virtually unknown. After the Revolution there was no legislation in this State against divorce, but there was legislation for divorce; and thus the matter stood until the adoption of the Constitution of 1868, an instrument which aliens put upon us, borrowing it, we believe, from Ohio, under which divorces in South Carolina were expressly sanctioned by judgment of the Court of Common Pleas. But by that time the attitude of the people toward divorce had been so definitely fixed that very few divorces were sought, and after Hampton's election in 1876 the law providing for divorces was repealed.

There was, however, no law forbidding divorce until the Constitution of 1895. The habits of the people were fixed. No statute which could possibly have been put upon the books a century and a half or two centuries ago could have produced the same consequences which grew naturally out of conditions shaped for many years without specific design, but woven in fact into the very fabric of the States's being.

REALLY SERIOUS.

"What ails Joines these days?"

"His wife's insomnia, his daughter's nerves, his son's headaches and his father's rheumatism."—Judge.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Clyde Bristow, a former boy of this institution was paroled by Supt. Boger last Friday. Bristow was our best linotype operator. He went to his home in Durham, N. C.

At the present time, our tulip bed, extending for more than 200 feet along the driveway on the upper end of the campus, is one of the most beautiful sights in this section of the country.

The services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon were conducted by Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, Concord. His sermon was appreciated by all present.

The boys are now practicing for our Easter service. The Training School boys have always been classed among the best singers in the State, and under the direction of Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Johnson, are steadily improving.

Morris Yeftkowitz, who was paroled from the Training School ten years ago, and is now engaged in the jewelry business at Fort Landerdale, Florida, visited friends here last Sunday afternoon.

The old familiar crack of the bat against the ball can now be heard nearly every day. We had a good practice game at the ball ground last Staurday afternoon. Some of our new boys showed up well in practice, and we hope to be able to put a good team in the field this season. It won't be long now until the old timers get limbered up and the youngsters get going full speed, thereby enabling J. T. S. to mark up a good percentage of scores on the winning side of the sheet.

The Training School has a Holstein cow giving 72 pounds of milk daily. Dividing by 8.6 pounds per gallon, you will find she ranks high as a milk producer. She is only milked twice a day and fed as the common herd. On test she would produce much more milk. This cow was raised at the school and is six years old, and weighs 1250 pounds.

Quite frequently some of the world's best books mysteriously make their appearance at the Training School, and upon close inspection we find inscribed on the fly-leaf: "Compliments of William Barnhardt." Last week we received fourteen books, handsomely bound in leather, bearing the familiar inscription. These books are copies of "One Hundred and One Best Poems," and have been sent to the cottages and school rooms. We certainly appreciate this gift and The Uplift wishes to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Barnhardt for his recent donation.

Now that the Spring season has arrived, steps are being taken to beautify our campus. A few days ago several bushels of bulbs were planted on the lower end of the campus, trees and shrubs set out, and a number of flowers-beds made ready for transplanting flowers from our seed beds. All of this requires a lot of hard work on the part of both

boys and officers, and as a token of our appreciation of their efforts to beautify the grounds, we should assist them all we can. So let us get busy and try and keep our premises free from paper scraps, sticks and other rubbish. Not by having a "clean-up" week once or twice a year, but let every day be clean up day.

Last week all the boys were given the "American's Creed" to memorize. All American boys should know it. It is as follows:

I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, a democracy in a Republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrified their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One.

"A"

Roy Adams, Robert McDaniel, Jack Page, Jack Walker, Ramsey Glasgow.

"B"

Horace McCall, Chas. Morrow, Paul Parton.

Room No. Two.

"A"

Rex Allen, David Bryan, Ed Rochester, Hilton Register, Sherman Hoots, Glenn Enloe.

"B"

Therman Baker, Fred Gray, Bert Murray, Wm. Rivenbark, Lawson Beasley, John Tomasian, Norman Watkins.

Highest average for March was made by Hilton Register.

Room No. Three.

"A"

Mallory Poe, Howard Riddle, Lester Morris, Claude Cooke, John Hill, Stanley Tripp, Ralph Tallent, Edwin Baker, Grover Parks, Roane Turner, Gibson Lanier, Paul Burgess.

"B"

Marshall Weaver, Walter Smith, Walter Cline, Milton Lowe, Toy Allen.

Room No. Four.

"A"

Edgar Lewis, Guy Thornburg, Amos Ramsey, Robert Chatten, Howard Owen, Howard Atkins, Ian French, Glendon Odom, Lincoln Burgess, Tom Whitten, Isaac Bratley, Carl Kimzey, Otis Bass, Hazel Robbins, Norman Beck, Claude Wilkerson.

"B"

Ivan McCombs, John Hearn, Ray Lawery, Theo. Troxler, Leonard Stinson, Kelly Tedder, Ralph Wright, John Glenn, Colon Clapp, Nicola Bristow, J. D. Sprinkle, John Tunstall, Bill Goss.

Room No. Five.

"A"

Earl Griffin, Eddie Burdou, Lonnie Wright, Authur Fowler, Chas. Beaver,

Lebron Vause, Earl Mayfield, Leroy Tompkins, Tom Parsons, Stanton Hale, Obe Sims, Wheeler Vandyke, Woodrow Hines, Ernest Pleasant, Percy Long, Chas. McMillan, Arnold Cecil, Walter Quick, Wylie Moore, Dan Wilson, Mumford Glasgow, Leonard Powers.

"B"

Carlie Chamberlin, Clarence Whitten, Herbert Munn, Authur Suggs, Brady Helms, Baker Smith, Bill Elliott, Odell Loy, W. W. Whitfield, Wallace Harding, Earnest Farr, Edmond Hodge, Aloin Roberts,, Hubert Hines, Lee Smith, Carl Griffin, Allen Wrenn, Clyde Kivitt, Edd William, June Marsh, Sam Perry, Dewey Walker, Waldo Moore, Aaron Davis, Roland Tolson, Ben Chatten, Carl Sopshire, Perry Quinn, Johnie Price, Claude Whitaker, Thurman Parker, Dealdon Campbell, Leroy Daniels, Ozell Willis, Carl Shoaf, Vance Thomason, Jesse Niel, Wilson Dorsey, Marvin Cook.

A PUZZLE.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is break not rhymed with freak?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say sew but likewise few;
And the fashioner of verse
Cannot cap his horse with worse?
Beard sounds not the same as heard;
Cord is different from word;
Cow is cow, but low is low;
Shoe is never rhymed with foe.
Think of hose, and dose and lose;
And goose, and also choose.
Think of comb and tomb and bomb;
Doll, and roll, and home and some
And since pay is rhymed with say,
Why not paid with said, I pray?
We have blood, and food, and good,
Mould is not pronounced like could.
Wherefore done, but gone and lone?
Is there any reason known?—Junior World.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

P307

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 16, 1927. No. 17

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

The difference between success and failure is only ten cents. The business man who takes in a dollar and spends only 90 cents is on the road to financial independence. The fellow who spends a dollar when he only has a dollar, is headed for the rocks.

How often we have noticed waste start with the first move of the day! In many cities street car or railroad tickets can be bought at a considerable reduction by taking several at a time. Yet thousands of wage-earners pay cash fare, day after day, with never a thought of the penny or dime that could have been saved.

If the heads of families set the precedent and example the younger members of the family are certain to follow along the same road. This differential in transportation is only one of the scores of ways that waste does its work. It "carries on" right down the line to the department store, the grocery, the theatre, etc. Many a man with one dollar in his pocket spends fifty cents for an orchestra seat at a movie house, when he might sit in the balcony with equal comfort for only thirty cents.

—American Building Association News.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE HEN PHILOSOPHY FURNISHES US AN EXAMPLE.

She keeps on digging worms and laying eggs, regardless of what the newspapers say about conditions. If the ground is hard, she scratches harder. If it is dry she digs deeper. If she strikes a rock, she works around it.

But always she digs up worms and turns them into hard-shelled profits as well as tender broilers.

Did you ever see a pessimistic hen?

Did you ever know of one starving to death waiting for worms to dig themselves to the surface?

Did you ever hear one cakle because times were hard?

Not on your life. She saves her breath for digging and her cakle for eggs.—The Monroe Enquirer.

THREE LITTLE HEROES.

The Uplift has a fondness for childhood. It loves to applaud the graceful deeds of young girls; it glories in the fine things done by little boys. We are confronted by the unquestionable knowledge that all you can convert into fine womanhood and manhood are our girls and boys. There is to substitute material.

The foolish practice of encouraging or permitting school children to announce to the world the chosen handsome boy or beauty girl, and all such silly stuff, gets no one anywhere; it will, in nine cases out of ten, however, prove a handicap to the youth. He deserves a better start. But when they play superbly the part of little heroes, then you have something that con-

tributes to the making of worth while citizenship. Take for instance this story that comes out from New Bern. It is genuinely heroic, worth a front page position and a border—infinitely better than a 13-year old simp hanging himself by his book strap. See the story of the deed of these youngsters at New Bern:

The life of Billie King Bryan, six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Bryan, was saved from drowning early this afternoon by his two young six-year-old playmates, Charles Turner and George Willis, Jr.

While playing on a wharf in Neuse river and in attempting to get from the dock into a row boat, young Bryan fell into water five feet deep and would have drowned, had not the two small boys rushed quickly to his aid in great presence of mind. The boys jumped in the boat, caught the sinking lad and pulled him up. Charles stated that he would hold him up while George ran for aid. For about seven minutes the small fellow held on to the boy by his hands. Holding his head above the water, although the waves were high and rough. It was no easy job as the boy had on a heavy soaking overcoat.

When George returned post-haste with his mother, Mrs. Willis, he found Charles still holding grimly to Billie, who was too weak to assist. Charles was pretty well exhausted from the heavy burden. Mrs. Willis pulled the boy to safety and he is recovering from the shock.

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HYSTERIA.

Elsewhere in this number The Uplift carries a conservative and informative statement by Miss Beatrice Cobb, editress of the Morganton Herald and Secretary and Treasurer of the North Carolina Press Association. She is taking note of the sensation occasioned by the investigation of certain charges preferred against the management of the State Hospital at Morganton brought by the widow of a poor fellow who was hopelessly sick, in mind and body, when taken into the institution.

The high type of the officials of that institution is such as to make conservative people know that the charges are groundless; and the only result to follow is to cause people who have loved ones in the institution to suffer the pangs of some doubt; but Miss Cobb's statement, which may be further supported by hundreds of others who know the facts from first hand, will give comforting assurances to those most concerned.

All state institutions are making an honest effort to find themselves under

the new order of affairs prevailing in the state—their hands are tied from the privilege of exercising their individual wisdom and experience in the management of their several cares, and until these things are ironed out there necessarily must be a movement in low to steer to safety.

Hysteria has produced a fearful expense into the affairs of life—it wrecked lives; turned the course in childlife (of which we have so many instances coming to our personal knowledge) to the terrible injury of the child itself; it has embrarrassed the honest efforts of conscientious officers in meeting their duties; it has disturbed the peace of many minds; and done violence to the cause of organized welfare work.

Miss Cobb has rendered a worth while service. Hysteria is a menace.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"FINE LITTLE CITY."

Mrs. H. S. Williams, chairman of the Art Deparment of the Woman's Club, invited Prof. John J. Blair, director of school house planning of the State Educational Department, to speak to the Concord women one evening last week.

Mr. Blair gave the women fine entertainment with his splendid collection of beauty spots on the face of the earth. He accompanied each with an explanation, which was both pleasing and informative. It is said that every person must have a hobby. Blair's hobby is seeing everything that is beautiful—it's a blessed nature that looks for the beautiful and is blind to the ugly, and that is the moving spirit of this delightful gentleman, who is no stranger in Concord.

Returning to Raleigh the News & Observer quotes him saying:

"I have just returned from Concord, where I spoke before the Concord Woman's Club."

"The Concord ladies have a fine organization and are doing splendid work for their fine little city."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"LEAVE THE COMMUNITY."

Gov. McLean, in meeting a most trying situation, trying because of the prominence of the parties and the influnces of a long acpuaintance, permitted his highly developed sense of righteous justice to prevail in the disposition of the application for parole by Thomas E. Cooper, now serving an 8-year sentence on the New Hanover chain gang. The milk of human kindness that runs in the veins of the average person, in some copiously and in others

only as a trace, would welcome the liberation of the prisoner could justice be done.

The judge, however, who tried him and sentenced him to the chain gang made a very sorry recommendation in the prisoner's behalf. "Leave the state." That is a sorry way of seeking mercy, and it is an injustice to other sections which honor and respect the same flag that waves over North Carolina. Such a sentence—"leave the state or the community"—ought to be forbidden as one weapon of punishment vouchsafed to a judge.

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GETTING ENDORSEMENTS.

Theologically The Uplift has never qualified. But a horseback opinion leads us to believe that a Catholic is much more of a real church-man than a Unitarian. Taft was a Unitarian when elected to the Presidency—Coolidge was nothing. Yet these things did not lie against them. It is, therefore, not brave to maginfy the fact that Al. Smith is a Catholic. This is merely referred to in consideration of the availability of a candidacy.

Judge R. W. Winston, formerly an Episcopalian, now a Baptist, has given his endorsement to the candidacy of Gov. Smith, so has statesman A. F. May, of Nash county, who is quoted as saying: "I am a Mason, a Baptist, a ku-Klucker, and a Pythian, and you can tell the world that I am for Al Smith."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"MORAL LEADERSHIP" CAMOUFLAGED

There was a time, says the News and Observer, when the country looked to the president of the colleges and universities for moral leadership. That time has not passed, but there are enough lapses from the high estate to cause people to wonder whether they can expect moral as well as intellectual leadership from institutions of learning. Some able teachers act as if they have no function except to instruct the class in that particular branch, forgetting that the student gets more in character building from the right kind of teacher than from the elucidation of the subject.

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THE STATE PRESS STRENGTHENED MIGHTILY

Announcement is made that Mr. Robert Lathan, for seventeen years the able and brilliant editor of the old Charleston, S. C. News & Courier, becomes the editor of the Asheville Citizen.

This is a fine acquisition to the state journalism, and the Citizen, now

one of the choicest journals in the state—newsy, attractive and satisfying—is to be congratulated on its good fortune in securing Mr. Lathan. The way the South Carolina press is giving expressions to their deep regret over his departure should make Mr. Lathan feel that he has not wasted his sweetness on the desert air, and for him is a great introduction to our people, if one were necessary. It isn't, for the reading public has heard of his fine laurels.

Of course all good people, when they move, move to North Carolina when business justifies; and this fine fellow will not be long in adapting himself to mountain ways and soon he'll be bragging on the fine scenery and air Western North Carolina is slopping over with.

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GET THE MAN

It is remarkable the success attending the operations of the enforcement crew of the prohibition law in the number of stills destroyed and the amount of slop poured out; but it is more remarkable that such shrewd officers catch so few of the operators.

The most effective way to make the law most effective is to catch the man and punish him, not with a fine (a kind of license) but by imprisonment. That and that alone will break the old hardboiled dealers in the forbidden.

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SPRING

'Tis spring again and the woods are wet
With the gracious gift of the April rain,
The sign of approaching summer is set
In the tender green of the plain,
The robin rests in its flight and shakes
A clinging drop from its shining wing,
'Tis spring again the grasses hark
The first sweet song of the spring!

'Tis spring again and the grasses hark
To the magic message the winds convey,
The flowers push through the damp and the dark
To star the meadows of May;
The rivers long in the winter's trance
Now over the rocks their waters fling,
Or softly steal where the sunbeams glance
Through the blossoms and the buds of spring.

—Dennis A. McCarthy.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

I do not believe there is a person who can eat one salted peanut and then stop.

This would be a fine old world if people would spend as much energy in practicing their religion as they spend in quarreling about it—and other things which do not help the cause of religion.

Some fellow has described a bankroll as "an answer to a maiden's prayer." It is more than that. It is one of the best friends a fellow can have and answers his needs, in many particulars, more satisfactorily than many of his so-called friends. A bankroll is one of the most inspirational incentives in the role of human endeavor.

Most everybody has relations and distant relations. My observation is that the distant relations are those who have gotten up in the world, and look down upon their "poor kin."

The hardware store was deserted, except for the book-keeper, a demure little bobbed-haired Miss. A young man walked in and inquired: "Do you keep automobile accessories here?" The little book-keeper smiled sweetly. "Only me," she said coyly. If that young man did not step on his accelerator, he must have been a "cad-a-lack."

A blotter has been defined as the thing you look for while the ink is drying. It's the truth.

I have been told that a certain man is going to cross his homing pigeons with parrots so they can ask their way home when they get lost.

When the atmosphere is frigid or torrid; is mild and pleasant or stormy with rain, as the case may be, there are many people "at most fear" it is going to do something else.

It is said that there is a hot place "paved with good intentions. A good many men are contributing their labors to this pavement without reward, or the hope of reward.

Human nature is one of the most human things I know of—and in some instances the most inhuman. It is never satisfied. We are always wanting things we do not get; and when we get them, we are not satisfied and want something else. Just like children with toys. Grown-ups are children of a larger size. Some have never gotten out of their childish ways. They want all. But human interest is ever and always centering in folks who do things. The more one does the more he is the cynosure of all eyes. When your ability is recognized the more the busy world will want your services. Forgetting self inspires confidence. Human nature craves, and the public wants, spirit, courage, ability. It is the challenge for big things. This is the age for big things. And the righteous man is the biggest thing in this universe

The story is told that an Irish fireman, rescuing a woman at a blaze, lost his hold near the bottom of the ladder and landed heavily with the woman on top of him. A doctor hastily summoned, pronounced Pat sound, though somewhat bruised. "You are a brave gentleman," said the doctor. "Brave, maybe, but no gintleman," returned Pat, rubbing his injuries, "or I'd let the lady go first."

We hear a great deal these days about the "development of the theory in practice." The practical way to develop this theory is to think out how something can be done better, or at less cost, than is being done, and then make it possible to do it that way. A man doesn't need to be a college graduate in order to think out how many things being done daily might be done better, at less labor and money cost, than they are being done. Neither does he have to go away from home, the farm, the village store, or workshop, or wherever he may be working, to find opportunity to "think out" how something might be done better, and try to work out a way to put his "think" into practice.

When the donkey saw the zebra
The sight was much beyoud his ken;
"Well I never," was his comment,
"There's a mule that's been to the pen."

J. P. Alley, in his "Hambone's Meditations," says: "When you buys an auto on de credick you den' need no hard road to travel—you's got one." Here's another good saying of "Hambone": "Tain' no sign you's prospe'ous jes' ca'se you's got money loant out in-trus'—you ain' prospe'ous less'n dey pays you back."

Professor Gilbert Murray the noted Greek scholar, said at a Harvard function, on one occasion: "Taxes all over the world get higher and higher. And they'll keep on getting higher and higher till governments learn to economize. When it comes to economizing the average government is like the lady. " 'Business' the lady's husband said to her, 'is on the blink, my love. Do you think you could economize a little—wear simpler dresses, say?" Why, of course darling,' said the lady. 'I'll order some simpler dresses this very afternoon.' "

The women, I must say, in this great day,
Are ahead on the permanent wave;
Man, poor man, will do the best he can,
'Till he can get a permanent shave.

She was one of the youngest, bobbed-hair, painted lips and eye-brows, and rouged-cheeked flapper brides. In her first experience in housekeeping, she one day informed her hubby: "Sweetheart, the grocery stores are all closed today, but I made you some nice bean soup out of some jelly-beans I got at the confectionery."

That's all right about that old axiom of "actions speak louder than words." But a great deal depends on who is doing the talking, my countrymen.

A mule cannot kick while he is pulling, and he cannot pull while he

is kicking. Neither can you.

To admit error candidly; to accept advice thankfully; to act after carefully thinking; to make mistakes pay; to apologize when wrong—these are painful personal obligations, but they pay when put into practice.

Some of us get the creeps when we see ourselves in a mirror. Others with greater strength of constitution have become accustomed to the shock. Still others, who have been more bountifully endowed, can enjoy their reflection in the looking-glass. A mirror is the one place where we "can see ourselves as others see us."

It is all right and proper to reckon the country by the number of square miles it contains; but its greatness consists in, and is more pronounced, by the number of square people in its territory.

Joy of living is simply this:
A baby's smile, a woman's kiss,
A book, a pipe, a fire, a friend,
And just a little cash to spend.

NOTORIETY ADDLED HIS HEAD.

(Greensboro Advocate)

Dr. J. M. Rowland, editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, hits straight and hits hard in the following and we desire to say "**Amen.**" "Judge Lindsay has made a fatal mistake that has brought about his downfall. He has done what many specialists are in dauger of doing when they get so absorbed in one line and fail to relate their pet hobbies to all the other truths of life—he has played the fool. He became possessed with the belief that religion and the basic foundations of virtue and home are not the main essentials. He became half crazed with some social utopia which could he thought be reached in a way that did not go by the cross and take in the Ten Commandments. He proposed for sociology to take up the redemption of the race and train and fit them as men do animals. He assaulted the home and our standards of marriage and is charged with preaching free love and the breaking down of the old standard of foundations of life that have been our bulwark. The Judge lost his seat. And any other man will lose his seat and all the valued things of life who follow this course. There are no reforms—no social programs—no expert theories that can work the redemption of mankind when we leave out religion and the sanctity of home. No man who does not exalt these is fit to be a judge on the bench or to in any way represent the people as a leader and builder of civilization.

"Do not be discouraged if the way up is slow, so long as you are rising. To be climbing is the main thing."

CONDITIONS AT THE STATE HOSPITAL AT MORGANTON.

(By Miss Beatrice Cobb, in the Greensboro Daily News.)

As a matter of simple justice and fairness to the State hospital at Morganton which has been so much in the limelight of the News this week, I have felt it a pressing duty to give expression, not necessarily to an opinion in the case causing the present disturbance, but to personal observations extending over a period of years and to facts as I know them.

As editor of the local newspaper I have been in close touch with the institution and in the rather frequent visits I have made there I have had the opportunity to become well acquainted with its management and with the treatment accorded the patients. Because I have no personal connection with the hospital and owe no obligation whatsoever to either side in the present affair I hope that this statement will be taken at face value. I do not offer it as a line of defense in the present investigation, for I feel confident that a consideration of the real facts in the case, uncolored by sentimentalism and hysteria, can have but one outcome. My one object in saying anything at all before a decision in the Williams case has been rendered is with the hope that I may relieve, to some extent at least, the questioning and distrust that without doubt exists in the minds and hearts of many anxious relatives and friends of the 1,800 patients who are in the care of the Morganton institution. To my way of thinking, this present affair is of minor importance in comparison with the great anxiety that has been created by the newspaper copy produced from what I consider the luridly exaggerated evidence.

In saying this I am not blaming the newspapers who carried the Raleigh story, nor even the reporters of the hearing. I am too well acquainted with "news values" for anything like that, but it should be taken into consideration that the bare facts and denials as compared with wild charges do not have equal chance in the prominence givn them as news.

If I thought there were any degree of neglect or mistreatment of the insane people at the hospital here, I would be among the first to denounce the management, but I am satisfied beyond a doubt that they are being cared for in a most human and very efficient manner. Even on what we know as the "worst wards" I have been astonished, not at the lack of care, but at the way in which the necessarily revolting conditions are met. It is, of course, true that each one may not be given the individual attention that might be expected in a private institution with two or three special nurses assigned to the case, but there is no lack in the essentials and no one is without the necessities of proper food and reasonable care. It would probably be impossible to meet all the demands of very exacting relatives. Many private institutions are unable to do that, but the claim can be made and substantiated that the conditions in surroundings, care,

food, comfort and sanitary conditions are such as would meet all reasonable requirements and as would compare most favorably with those maintained in the average home.

Just this week, again, because this subject has been so much under discussion, I made a personal inspection of a ward on the female side where the patients are both mentally and physically helpless. My visit was purposely unannounced and I know that no extra preparations were made for me. I wish that I could have taken there with me a group of the best and most reasonable women in North Carolina. I am sure that they would have come away convinced, as I was, that any sentimental sympathy to be expended should be given to the unselfish and apparently tireless nurses and attendants who work long hours serving those wrecks of humanity, caring for them as they would small children. I found the ward clean and every patient, to all appearances, the recipient of sufficient and proper care.

The people of Morganton who are familiar with conditions at the hospiatl have been almost unanimous in expressing confidence in the hospital physicians and in the conduct of the institution.

TESTIMONY ABOUT THE STATE HOSPITAL.

(Greensboro News.)

The letter of Miss Beatrice Cobb elsewhere in today's Daily News, is valuable evidence from one whose opinion is held in high esteem all over North Carolina. If there are those who have been seriously disturbed by the testimony before the attorney general by members of the family of the patient whose treatment has been under investigation, this letter should serve to allay their apprehension. Without any attempt to impeach that testimony it is only fair to recall that it was given under stress of great emotion and that, so far as the story of lack of treatment of the patient is concerned, it has been denied by the hospital authorities.

So far as the Daily News knows, no other institution in North Carolina has a better reputation than the state hospital at Morganton. It has a character which it is difficult for anyone to assail. The people of the state have entire confidence in it, and will continue to have that confidence until they are satisfied that it has been misplaced. We do not believe that moment will ever come, and with no disposition to pre-judge the case in question we certainly do not believe it has come now. Mountains of evidence could be produced to show that the physicians, nurses and attendants provide every comfort and convenience of which they are capable, and that the hospital is directed and managed with a fine regard to the care of the patients.

The most serious reflection that was made in the Raleigh hearing was not against the hospital: it was

against the state of North Carolina. From both the superintendent and the assistant superintendent there was testimony, as reported, that the number of attendants was not sufficient, and from the superintendent there was the reported statement, "What are we to do? You know we cannot get money, for more." From state officials whose duties bring them in touch with the hospital there were quoted opinions that all the state hospitals needed larger staffs. And from the records of maintenance funds and appropriations there seemed to be evidence that the amounts available were growing less over a period of years, although it does not necessarily follow that the actual sums for the care of patients is less. Finally, there is the pressure, consciously or unconsciously felt, to hold down expenses at all state instituions, educational, charitable or what not, to a minimum. The management of every institution in North Carolina knows what that pressure has meant.

Of the desire of the officials to do everything within their power for the patients and of the fact that they have been doing that, there is little question. The important matter is whether the state has given them the tools with which to work or has taken from them the means of doing what they might do. And as to that, the most important testimony thus far has come from the superintendent of the hospital himself.

PIN MONEY.

By J. Edmund Brewton

As necessary as pins are to us today, there was a time long ago when there were no pins. When pins were first invented they were very much sought, and women spent money for them so extravagantly that in the fourteenth century a regulation was made regarding the sale of them.

This regulation is unique in that it limits the sale of pins to only two days in the year. Makers of pins were allowed to sell them only on the first and second of January. These pins were so expensive that few people could really afford them, but every one bought them whether they were able to or not. It was because people were so carried away with the novelty and usefulness of this new invention and spent money they should have kept for other necessities that this unusual regulation became necessary.

When this rule went into effect a new custom originated. The women began putting aside from day to day small bits of change so that they might have sufficient money on the first and second of January to buy all the pins they desired. This money laid aside for this purpose was called "**pin money.**"

A "school for bandits" has been discovered in the heart of the forests in Russia, with a "veteran thief" for a professor.

A GETTYSBURG MEMORIAL.

(Charlotte Observer)

Another bill that got through the Legislature was that drawn by Representive Pete Murphy, of Rowan, making State appropriation of $50,000 for a monument to the North Carolina troops at Gettysburg—and this 62 years after Appomattox! For a number of Legistures' efforts for State appropriation have been made, but always the bill failed. This time Mr. Murphy had the active assistance of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and though efforts were made to beat them down to a mere $20,000 with which to provide a granite block, they were successful. Governor McLean is commissioned to appoint a committee to look after the discharge of the State's obligation, and as the Governor is understood to be open for suggestions, the Observer might direct his attention to one man who should be on the committee, at all events. Gen. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, at the head of the United Confederate Veterans' Association, has been active for years past in the undertaking to erect a monument at Gettysburg to commemorate the part the North Carolina soldiers played in that momentous battle; he has made survey trips to the battleground and has assisted the Daughters in raising funds with which to reinforce any appropriation the State might make.

The Daughters have raised, we believe, about $16,000, and this, added to the legislative fund, will secure for the State at least something better than it has had at Gettysburg all these 62 years, which is no monument at all. The hope of the state and of the Daughters of the Confedracy in particular, is that the Governor may lose no time in making appointment of this committee, that it may proceed with all due expedition in removing the reproach that has been standing against it at Gettysburg.

THE FOX'S CITADEL.

(Youth's Companion).

A reader sends us this account of a bit of strategy on the part of a fox that he saw when he was a boy in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. One summer day father and mother and I hitched up the horses and took a ride down to a neighbor's. After dinner I walked to the sugar camp, and, as the day was bright and warm, I lay down under a tree on the hillside. I was very quiet; the ground squirrels were playing round; then I saw partridges and their young.

While I was watching I heard hounds barking. Soon afterwards a a large red fox came into sight. He would stop and look back and then run on a piece and stop and look back again. About fifty feet below me was a large rock. The fox stop-

ped and looked at it; then he looked back and, taking a run, lit upon the rock. There he sat and watched the hounds, but when they came to where he had left the ground they lost the trail and began to hunt round for it. When they were on the back trail the fox gave another leap and landed away from the rock. The hounds heard him alight, and they came back, but the fox was sitting on the hill, watching them. They did not find his trail, and it seemed as if he were laughing and saying to himself:

"I fooled them that time!"

MARBLE AND CLAY.

If all there is to do is done,
  And all to say is said,
Which moment matters more?—the one
  Behind, or one ahead?
They who retrace old trails to discover
Old ruins that the vines run over,
  New castles lifting in the air.
They who move forward, find more fair

The past is marble, but today
  Is clay within your hands,
A thing to shape some better way,
  That now one understands.
How ever much we weep or falter,
Old marble we shall little alter;
  Each day we have the clay of dawn
  For wiser hands to labor on.

The old is marble, but the new
  Is plastic as the soil.
God knows there is enough to do,
  And tears are wasted toil.
Use it to shape the present better,
Let not the past the present fetter,
  And that tomorrow you will win
  You wish that yesterday had been.

—Douglas Malloch.

THE LORD'S ACRE.

(Mecklenburg Times.)

James G. K. McClure, Jr., head of the Farmers Federation of Asheville, has suggested that the farmers of western North Carolina do this year as some farmers in other states have done before. He thinks they should plant an acre for the Lord and believes that it would result in a great spiritual awakening. We agree with him and urge the farmers of Mecklenburg county to do the same thing this year. Or you might give one cow or one pen of chickens to the Lord.

Here is what Mr. McClure says:

"An acre of potatoes, or corn, for the Lord, on every farm in this section! What a spiritual awakening this would bring.

"And we need it. The strength of America lies in its farming population, and the strength of its farming population is sustained and developed in its churches. More power and reach in our country churches is of urgent importance if we are to lift our civilization to a higher spiritual level.

"Times have been hard on the farm, and it has not been easy to raise the pastor's salary. But the pastor is the most important man in any community. His salary must be increased. He must have money to get around and see the people. There is scarcely a church in Western North Carolina that should not double its budget; and when the budget is doubled, the spiritual power will increase four-fold.

"A few years ago the members of a church in Georgia all agreed to plant an acre of cotton for the church. The Lord's acres of cotton did well, and brought in a rich harvest to the church, not only in money but also in enthusiasm and power.

"An acre of potatoes, or an acre of corn, or perhaps a steer to be fed for the church, or a tenth of the eggs, and the proceeds brought into a Church Harvest Day in October, would wonderfully help to raise our church budgets, and wonderfully bless the life of our churches."

LAMP LIGHT.

I will not draw my window shades
To pen my lamp light in,
It is so bright and cheering that
'Twould seem 'most like a sin
To pen it all up for my own
While some wayfarer, quite alone,
In darkness of a wintry night
May need my friendly bit of light
To guide him steps unto his goal
Or, better yet, to cheer his soul.—Alice Crowell Hoffman.

"YOU KNOW EVERYTHING."

(Elizabeth City Independent

Please don't embarrass the editor in approaching him for information by saying: "I want to ask you a question, because you seem to know everything." Hardly a day goes by that someone doesn't say that to me: "Saunders, tell me thus and so; you seem to know everything."

In the writing and editing of this newspaper I employ thousands of odd, curious and interesting facts in the run of a year. A scrap book of this newspaper would give any student a mine of imformation about almost everything that a human living in these parts needs to know.

But the editor does not carry these facts in his head. The editor's head isn't the marvelous thing a lot of folks thing it is anyway. It's just a Perquimans County head that escaped from school before it was thoroly ossified.

The historical biographical, biological, scientific, statistical and numerous other facts that enliven my editorial writings are not carried around in my head.

A carpenter works with lumber and nails.

A mason works with bricks and mortar.

A sausage maker works with—you say it.

And the editor is a craftsman who works with facts.

The Statistical Abstract of the United States, the World Almanac, Who's Who in America, Webster's New International Dictionary, the Encyclopedia Brittanica, the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina— these are a few of the tools the editor works with. When the editor wants a fact, he doesn't bedandruff his coat collar trying to scratch it out of a bald head. No; he merely reaches for a dependable reference book.

And having exposed the craft, anybody may now proceed to be an editor.

"WHEN I WAS A BOY."

J. T. Brittain, Moganton, R.-1—"When I was a boy forty and forty-five years ago the trains were fired with wood. Long piles of wood were standing along the tracks at many places in Burke county. The engineers would stop their trains at these places and refill their tenders."

G. W. Butler, Morganton, R.4— "When I was a boy fifty-five years ago the woods were just as dark and thickety as they could be. They were all original forests then but fire has killed many of them out. Sawmills got the rest."—Morganton News-Hearld.

MALEM WAITS.

By Philip J. Varker

For a long moment Jim Casey, hoisting engineer at the main shaft of the Glenco Coal Company mines, eyed his young assistant, Malem Nixon, who, ever since reporting for work that morning, had been quite silent. At last the old engineer spoke.

"Well, I suppose you've been hearing more about jobs in the mines!"

The youth kept silent.

The kindly old engineer nodded with understanding. "I suppose it does go hard, but you know what I told you."

"Yes, I know," the youth hastened to speak, "and I'm grateful," he continued earnestly.. "for what you've taught me. I try to be patient and wait, but when the fellows I run with are doing so well, I—it goes pretty hard.

"Of course it does," came in hearty agreement from the youth's superior. "I can realize how you feel about it, but as I say, you've been here with me two years now and know about all I can teach you. Once you get a job as engineer, well, it isn't the best job around these mines, but you'd save as much, if not more, than your friends. And when you get impatient, just think of the new shaft being driven. Some one's going to have a hoisting engine to run there."

"Oh, Casey!" The gasp came incredulous from the youth. "Why, they'd never give it to me. It's going to be a more important job than this. They'll want someone experienced. You'll be changed."

"What! Take my old engine away from me!" The old engineer stiffened. "Just let them try it. Why, I just couldn't live, that's all, without that battered old dial board before me. Have someone else throwing these levers, seeing the cable come singing in around the drum! Why, I know each splice on it and can tell where the cage is by the amount of cable on the drum. Take my old engine away from me? Well, I guess not!"

The old engineer paused to blow his nose lustily, then resumed in a more natural tone. "You just wait, as I tell you. It'll pay. I've spoken to the boss about you. Of course you haven't run the engine. You know I dare not allow anyone to handle it. But you understand and it wouldn't take you more than a week to get on its action."

With this, the engineer arose. "Well, let's be moving. There's that old shafting to be taken down, and other cleaning up to be done. But, as it's a hoiday, we won't be bothered."

In this, however, the speaker was wrong. Voices outside the engine house caused him to look from the window. He turned to gasp: "The big boss, with his wife and another lady. Bet they want to go down in the mines!"

"This is Jim Casey, one of our oldest men," stated the mine superintendent in introducing the kindly old engineer. "And this is your assistant, eh, Jim?" he questioned, seeing Malem nearby.

"Yes, Mr. Richards. Remember, I spoke to you about him."

"That's right. You did," agreed the superintendent. "But he's rather young. Of course youth is no crime," hastily added the mine official as he caught a crestfallen look on the youth's face, "but as for giving you charge of a hoisting engine with its great responsibility, I, well, I don't know. I'm afraid the men wouldn't have confidence in one so young.

"I—you see, Casey," continued the mine official, turning to the old engineer, "it was only by telling my wife some of your great exploits with this engine, how careful you are that I was able to get her and Miss Hendricks, here, to the point where they gathered enough courage to venture down the shaft.

"But I'll keep you in mind," stated the suprintendent, again turning to Malem. Then, winking shyly at Casey, "I suppose there's a girl back of all this ambition, eh, Jim?"

The old engineer grinned at Malem's confusion, then sobered. "No, Mr. Richards, it's an education he's after. He's always studying. Right now, he could enter second year in college."

"What!" The mine official turned to the youth with great respect. "That's some feat yong man. And what are you planning to take up?"

"Why, I've been thinking of mining engineering."

"Yes!" Cordiality crept into the mine superintendent's voice. "Why, that's even better," he exclaimed. "Rest assured, young man, I'll keep you in mind; though, as I have said, I can't promise you a hoisting engine job. But we'd better be moving. Make it to the lower level, Casey. While we're down, I want to show my wife all there is to be seen. It isn't likely that I'll be able to get her down there again."

The old engineer ascended to his chair, waited until the superintendent had passed out and to the cage, securing the gate across the opening behind them.

Sharply from nearby came the ringing of a bell. All was ready. The old engineer released the catch on a lever and as he moved the lever forward the cable about the huge drum began to slip through an opening in the building, slowly gathering speed. Sliently the indicator on the dial began its orbit, passing one-quarter mark, then one-half and on past the three-quarter point. The old engineer, immovable as a statue until that moment, suddenly pulled back the lever half way, then slowly, notch by notch, until, with the indicator having made a complete circuit of the board, the engine came to a stop with such smoothness that Malem knew those on the cage, now a half mile underground, hadn't felt the least jar as it touched bottom.

"We'd better get busy," stated Casey, climbing from his seat. "It'll be sometime before they'll want to come up. The boss will make a real trip of it. He's been trying to get his wife down there for sometime, to show her what the mines are like. And we'll need all the time there is. It's going to be a ticklish job, taking down that old shafting. It's really heavy and likely to swing loose on us."

With this old engineer and his assistant secured tools and attacked the fastening that held the shafting to the ceiling. It was, as Casey had prophesied, a long and tedious job. After the bolts, badly corroded, which

held it to the hangers were loosened, it was necessary to attach a block and tackle in such a way that the shafting could be lifted from the hanger and swung out in such a position that it could be lowered safely to the floor. At last, however, it was swung clear of the hanger.

Then came the accident. Either the knot which Casey had tied in the rope about the shafting slipped, or the weight of the huge length of steel had been under-estimated Malem, following instructions was gripping the rope, holding the shafting off the hanger, while Casey reached up to swing the shafting clear. The youth felt a tremor of the rope and instinctively cried out in warning, but he was too late. The huge iron swung around, pinning Casey tight against the wall.

Malem's first sensation was of great weakness, then he fought down his fright and tugged frantically at the rope, pulling it away from the imprisoned man, who slipped, a limp figure, to the floor. But of this Malem was only dimily aware. His attention was on the shafting. He pulled it on up until it swung clear of the spot where Casey lay, then on its outward swing from over the motionless figure, he allowed the rope to sting through his hands, and the instant the shafting crashed to the floor, he raced to lift the injured engineer. His first frantic glance found no sign of life. But, shortly, possibly through his moving of the crushed form, a feeble groan seeped from between the gapping lips. In this wild relief the youth sought to pour water between the injured man's lips. Such was his nervous haste that most of the water splashed over the upturned face. It had the desired results, however. Another feeble moan, and Casey opened his eyes.

"I—oh, my side—a knife cutting into it," he gasped in his intense agony. "Call the doctor—phone. He—"

But Malem already was racing across the room to where the phone connected with the city line hung on the wall. The cheerful voice of the coal company's physician which answered his ring served much to bring a return of self-control to the youth.

"Doc will be right over," he began, bending over the injured man with a great air of cheerfulness. "Maybe I could make you more comfortable until he—"

The youth paused, struck silent by a sound, the ringing of the telephone bell, a call from the mines. The superintendent wished to return to the surface.

For a long moment the engineer and assistant stared blankly at each other. Then Malem slowly straightened and, crossing the room, climbed into the engineer's seat. There he sat, nails digging into the palms of his hands, his teeth threatening to chatter with nervous fear that the ring had brought; a call, irregular and feeble, not unlike that which had come to the engine house two years before, the last effort of one of the few survivors of a gas explosion who had crawled to the phone near the foot of the shaft to send out first word of the worst mine disaster the valley had known.

Slowly, with an effort that in itself was painful, Malem lifted the 'phone receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Engine house talk—" he began, but got no furthur.

A voice, wildly hysterical, beat in upon his ear drums, now pleading, now sobbing, and telling a story which Malem slowly pieced together. The superintendent was hurt, struck down by a piece of rock. It was his wife at the 'phone. They, she and her friends, had aided, almost carried, the injured mine offiicial from the point where he had been struck down.

The two women evidently had been held calm by the seriousness of their position, but upon reaching the phone, to them the only familiar link to the life they knew, all control seemed to have left them.

Malem waited. To talk against such hysteria was impossible. Shortly he noticed exhaustion creeping into the voice at the other end of the wire, then the sobs choked short. He grasped the opportunity and spoke a few words of direction. He was heard. For shortly a voice well under control, asked that the instructions be repeated.

The youth complied. The telephone which the superintendent's wife was using was but a hundred yards from the foot of the shaft. At the cage, which she would find waiting, she need but push the signal button and the cage would be brought to the surface.

For a long moment after he had finished speaking, Malem waited. But nothing further came over the wire. Slowly he hung up the receiver and with a great effort to appear casual, swung about to where Casey lay.

"They're ready to come up," he stated quietly, then turned about—to wait. Had Casey heard? Did he suspect that something was wrong? These questions came to worry, but for a moment only. The task now facing him, of hoisting the cage, filled him to the exclusion of all else. Could he start the engine without a jerk and keep the cage smoothly ascending, that there be nothing added to the terror of the helpless women, with further torture to the injured man on the cage?

A minute, then another and five ticked off on the clock in front of the youth. They now were nearing the cage, he told himself, as he had a mental picture of the two women, guiding, perhaps carrying, the injured man along the narrow passage peering hopefully ahead for sight of the shaft. Any moment now they would reach the cage and push the starting button. Then!

The youth's hands, gripping the starting lever grew moist; he tried to swallow, but his throat was too dry. The minute hand on the clock crept onward, past six, then seven and on to ten. Still no signal from the depths of the mines! Had something else happened? Before this they should have reached the foot of the shaft. To keep down the added anxiety that this brought, Malem withdrew his hands from the starting lever and sought to wipe them dry of perspiration. He would need dry hands, he told himself rather unsteadily, to handle the engine. He—

It was at that instant that the signal came, breaking the painful silence with its discordant note. The handkerchief dropped from Malem's hand.s He leaned forward and threw the lever. The big drum stirred and the cable began to slip in from the shaft,

winding into the grooves of the drum. The cage was ascending.

Slowly the indicator swung around on the dial, creeping up to the three-quarter mark, then on towards one-half. The cable, having wound around the drum to the last groove, now was working back to the left on its second layer. At the three-quarter position, it would be starting on its return trip, and then—

The youth at the throttle stiffened with the fear of a sudden thought. At that point the splice in the cable would appear. Would it run true? Could he hold the speed of the engine so under control that it could be stopped on the instant that the cable, owing to the thickness of the splice, refused to start back along the drum?

For a moment terror through that which would happen should the cable run off the end of the drum held the figure at the throttle, then he shook himself free. Behind him he was conscious of the door to the engine house being opened and a voice, that of the doctor, speaking, but he did not answer. He dared not. For in that instant the spliced part of the cable shot in through the opening and out of sight around the drum. He closed the throttle with a rush of frantic strength. And just in time! The splice again shot into sight, running towards the edge of the drum.

A wild leap carried the youth to the drum. His hands clutched an iron bar from nearby. Then upon the drum he climbed, and, as he had seen Casey do, he brought down with all his might the iron bar upon the cable at the point where it was spliced. Again and again he struck it, battering it smooth. Then, back to the engine he raced and, at the throttle again, set the drum revolving.

For a painful moment, the youth waited, his eyes riveted on the drum at the point where the splice was supposed to reappear. Then it came into sight—running true!

A short minute later, with the indicator on the dial at last perpendicular, Malem shut off the engine and ran from the engine house. At the cage, with the assistance of the physician who had followed, he lifted the injured mine official and carried him into the engine house, where, after a few moments' examination, the physician drew erect from over the injured man.

"Nothing serious," he stated to the superintendent's wife waiting anxiously, "though it looks ugly enough. Casey's injuries are more serious. At least two ribs broken. He'll be laid up for some time. I'd better call an ambulance or Mr. Richards here will be around and insisting upon walking. He—"

As though to prove the physician's words, the mine official opened his eyes and abruptly sat up. He looked about, bewildered for a moment, at his wife, then around the circle. At sight of Casey lying nearby, instant concern showed on his face.

"Nothing serious," hastily spoke the physician, "though he'll be laid up for a time."

"You were hit by a piece of rock," volunteered the mine superintendent's wife, as the mine official raised his hand, puzzled, to his head.

"Yes, I suppose it was that," stated the superintendent, "and I knew you and Elsie were helping me along, but with Casey here hurt how did we get to the surface?"

"Why, your other engineer, of

course," came the surprise from the physician.

"Other engineer!" The superintendent looked about, bewildered.

"Why, this young chap, of course," laughed the physician. "Handled the job like a veteran, he did."

"Couldn't have done better myself, Mr. Richards," came another voice weakly, as Casey stirred slightly. "You know that splice and how dangerous it is, likely to run off the drum! Well, he did the trick so quick I'd bet you'd not know the cage was stopped."

"Yes!" With this exclaimation, the mine official said no more until the ambulance arrived. Then he turned to where Malem was standing.

"We'll need a man of your size and ability over at the new shaft engine house." he stated abruptly. "How about it?"

The youth flushed, embarrassed. "I understood that a helper has already been secured."

"Helper!" The superintendent laughed shortly. "Who said anything about helper? It's an engineer's job I'm talking about."

Malem could not speak, but what he felt showed in his eyes.

"That's better, eh?" continued the mine official, reading the light in the youth's eyes. "Your job starts right here and now until Casey gets around again. More than that, I want to say that this coal company is always watching for ambitious young fellows. When you get that college education, I—well, it's a little early yet, but I'll just remind you that with new veins being opened steadily, there's always a demand for foremen, yes, for superintendents, too!"

WRONG NAMES FOR THINGS.

By Everett Spring

Nothing succeeds like mistakes. Fasten a wrong title to a thing, and the name will almost outlive the language . There is the case of the Irish stew. It is no more an Irish dish than American or English, and the term "Irish stew" would not be understood in the Emerald Isle; but the name is bound to stick.

India ink is unknown in India, while the turkey is really a native of the New World, and has no reason to be called by his present name.

Rice paper is not made from rice. Catgut is not found in the domestic cat, but from the more silent sheep. Galvanized iron is zinc-coated, but no longer by the process of Galvani. The copper pennies which form a part of our small change are not made from copper, but from an alloy that would be more properly termed bronze than copper.

It is among the little articles of dress and peronal use that the false names are most plentiful. Dogskin gloves rob few dogs, and kid gloves fewer kids. As with catgut, the sheep again supplies the material; the other animals do nothing except to furnish the name. We can be pretty sure that our linen-collar, shirt, and cuffs are cotton. Even our sealing-wax is waxless.

A BOY OF OLD JERUSALEM.

By Helen L. Coffin

There was a Jewish boy born a few years after Christ was crucified who had some stirring adventures. His name was Josephus. And he himself says in his autobiography, he came "from no ignoble family but hath descended all along from the priests," and from his mother's side was "of the royal blood." He lived in Jerusalem— "the greatest city we have"—and was brought up with his brother, so that he "made mighty improvement in his learning and understanding."

He was of an investigating turn of mind, and when he was fourteen he decided to try out each one of the religions and choose by actual experiment which one he should follow. He was three years or more making this trial: Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes; and then hearing of a hermit who lived the simple life in the dessert, he gave that a trial, too. He wore only such clothes as were made from the leaves of the trees, and ate no other food "than what grew on its own accord." Then he returned to the city and joined himself with the Pharisees. His "learning and understanding" gave him a position of great power and authority. He was frequently consulted by the chief men as to the meaning of the law and the choice of action for the church and the nation as well. Young as he was, he was a priest, and an important member of the high church bodies.

Today we should think this meant that here we had one young man devoted to the ways of peace. We should expect him to live a quiet life in the Temple, studying the Law and explaining the Doctrine. But the life of Josephus was anything but quiet. One after another, exciting things happened and trouble and fighting seemed to center aoout him. He was usually in the thick of whatever happened. Shipwrecks, war, plots, revenge and punishment were a part of his daily life. Once when on his way to Rome he reports that "our ship was drowned in the Adriatic and we were forced to swim all night before we were rescued by another ship." He became acquainted with an actor of plays much beloved by Nero but a Jew by birth;" through him met Ceasar's wife, and by her influence was able to secure the freedom of some imprisoned priests whose friend he had become. This is the sort of thing that made up his life

The Jews started a war for independence from Rome. At first Josephus tried to prevent it, being one of two sent to the rebels to persuade them to lay down their arms. But he did not succeed, and the war, which waxed furious for years, resulted in the destruction of Jerusalem

All of his experiences of this time he has written into his "History of the Wars of the Jews," and it has all the interest that comes from being told by an eye-witness. It was his first book, and was finished about A. D. 75, when Josephus was about thirty-seven yaars old. About twenty years later he finished his "Antiquities of the Jews," which is today one of the great histories, although it was written over eighteen hundred years ago. He says himself that

it was written to "appeal to all Gentiles as worthy of their study" and that anybody who reads it will learn "that all events succeed well to those who follow God's will, and do not venture to break his excellent laws."

This is our familiar Bible history, just as we know it; beginning as our Bible does, with "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth'," and introducing all the characters we know and telling the old stories as we have heard them told. But Josephus turns ou them little sidelights of legend and tradition as he had heard them and read them. This is particularly true of the times which were nearest to his own. Probably his own father had often seen Christ and witnessed many of the incidents of those days of His ministry, and had often told his son about them. Then, too, as one of the priests, he was able to read many of the Jewish records with which we are not familiar. He also brings into his story many historic characters who do not appear in the Bible records. And all of it is told with a personal touch, as if he were relating simply the experiences of his own everyday life and adventures.

FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

(The Advance.)

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But today, when I began to plow corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke aronud it and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or, better, while we pray, we should look our troubles squarely in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord, remove that rock," when he did not know whether it was a big rock or a little, flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes we do not dare to pray about a trouble, because it it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when if we would face the trouble, and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would immediately disappear.

The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

By Whit Norton.

"Substitue—substitue—what does **substitue** mean?" questioned Jimmy Kline over and over to himself, as he slowly wound his way through the crooked little street that led from Hagan's school to his humble home in the north side of Northcutt.

All of his life Jimmy had been dreaming of the time when he might be in school with a lot of other boys of about his own age, and now he had started. But the reality wasn't nearly so wonderful as his dreams had been, for in the school where he was now going regularly he had found few friends; in fact Jimmy wasn't sure that he had found any friends. The boys of Hagan's seemed to stick together, and so far he had been an outsider.

Vainly he had tried to prove his worth in the outside activities of the school; he was swift on his feet, friendly towards everybody, and a good batter, but now how could he prove this unless the boys of the junior nine would give him an opportunity, and so far he had gotten no nearer the game than promise from the captain to substitue.

He was no nearer the solution when he reached his home than he was when he left the school building. Finally he sought his sister, Kate.

Kate was older than Jimmy and ever and ever so much smarter. Kate always knew the meaning of big words.

"Substitue," said sister Kate when Jimmy put the question to her, "means filling a place vacated by some one; but why do you ask?"

"Well," answered Jimmy, "that's my position on the junior baseball team at Hagan's."

"What sort of a team have they?" asked Kate.

"Fair," responded Jimmy, "but I'd be a better first baseman any time than Joe Horton, and honestly, Kate, I believe I can pitch better than the fellow they've got."

"Keep that idea, Jimmy," advised Kate, "and every time you have a chance, practice ball; one of these days there'll be a vacancy in the game, and the captain will call in you to substitute."

Kate's advice didn't sound very encouraging to Jimmy, for he had already been in Hagan's nearly six months, and there had never yet been a vacnacy on the team, and somehow, he felt as if there never would be. Still, playing ball was the thing he liked best of all out-doors sports, and even practice work was better than never getting a chance to finger a ball, so he decided to follow his sister's suggestion. If the time ever came for him to play, he at least would be ready to meet the emergency.

So Jimmy began to leave the school house promptly when the study period was over, and with Kirk Doolen, a neighbor boy, spent hours in the Kline yard and in the alley-way back of the house, pitching and catching, until they were quite efficient.

Because he made a practice of reaching the school house just in time and leaving promptly, he never had very much chance to mingle with

the students, but when the weather began to clear up a little and ball practice began in earnest, Jimmy changed his habits. Then every afternoon found him where the team was, watching eagerly every move that was made. Through his sister, Kate, he secured a baseball outfit, and unless he were publicly pointed out nobody would have ever surmised that he wasn't one of the regular team.

Bill Evans saw this and resented it. "Why do you wear the regulation, Jimmy?" he asked one afternoon as the boys were preparing for a big game, "since you're not a regular player."

"Because I'm asubstitue," answered Jimmy, "and should the captain ever call me out, I'll be ready."

"You needn't worry," answered Bill, "he isn't going to call you."

"But he might," answered Jimmy, "and if he does I''ll be all ready, and nobody will have reason to believe I'm an outsider—or a sub."

"Team's in mighty good shape," announced Fred Tate; "still—you never can tell, I substitued once for six months before I got a tryout."

Jimmy's heart thumped with joy at that announcement; maybe after all, he would get a call from the captain some day.

And that very afternoon the opportunity came. Phil Andrews was knocked out in the first round, and Captain Craig, looking about, saw an extra all rigged up for service and called him.

My, my! how Jimmy's heart was pounding when he wennt to the home plate.

"Well," sneered Bill, "you've got chance now, what do you think you can do?"

"I'll show you what I can do!" retorted Jimmy. "Where do I play?"

"Third base," answered Captain Craig." Think you can hold it down?"

"Yes, Cap," anewered Jimmy, "but I make a habit of holding the ball up, not down."

"Hurrah for you, Jimmy!" answered the captain, "keep up the good habit."

That Jimmy could do it was proven in the next five minutes; when a flyer went over the base, a good 12 inches over Jimmy's ordinary reach, he went up and brought it down.

A yell of hearty approval followed and Jimmy's face flushed with joy.

Not a ball went astray that came within Jimmy's limits, and Captain Craig kept a close watch on the substitute, but it was not until he went to the bat that Jimmy got a chance really to show off.

"Here, you runt," called the pitcher, "hit this!" And immediately a ball came whizzing by.

"Strike one," called the umpire.

"Try this one," called the pitcher, and again he shot a quick ball over the plate, and Jimmey struck at it.

"Maybe you'd like a soft ball," called the pitcher, "but I can't pitch that kind." Forthwith he wound his arms vigorously over his head and turned another of his magic speedsters loose, but Jimmy had also braced himself for the occasion, and when the ball came by the plate it met a force that turned it instantly in its course and sent it spinning right over the pitcher's head, through the hands of the second baseman and the legs of the outfielder, and over the fence into a freshly plowed field; and when

the ball landed back in the pitcher's hands, Jimmy was sliding over the home plate.

For six innings the score stood two to one in favor of Hagan's, and thus it stood to the last; hence the Hagan players left the grounds noisily.

Jimmy realized he had proved himself, but no word had come to his ears from the captain, so he quietly slipped through the fence and started home. But scarcely had he gotten through when he felt a strong arm bring him back, and the next instant he was gazing into the eyes of the captain.

"I'll say, Jimmy," murmured the captain pleasantly, "that you're a nice little substitute, never whining because nobody called you or making any great to-do over your ability; but—but—listen, sonny," the man finished softly, "you won't substitute any more—you're one of the regular fellows from now on."

How Jimmy got home he never knew, but finally he was there, telling his sister, Kate, the good news; then boy-like he gave her a real bear-hug and declared she was responsible for his winning the place of prominence, because he had followed her advice and prepared himself so that when the call came he would be ready—and he was.

PROHIBITION RAISES LIVING CONDITIONS.

Prohibition has raised the living standards of the poor man and has made possible many luxuries, including more self-owned homes, according to a statement issued here today by Dr. F. Scott McBride, general superintendent of the Anti Saloon League of America.

"In proof of this assertion." said the statement, "Randolf F. Sellers, manager of the V. T. Taylor & Son Company of Cleveland, in a recent address before the Ohio Association of Real Estate Boards, declared that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment 'has changed the channels through which some two billion dollars of our national wealth flows annually.'

Mr. Sellers pointed out that money formerly spent for intoxicating liquor now goes into homes and home improvements, and that as a result the living standards of the entire nation have been raised. He declared that 'along with the increased buying power of the working man, there has grown a need for more concentration on present land properties rather than the development of unused areas'

"With such better economic conditions prevailing, the voters of the United States would not for a moment consider a return to the conditions experienced before prohibition. Prohibition is here to stay."

"Everyone of us owes it to himself to cultivate and develop the kind of personality that will be good company for himself."

"A REGULAR FELLOW."

(Harry Deaton in Mooresville Enterprise)

Otis Woodside was fearless in his duties as an officer and the Town of Moorseville and Iredell county deplores his sudden passing. The writer was frequently thrown with the Chief and we held him in high esteem, not for his daring deeds in making sensational arrests and puting a stamp on crime—that is what he had assumed to do for a stipulation—but for his big tenderness of heart and great sympathy for the erring. It was his great personality that attracted men to him, for even the most hardened law-breakers respected him. We have known him to work for days and nights to run a man down, and after conviction, do all that was possible for a human to do, to help the poor devil along and out of trouble. He would feed the hungry, clothe the naked, sleep the homeless, he was more than a regular fellow. He was merciful. Another phase of his life soon attracted our attention when he came among us. All the children of the Town became his fast friends and learned to love him. He joined them in all their sports and activities and seemed to know the child. He was just that sort of man. He knew all the children and all the dogs in this community and they, too, loved him. He knew all the criminals and their ways, and let no one go unnoticed. We are proud that we could call him friend.

GOOD MEASURE

A school teacher once made the following wise suggestion to his class: "I hear complaint from time to time of the drudgery of certain lessons. I think it unfortunate, because it means that the world will hear much about the drudgery of your work later on. All work has its disagreeable features and there is just one cure for it. If Mary hates to wash the dishes she must grit her teeth and say, 'Mother makes me wash the dishes and I hate it.NBut I'll surprise her. I'll wash the dishes and then I'll clean up the kitchen, too, just for good measure.' If John hates to carry out the ashes he must say,'I'll carry out the ashes, but I'll do more. I'll surprise dad by cleaning out the furnace, too.' The may be surprised, but the real surprise will be the way in which the drudgery of your task has disappeared."

This is an old-fashioned cure for drudgery, but it always succeeds. Jesus dicovered it centuries ago when he said, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two."—Forward.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

We all enjoyed spare-ribs and sausage last week. Five big hogs were butchered.

Several new lawn mowers have been purchased and were used on the upper campus the other day.

Work on our new reception building is progressing rapidly, the work being done by John R. Query, Concord contractor.

The services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon were conducted by Rev. C. H. Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord.

The new Sunday School quarterlies have been distributed. Nearly all of the lessons for the second quarter are concerning the life of Peter. The boys are all enjoying the study of this great apostles' life.

If we do not have some beautiful dahlia blooming near the printing office this year, it will not be due to the lack of expert advice. Mr. G. A. Batte, of Concord, recently came out and showed us how to separate the bulbs, so as to get the best results.

Last Friday afternoon, about fifty young ladies, students of Queens College, Charlotte, accompanied by several teachers, visited our institution. After seeing the boys at work and at play in the various departments, here, they unamiously expressed themselves as being well pleased with their visit.

Last Thursday afternoon, Rev. C. H. Trueblood, of Concord, accompanied by Dr. J. R. Jester, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winston-Salem, visited the School. Dr. Jester, who has been conducting revival services in Concord, spoke to the boys, assembled in the auditorium, on the subject "Going the Second Mile," Both the boys and officers enjoyed the talk and we feel grateful to Rev. Trueblood for making it possible for us to hear him.

Master John Daniel Boger, young son of Superintendent Boger, celebrated his fifth birthday anniversary, last Saturday afternoon, by entertaining a number of his young friends at his home. The youngsters enjoyed an egg hunt and several other games, after which delicious refreshments were served. Among those present were Ester Brown, Libby Sauvain, Edward Sauvain, Charles Cannon, Jr., John Barnhardt, Helen Barnhardt, Betsy Fisher, Horace House, Bobbie Sappenfield, George Lee Simpson, Mesdames Jim Brown, Edward Sauvain, John J. Barnhardt and Miss Maggie Barnhardt.

Little town girl (who has spent day in country for first time, having hitherto only played in parks)—"Daddy, what time do they shut the country up?"

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 23, 1927. No. 18

LET'S DO.

If we can say some word this morning
That starts the day in proper style,
That's just as needful as adorning
Ourselves with satins all the while—
And so let's smile.

Oh, I am sure there's many a neighbor
And many a stranger passing by,
That we could hearten at their labor
And many a morning beautify—
And so let's try.

And our own task will seem the lighter,
The day be glad the whole day through,
And all of life seem fairer, brighter,
If you help me and I help you—
So let's do.

—Douglas Malloch.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

Variety is the great characteristic of this world in every respect, and we find the beautiful in it not by comparison but by contrast. I do not know why there are so many zones unless each had its spiritual value and beauty in its time. So we wouldn't compare one with another, but rather say that the temperate zone has something the others have not, and vice versa, and so each contributes its bit to make the wonderful world in which we live. In like manner we wouldn't think of comparing poets with electrical engineers, yet the work of each is splendid and beautiful. This variety is also seen in the various denominations of the church. But all are striving to serve the same God and Father of us all. There is one glory of the sun and one of the stars; one of the rich and one of the poor. But the rich man is not necessarily better than the poor man; just different. His beautiful castle may shine gloriously in the sunshine, but not more gloriously than the bright spade of the ditch digger. If wealth were the only path to greatness and happiness, it would look as though God had made this world for a very few people. But which would you rather be, the millionaire who purchased the Angelus for his castle walls, or the artist who created that picture?—James A. Robinson.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL REPORTER.

There are lots of things in which North Carolina proudly claims "The First." The state has the newspaper correspondent with the most marvelous imagination, or something else, that the whole country affords. He lives at Kinston, or dates his findings from that postoffice.

Last Summer he slipped up on a crowd of rabbits, that were engaged in gathering the choicest leaves of growing tobacco, carrying them out to a secluded spot, curing them, and then in their leasure sitting up chewing

the stuff like a veteran politician. That was very wonderful, and the correspondent norated it to the world.

This same correspondent's latest: "A 16-inch trout caught in a trap in a tall tree." This is more wonderful.

When a state produces a correspondent that can catch a fish in the top of tall trees—that establishes another "First."

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY OPEN.

Under the caption, "The Door of Opportunity—it is Open in the South," the country served by the Southern Railway System is pictured in the seventh of a series of advertisements being run by the Southern in national magazines having a combined circulation of more than 10,000,000.

This advertisement which appears in April issues of the publications carrying the series is attractively illustrated and reads as follows:

"A variety of fertile soils and a moderate climate—coal, iron and other minerals—timber tracts—water power—these are some of the natural resources in the South lying ready for industry to fashion into fortune.

"And back of these there is the substantial Southern citizenship—of American's stock, hard working, homogenous and contented. Prosperity and progress are as much a matter of men as of things.

"Each year many new industrial enterprises are established in the South, and Southern farmers grow more and better things.

"The South is a region rich in opportunity for ambitious men and women."

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A VERY DELICATE THING.

The front pages of the public press have kept a careful watch over Earl Carroll, the New York artist, who fell ill on his way to the Federal prison at Atlanta, to serve a year for perjury. Humiliation knocked him out. In another column we give what James Hay, Jr., of the Asheville Citizen, thinks of Carroll.

What it took a life time to build, Carroll destroyed it in a moment. Character and reputation are very delicate matters.

But what a difference there is in men. Even women differ. One goes to prison for the most frightful conspiracies—he stands up unshamed, unhacked, and assumes the attitude of a hero. Another goes to prison in great glee, hanging to his fiddle and boasting of his joy and independence—comes away as having returned from a delightful visit. It effects men

differently. All of which may be traced back to former years of training and development.

A day in prison is a life time to some men—a twenty years spent in prison is a vacation to others. It all depends upon the fibre of the individual, inherited and cultivated in past years by birth and environment.

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"WHO IS THIS."

He's a livewire—David Ovens, of Ivey's Department store in Charlotte. He's a versatile man; business is his plaything by which he makes his living. For amusement, and for an outlet of a marked order of philosophy and genius which is his, and to keep a great store before the public for "bizness," he edits one end of a page of the Charlotte Observer in the form of an advertsiement. It is more than an advertisement, it is very engaginging matter even though it ends up, like all good advertisments invented by patent medicine concerns, with the kernel in the nut.

Hear Mr. Ovens under the title of "Who is This?"

And so they are going to put out a new kind of telephone. They call it Television, or something like that. It's a trick that enables you to see the fellow you are talking to.

At the first blush we don't think much of it because it's liable to bring on all sorts of embarrassing complications if it comes to every day use.

Think of having to get all primped up before you call the doctor in the middle of the night and waiting for him to change from his night shirt to his day suit before he'd dare venture to answer.

Never did like telephones much anyway. They are a great invention and all that but we'd rather walk a block any time than use one of the things.

Of course if the new machine cuts out the practice of all the cheerful idiots who call their friends up and say: "Don't you know who this is?" It will be a great boon to the world.

When anybody pulls that on us we say: "No, we're glad we don't" and hang up, but always feel when we do this that we might have missed something important.

Then there are the other bad mannered half wits who call you on the phone and when you answer ask "who is this?" Our pet answer to that is: "Napoleleon Bonaparte." Occasionally we change it to Queen Marie or Julius Caesar.

One would think Mr. Ovens would fall quickly for the Television. How it would expedite sales of abbreviated, transparent gowns, galore! He could dress up a saleslady in a new design; she would call up a prospective customer, who has the reputation of following style implicitly—by the Tele-

vision a sale is immediately made. The same saleslady could call another lover of the modern, and another sale is effected; still another and so on until lunch hour. Instead of one performing saleslady, Mr. Ovens could install a Television in his clothing store moonshinery for each of his salesladies. Oh, what business would be created; the saving of shoe soles, gas, street congestion, crowded store-room; delivery charges for such a dainty cute little things may be forwarded in an envelope at two cents. The additional cost would be men to count the cash flowing in or following up the ledger pages.

From all that we have heard of this delightful, wide-awake gentleman, The Uplift intends to go to Ivey's in the next sixty days and see how Mr. Ovens' battery of Televisions perform. We are aware that this is an advertisment, but it is voluntary without charges—it's worth it.

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A MEAN JOB.

The real white man's burden, observes the Asheville Citizen, is his pessimistic brethren. The greatest load a business firm can carry is the pessimism of a partner. The biggest handicap to a town is the pessimism of that pecular tribe of men who are always finding fault with proposed improvements. The darkest cloud on a family's horizon is the whining of a chronic grouch.

"A man ought to be paid a big salary for working on the job of pessimist," says the Rev. Dr. E. E. Smith in **The Christian Observer.** "It is a mean job. It is hard work. It drives a man's friends away from him. It makes him feel mean. It ruins his business He is not wanted in any social circle."

These things are true because the pessimistic outlook is contrary to the lessons, purpose and achievements of nature and society. It is the law, unchanging and irrevocable, that one must have one's eyes fixed on the stars, that one must go upward. Growth is the business for which man was made, just as it is the business for which the flowers were made. If the world could not go forward, it might just as well never have been created. If it had not constantly gone forward, it would have long ago ceased to be as we know it.

A pessimist, therefore, is one who has set himself against society and the laws of cause and effect. When he pulls a long face and gives it as his opinion that "this town is in for a worse season than it had last year," or that a sick friend "is sure to die," or that the world "is going to the

dogs,'' he is trying to throw the scheme of creation into reverse.

He is, in effect, confessing that he himself is incapable of growth and success and that, because this is so, he would like to see everybody else consigned to the same poor end. The way to deprive him of even the possibility of depressing others, is to remember that what he says is based not on fact but on his own failures and disappointments.

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OUR LAKE

Since the beginning of the Jackson Training School development all the street material has been secured from one spot, where there was a deposit of a fine quality of grit. From the time when the late Supt. Walter Thompson began the construction of the streets through our grounds thousands of loads of grit have been removed from this very spot. It formed a considerable basin.

This basin has in the past few months been shaped up and put in order to hold water. It is practically full today, being supplied constantly by water from the ice plant. While it makes not an unsightly lake, it serves the purpose of a storage resevoir in case of fire. It is conveniently located. The truth of the matter is since the foundation of the Jackson Training School authorities have endeavored to make ''every edge'' cut, appropriate all by-products, and utilize every agency for the development of the property. This accounts for the marvelous growth of the plant at such a little cost.

Here's to the boys in Prof. Johnson's room: The first one sending to the editor a written calculation of the capacity of this lake in gallons, will receive a little token. The only condition is that you make the calculation yourself, do your work neatly and sign your name legibly.

The dimension of the lake or reservoir is 162¾ feet in diameter and an average depth of 6⅜ feet. Now, boys, get busy.

LAST WILD HORSE KILLED BY BAD SHOT.

By T. W. Secrest, in Monroe Journal.

Before I forget it I want to tell the readers of The Journal about the last wild horse that roamed the hills of Union County. This was more than one hundred years ago because up until 45 years ago all stock ran at large and the woods were full of all kinds of game, wild animals, and fowl. My grand-father told me of this particular wild horse that I shall tell you about. He had a certain territory that he roamed, from Monroe to Indian Trail and from Wesley Chapel to Unionville. He could be found early in the morning or at night on a high hill near Vern and Carl Helms' home about 1½ miles west of Bakers. On this hill there was a thick clump of lofty pines with very thick foilage which furnished a cover for him in very bad weather.

This horse was said to be snow white, about medium size and with a very heavy mane, and everybody thought he would make a very good saddle horse, so one day about 20 of the good old time citizens set out to capture this fine steed, alive. They first built traps and lanes to drive him in but decided that he was too sharp for them, so each horseman was stationed in a different place with a bell on his horse, and when they passed each other they would give chase. This was kept up until late in the evening and they knew that the wild horse would pass around by his home in a little while and they finally decided for the best gunner to "crease the horse's neck," which meant to shoot the horse as he passed by in the neck where the mane grows, and when this is done successfully the horse will fall and will remain unsonscious long enough to be tied.

It was hard to tell which was the best shot, Hugh Craig or Andy Secrest, and they flipped a coin to see which one was to have the privilege of firing the shot. It fell to great-grand-father, Andrew Secrest, but as it happened he shot too low down and the horse was killed.

My great-grand-father, Andrew Secrest, shot squirrels with the shot-barrel if they were in a low tree and with the rifle barrel if they were in high trees. He always sat on a pony when he shot squirrel and had one dog trained to go on the other side of the tree and turn the squirrel and when shot to bring the squirrel to him. He lived to be 92 years of age and never used glasses in shooting or for any other purpose.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—Thackeray.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

Officers may be lax in inforcing the prohibition laws, but there is no doubt about poison liquor enforcing itself without the aid of the law.

A bright smile is more contagious than a cold in the head. And it's something "not to be sneezed at," in its exhilarating effect.

A business man once had a dream in which he saw thousands of people standing before his show windows every hour of the day, and into the night. Twice during the day he telephoned the wholesale house to send over a truck with more goods to replenish his rapidly disappearing stock, and his face wore a broad grin. However, he awoke and found he was in bed and that a draft from an open window was chilling his feet which stuck out beneath the covers. There is nothing wrong with this dream; only it may be fiction. But the dream can come true. Failing to use the papers in attractive advertising is the draft that will give you cold feet and wake you up to the fact that you are only dreaming of business.

You can save all your sorrow
For pretty Mollie McClaire;
Thought she'd step on a step—
But the step wasn't really there.

The greater portion of the happiness in this world depends largely upon our attitude towards life in general. The in-look is as important as the outlook; really more so. The way we look at things; the way we take things, has every thing to do with that state of mind and heart that makes for either joyousness or dissatisfaction. Upon our attitude depends the number of our friends. When we are considerate and happy inwardly, the world is brighter and more pleasing. When we are grouchy, contentious and touchous inwardly the world seems to pay us back in the same coin. You cannot expect people to stand on the sidelines and cheer you on to victory all the time. They have other things to do; and possibly they have a grouch they want to work off. When grouch meets grouch then comes the tug of disagreeable contention. Our attitude is all wrong when we expect people to be nice to us when we are not nice to them. Wrong attitudes are bothersome things. They clutter up the road to happiness; make the traveling very difficult, and often keep us from reaching a pleasing destination.

Springtime! Maytime and Queens of May! What visions of romance and feminine loveliness rise with the words! Laughing maidens, crowned with flowers, weaving their ribboned dance upon velvety emerald grass; dainty feet tripping so lightly; gallant lads pressing devoted attention Perfumed breath of apple blossoms upon the breeze; fleecy clouds against soft blue skies already warming to summer sunshine—mirth and gaiety and song! Queen of May—what realm so fair, what scepter so infinitely desirable? Ah, so appeal-

ing—and so wise—these festivals of beauty; of youth and love; of springtime and romance! Beauty is the treasure in the May Queen's storehouses; coin of the realm and always at par in any land, in all this broad fair world of ours. Carefully, then do our lovely women, our queens of May take stock of their beauty at Maytime. And modern usage, too, demands so much more than merely being lovely for a brief period. The face that queened it beneath last Maytime's crown should be as arch, as fresh, as beguilding, this year—next year. In fact, beauty has definitely decided to have nothing to do with years, with time.

There is a lament in the world today that the home is endangered; that art is on the decline; that poetry is dead; and that the church is luke-warm and losing its leaders. And the reason is that so large a majority of the people are gazing eagerly, crowding madly, climbing furiously toward the summit of wealth and ease. But is wealth the only goal and end to be desired? Has the orator never made you wish your tongue-was loosed? Has the violinist never reminded you of vanished hours when you might have learned to make your music speak to men's souls? Do you regret that Socrates had not the wealth of Croesus? Was the soul of Jesus dimmed because He had not where to lay lay His head? "This world's no blot or blank; it means intensely, and it means good. To find its meaning is my drink and food." The sun is always shining, no matter how dark your midnight may be; and there is always beauty everywhere.

Easter! Springtime! The rustle of silk and fragrance of lilies! Nature colorings over earth and people like a shattered rainbow. Spring, darling of the seasons, emerges from her winter chrysalis and sways in rhythmic ecstasy upon wings of fiery gold, rose, blue, green and amethyst. And love comes laughing up the mountain fondly to greet the bonny visitor. Sprintime! Radiant brides and lovely attendant maidens! The curve of dainty oval faces beneath captivating chapeaux, of dusky lashes sweeping rose-petal cheeks—ravishingly beautiful womanhood, dimpling, smiling in this season of youth and charm, of pervasive, infectious joyousness. To be beautiful on an Easter day—be she bride or otherwise—is a debt lovely woman has acknowledged from time immemorial, an obligation she considers, oh, so carefully, in its every delightful detail.

All the highways lead to cities,
  To the traffic and the mart;
But the byways lead to nature,
  With her warmly pulsing heart.

A Durham resident who, during a high wind some nights ago, awakened his sleeping wife to call her attention to the hailstones raging, received a rude awakening the next morning. Arising from his bed, he stepped on some hard substance, that made him hastily transfer his weight to the other foot with almost the same result. The floor of his bed room was strewn with small stones but they were not hailstones. Work-

men the previous day completed the task of putting a new tar roof on the adjacent house, and the "hailstorm" he had listened to was the pebbles from the roof being blown against his windows and into his room. And yet they say women are the only ones who hear and see things at night; and imagine a great many more.

The following story is told of a colored doctor and his patient. The doctor—"Well, Mandy, I suppose you gave Ephrian the medicine according to the directions I gave you?" Mandy—"Yaas, suh, doctah I done mah bes', You said give Ephrain one o' dose pills three times a day until gone, but I done run out o' pills yistaddy an' he hain't gone yit."

The young medico coughed rather gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said slowly looking down at the sick man in the bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from scarlet fever, and, as you know, it is extremely contagious." The patient slowly turned his head upon the pillow and looked towards his wife. "Dearie," he said in a faint but distinct voice, "if any of my creditors call, you can tell them at last I am in a position to give them something."

GOD'S CONSTANT BLESSINGS

(Southern Methodist)

Are we not too much disposed to undervalue or forget God's every-day blessings and to think of Him as aiding us only in the time of calamity? When disaster threatens and we escape, we praise him as our deliverer; but does not His power sustain us every moment, and is not every good thing in life the gift of His generous hand? The air, the sunshine, the water that we drink, and the vegetation that springs up to feed and clothe mankind, come so quietly and regularly that we are prone to accept them as a matter of course, and to lose sight of the fact that they are thoughtful provision of the Heavenly Father's watchful eye and loving heart. It is better, like Elijah, to hear God's voice in the wake of the storm than never to hear it at all; but happier is he who can discover it in the whispering breeze of the cloudless morning, and in the evening zephyr—the parting benediction of the perfect day. We hang our laurels upon the brows of human benefactors; shall we not give the tribute of praise to Him whose unfailing philanthropy has stretched across all the centuries and has left us unblessed no member of the race? Let us ever remember—

"God's boundless love and arching sky
Above us when we wake or sleep,
Above us when we smiile or weep,
Above us when we live or die."

AROUND OUR TOWN.

By Renn Drum in Shelby Star.

THIS IS A STORY FOR BOYS having dads who point out other boys with promise of making good and thereby try to create ambition and the desire to succeed in life.

A lot of youngsters in these speedy days may think Dad an old fogey. In a way he may be old-timey but nevertheless Dad has lived and the bumps over which he jolted he well remembers to warn the youngsters coming along behind trying to step in his footprints.

Usually you can depend on Dad's advice. It is backed by both experience and fatherly devotion.

There are few boys living—and for that matter men who have been boys—who are unable to recall a dad that did not point out some youth with the advice "Watch that boy work and behave, and remember, he'll get somewhere in life."

Thats one of the pet admonitions and prophecies of a dad.

And that brings us down to a little story that perhaps shouldn't be told for some reasons, but for others should. For it is the story of a boy who was pointed out in his youth to other boys as a hardworking youngster that would make good, and HE MADE GOOD.

BACK 15 OR 20 YEARS AGO there lived in Shelby a youth who was pointed out to many sons as an example to follow.

Perhaps those boys back then thought their dads were only talking. What was the use anyway of working when you could go swimming, or shoot marbles, they might have thought.

And that in a manner of speaking is the reason for telling this story. Those talks of dads were not fairy tales. Boys like that do make good, for the boy in this case has.

One man in Shelby, who was a boy then, says that he can remember at the end of long summer days back then this particular youth could be seen trudging in home with a hoe on his shoulder, coming in at dusk from a long summer day of working in the field. In those days there were not so many methods of earning a little side moned in the then small town of Shelby. On other days, perhaps cold days when the out-of-doors was not pleasent, or fine days when the attraction of the ole swimmin' hole was great, the same boy could be seen driving two mules to a wagon hauling sand. It was that boy that fathers used to point out to their sons, and the man recalling those days remembers having him pointed out many times to him.

On nights when some of the boys would be up town for a talkfest and start home late, would pass this pointed-out-boy's home and through the window they would see him poring over books by lamplight—electric lights being uncommon here in those days.

Many of those boys going home perhaps wondered how the youth who worked all day felt like going through old books and studying at night.

But the boy continued to work and study. And the boy kept on being

pointed out to sons by anxious dads

And that's the first part of the story, or as the fiction writers say the chapter of introduction.

There will be no mid-chapters only the final chapter that has taken place so far in life is it that we'll record.

Just the other day a big automobile, of expensive make, parked at a Shelby street curb.

Noticing it several folks remarked: "Gee, that fellow must have money. Some lucky, rich bum that inherited it I'll bet."

But—well, maybe you've guessed it—the car belongs to and was driven by the boy who was pointed out by anxious fathers some years ago.

He hasn't been lucky, and he did not inherit a fortune. He kept on plugging and working. An ordinary education was not enough for him. He had to scrimp and save, but he kept going to school. When he finished he was well prepared to buck life and for years he had been acquainted with the valuable knack of working. Presto, business came to him. He has all that he can do in his chosen line. He still works and is making money, big money.

And that, boys, is the story.

Perhaps as was said at the outset it shouldn't have been told. Many folks about Shelby know that boy, or rather seccessful young man now. But it injures him none to have it told. AND maybe it will impress some boys of today what dad isn't telling fairy stroies when he points out the energetic lad. Dad is, and has been, telling the truth. The above story is a true story of how one came out in actual life. It was related to the colyum by those who knew the boy then and now.

Dad, y'know, is the handiest old fellow one can have about to give advice anyway.

SUCH A PIPE, AIN'T IT?

Visitor: Your husband gets a lot of sentiment out of his pipe, doesn't he?

Mrs. Richquick: Indeed he does. It's prefectly digusting to see him clean it.—Tit-Bits.

ACTORS ALL.

By James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Mr. William Hard wrote a magazine article not long ago setting forth that the Honorable Charles G. Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, had two distinct personalities.

At times Mr. Dawes is a roaring lion crashing through the jungle of public affairs, emitting bass cries such as "Hell and Maria!" pounding his desk, lashing out ferociously at his opponents and creating the impression that he is in a constant state of wrath, imprecation and defiance.

At other times he is a charming, convivial, considerate and tender-hearted person. On one occasion when hard times hit Chicago and the bread lines were long, he served coffee and sandwiches to the hungry with his own hands. He is always figuring out a new way to give the Senate pages a good time. As a diner-out in Washington he is suave and smiling, cheery and entertaining.

The Vice-President, says Mr. Hard, has a personality for his private life and another personality for his platform life. He has studied audiences and politics, and he gives the public the sort of thing it likes; that is to say, rough stuff. At a moment's notcie, he can transform from the kindly, quiet gentleman into the blowhard, knock-down-and-drag-out political bruiser.

All of which means that the Vice-President of the United States is exactly like everybody else in this republic. We are all actors. We are forever trying to act up to our own ideal of what we should be, and we do a tremendous lot of work to make others see us as we think we should be.

Ever since it became fashionable for some people to tell other people how to behave, which was shortly before Cain slew Able, we have it dinned into our ears that we should "make the most of ourselves" and "put our best foot forward" and "sell ourselves."

And we have taken to this pleasing advice like a duck to water. We slap on the make-up in the morning and we orate and attitudinize until we are going upstairs after the good-nights are said.

We are doubly actors. We do this conscious acting, striving to win the good opinions of others. We also do a lot of unconscious pretending.

It works this way: we are a mixture of contradictory instincts, tastes, and traits. There are in us admirable elements and extremely unattractive elements. Every man who walks the earth is a potential Jekyll and Hyde. Subconsciously we realize this, and our reaction to it is an incessant and desperate effort to keep down the tendencies that are outlawed and to make prominent the characteristics which others generally condemn.

Unfortunately, the dark and evil traits sometimes rise up and take possession of us. When we are tried, or out of sorts or angry, one of the demons whom we think we have chained securely somewhere in the nether darkness sneaks into the citadel of our personality and proceeds to play hob with the good impression

we have been making on others and on ourselves.

That is the sort of thing which results in one man's saying of another: "He's the most insincere fellow I ever saw!" and some woman's informing her dearest friend: "I thought you were a dear, but I see now you're a cat!"

Take, for instance, the exceedingly kindly, mild-mannered man who, without any aparent provocation, suddenly does an atrociously cruel thing. That gentleman has for most of his lifetime realized subconsciously that the devil of cruelty was always nestling deep down in him.

To hold the devil in subjection, he has instinctively trained himself to be mild of manner, to do the merciful thing and to be profligate of kindness. He has acted the good part. And when he goes on a cruelty spree, the devil he has been fighting has momentarily risen up and taken possession of his emotional mechanism.

The same sort of thing occurs in the exceedinly polite, suave man when he suddenly becomes vulgar or boorish. The tendency to vulgarity has alawys been in him, and this time it has got the best of him.

Conversely the habitual bully may astonish the beholder by appearing gentle and soft to the point of effeminacy. He has had the effeminacy in him always and, fearing it or being ashamed of it, has over-compensated for it by training himself to be a "rough customer."

We are, therefore, all actors, some good, some bad. All of us are, however, trying to play the better role according to our lights. Each tries to make himself a citadel whose doors shall open to only his noble thoughts and high feelings; and each finds sometimes that a base thought or a degrading emotion has slipped in and taken possession.

And when we realize these things, how can any of us presume to damn somebody else whose acting is, now and again, below par?

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY

The beauty of springtime, which allures us all, finds homely expressions in this paragraph from "Caleb Peaslee's Almanac" in The Youth's Companion:—

"This time of year I never see a bud on an ash, I never hear a frog croak down in the aidge of the swamp after supper, I never cut a maple switch and see the sap follow the axe, without wonderin' why folks hanker after miracles when they c'n watch the comin' of spring and think nothin' of it!"

WHERE ARE WE HEADED?

(Charlotte Observer.)

The greatest menace to the American nation today is not any sort of "yellow peril" or possible war. It is not the possibility of the repeal of the Volstead law or an amendment to the prohibit the manufacture and use of tobacco. It is not the possibility of a "wet" President or a Catholic President, nor even the power of the Ku Klux Klan.

The greatest menace to the Nation, to its institutions and to the freedom of a liberty loving people is the growing disrespect for all that our fathers held sacred or regarded with veneration—lack of respect for all authority and law. The Bible, the Constitutions of the Nation and the States, the moral code and the principles of good citizenship, including honesty and clean personal habits, taught the children by the fathers and mothers a generation ago—all are being not only disregarded but even sneered at by an ever-growing element of our people.

It has already reached the point that a man who had a pious mother who taught him as a child the fundamentals of Christianity and good citizenship and instilled in his young mind the highest moral code would be ridiculed in many quarters today were he to admit that he still believed in the principles she taught him. He would be be regarded by many as in the same class with grown-ups who still believed literally in the child's interpretation of the story of Santa Claus. And those who would point the finger of ridicule at him would not be those alone who are regarded as criminal or "low brows" or "rough necks," but also and more particularly a large section of the perfectly respectable element of the population—those who have enjoyed educational advantages, had plenty of books, magazines and newspapers to read and been reared within the sound of many church bells.

There is abroad in the land something of a mania, for tearing down the landmarks for wiping the halo from about the heads of the heroes of the past and for ridiculing all that men of former years and decades venerated and held sacred. There are those who stand ready to applaud those who undertake to cast reproach upon the name of George Washington and other patriots who laid the foundations of the peace and freedom and prosperity we enjoy today. There are those who are ever ready to enjoy a good laugh when some one will ridicule anything that men for generations have revered. With an ever-insreasing multitude of respectable people even the institution of marriage is a funny joke and conspicuous violators of the marriage relation are regarded as deserving of honor for the courage they display in smashing the conventions.

Let some intellectual pervert write a book portraying a libertine as a hero or a harlot as a heroine and an ever-increasing number of perfectly respectable people will rush to spend their own money and that of their creditors to swell the royalites of the author. Let some blasphemer write a book making a vicious attack upon

the Bible or the Church, or portraying the ministry as entirely composed of hypocrites, adulterers and money grabbers, and it becomes immediatly a "best seller." Let a minister speak an unfavorable word about such a book and immediately there goes up a chorus of denunciation of him.

Suppose the number of thoes who have no respect for the Bible, the Church, the Constitution, the law or any constituted authority continues to grow untiil they constitute a decisive majority of our population, as a large elenment of our respectable people seem to desire. Suppose the tribe of the worshippers and followers of the Sinclair Lewises and the Rupert Hughes and the Earl Carrolls should continue to increase as it has during the last five or ten years until they become powerful enough to do away with Constitutions and laws, churches, ministers and Bibles. What then? What have they to offer to take the places of these civilizing influences? Nothing. Back to barbarism and anarchy and chaos—every man a law unto himself. Such would be the logical result.

That is why thoughtful people—people who look ahead and think of the future and are concerned about the welfare of their children and grand-children—sometimes are distressed by the tendency of the times.

It is encouraging, however, to believe that the pendulum has about reached its extreme and that it is about to swing back the other way. Far-seeing ones already claim to discern a tendency to halt the reckless drift. Possibly the present situation is but the aftermath of the World-disrupting War. It must get better—or worse.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

"When I am a man,' said studious Sam,
"I'm going to make wonderful things.
Ships that sail over and under the sea,
And airships with wide, sweeping wings."
"When I'm a man," cried Dreamer Dan,
"I think that I'd like to be
An artist and make such beautiful scenes
That the whole world will come to see."
"When I'm a man," laughed Billy Boy,
With a nod that all understood,
"I'll make—I'll make," then he laughed again,
"I guess that I'll just make good."

—F. Jone Hadley.

EARL CARROLL.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Earl Carrol has discovered, now when it is too late for sympathy to prevent his going behind the bars, that a multitude of people are sorry for him.

His punishment is so terrible, not because the mere idea of it laid him prone and unconscious for nearly forty-eight hours, but because Earl Caroll is what he is.

He is, first of all, an artist.

He is a distinguished man whose distinction has come from his ability to make beautiful things.

He has brought laughter to count less people, and he has given beauty to millions beauty that came from his own heart and head. He has composed fine music. He has written plays which he has produced, risking his last dollar on them, as he has said at the time, "not to make money, but because I know there is beauty in them."

Three days before he was to begin serving his sentence at Atlanta, when he was working day and night to get his business affairs into shape and when every minute was precious to him in his last desperate effort to save himself from prison, he spent a day and a half journeying from New York to Pittsburgh and back so that, with his sister and two brothers, he might make a pilgrimage to his mother's grave, a tribute he had paid her every year since her death.

I first knew Earl Caroll in 1908. A boy then and "broke," he had come to Washington in the fond hope of selling to the Republican National Committee a Taft campaign song, the words and music of which he had written. But the practical politicians of the committee put more trust in cardindices than in music as vote-getting stuff, and "Get on the raft with Taft, boys!" went into the limbo of rejected things. What Caroll said at the time, however, is worth remembering.

"I'm broke," he declared, "but I'm not discouraged. This isn't the first pot-boiler song I've failed to sell. But I will sell beautiful songs before I'm through, and some day I'm going to own a theater on Broadway, a place where I can put on music that is good and plays that are fine. That's my own ambition, and I'll put it over."

He did put it over while he was in his early thirties.

The history of sorrow, like all other history, repeats itself. The marshall who led Carroll into the prison car for the long ride from New York told the reporters when he was taken unconscious from the train in Greenville: "I never saw a man who took imprisonment so hard."

In saying that, he used some of the words and exactly the same metre employed by another maker of beatiful things in writing about a prisoner:

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,

And every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by.

There is no contention here that Carroll should not have been punished, but, unless our values are all wrong, he did not deserve punishment so terrible that it would sear his soul and, at its very beginning, strike him unconscious, like the falling of an ox under the blow of an axe.

He has, like many another artist, sensibilities infinitely fine, feelings exquisitely acute. His surrender to his jailer for a year of ugly surroundings and brutal associates, the drive in closed cab to the prison car with a policeman at his side, the car itself with its barred windows and shotted guards, the first turn of the wheels beneath him—these experiences brought him more humliations and agonies than would come to the real criminal in a lifetime of imprisonment.

They must have. They deprived him of his senses.

But Carroll, this artist who hates all ugliness and has lived by beauty and the play of fancy, will not have suffered in vain if his misfortune serves to remind the country that we need a better system of administering justice, one that considers each case not only on its merits but also on the merits of the individual involved.

It is the only system that will bring justice. Despite the labeling of courts and prosecutors, no two men are alike. Each one should be judged on his own performance and motive. The punishment can never be made to fit the crime unless it is first made to fit the offender.

Carroll had fine performance to his credit. He never had a vicious motive in his life. But in our legal procedure, as it is today, there was nothing out which "pity's long-broken urn" could be refashioned for his benefit!

The author of the verse quoted above, who had been a priconer himself, also wrote:

For Man' grim justice goes its way,
And will not swerve aside:
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,
It has a deadly stride;
With iron heel it slays the strong,
The monstrous parricide!

SWEET DREAMS.

"I woke up this morning and could not believe that my uncle had died and left me a thousand pounds."

"Ah—so your uncle left you a thousand."

"No—it was a dream."—Tit-Bits."

THE HOMICIDAL TREE.

Ben Dixon MacNeill in Cellar and Garret.

"That tree," said Mr. Gaither, "has killed five people in three wrecks, and still they don't cut it down." The homicidal tree stands back a good ten feet from a curve in a road down in New Hanover County that is called the "Loop." It is not a large tree, being not more than ten inches in diameter. Some of its bark is missing from wounds received when it has been engaged in killing people, but it is otherwise a good tree.

"But why cut down a good tree just to save the lives of a few foolish people?" I felt impelled to ask Mr. Gaither and he laughed, accomodatingly, thinking, no doubt that I was undertaking a pleasantry. "If they did not break their necks here, they would break them elsewhere, according to theology, belief and observation," I felt constrained to add. He laughed politely again.

But I was making no jest. Of course I deplore the death of the five people who have entered into combat with the tree on the curve there. I knew none of them by name, and until Mr. Gaither pointed out the tree, I had not heard of their deaths. There is a very sharp curve there and an automobile ought not to be driven around it at any more than 40 miles an hour. I was not surprised that they had been killed.

Mr. Gaither's reasoning is not logical. Execution of the tree which stands nearest that curve would no doubt put end to its lethal career, but it would only give heedless motorists a little further to go before they hit other trees disastrously. All the trees in the grounds of the gentleman who lives there would have to be cut down, and perhaps his house would have to removed to a place of safety.

The tree has never gone out of its way to hurt anybody. It has minded its own business. Annually it has put forth leaves and shaded its owner from the heat of summer, and in the fall it has helped to glorify the heavens with the splendors of its coloring. Birds have made their nests in it and children have played beneath it—though happily not when the tree was engaged in homicidal pursuits.

Only when it has been wantonly set upon by heedless people has the tree done aught but good in the world. It has suffered some because it stands there. Actually it had no doubt protected its neighbors and the lives of its master, because any of the automobiles that have charged and might have gone further and might have killed innocent people. But perhaps I think too kindly of the trees, and maybe Mr. Gaither is right about it. I should protest at its execution, contending that the tree acted only in defense of its own life.

The propensity to truck, barter and exchange one thing for another is common to all men and to be found in no other race of animals.—Adam Smith.

WHERE GOD IS.

By W. O. Saunders.

Footsore and weary from much tramping on the hard pavements and dodging traffic at street intersections in New York City, I dropped into an unpretentious little ivy covered church on a side strret one week-day morning. It was quiet and cool within the little church and the gloom of the quaint oakstudded interior was relieved only by the suffused light of a sun that found its way into the place through grimy windows of stained glass. Somewhere in an alcove an organ was playing softly and in a pew near a dimly candle-lighted altar a lone woman in black sat with bowed head, praying.

The mellowness of the gloom, the flicker of the wax tapers on the altar in the shadows, the soft notes of the organ, the lone woman pouring out her heart to the infinite in silent prayer; the cool, the quiet, restfulness of the place brought peace to my soul and a delicious languor to a tired body. Who has not had the same reaction from sitting in just such a church!

* * *

The other day my attention was arrested by the cathedral like stateliness of a forest of pines near Elizabeth City. I was going too swiftly in my car to stop right then. All of us travel too swiftly these days. We used to jog along in a queer old buggy drawn by a slow old horse who never made more than six miles an hour. We had the leisure to note and enjoy every bit of the scenery and swap salutations with the folks as we went along. But we don't do that any more; we just rush through the country on clyindrical cushions of air at a speed of 35 to 50 miles an hour, with our eyes glued on a flat and uninspiring ribbon of cement, and miss all the beauties of nature and all the companionship of the neighbors along the way.

I say I was going too swiftly to stop and embrace that wonderful forest of pines the other day, but another day I timed my speed, slowed down when I approached the place, stopped my car, got out and entered the woods itself.

* * *

I walked on its soft brown carpet of pine needles and my footseps awakened no echoes. The tall straight trunks of the pines seemed to reach reverently and surely up to a sky which their intermingling tops effectively concealed. The sun-light filtered softly through the massive tops of the pines and here nature had artlessly contrived that cathedral like gloom which the builders of cathedrals had artfully sought for through the centuries. There was the smell of new earth and pine needles in the air. The earth in a forest is forever new, because it is being forever renewed by the vegetation that thrives to-day and falls back to earth to make new life for the plant life of another season.

* * *

No one played an organ softly there, but music softer and sweeter than the notes of any instrument ever made or played by the hand of mortal man, came from the gently swaying

tops of the pines caressed by unseen hands directed by the Master of the Universe.

No candle flickered and cast its soft glow in that forest, but no candelabra designed by mortal artist for the illumination of the greatest cathedral ever built by mortal men, could approximate in beauty and wonder a blossoming dogwood that gleamed afar through that forest. And no cloth of gold ever laid on priestly altars was ever half so beautiful as the luscious gold of the yellow jasmine that bloomed here and there.

A great peace crept over my soul and a delicious languor stole my tired senses away. I was transported, uplifted, glorified. The cares of business, the note due at the First & Citizens National Bank to-morrow; the defect in the left hand front tire on my automobile; the soft corn on the little toe of my right foot; the baby's diapers the good woman next door to me hangs out right in front of my dining room window when I sit down to eat—all these petty cares and vexations of life were forgotten. I had walked and communed with God.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

By W. T. Whitsett.

The discussion of religious education is becoming more and more important in this day. It is a subject of the greatset possible moment, and to date there is a sad lack of good literature upon the subject. A book recently issued by the Macmillan company of New York in its brief compass of 150 pages seems to me to be the best expression of sane, and profitable thinking along this line that has yet been issued. The author is Dr. William Allen Harper, president of Elon college, who has had unusual opportunity to secure a wide view of his subject, and whose well known ability as a thinker and a writer finds clear expression in the views he here presents. I venture to say that this book will become one of the landmarks in future discussions because of the original and pioneer approach that he has of his subject.

Dr. Harper has named his book "An Integrated Program of Religious Education," and he treats the topic from the viewpoint that in all the educational experience that one may acquire that there must be an essential unity; and hence, he makes the attempt to form an integrated and closely related body of all the activities that may engage the mind in its efforts towards the end and aim of becoming an educated individual in a community of widening possibilities and influences.

The book has ten chapters; the first chapter giving a sketch of present conditions in this field, followed by certain suggested remedies. The remaining eight chapters are devoted to showing how integration and definite connection and development may be secured in the various lines of organization, curriculum, expression, community activity, publications, finances or budget training for leadership, and, finally in the closing chapter the intergration and correla-

tion of the home life with that of all other influences.

All who think at all along the line of the training of the youth of today are often discouraged by the seeming lost effort and great lack of unity that too often prevail in the work as attempted by the school, and the church, in all lines of moral and spiritual instruction. The home has laid aside its responsibility in favor of the school and the church; the school answers that it cannot attempt to teach religion; and the church complains that it has insufficient co-operation, time, and means to do the work properly. All agencies demand more of the modern home along the lines of discipline and morals than the moern home with its complex demands can give. In this state of jumble and perplexity the modern youth is the sufferer Until some means can be found to unite and integrate all agencies in his behalf he will suffer more and more.

The service that Dr. Harper renders in his valuable suggestion cannot be over-estimated. He has a wide and full grasp of his subject. He feels its importance. He estimates the many difficulties in the way, and with the faith and daring of a pioneer he points the way through the wilderness of the present to a fairer day that is possible. His book should be carefully read and studied by teachers, parents, and all who would see a stronger and better civilization as an outgrowth of the present. All who would see all educated, Christian citizenship throughout our land, will find here much to help in pointing the way to this end. The book will render a wide and fruitful service in helping to clear thinking and planning with all the agencies that minister to a growing civilization.

THE GREAT NAVAL CLOCKS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

Gone are the days when telegraph companies gave time over their wires, and also telephone companies have discontinued this service.

Although questions as to the "correct" time are, without doubt, more numerous than any other "type" of interrogation that passes from man to man—as may seem from the record of more than 18,000 such inquiries received daily in the New York office of the telegraph company—in ordinary life people take time as a matter of course. It is only when something unusual occurs to focus their attention on it that folks begin to wonder just where and how we get our so-called "correct" time.

As is the case in most countries, America derives its "correct" time from its naval observatory. Recently we saw these marvelous clocks; they are under the snowy-white, dome- capped roof of that building. The degree of accuracy with which the instruments keep time can scarcely be appreciated by the average person. When one possesses a watch which

varies only a few seconds in a week, it is regarded as a very good timepiece, but at the naval observatory there is a stardard clock whose rate has varied less than a tenth of a second during the past two years. Is not this accuracy?

It will be recalled that, in spite of the use of instruments of this kind, the astronomers' calculations as to the time of the solar eclipse of January, 1925, were five seconds wrong. Such a small error appears almost ludicrous to most of us, but it was regarded as immensely important by many experts who knew that if the cause of miscalulation of this sort is learned, there is a possibility that it may lead to the discovery of a hitherto unknown scientific principle.

Many of the learned men in the astronomical world are trying to solve the mystery of those five seconds(and already two of them have been accounted for); you and I will remain fully satisfied with the time service as at present furnished by the almost perfect standard clocks at our naval observatory.

There are three of these clocks, and they are kept in an even temperature vault below the observatory buildings. They rest on solid piers, in order to eliminate any errors that might result from ordinary earth tremors. Air currents are avoided in the vault by a system of double doors, the outer entrance being closed before the inner one is opened whenever any one goes into the chamber.

To insure accuracy each clock is kept in a sealed glass cylinder. For purpose of regulating the rate of the clock the normal air pressure in the cylinder is reduced. The pendulums are of "Invar," or nickel steel, a metal which is little influenced by changes of temperature. And they certainly are not subject to much variation, for thermometers inside the glass cases show that the temperature there varies scarcely one-tenth of a degree Fahrenheit in a year. The clocks are rewound by electricity every half minute, so that no adjustment of pendulum is necessary.

The face of the standard clock is quite different from that of our ordinary clocks. It has a large pointer which is the minute hand, and two small pointers, the lower one of which serves as the hour hand and the upper as the second hand. The hour dial is numbered one to twenty-four, eliminating the extra exertion required to keep track of our cumbersome A. M. and P. M. system.

The slight errors of these clocks are ascertained through observation of certain fixed stars, called "clock stars." Every night, when the weather is clear, these observations are made by means of telescopes trained on the meridian and equipped with devices which determine exactly the time of the transit of the stars.

Having thus learned the "exact" time, the observatory makes it part of its business to broadcast this essential information by telegraph and radio to all parts of the country and across the high seas.

Radio time signals are sent out at noon and at 10 P. M., and the buzzers or dashes that are heard by the listeners-in originate at the naval observatory. They are dispatched through relays from a specially designed clock which is kept correct by

comparison with the standard clocks. It automatically sends the signals over land wires to the broadcasting stations.

On account of the resistance of the wire, the relays and other causes, a slight, very slight, amount of time is lost during the operation, and a record is kept of the time required for transmission. Such time is called "lag." Via the naval broadcasting station at Arlington, Virginia, the lag is one-tenth of a second at its maximum. No complaints have been received on this score, yet scientists always want to know the lag.

Clocks bearing the caption "Naval Observatory Time," are to be seen all over the country. The transmitting company gets the time from the observatory's standard clocks at noon and sets its master clock in the various cities accordingly. The individual clocks are operated and kept corrected by electrical connections with the master clocks. They give time to the minute only, which has been found accurate enough for all practical purposes of the business world.

Ever since 1830, when the Navy Department opened a bureau in Washington for the care of its charts and instruments, which turned out to be the beginning of the present observatory, and the present hydrographic office, the aim of the personnel has always been to furnish as much useful information to the sea forces and general public of the nation as possible.

One of the first directors of the Navy's Washington bureau was Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, who later gained distinction as an explorer. In 1833, Wilkes constructed, at his own expense, a sixteen-foot square observatory on Capital Hill, in which he used a five-foot transit that he had borrowed from a coast survey. It was from such small beginnings that the present well-equipped and excellently manned observatory has evolved.

The work of the observatory is not confined to maintaining time service by any means, but it is one of the unique features of the Washington institution that virtually all of its several other functions are equally useful to everyday life. Very little research work is done there. In this it is exceptional among other establishments of its kind. Astronomers at the Mount Wilson, Harvard and similar observatories may delve into the fascinating field of scientific research, confident that their efforts will eventually, say, in a century or two, prove of practicle worth. But the naval observatory must and gives direct results. In fulfilling this duty it supplies our ships with accurate chronometers, sextants, surrounding, apparatus, etc. It publishes the **Nautical Almanac** and furnishes the navy with essential astronomical data.

"Pa, what is a football coach?"
"The ambulance, I suppose."

FROM POLE TO POLE.

By D. Stockton Porter.

A world-wonder, whose ways amaze and puzzle the greatest scientists, is that little bunch of feathers, and courage, called the Arctic tern. Each year this bird, flies from the south pole to the north pole and back again, covering a distance of more than 22,000 miles with nothing to guide him on his way, except the queer compass he carries inside his tiny head.

The Arctic tern is a member of a handsome and gallant clan of small gulls, whose deeply forked tails and marvelous powers of flight have won for them the popular name of sea swallow. The most famous member of this big family is the Arctic tern, a trim little chap dressed in soft gray with black cap and wing tips; he wears a white shirt, and his coral bill and legs add vivid touches of color to his little body that make him resemble a gorgeous flower as he goes hurtling through space with the speed of a skyrocket.

Mr. Tern is a friendly little chap, and dearly does he love neighbors. He always travels in a large company and makes his home in a colony of his own kind. He is not much of a builder, his nest being a hollow scooped in sand, and decorated with what ever material is close by. He carelessly tosses in a bit of dry grass, a leaf, or a few pebbles or bit of stone. The habitation is then regarded as complete, and Mrs. Tern settles down on her eggs as happily as if she owned the finest house in birdland.

While his lovely mate is brooding on her nest, Mr. Tern is kept busy seeking food for himself and his family. He is strictly original in all his manners and customs, and his way of fishing fits in with his other peculiarities. Over the water he goes, seeking a fishing site that pleases him. Once the place is located, he hovers over it as if he were taking a nap in mid-air, with his long, red bill pointing straight down to the bottom of the sea. Minutes go by, and then there comes a flash of gray wings, a mighty splash, and Mr. Tern has vanished in the water! The little fisherman promptly emerges, gay and dripping, with his dinner tightly clinched in that long, red bill, which is as keen as a lance and has the gripping power of a pair of steel pincers.

The Arctic tern is the world champion in long-distance migration, and he seems to realize that to accomplish his amazing feats of strenght he must keep himself in condition. When he is not attending to his family duties he is exercising. He does this as carefully as if he were a human being, getting himself in proper shape for a long-distance run. He will stand upon a rock, lifting, spreading and closing his wings; he dances and he prances, bobbing from foot to foot; then he will leap in the air, whirl, float, do a nose dive, and wing his way up and up until he seems to be a wee gray cloud on its way to visit the sun. Then down he drops, hurtling through space like a tiny thunderbolt to land upon his original perch as light as a bit of thistle-down, and

get ready to do it all over again!

The most amazing thing about the Arctic tern is his power of sustained flight, combined with his ability to find his way along the trackless sky trails. His winter home is located as close to the south pole as he can find open water to carry on his fishing for daily food. When he starts on his spring migration, he keeps going until he is as close to the north pole as he can find solid ground upon which to build a nest. On this, the first lap of his yearly trip, he flies 11,000 miles. He remains in the north from June until August; and then, with his nestlings, he begins the second lap of his journey.

According to ornithologists, these astounding migration trips of the Arctic tern require ten weeks each way, the birds flying no less than 150 miles a day direct line, aside from the other miles they are obliged to fly seeking food and water.

The Arctic tern is a master of daylight saving time. He has a system that is not equalled by any plan that man has evolved. The midnight sun has appeared before he arrives at his nesting site near the north pole, and it shines all the time the happy little aviator is scampering around on the top of the world. The young terns reach full maturity without ever having had a real night in their lives. As they go south, they reach places on the earth's surface where they find certain hours of darkness; and when they arrive at their own abiding place, near the south pole, they are once more where it is always day. A bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture says, "During two months of their stay in the Anarctic the birds never see a sunset; and for the rest of their stay there the sun only dips a bit below the horizon, and broad daylight is continuous."

These small aviators who hold the world championship for long migratory flights, have daylight practically all their lives. They have twenty-four hours of full daylight for eight months of the year, and for the other four months they have far more day than they do night.

The terns are as hardy as little pine knots; the first tern nest found in the far north was only seven and one-half degrees from the pole! It contained a fat and flourishing baby tern, securely walled in by snow that the mother bird had thrown out of the nest. The terns are very beautiful in flight, their graceful wings propelling them through space with a speed that is amazing. So fast do they hurtle along that they have been compared to lovely shooting stars, gliding like bits of silver through the blue heaven.

FLAMING YOUTH.

Visitor: What do you want to be when you grow up, my little man?

Precocious Youth: I want to be a stage hand with "Artists and Models."—Life

"I'M FROM MISSOURI."

By J. Edmun Brewton.

"I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me" is perhaps the most popular of all modern phrases. It is now current in many languages and countries.

Colonel Vandiver has been credited with its origin. He says that soon after he became a Member of Congress, the naval committee, of which he was a member, was inspecting the Government Navy Yard at Philadelphia. While there he and former Governor Hull were invited to a banquet given by the Five o'Clock Club of Philadelphia. He says that he and the former Governor of Iowa thought they would not go, as they had not come to the city prepared to attend a banquet. However, they were urged to attend, and finally consented to do so.

Upon entering the banquet hall, Colonel Vandiver was very much surprised to see the Governor in full dress. He had rented the dress suit, and Colonel Vandiver was the only man in the company of 200 without an evening suit. About midnight, Governor Hull made a glowing speech, praising Philadelphia in the most extravagant terms for its hospitality. And, as soon as he had finished, the toastmaster called upon Colonel Vandiver, as the member from Missouri.

Conscious of being the only person not dressed for the occasion, and half-mad, Colonel Vandiver rose determined to get even with the Governor in a good-natured way.

Colonel Vandiver says, "I made a rough-and-tumble speech, saying the meanest things I could think about the old Quaker town, telling them they were a hundred years behind the times, their city government was the worst in America, and various other things, in the worst style I could command; and then turning toward Governor Hull, followed up with a roast something like this, 'His talk about your hospitality is all bunk. He tells you that the tailors, finding he was here without a dress-suit, made one for him in fifteen minutes. I have a different explanation; you heard him say he came here without one and you see him now with one that doesn't fit him. The explanation is that he stole mine and that's the reason you see him with one on and me without any. This story from Iowa doesn't go at all with me; **I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me.**"

The party was a good-natured one, and they applauded his speech wholeheartedly.

It seems, however, that this speech merely helped to popularize the phrase, and was not the original of it at all. In truth, it appears to have originated in the West, and instead of indicating the stalwart, conservative character of the people of the state of Missouri as it does today, it indicated reproach and ridicule.

In the town of Leadville, Colo., there had been a long strike of the zinc and lead miners. In order to keep the mines in operation, miners were brought to Colorado from Southwest Missouri. These men, being un-

familiar with the methods of mining in the Leadville District, had to be told how to do things often. The pit bosses were continually heard to say, "That man is from Missouri, you'll have to show him." This phrase soon became current among the miners above ground who were on strike, and was used by them to express their disapproval of the workers from Missouri.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

A new washer and drier has been ordered for the laundry. This will help a great deal with the washing.

The barn boys have been plowing now for some time, preparing the fields for the season's crops. They have also been hauling coal to the different cottages.

Captain T. L. Grier and a number of the boys have been trimming several of the trees around on the campus during the past week. It improved their looks wonderfully.

Since the weather has turned warmer, the boys have started going out after supper every night. They play baseball, shoot marbles, pitch horseshoes and engage themselves with other games.

The boys of the first cottage have re-moved back into their cottage after a stay in number fifteen, while the first cottage was being repaired. It was re-plastered and re-floored, which helps the looks a lot.

The tractor "gang" has not been mentioned in these columns much of late, but they are on the job. They are in the fields plowing, disc-harrowing and—well most anything that comes their way.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins of Concord, conducted the Easter services in the auditorium Sunday morning. He read for the scripture lesson a part of the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke. He told of how many years ago they worshipped the moon, sun and stars. When the sun arose in the morning, it was the beginning of a new day, a new life. He then told of Jesus being crucified, and his burial, resurrection etc. The sermon was enjoyed by all present. The auditorium was decorated beautifully with several kinds of flowers.

We all enjoyed a holiday Monday. In the morning we saw a "special" picture, entitled "Children of Divorce." It was interesting as well as entertaining and was enjoyed by all.

After dinner all went to the ball ground to amuse themselves with the several games. Some of the officers and boys got up a team and had a game of baseball. The smaller boys, or "junior nine," had a game on the "little diamond." Others amused

themselves by shooting marbles and other sports.

Last Monday night Mr. Carl Jhansen, of Sweden, a lecturer and entertainer, rendered a program for the boys and officers. He told and demonstrated a duel, or a sword fight, in France, Spain and other countries of Europe. He described a wolf hunt in Russia, of how sometimes a pack would attack the hunters and their teams. They hunt the wolves for their wonderful furs. He gave us a lesson in geography. He took a hat and a flashlight and described how, when and where they had long days and nights, and short days and nights. The days are from twelve hours to six months long. Then he showed us the defference in our grand-fathers and grand-mothers dances and ours. We all enjoyed his program very much and hope that he may be able to come again, soon.

DAFFODILS.

Youth and Love and the Joy of Life,
They walk with me, these three—
And I somehow know that they will go
To the journey's end with me.
So I will sing along the road,
A wake the hills with laughter;
For if they stay to the journey's end
I fear not what comes after!

Ah, what if Youth grows dim and frail?
For Joy of Life will stay with me;
And Love will bide close at my side,
That nothing can dismay me.
And Youth, though frail and dim to see,
Will be alive and glowing
Against my soul, to keep it sweet
With winds of April blowing!

Youth and Love and the Joy of Life,
They walk with me, these three!
And I know that they wil make a way
A sun-filled path for me.
And so I gather daffodils,
And trouble shall not stay me;
And Death itself; at the journey's end,
Will smile and not dismay me!

—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

CAROLINA ROOM
U. N. C.
PERIODICAL ROOM

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 30, 1927. No. 19

THE FLAGS.

The American Flag.

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all."

The Christian Flag.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, the Christian flag, and to the Saviour for whose kingdom it stands; one brotherhood uniting all mankind in service and love."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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A HIGHER HAND

A little boy sat in front of his father and held the reins which held a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's hand. He saw occasion to pull them. With artless simplicity the child looked around, saying, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I am not, am I?"

Thus it is often with men who think that they are shaping a destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really fashioning. They do their own will, but they also do the will of God. A stronger hand guides them; a mightier holds the helm of their vessel, and saves from rock and wreck. "Happy are they who quietly yield to the guidance of an almighty hand.—Way of Life.

WHAT'S IN NATURE.

Next week is the national "Music Week." Not the miserable jazz that cluts the air to the disgust of real lovers of real music. It has been said that "Music is Heaven's shower bath to the soul." Then what is the soul? Do you really stop to think about this thing we call the soul You ought to. We all should.

A writer asks 'What is the soul? Is it not the very core of our life, the citadel of our personality? The faculty by which we know God—what can be more vital than this? And all agencies that are attuned to it are to be encouraged—what can be more potent than real music.

Touching this idea, a subscriber and well-wisher of the Uplift having taken thought of the next week being "Music Week" writes: "Have you ever

viewed a piece of art, either in the way of a landscape, architecture or even interior decorations, and felt that there is something lacking which would make the whole effect more satisfying as to blending of colors and setting of design. This effect is gained by culture through the sense of vision, and make us know that art develops us into more appreciative and sympathetic citizens."

"I have never seen but one person in all of my life who declared that there was no music in his soul. To me today that person remains a perfect mystery. I thank my heavens for a musical appreciation, for without it I would miss the music abounding in the winds, in the ripple of the streams, the waves of the sea, the hum of the bees, the voices of friends- in fact, I think all nature is musically tuned and in harmony; and if we hear no music it must be our souls that are not attuned to nature. We reflect that which is pent up in our souls."

In short, music is love for the beautiful expressed in tune. Let us, therefore, yield ourselves graciously and freely to its influence during the coming week and—ever afterwards.

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ONLY ROUTINE BUSINESS AT MEETING.

On the 14th the Board of Trustees of this institution held its regular quarterly meeting. Present at this meeting were: Messrs. D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone, P. C. Whitlock, C. A. Cannon, J. P. Cook and Mesdames Cameron Morrison and R. O. Everett. Nothing outside of one item was considered except routine matters—much of the legislation formerly enacted by the Board is now done or not done from Raleigh. This has its virtues and its drawbacks.

The pencil sketch of the proposed Memorial Hospital, made by Mr. L. H. Asbury, of Charlotte, was exhibited. The architect has been instructed to complete the working plans, and the campaign for donations by people who wish to enjoy a part in this service to the state's unforunate is to be prosecuted at once.

The only new thing the Board found at the institution, since its last meeting, was the new lake running full of water. It adds to the development of the campus, besides may prove of great value in the course of fire which our present water works may not be able to handle.

Supt. Boger purposes stocking this lake with fish. It will not be opened to lawyer Lee Crowell, Dr. Pemberton and others for the exercise of

their great patience. It will pay them to make purchases from the local dealers.

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THE MARVELOUS HEN.

Every period in which cotton prices sink to a point wherein there is no profit in its culture for the farmer, the hen occupies the leading place in the discussion of how to make ends meet. The hen herself aids in this matter to attract attention.

Something akin to this from the Monroe Enquirer appears almost weekly in our most favored Weekly exchanges:

One morning last week while preparing breakfast at her home at Wingate, Mrs. C. M. Beach found in an egg a smaller egg, perfectly formed. Prof. Beach tried to figure out the significance of the old biddy layin' double. There being no letters or figures on the shell Wingate's popular educator came to the conclusion that there was no portent of the world comin' to an end, or like disaster around the corner.

But last Sunday J. R. Hunter, who lives on Route 5, Monroe, brought to The Enquirer office a small egg shaped like a Civil War minnie ball. So, after all, it looks like war!

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IT DIMS OUR GLORY SOMEWHAT.

The call came—the county welfare worker is out of commission and is not functioning, besides the job is too big and broad for him or for one person. It was responded to by another agency.

What was found: A new mother, afflicted with pallagra; a new born baby; a sick father, and an aged grandmother with a broken hip. No food in the house. Neglected, unfortunate and ignorant people; but we shall always have such in our midst. But just across the street presided a man of wealth, who has not caught the real truths and teachings of the lowly Nazarine.

This does not ease our consciences and it adds nothing to our glory. Do what you will, one cannot live alone; money, food, property will not suffice. The human heart craves sympathy, attended by the necessaries for a happy living.

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NOT STUCK ON WOMEN OFFICERS.

Charlotte had the opportunity of enjoying for two years the active admini-

stration of the mayor's office by a womn—Miss Julia Alexander. The city's recent primary indicates that they prefer a lawyer man to a lawyer woman to head the city's official life. People sometimes err in their choice, and it may be that Charlotte did so in this case, but the will of the majority is law to law-abiding people—it makes no difference in the case of others.

It seemed that Miss Alexander had a very fine and progressive program on which she made her fight, and her contentions may have been what the public desired, but she went down in defeat. That alone seems to indicate that Charlotte does not desire a lady mayor.

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NEARLY ONE MILLION

In the Uplift of last week we offered a small token to the boys of Prof. Johnson's room to make a correct calculation of the capacity of our newly born lake. The dimensions to govern were 162¾ft diameter and 6⅜ft deep.

The Uplift failed to designate the rule by which the calculation was to be made. There are several rules governing the calculation of capacity of holders of water—The boys followed two of them, hence the difference.

By one method of calculation, the lake holds 992,075.81 gallons; by another the contents are 994,659.34.

Ten boys handed in answers to the problem. George Pearson, following one method, missed the correct answer 1.35 gal. This is fine.

Hubert Williams, David Williams and Everett Goodrich, in the order named and handing in their responses to Prof. Johnson, following another method of calculation, missed the correct answer just .05 gal. This is very fine.

The Uplift congratulates the youngsters etc.

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AMERICA'S GREATEST CATASTROPHE.

That flood on the Mississippi river and its trubutaries is the greatest calamity befalling this country in all centuries outside of the Great War. In lives the flood will not take the toll that the war did, but the property loss, damage and destruction will reach an enormous figure.

The generous response of the people to the call of the Red Cross, in making adequate relief possible for the sufferers, is the one true answer to the great question that confronts right spirited people: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

As a sample of the distress as an outcome of this terrible flood, eleven

women approached the twilight zone in the only thing available, box cars. Today there are in Mississippi five new infants' and four mothers' graves.

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A MAY 1ST EXPERIMENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Coming down from the dingy and hazy past—in fact it is yet practiced down in some sections of Dr. Herring's Sampson county—is a superstitious notion that a snail and a small quantity of corn meal will solve a problem that perplexs many a young life in Spring time.

This is the idea, as handed down, that if you wish to ascertain who is to be your better or lesser half throughout life, when the proper time comes, catch on the first morning of May a snail in the shell, place it in a shallow pan with the bottom covered with meal. That snail, it is claimed, when it comes out from its shell will wiggle about in such a manner as to write the initials of the one who is to trot in double harness with you until death doth part or a divorce action prevails.

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DRIVES GOOD TRADES.

Gov. McLean and Treasurer Ben Lacy have just disposed of ten million dollars worth of bonds to New York concerns for use in the activities of North Carolina at the lowest rate ever coming to North Carolina—4%. That is some trading that adds to the reputation of these gentlemen already made for wise business deals.

THE WINNING MOTIVE.

(Asheville Citizen)

"Money," says Mr. Charles H. Schwab in a signed statement in "The London Express, "is not the thing that brings the throb of pleasure or a thrill into my life, but when I look about and see the multitudes of friends that I have after forty years of business association, when I see the great lines of smoking stacks and blazing furnaces that have come into being because of my interest and activity in life, when I see a work that I set out to do successfully accomplished, then a real thrill comes into my heart, and I feel that I have done something worth while."

That is the creed by which Mr. Schwab has lived and worked. It is the creed by which every great man has worked, consciously or unconsciously. It is the thrill of the game that counts, not the calculation of the rewards. The big thing in every worth-while life is what the individual can put into the world and not what he can get out of the world.

Such a creed is worth repeating at this season of the year when, by a law of nature which we may not understand but which we inevitably obey, our spirits rise and we go enthusiastically about the business of making new plans and picturing greater accomplishment. The urge of spring is a very real power. The psychologists have proved by exhaustive tests that college students do their best studying and make their highest marks at this season. On the other hand, the urge to action being at its highest, there are more human machines that break down under the extra pressure.

But the big thing to remember is that, unless a man gets the Schwab-like thrill out of his work, he is on the wrong job. To try to win reputation or amass money without loving the work that is supposed to result in fame or money, is to court dismal failure. Competition is so fierce, talent so plentiful, industry so usual that, if a man can not put into his undertaking the whole of his strength and enthusiasm, he risks going to the wall. And it is only by doing the work whose performance thrills him that he can completely throw himself into the game of life. Love of the work, not love of the wages, is the winning motive.

Ferdinand De Soto, the early Spanish explorer, is responsible for naming the Appalachian Mountains. When he and his companions first crossed the southern mountain ranges they found them a popular hunting ground with the Appalachee Indians. Consequently, De Soto bestowed on the mountains the tribal name of Appalachians, which they have borne ever since.—Exchange.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

It is rumored that one citizen met his neighbor, who was suffering from a very bad cold, and made the inquiry: "What are you taking for your cold?" To which the neighbor made the reply; "Make me an offer."

Some of the bill collectors complain that they have to knock, or ring the door bell three times or more before they get a response. That's easily explained. The lady of the house has to always run back to the dresser and powder her nose, or finger her bobbed locks, before she goes to the door.

From my conning tower I observe that it takes half of life to learn how to live the other half, and even then most of us do not practice what we have learned, or know what is good for successful living.

Flowers are beautiful things to express esteem, love and affection for those we desire to compliment and honor. But frequently they come too late. For years a certain man lived in a certain community. He was quiet and unassuming, and did his daily duty faithfully and well. No one paid any particular attention to him. He had rather more than his share of misfortune, but he smiled just the same. The neighbors used to occasionally say that he was a "good citizen," but beyond that the fellow was almost forgotten. One day he was gathered to his fathers. Then the communtiy woke up. They piled his bier high with flowers, and attended the last rites en massee. The preacher delivered a beautiful eulogy and all the people were mourners, and some wept. The town paper had a piece a column long about the good man. But the poor devil who had just crossed the bar knew nothing of it. The people did their duty, and did it well. But here is the point: Why couldn't part of the goods have been delivered while the man was here in person? Those flowers would have smelled sweet to him and the golden words of praise would have been as music to his ears. His cross would have been lighter and his path way smoother. So every day good fellows are walking down to their tomb and people are following a few blocks behind with a load of flowers. Try to catch up with one of them, occasionally.

Now baseball sounds are on the breeze;
I'll bet grandma fatalities
Among the office boys will soar
To peaks they ne'er reached before.

I spent part of Easter Sunday in the great and glorious open country, where nature is hanging her beautiful draperies upon the forests, and spreading her mosaiced rugs upon the earth. Where waxen dogwood blossoms, made languorous by their own overpowering beauty, fleck the green of the woods like bridal veils, stretching away towards a horizon palpitatingly blue. White roads, smooth and warm and breeze-swept, winding with sinuous grace across

gentle hills and valleys that sparkle with emerald lights in the sunshine. Springtime fragrance; snatches of songs by mocking-birds in the distance; choruses by near-by feathered songsters; modest marquerites of palest yellow, blue-eyed forget-me-nots, golden marigolds, rambling roses, dark branches of pussy willows, ferns woodsia; a rainbow of blossoms, smiling from green velvet sward, and nodding "howdy-do!" from their graceful stems— a glorious scene of leisure, and beauty, and joy. Out in the country—God's garden of the world.

It's good advice—do like the bee,
Snatch honey while we may—
Not yesterday, tomorrow—see?
The big thing is TODAY!

I am trying to think and typewrite with the water company force, using automatic machinery, drilling through a concrete floor to make a passageway for underground water pipes,, making sounds like the electric riveters on a steel structure, or a boiler factory in full tilt. The vibrations of the drill causes the whole building to quiver, like the modest tremors of a far-distant earthquake. The penetrating sounds reverberated upon the ear's tympanum so resonant that I could not hear myself think. But I hopped on a train of thought, just the same. I was thinking. I stopped my typewriter to cogitate. The sound I pictured was that of the workmen constructing the great Duke university which is soon to adorn the landscape just west of the city. The steel buildings were taking shape, and the sky lines were revealing the domes and turrets of the magnificent structures. Then my vision changed, as everything in this world changes. The vibrations of the building, in my mind's eye, were like a mighty vessel laboring to reach the harbor of a foreign country on sailing time and land me in some far distant clime. I was all agog for sight-seeing. The noise ceased. My vision faded. In the fairy story of my mind I never reached the foreign shores. The imaginary ship never brought me back to America. Guess I'm over there yet. But it was a happy diversion for a few moments.

In the Springtime the birds seem gayer than at any other season of the year. They appear to sing sweeter and are charming visitors. The mocking bird is a delight. The other little singers are solo charmers. But of all the birds the catbird is the feathered actor. There is an elusive mystery about this species. I see him as a gray shadow drifting along the garden fence and disappearing in the grape arbor. A song resembling the varied melody of the mocker comes to my ears; then a feline mew and again a song. I see him a pert dapper fellow, preening himself at the blind-bath, and yet as a clownish scalawag with his tail and wings out of joint and every feather at the wrong angle. When I was a boy catbirds haunted our garden. I have observed their coming in the spring; their courting time; and their nesting time. In the autumn they would come by the dozens to feed upon the grapes. Yet the more I observed the catbird then, and since, the more he mystifies and interests

me. His aspect is ever changing—one moment a clown; the next a sneak; then a trim aristocrat; a dainty nymph; a prankish school-boy; an elusive fellow, now here, now there. His changeableness is confusing and in marked contrast to a robin; a common unpretentious fellow, who never thinks of harassing the bird student by suddenly becoming something else every few minutes. The catbird seems to be an actor who plays an unlimited number of roles in such a convincing way that one can never decide just when he is being himself.

Back of God's power in the material world is His greatest power in the immaterial. How little we know of material things. And how much less do we know of ourselves. Many people say, "I have a soul." It is just as reasonable for a suit of clothes to say, "I have a man." Everybody IS a soul. You are it. Everybody has the possibilities of immortality within him, but I fear that some, through their own decision, may miss eternal life. We stand awe struck beside the vastness of the ocean in Eastern North Carolina; or sit in wonder amid the grandeur of the high mountains of Western North Carolina, things outside of ourselves; yet we represent a greater mystery and a grander creation than the whole round earth itself. What am I? Whence came I? Whither am I going, and why? Have you any possible measure of the dynamic force within you? You have. Do you want to know of how much your personality is capable? I can't tell you; but God sent His son to tell you that very thing, and He said, "Be ye therefore perfect even as I am perfect." Daily living points the way, and the only way. Begin loving as Jesus taught you to. Live, day by day, as He would have you. Does religion mean that to you? Does Christianity tinge every word and thought and act of your life?

Funny things I run up against in rambling around. He went into a cafeteria and ordered a steak. He wanted it lean. And the waiteria wanted to know "which way he wanted it to lean." This is fat comedy.

Out on the Pacific coast, it is reported, a hen has set a new world record for egg production. She turned out 351 eggs in a year. Never mind giving credit to the hen. She's a good bird, but all that she is, or ever expects to be, she owes to man's brain, and nature's kindly smiles. Man's brain bred that hen, up from the scrawny bird, that hundreds of years ago, was content to lay 12 eggs and call it a year. Man improves every animal except himself, consciously. Unconsciously, he improves his own breed by fighting disease and old age; making human life cleaner and more amusing. Two systems; one with animals; one with himself. And both getting results.

A man went into a photograph gallery and wanted his "picture struck." He was asked if he wanted it mounted. Said he believed "he would have it mounted, as his wife had never seen him on horseback, and it might please her."

SPRING A BORNIN' IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By C. W. Hunt.

Did any Uplift reader ever stand on an eminence, just a mile out of Taylorsville, and take in the view of valley and table lands, with the Brushy mountains as a back ground, rising almost straight up? For a low view, this place has few equals. I have seen it in all seasons, but never saw it so beautiful as it was about the fifteenth of April this year. The trees were just showing that pale green of a new born leaf; that in contrast with the dark, very dark green of the pines and cedars, all mixed with the snowy white of the dogwood blossoms made a scene that was enchanting. Then to make it all the more interesting my route took me further and deeper into this beauty spot. I never saw such a riot of dogwood blossoms as covered the south sides of the Brishies, and at every curve in the road there was a new and a still more beautiful scene. Route 67 is now paved to the top of the mountain and oiled to the Moravian Falls, and the old route I had traveled so often was largely done away with, and a newer and straighter line made; the grade of which is such that a good car feels but little the hill that is being climbed; but Kilbys gap was not changed; for one realizes at a glance that he is crossing the divide, and the scene is changed in that vegetation on the north side of the mountains seems to be at least ten days behind that on the south side. Continuing the journey to Wilkesboro, and out of the Boone Trail, route number 60, just about the same stage of development is noticed all the way to the foot of the Blue Ridge, when the stage of develop of spring budding gets less and less until the top is reached, at which place the chestnuts and oaks have the appearance of winter, there being small sign of any buds on any trees except such as maples that often bud with us in February. Such a scene or scenes never get monotonous; they always lend enchantment.

Fifteen miles or more out of Wilkesboro route sixty reaches the Lewis Fork of Reddies river, a bold mounntain stream, generally clear, the banks of which the hard gravel road follows all too closely for a rapid driver, and the stream gets smaller as you ascend, until it becomes a small trikling stream as the climb through Deep Gap is begun. And here is a scene that is wonderful, and well worth the time to stop near the pile of stones that marks the route Daniel Boone followed as he passed to Kentucky.

Here the scene changes abruptly from mountain to plain, and there opens up a farm country, all the lands, almost, are cleared and in grass or under the plow, and you see flocks of sheep on almost all the farms, and it is from such as these that the lamb-chops and roast legs of lambs come, that facinate and fat-

ten the visitors to the Blowing Rock country all Summer.

But I digress. Spring is truly a bornin' in the mountains, and all the inhabitants seem waking with it. I never saw so many fine gardens; the snows of March seems to have fertilized them, and potatoes, beans, cabbage, onions and all that grows in the kitchen garden seems plentiful at every farm house. When I go over such a scene or scenes as are described here, I am not selfish, for I wish that all my fellow men and women could take this drive and see it as it is; not on a courting or flirting trip, but with an eye for the grand and beautiful in nature. So interesting am I in others seeing this at this season I hope the good Lord will excuse some if they take a Sunday to see it.

PATRIOTISM OF THREE CHURCHES.

Mrs. R. S. Young, before the local D. A. R's., of Concord.

The city of Concord has her Black Boys Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in recognition of the patriotic service of the nine Rocky River boys, who in May, 1771, destroyed the King's powder near Concord, N. C. The city of Charlotte has her Daughters of the Signers Chapter of the D. A. R., in honor of the men of Mecklenburg who defied the King and made the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on May 20th, 1775. These two celebrated historical events rightly belong to the group of churches which we are discussing today. The people of North Carolina have never understood or realized that Rev. Alexander Craighead, pastor of Rocky River from 1758 to 1768, was the spirit that inspired and brought about both of these proud achievements.

The historian Foote tells us that Alexander Craighead as early as 1743, while a resident of Pennsylvania and a minister, wrote a political pamphlet which greatly offended his majesty's justices and the royal governor, who made complaint to the Synod of Pennsylvania. The Synod disavowed Craighead and his pamphlet. Then he came to Carolina, a region remote from the prevailing royalistic prejudices of the tide-water counties. Here he met a group of men who were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who relied on their rifles for the protcetion against the Indians, and who, as Roosevelt says in his "Winning of the West," stood like a band of steel between the red men and the inhabitants of the lower counties. Craighead preached that the oath of allegiance to the King was binding only so long as he protected them, and that resistance to tyranny was obedience to God. Such an idea was bound to bear fruit. The first result of Craighead's doctrine is discovered when the Black Boys destroyed the powder that was being hauled to Governor Tryon to be used in fighting that gallant band of patriots, known as the Regulators.

The successor of Craighead, the Rev. Hezekiah James Balch, the second pastor of Rocky River and Pop-

lar Tent, was a man of the same heroic mould. He fed the Black Boys when they were being hunted like wild beasts. Every Sabbath he prayed for their safety. It is claimed that he was the real author of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. This claim is made by his grandson, Rev. A. F. White, L. L. D., former professor in Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, Ohio. At any rate it is undisputed that he was one of the committee of three who framed that famous document. This declaration coming as it did more than a year before our National Declaration of Independence, is an outstanding landmark in the history of independence in the United States of America.

It is a noteworthy fact that the elders and members of Rocky River, Poplar Tent and Sugar Creek composed a majority of the signers. From Rocky River and Poplar Tent congregations were Rev. Hezekiah James Balch, John Phifer, James Harris, John Queary, Benjamin Patton, David Reese, and Matthew McLure. From Sugar Creek were Abram Alexander, the chairman of the convention, Hezekiah Alexander, Adam Alexander, Thomas Polk, Robert Irwin. John McKnitt Alexander, the secretary, and John Davidson lived in Hopewell section which at that time was a part of Sugar Creek.

The people of these three congregations sent hundreds of soldiers to fight in the war for American Independence. Unfortunately scores lie in unmarked graves, but their spirit still lives in the hearts of their descendants. Gen. Robert Smith, of Poplar Tent , Col. Thomas Polk, of Sugar Creek, Capt. Archibald McCurdy and Capt. Oliver Wiley, of Rocky River, are only a few of the officers of the Revolution.

In concluding, I wish to appeal to our Chapter to study the story of our local history and to see that still other markers are erected in honor of these men whose service and sacrifice mean so much to us as a State and Nation.

THE HONORABLE ALFRED COMES ACROSS.

(Nell Battle Lewis in Incidentally)

The Honorable Alfred Smith has come across to the satisfaction of his many friends. Straightforward and unequivocal was his reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall, who in a recent number of The Atlantic Monthly, propounded certain questions raised in minds of some by Mr. Smith's Catholicism in connection with his probable nomination as the Democratic candidate for the presidency. These questions were asked soberly enough, not at all in the spirit of fanatical back-woods Protestantism. Since they represented a genuine objection to the Governor's candidacy on the part of numerous perhaps unduly excitable people, they deserved

an answer. Governor Smith has given it clearly. The kernel of his reply was:

"I recognize no power in the institutions of my church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the laws of the land."

Curiously and unfortunately, in the Anglo-Saxon popular mind perhaps influenced by subconscious memories of the struggles of English kings and Latin Popes. Rome still seems a considerable bugaboo. It is perfectly astonishing, the number of otherwise intelligent people who really believe that if Mr. Smith were elected president of the United States the Vatican would immediately move across the ocean to Washington and we should all very likely be confessing our sins and going to mass, which, as a matter of fact, might do no great harm. The educated know that the temporal power of the Roman Church is over these many years—even in Italy, its chief seat. Only a very weak and very unwise man would ever hope to make it a factor in American politics, and the Honorable Alfred is neither weak nor unwise. On the contrary he is stout and shrewd and he rightly seized the opportunity presented by Mr. Marshall to define his position clearly.

Governor Smith's reply has the old, almost-forgotten ring of statesmanship, the statesmanship of the founders of this country who believed that Church and State should remain separate and distinct.

And now, if Governor Smith were asked whether as a Wet he would support the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution—a question which some consider even more pertinent—the anxious questioners would receive, I hope, an equally frank and intelligent reply. It looks as if it is going to be rather hard to make the Honorable Alfred equivocate. Such definiteness in a politician is almost alarming.

Questioning candidates for high public office as to their position on important matters seems to me an excellent thing to do. No doubt there has been so little of it because the populace usually despairs of getting a frank answer out of the ordinary politician, or, if he does answer with apparent frankness, the voters have no assurance whatever that he means what he says or that he will stick to his guns.

Just take this comfort into your soul,
In the world of your worries and frets;
The football could never score a goal,
Were it not for the kicks it gets.

TWO BURIED SECRETS.

(By Uncle Abe in Monroe Journal)

Last week I was standing beside the road and saw two boys coming. They were cousins. Both had the same grandmother. One was about twelve years old and lived with his grandmother; the other was about seven and lived some distance away. The larger boy's face wore an expression of worry while the other showed a hard to manage expression.

I asked the larger if there was any trouble. He said, "Yes, Uncle Abe, this little brat came home with grandma whether or no and she told me to take him home and be back in thirty miinutes and I have been at least an hour getting him up that hill. I couldn't carry him all the way without resting and every time I put him down to rest he would break away and run back to the branch. He wouldn't walk a step. I tell you, Uncle Abe, if I hadn't been afraid of grandma his bummy shure would have fared bad. If ever he comes over there again I'm going to snake him home. I'll not worry with him one bit."

"Why," I said, "you might kill him."

"I don't mean to drag him like a log. I'm just going to tie his hands hard and fast to his feet so he can't fall backward and snake him in sitting up. I'm determined to get revenge on that particular part of his anatomy some how or other and if I don't get it, too, Uncle Abe, you just watch my smoke."

For a few minutes I lived again in the child world. I rehearsed my joys, sorrows, trials and disappointments. Yes, boys have them. They have their secrets, too. I have two I've never told. One is I know where is buried half bushel of silver coin. I do not know its value in dollars and cents but there is just half bushel of quarters, halves and dollars. It has been buried about thirty-five years, and I am the only living soul who knows of it. I knew of it by accident and was bound by oath never to tell it. A man buried it about dark one evening and died by accident early next morning. His wife knew nothing of the money. No one has ever known it and none but myself knows it today. It has been the temptation of my life to dig it up and appropriate it to my own use though the money is tainted. It is what some would call blood money. I guess it would not be fit to buy food with, but it would satisfy my creditors. But the debt would really be unpaid because the money is not mine.

We are trying to build a church here at Euto and I have been tempted to go dig it out and use it that way, but I know it is badly tainted and I am living not far from the grave. I don't know what to do.

Forty years ago, when I was a smooth faced lad, I slipped away from home one fine Saturday evening and went across the fields and woods to a neighbor's house and bought a pint of peach brandy, pure and fine. I expected to take it with me next day to old Mineral Springs to preaching and divide it among my chums; but that night there came up the heaviest wind and rain storm I

have ever heard, which knocked up all my plans.

Now, my bottle of brandy, I had driven a new cork stopper in and hidden it far under a new made rock dam that father and I had just finished. I reached my arm in between two big rocks from the upper side of the dam and stood my bottle as nearly upright as I could where it stands to this day. Many has been the time I've gone to the dam and planned how to get my brandy without causing suspicion but failed.

The rain of the evening before had flooded the little ravine and a little rill had broken away on the hillside and completely covered that part of the dam with dirt and gravel. I tried it from the lower side but couldn't reach it without tearing away a part of the dam which I didn't dare to do. I tried every way possible to get my dog to run a rabbit in the dam so I could have some excuse for tearing it away but utterly failed in that point.

That, too, has been a life long temptation. Now the old home is deserted. No one lives there. The field above is all grown up. Every time I look toward that old dam I have some creepy feeling. I could get it now without suspicion but the common law prohibits that—drink it or have it in my possession. Sometimes I am strongly tempted to go scratch it out and steady my nerves a little and go bravely and dig up the money. I don't care to go myself and don't care to go with a sinner, but if there is a preacher anywhere who will go with me I will prove the truthfulness of this statement and cut fifty-fifty with him. Any preacher of any denomination who wishes to make the try just write me.

HARD-BOILED, PERHAPS.

This paragraph may seem un-Christian and undemocratic, but I have had the substance of it on my chest for some time and purpose to relieve the pressure. I am opposed to adults who flag down motorists for rides. I have a perfect record for refusals. I have never once picked up such a flagger-down, and moreover, I never expect to. I dislike the idea of favors asked of strangers. Humanity, I, know, is one vast brotherhood, nevertheless this custom of halting drivers at the halter's will and pleasure is a little too care-free and informal for me. I don't drive a jitney.

And more, since I'm on the subject I'll say that I think it is a poor practice to encourage in children, although I often pick them up when they wave. The world doesn't owe even the most agreeable child a free ride and isn't going to give it to him, and it seems to me—hard-boiled though I may appear—that he might as well learn that at the start.
—Nell Battle Lewis, Columnist in News and Observer

CHEATING FATE.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Dr. Albert Alder of Vienna, a great preacher of the "inferiority complex," has come to this country to encourage establishment here of child-guidance clinics to show parents and teachers how to recognize and treat "problem children."

When the elders learn what the doctor can impart to them concerning child psychology, they will stage a tremendous reform in classroom tactics.

Dr. Alder knows, and it is his fine ambition to convince America, that Fate can be cheated of countless tragedies and blasted careers that are in the making because of adult ignorance of the child mind. He knows also that most of the children under-equipped mentally or morally are victims of the inferiority complex.

Everybody accumulates feelings of inferiority in early childhood. It is what happens to the individual when the scheme of creation begins the business of putting him in his place, showing him that the flame into which he sticks his finger will burn him, that the floor against which he falls will bump him, and in short that he has to submit to the world because the world will not dance to his will and caprice.

But these feelings of inferiority become an "inferiority complex" when the child's environment is injurious, either so cruel that it makes him rebellious or a sneak, or so coddling that he has no chance to develop any vigor of his own.

But the inferiority stigma is so unbearable that he at once instinctively begins to compensate for it, to conceal it from others.

For example, the bank bandit may be one who was so bullied and beaten in childhood that his reaction was a constant defiance and hatred of all duly constituted authority. He is soothing, or ministering to, his now ingrained feeling of inferiority when, at the moment of holding a crowd at bay with a revolver, he is master of all he surveys.

Or a boy may be lazy and grow into a lazy man because his mother or teacher considered him stupid and told him so. Laziness is less ridiculed than stupidity. So, to escape the act of failure, the possibility of which fills him with terror, he becomes lazy and refuses to try. He subconsciously reasons that, so long as he dosen't try, there is no danger of revealing his incompetence.

Or a lad may become an objectionable type of professional reformer because some adult cruelly convinced him that he was ill-behaved, "wicked." He is an objectionable type because he was motivated not by the wish to do others good, but by a desire to assure himself of his own superiority by crying down the general run of people.

Another example is found in the men and women who, though great flirts, either never marry or are wedded late in life. They were so coddled in childhood that everything was done for them, and they were not

taught to hustle for themselves.

Consequently, they grow up unused to, and afraid of, the stern realities and duties of life. They hesitate to marry because they are afraid of the responsibilities and burdens of rearing and bringing up a family.

The tricks which the mishandled mind employs to hide and make up for its wounds and deformities are innumerable. Some of them are useful tricks, like that of the man of small stature who, having been ridiculed and sneered at as a weakling child, determines to prove that he is, in the final analysis, a very big man indeed.

Some children feel inferior because of what Alder calls "organ inferiority." They have bad eyesight, or a withered arm, like the Kaïser of Germany, and they instinctively develop a talent which will prove to the world that their defect has not lessened their importance. Beethoven, the great composer, was deaf.

But Dr. Alder knows, and the child-guidance clinics he has founded in Austria, Germany and Holland have demonstrated that the child's adjustment to the horrors and agonies of an inferiority complex need not be a hit-or-miss process, a thing of chance.

When the school teachers understand that Willie is "lazy" because he fears to seem stupid, and that Bessie is "stupid" because her cruelty-fostered rebellion against all authority has determined her not to try to perform the tasks assigned to her—when they understand these things, so simple when they are properly approached, many a child now considered "impossible" will be transformed into a man or woman capable of enriching society with constructive and beautiful work.

To leave a child burdened by an inferiority complex is to set a ghost to dog his footsteps through the years. It often raises up an enemy that, hiding behind the curtain of his forgotten childhood, will leap upon him and bring him down as he reaches for the prize of his whole adult life, a foe to sap his courage and paralyze his purpose at the very height of his career.

Orthopraxy is living straight. Orthodoxy is thinking straight. The two do not at all times coincide. Some think straight but do not live straight. Others live straight but do not think straight. Because these generalizations are true some with emphasis declare that it does not matters about one's doctrine if his conduct conforms to the standards of right. But why put the emphasis upon one to the neglect of the other? Why not insist upon both at the same time—correct thinking and correct living? Why the folly of substituting the one for the other? John Wesley is reported to have said,..."We may be as orthodox as the devil and as wicked?" That phrase arrests the attention but we are not sure Wesley said it. According to the Bible the devil is such a liar that neither John Wesley nor any one else would be able to know whether the devil is really orthodox or not. We are rather inclined to believe that he is crooked from first to last.—Greensboro Advocate.

BILL MORGAN'S EASTER OUTING.

By George Whitefield D'vys.

"This is fine. I'm glad I came!" Bill Morgan rubbed his hands gleefully as he dropped into the rear pew and gazed upon the scene before him. Surely the Northville Central Church could not have looked more beautiful. The cut flowers, graceful palms, and Easter lilies which decorated the altar and every available nook in the auditorium were so tastefully and symmetrically arranged that the effect was at once pleasing and uplifting.

High above him the chimes poured forth their sweet, glad strains, proclaiming far and near the blessed tidings, "He is risen!" while a gracious glow of happiness beamed from each face about him as from eye to eye was borne along the glad greeting, "A joyous Easter to you!"

"Hello, Bill! A joyous Easter!"

"Hello, Jack! Hello, Frank! Same to you both," whispered Bill, clasping for a moment the hands extended to him by the two boys who seated themselves by him just as Pastor Smith rose to open the services.

"A joyous Easter to you all!" said the good man, his kindly face beaming lovingly upon his congregation. "A joyous Easter to you all! For our responsive reading this morning we will take the first twenty-seven verses of the eleventh chapter of St. John. The power of the resurrection life will be my theme. Let us rise and unite and sing 'Coronation.' "

The happy words pealed forth with a will, yet above all others rose the rich young voices of the boys' choir at the left of the pastor, and as Bill watched the earnest singing of his schoolmates, he seemed to read with renewed interest the inscription on the tablet behind them, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

"That's right, too!" he mused happily, adding quickly, "Somehow that seems like the real thing in preaching this morning—the real thing."

Once again during that service Bill uttered his ejaculation—"The real thing." It was when the boys' choir rendered the closing words of their last anthem:

"The real thing," Bill mused. "The boys sing well. I've a notion to join them myself. Mrs. Weeks asked me. Hello, it's all over, and I'm more'n half sorry."

"A joyous Easter again, Bill!" Jack Winters exclaimed, as the benediction ended. "Say, what are you going to do till Sunday school time?"

"Jog home for dinner, then back here again," Bill responded laughingly.

"Don't do it. Lunch with us, won't you? There's enough for three. Frank and I got the Sadie out of winter quarters last week and fixed her up in great shape—calking and painting, you know. We've done some other things too, and when the season opens—but just wait. She'll show her heels to them all **this** year! Come with us down to the pier for a look at her, won't you?"

Jack had been talking as the boys sauntered out of the church.

"I don't know," Bill said slowly.

I ought to go home. Dad is sick, you know—pneumonia; and mother has her hands full with him, but she'll expect me home, and will have dinner ready. I'll see the yacht some other time.''

''O, come along, Bill, do!'' urged Jack's young brother. ''You're a born seadog—everybody says that, and at one glance, you'll know just what she's good for. Come along!''

Of all forms of sport Bill best loved aquatics, and yachting being his favorite, pastime, all pertaining to it had for him a special interest, so with a litle laugh at Frank's bit of flattery he said, ''Well, just for a look, come ahead. We'll be back in time for Sunday school all right.''

The boys headed for the waterfront and were soon seated on the stringer at the end of the pier, watching with interest the one little yacht afar out, as she tugged gently at her moorings, falling and rising gracefully with the swell, her pennon at times stretching itself proudly astern as it was caught by puffs of wind.

''How is she, Bill?'' Jack asked eagerly.

''All right!'' replied the young critic with emphasis; ''and no mistake. What have you done— shortened the bowsprit and given her a longer mast?''

''That's just it. We're out for speed this year, Bill, and her new sails will do the trick sure. Say, let's row out to her, will you? We'll eat our lunch aboard. 'Twould be fine, wouldn't it?'' Jack exclaimed enthusiastically.

''Fine enough, yes,'' Bill responded warmly, ''but not on the program. My folks are set against Sunday outings, and their creed has always been good enough for me, boys.''

''That's all right,'' Frank added quickly. ''Aren't our folks the same way? I'' tell you what we'll do tho. We'll just go out alongside. Jack and I will do the rowing. That lets you out of doing anything. See? Come on, Jack, it won't take us a minute to get the capstan around here for Bill. Come on!''

The two boys leaped to their feet and darted along the pier, and, left to himself, Bill muttered smilingly, ''I guess those fellows didn't see that Exodus twenty and eight text on the tablet this morning. I can see it before my eyes this very minute. Here they come—fine stroke, too. Yes, I'll drop in, boys,'' he called as the boat neared him. ''But it's this way with me,'' he added, as he dropped lightly upon the stern thwart. ''If I get caught, or if anything happens, I vow 'twill be my last Sunday outing, sure. Let go, all.''

It was a beautiful day and all about was wrapped in sunshine, while it seemed so peaceable and quiet out there on the bay that Bill's heart thrilled within him, and he so far forgot his qualms of conscience that the moment the boat came alongside the yacht he was the first to go over the rail.

''All aboard!'' he shouted gleefully. ''My gracious, fellows, you've done well, everything bright, snug, and trim! Yes, here's where we lunch sure, but we'll have eat lively, so's to get back to Sunday school.''

''Say, Bill, suppose we don't go today,'' said Jack, as he came aboard. ''Frank and I just finished fitting the sails at sundown yesterday, and

"That's all right," responded the young yachtsman, "but if we hove to we'd surely drift on the ledge and be dashed to pieces. I'm not ready to die yet."

They now reached the Point, on the leeside of which they sought shelter. It was an exceedingly bad spot, and from being close hauled to the wind they had to take it full broadside, and with a vengeance it came the moment Bill put her bow around.

"O!" shrieked Frank, as the Sadie went over on her side.

"She'll not stay down!" shouted the helmsman, throwing all the strength of his sixteen years upon the tiller. "She'll come up all right!"

A full minute perhaps, the well-handled yacht stayed on her side, then slowly, steadily, surely, she began to rise, when suddnly another furious blast struck her squarely amidships. The tiller was wrenched from Bill's grasp and in a trice the yacht overturned and the trio of pleasure seekers were in the water.

The Sadie was floating bottom upward when they emerged from their plunge. The capstan had broken loose and was being dashed like a toy toward the ledge. Each boy was an expert swimmer, and at once struck out for the boat, battling desperately among the now seething, hissing, white-topped waves. Bill and Jack had made it in safety, when Frank's wild cry startled them, "Help! help! Cramp!"

Instantly Bill yielded his grip upon the keel and sought the spot where his young companion had vanished; but as he came to the surface the drowning boy clutched frantically at his rescuer. A sharp struggle followed and Bill, gaining the mastery, again fought his way to the upturned boat, and with Jack's help Frank was drawn across the keel forward in an exhausted condition.

In unision, Bill and Jack shouted loudly for help, and surely they needed it, for the bottom of the yacht was slippery, making it almost impossible for them to hold on with any degree of security. The water was icy cold, and as again and again the gusts of wind dashed wave after wave over them, they began to be chilled, more especially the youngest one, who had suffered intense pain, finally sliding from his place of comparative safety.

"O, he's gone!" wailed Jack. But as Frank came up Bill grasped him by the hair and managed to keep his mouth above water.

"God help us!" moaned Jack. "I did all this. God forgive me, and save us and forever I'll be—O, Bill, I'm losing my grip! Help! Help!" Bill's sturdy right leg bent at the knee and shot backward. "Lay over that leg till I fix Frank!" he called. We'll straddle the keel if we can. Yes, God help us, I say," he muttered grimly, "and if I get out of this scrap there'll be no more Sunday outings for Bill Morgan. Ah! Frank is safe!" he called. "Come, Jack, together now, up you go—up!"

"Back all! Pull port! Back starboard!"

Sharp and quick and clear rang out the orders, and raising his eyes, Bill saw the white-clad lifesavers approaching. At that moment his

I would like your honest opinion of them. There's no one about, and what's to hinder our running them up for a skip across the bay to see how they work? The wind is about right, isn't it?''

One moment Bill hesitated, then he said deliberately. ''We've gone so far all right, fellows, and I don't beleive any harm will come of it if we go farther. You could set your sheet, spin around the point, say, then tack, run in close, and still get to Sunday school in time. Go ahead, heave ho, my hearties! but mind, I'm only a passenger; **you** do the hauling.''

Frank Winters laughed heartily as he loosed the lashings of the mainsail. ''That's one way to be the goody-goody, Bill, to stand by and let us do the work. Up she goes, Jack; together now—steady. My, how easy it runs up, and how it fills to the breeze! Good! Up anchor, now, and away. O, this **is** sailing!''

A mile to the northeast, like a huge shoulder, the Point thrust itself out into the sea, and as they neared it in their little sloop, the surge seemed like music to the happy boys. After cruising about for a while, they finally dropped anchor and went into the cabin, where Frank had prepared the lunch. The Sunday school hour was forgotten and they were still chatting merrily when suddenly the Sadie pitched bow first straight downward, hurling the three boys in a heap on the cabin floor.

Bill was the first to recover, and quickly he sprang on deck and, grasping the tiller, made a try to get in behind the lee of land. A squall had suddenly burst upon them. The Sadie had brooken loose from her moorings, and in her exposed position was getting the full force of the wind.

''Down with the sheets!'' roared Bill to the boys, who were now on deck, as the sloop went so far over that her lee-rail was under water from stem to stern. "Lively, boys; our **lives** depend upon it! We're right up against the real thing now!''

Where was the sunshine and peaceful serenity of that Easter noonday hour? Above and all about them the sky was black and overcast with clouds. Already the water was choppy, and the waves tinged with masses of white foam. Bill held her up a trifle, and as the rail came above water, Jack shouted to him:

''Put her to leeward, Bill—to **leeward!**''

''I dare not!'' Bill yelled. ''This blow won't be over in a hurry, and we never could work her back again! She's staunch enough and will weather it, I think; if not we're done for, that's all.''

His grim words sent chills into the heart of each of his hearers, and Frank voiced the sentiment of the others when he called, ''Then let's pray God she weathers it.''

Like a chip among the breakers on the beach, the yacht was now tossing about, her bow one moment pointing into the zenith, the next being buried far down among the billows. This in itself was enough to terrorize even the sturdy heart of cool-headed Bill Morgan, but there was worse to come, and, realizing their peril, Jack again shouted to put her to the wind. ''With her head that way,'' he called, ''she will ride the waves easy, and become steady!''

strength seemed to relax. His fingers grasped feebly and frantically at the wet woodwork, but it was of no use, there was no strength left, and as a big wave dashed over the boat he vanished.

"Save him—save Bill!" Jack called beseechingly. "O, save Bill Morgan!"

"In with them, lads, lively!" shouted Keeper Hurd, as his long steering oar brought him abreast of the yacht, and skilfully Frank and Jack were drawn to safety aboard the surf boat.

"Pull all! Back all! shouted the keeper. "He's yours, Dan; grab him!" he called, as Bill Morgan's form came to the surface. "Good!" he continued, as the unconscious boy came over the bow. "All three saved. Back to the station, lads. Pull all! Lively now!"

The lookout at the lifesaving station had reported the dangerous position of the yacht at the coming of the squall, and Keeper Hurd had at once ordered out the boat.

Towards sundown, as he quietly climbed the stairs at the station, to see how the boys were doing, he paused as he heard their voices. From his cot one called to the others, "Did you fellows ever notice that text on the wall just behind the boys' choir?"

"Sure thing," Jack answered warmly; "and I'm not apt to forget it in a hurry, either. I brought all this thing about, every bit of it, but if we hadn't had you along, Bill, both Frank and I would have gone down, sure. God knows I'm sorry enough now; and I've been asking His forgiveness; that's honest."

"Me, too," came the reply, "and that's just what I'm driving at. It's a promise I made to Him just before these life-savers came along. I said if I got out that scrape, there'd be no more Sunday outings for Bill Morgan. But say, fellows, we're all right now. Let's call to the men for our clothes and then strike for home. Ah, it is sundown; the chimes are ringing again. 'A joyous Easter to you.' Sound fine across the water, don't they?"

THE ROAD NOBODY TRAVELED.

By Grace Boteler Allen

The letter fell to the floor. Jonquil's yellow head swayed heavily and drooped on its stem like the windswept flower whose name she bore. Her blue eyes watched the girls on the stairs; turned to the campus where skirts of many colors fluttered in the sun. Jonquil contrasted their paths and hers and shook her head, choking back a sob. How could she bear it since the coming of the letter? When she saw the girls coming for her, she slipped through the back door and hurried across the campus. A tall girl waved a tennis racquet in greeting.

"Hi, John!" she called.

"Oh John-nee," called a girl in pink.

"Jonquil," called a third.

As if she had not heard, Jonquil ran down the hill and jumped the

fence, which separated campus from forest. She had tried to become a part of it all. Must she give it up?

At the edge of the forest she paused and looked at the untrodden path. She might as well become accustomed to seeing no one, if she must—the trail of thought ended. Her hands clenched; her eyes dilated. Oh, she could not! There must be a way. The girls with plenty of money had come for a good time, but she had always studied. Fate could not cruelly deny the diploma necessary for success. As she thought, she walked rapidly. The stout brogues ceased to crunch gravel and pattered upon the smooth road.

They would graduate in June. One of the girls was going to Europe; another planned social triumphs; the girl in pink was to be married immediately. House-keepers had no need of a teacher's training. She alone of the whole class did. Of course, it must come.

Jonquil smiled hopefully into the blue sky, dropped her gaze to the trees, coquetishly shaking their soft fringes. A farmer was plowing in the field. Everything and everybody was as gay as Christmas, except herself. The reason—a letter which brought instead of a check for her expenses, this message. She reached for it. The letter was not in her bag, but every word had ben stamped upon her brain.

No money for fees! No place to get it! And then, the reason. Would any one except mother have done so foolish a thing? Mother had nursed old Mrs. Alexander, who lived next door, for months without pay. Every sick cat and dog and chicken received her aid. When Mrs. Alexander did not improve, mother called the new doctor, who advised an operation. Mother thought she was safe. The old lady owned her home. There was not time to hunt her relatives, and so Mrs. Lacey guaranteed the fees. Mrs. Alexander did not regain consciousness before she died. The house was so heavily mortgaged that it scarcely paid the funeral expenses. Mother could not locate Mrs. Alexander's relatives.

"There was nothing for me to do except pay," she wrote. "I am sorry, dear. I never expected such a thing, but even so I could not have seen her suffer without trying to help. She was old and alone. You are young and can finish later." Jonquil pressed her pink lips together. She wanted to graduate with her class and she decided to do it somehow. She smiled cynically when she recalled the words that were written in the upper corner of the letter: "If you can get a job that will pay your board, I believe I can manage the rest."

How little mother knew of college life. There were dozens of aplicants for every job. At the end of the year it was even worse. The boys who had fired furnaces and hauled ashes and chopped wood were idle. And even though she could get a place, she had very little time. What business had mother to use her school money in such a way?

Jonquil's angry eyes dropped to her little yellow silk sport dress, made by mother's careful fingers. By mothers careful managing Jonquil was as beautifully dressed as the richer girls. Mother tried—Oh

well! Jonquil's heart softened. It was done. It was of no use to complain. Besides, she would not want mother to neglect what she thought her duty. If she, Jonquil, worked this quarter, she might earn enough to finish during the summer term. Occupied with her problems, she walked rapidly along the unfrequented road, not heeding time or distance. Suddenly a big brown house, which she had never seen, confronted her, staring glassily from its many windows. She stopped short with a frown and sudden gasp.

She had never seen this house or the rustic bridge which spanned the creek, running like a silver ribbon from the black forest. And she had never in all her life seen such a gorgeous golden picture. A multitude of flowers beckoned with perfumed fingers. They spread their silken skirts, complacently preened themselves. Up hill and down, across fields and in the glen, were hundreds of yellow jonquils.

Why all this display of color, why the prodigal bloom upon a road which nobody traveled? Fascinated, Jonquil watched the gorgeous display. Queer she had not heard of it. She looked at the pedometer which she had set that morning. She had come twelve miles, but where was she? She looked back at the winding path, and wrinkled her brows thoughtfully as she tried to "find" herself. She was lost; but why worry? The folks inside would direct her. They might even give her a few blossoms. Deliberately she crossed the bridge, her heavy shoes clattering in the silence, ascended the steps and pulled the old-fashioned bell. Through the open door she saw the polished floors, dotted by expensive rugs; but the place had an unloved, neglected look. If mother, who had so little and did so much, were here, what a home she could make this house. She rang again. The bell jingled, echoed through the quiet house; then a harsh voice answered:

"Come in, if your nose is clean."

Indignant, Jonquil looked to see the speaker, and laughed when she spied a green parrot sitting soberly upon the bannister. She stepped inside.

"I believe it is, Polly," she said pleasantly.

The bird turned her head to one side, scanned the visitor, then chuckled, "Pretty jonquil. Please buy a jonquil."

Jonquil's round face became rosy. Of course mother called her pretty; but this bird? From somewhere in the darkness another voice, cracked, appealing, begged, "Will you please come here?"

Hesitingly, Jonquil obeyed. The parrot continued to chuchle, "Pretty jonquil. Please buy a jonquil."

"I can't see how he knew my name," said Jonquil to the man with the heavy gray beard who sat in a reclining chair beside a table piled with books. The man raised his melancholy eyes and contradicted:

"Who said that she knew your name? Not I."

"But," objected Jonquil, and then she explained.

The man almost smiled. "You misunderstand. Polly is my business agent. I hang her out to advertise

the flowers. I have not been able to do it since I broke my leg." Jonquil saw the bandages. "I can get about the house, but I could not scramble over the hills and dales. I tried it," grimly. "Can you imagine how I suffer, tied to an invalid chair, while hundreds of dollars worth of flowers are wasted? I need that money." Jonquil waited, and he added whimsically, "If the cook hadn't stocked the pantry with the idea of feeding a regiment, I would have starved. I've been in for ten days."

Jonquil grew more and more puzzled. Who cared for him when he fell? Who set his leg? Who managed before? He explained that he had for servants a man and wife, strangers, who were good to him until the accident. Even then they set his leg. He gave them some money to be banked and sent them to town. They did not return. He supposed they had gone with his money. He did not care so much for that, if they had only harvested the flowers.

"Child," he broke off suddenly, "you are like a jonquil in that yellow dress, with the light upon your hair —a golden light in this dark house. Oh, the beauty of youth which knows no care!"

Jonquil thought of the road over which poverty-stricken students walked, living in stuffy rooms, eating lunches instead of meals, wearing shabby clothing, enduring the sorrow of being different from the girls whose light feet trod the rainbow trail.

"Pretty Jonquil!" interrupted Polly.

Jonquil, a vision in gold, floated on a rift of sunshine to the arm of the chair.

"If you only knew!" she breathed. "This minute I am worried because I must leave my school for lack of gold." She looked out the window and mused, "Gold all about us, but I lack the few dollars which will turn success to failure." She did not see the curious expression which slipped over the dark face. "I must take the road which nobody travels. But of course," hurriedly, "you know nothing about the lack of means." And then she smiled. "Don't worry about your flowers. I'll sell them."

The man lifted his somber eyes, inquiring lifelessly, "When? How?"

"The college celebrates its golden jubilee next week. There will be yellow decorations everywhere, a yellow flower for each guest, yellow flowers upon the table. I am sure they can use every one," she smiled at the blossoms nodding in the spring breeze. "I'm glad I found the road that nobody travels because I can help you."

"The road nobody travels?" echoed the man.

Jonquil explained, "I was feeling so badly that I did not want to see any one. I was so disappointed in mother."

"What did she do?" persisted the serious voice. Jonquil stammered, then smiled through her tears.

"Everything," she added. "I'll sell your flowers—I won't charge a cent. Of course, you'll have to pay the laborers."

"There are none," persisted the man. He smiled when Jonquil told of the boys who had fired furnaces, hauled ashes and chopped wood; who had expenses yet to be met.

"They could take you out in your chair so you could give orders. I believe they could please you."

The brown eyes scanned the eager face. "Why would you do this for a stranger?"

Jonquil laughed a little. "I'm always scolding mother for putting her self out for folks she pities," she stammered. "I'm sorry for you. Spring is coming, resurrection time," she nodded at the budding trees. "Every one will have new dresses and bonnets and cars."

"And don't you want them?" asked the cynical voice.

"Yes," admitted Jonquil, "and it is right for us rejoice. What do we not owe to the resurrection?"

The man interrupted, "And you will do this for me?"

"If mother will chaperone us and oversee. She's a hundred miles away. If she were here."

"You may take the car to town," the man produced a key. "Send some one to stay with me. Let one of the boys whom you mentioned go for your mother. Tell them it is the wish of Roland Jenkins."

She was not excited at the mention of the name. It meant nothing to her. He was a lonely old man in need, but she asked why he had not phoned for help. There were so many curious things about this man who lived on the road which nobody traveled. She started when he pointed with his cane to the dangling telephone wire.

The golden anniversary, which some called the Jonquil Feast, was the greatest the college ever knew. Jonquil, in her yellow-petaled gown, wore bright blossoms on her shoulder and others in her hair. She led an army of girls who were selling flowers. The boys, glad to swell their savings, had been eager and efficient harvesters. Polly was on hand, crying, "Jonquil, pretty Jonquil."

The boys took up the cry, and so, on the day after the feast, there were not enough flowers on the Jenkins farm for a bouonniere. Mr. Jenkins smiled when Jonquil brought a statement from the bank of the deposits and withdrawals. He reminded her, "And you didn't charge a cent?"

"Of course not," said Jonquil. "There were no expenditures either except what the cashier O. K.'d. I hope you are satisfied, Mr Jenkins."

"Would it be satisfactory if I pay the manager of this campaign an amount which will cancel her school expenses?"

Jonquil's face shone. "If you think she earned so much!" she said primly.

"This is your last year. Then what? A trip to Europe or a course at the conservatory?"

"I have dreamed of both," smiled Jonquil who now knew that Roland Jenkins was a wealthy man who did not need the money for his flowers, but who was so thrifty that he disliked to waste a single blossom. He was saying that he had planned something of that sort for the girl who helped a lonely old man.

"Would you like it?" he asked.

"I have dreamed all my life of such a privilege," cried Jonquil; but her face darkened. "It has been a sacrifice for mother to keep me in school. I must teach now to help her."

"She has agreed to stay as my

housekeeper. This is your home also, when you are out of school,'' said Mr. Jenkins precisely. ''I will return with interest every cent your mother expended for my poor old sister, pay for her loving care. But money can not compnesate for her kindness to my relative of whom I had lost all knowledge. Though I pay all my days I feel that I cannot reward your mother sufficiently.''

Jonquil gasped. And she had criticised mother for helping a stranger who proved to be the sister of this wealthy man.

''As to the road which nobody travels, you will find many thereon,'' sighed Mr. Jenkins. ''This last quarter, you shall have pretty dresses, amusements and books, as well as grades. Will you like it, going to school luxuriously?''

Jonquil thanked him. She beamed at the budding trees, at the birds twittering their spring song. She looked at the once-somber path which was now beautiful with flowers and ferns. How changed since the day when she had first hurried over it. But if mother's example had not taught her to be kind! She turned gaily to Roland Jenkins.

''I'm so happy that I could not thank you enough if were to try for a hundred years. Let me run and tell mother.''

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

David Driver, a memeber of the twelfth cottage, was paroled by Superintendent Boger last week.

The boys were served with 224 quarts of strawberries, as a uart of last Sunday's dinner.

Dr. Davis, of Concord, has been spending several days at the school, attending to the boys' teeth.

Virgil Shipes has been placed on a linotype recently. We hope he will soon become an ''expert.''

Several of our boys have had their tonsils and adenoids removed recently. This work was done at the Mattheson Clinie, at Charlotte.

The boys in the wood-shop have been busy lately placing screens in the cottages. They also screened the dairy barn.

Our band boys are progressing wonderfully under the care of Mr. George Peck, of Concord. They practice every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons after school.

Several of our boys, accompanied by Superintendent Boger and Mrs. Fisher, entertained the members of the Civitan Club, of Charlotte, at their regular weekly luncheon last Friday.

Our boys ushered in the 1927 baseball season last Saturday, with the strong Gibson Mill team as their opponents, and made a fair showing. The day was cold and it was their

first game of the season. The visitors won by the score of 12 to 2.

The farm hands are "as busy as bees." They have begun work in the fields for the season's crops. Some are cleaning out the terraces, which are for drainage, some are working in the orchard spraying and trimming the trees.

One of our interesting "spots" is the little chickne yard. We have about 900 small chickens over there. They have the incubators about full, and are expected to hatch out most any time now.

Everybody who visits the School compliments us on our pansy beds. There is one up on the upper end in front of the administration building around a large rock. The other one runs along beside the road for 200 feet. There is also a tulip bed along the same road.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys, Work Secretary of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., had charge of the services last Sunday. Mr. Arnold Smith, choir leader of the Second Presbyterian Church, accompanied him, and spoke to the boys. Another young man, also of Charlotte, sang a solo. The talk was enjoyed by all present.

Miss McNaughton, Superintendent of the Girl's Industrial School, at Samarcand Manor, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Page, of Aberdeen, members of the Board of Trustees, of said school, visited us one day last week. After inspecting the various departments here, the visitors expressed themselves as being well pleased with our institution.

I have told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from troubles, I pack them into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.

—Robert Southey.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C. MAY 7, 1927. No. 17

WHERE WOMAN FIGURES.

They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whipered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—without a woman in it.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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WHO'S MISSED

Oh, how I miss you tonight,
Miss you when lights are low.
Oh, how I need you tonight,
More than you'll ever know.
I was a fool just to roam,
Leaving you there all alone.
For there isn't another, another like mother,
Old, Pal, how I miss you tonight.—Popular Song.

PLANTING SEEDS.

The other day at Elon College they dedicated a handsome new building to be devoted to the teaching of the sciences. It is a gift of Mr. B. N. Duke, of Durham and New York, and his brother the late J. B. Duke. It was dedicated in memory of their mother, Mrs. Artelia Roney Duke. Elsewhere in this number we are happy to carry a cut of this mother of real men. It was produced from a daguerrotype, taken in the middle of the past century.

It must be a joy to the living member of this pair of benefactors to live to see the power of his deeds, seeds planted to grow on and on in the interest of humanity; and no less is the joy to the friends of the one who has been gathered unto his fathers. Not to be ministered unto, but to minister, has governed the activities of these outstanding citizens, whose lives and deeds have reflected a glory upon North Carolina.

Come to think about it, this mother in Israel is the kind of a mother that forms the background and the reason for what has come to be known as Mother's Day. That motherhood that gives to the world sons and

daughters that make the world better and more prosperous deserves a loving remembrance and concerted note.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

LET US PAUSE.

Tomorrow is Mother's Day. It's mother's day always every day among the normal; but the 8th of May is set aside in a special way to concentrate the universal mind on the delightful subject. The real mothers today never once browsed in the field of flapperism—that's a different kind of motherhood that is not contemplated as we are brought together or in silence and alone to pay court to the dear one, dead or alive, who went down to the brink of the grave that we might live.

The spirit behind this Mother's Day observance involves the kind of mothers that gave birth to men like Buck Duke, who still lives big and large in the contributions to the world; B. N. Duke, who is taking note of needy calls among men and making the world more prosperous and better by his fine deeds; the late James William Cannon, who taught many a man the story of how to act, live and prosper, set them on their feet and boosted them until alone they themselves became powers for good among men; Woodrow Wilson, who taught the whole world the necessity of fellowship and human justice; men, like the Webbs, the Harrises, the Odells, the Cones, the Reynolds, the Pages, and hundreds of thousands, who learned the purpose of life at the knees of godly and devout motherhood.

These are the mothers that the united celebration has in mind. When the standard of motherhood that prevailed when such men came upon the scene of action permits itself to be lowered by the fashions, frills and idleness that beset us, then will our country be called upon to pay the penalty of such foolishness and thoughtlessness and begoneness.

Here's to the precious soul, on earth or in heaven, who bared herself to every danger and hardship that we might come onto the stage of action. Isn't she the greatest of all earthly blessings? Stop, think—do her reverence today.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

WINS $1,000 PULITZER PRIZE.

A North Carolinian wins a thousand dollar prize, for writing a play. The only interest in the foregoing is that it is a Nroth Carolinian, a product of the farm. While he has contributed no particular amount to the material interest of the state, his achievement brings note to the state.

How his success is viewed at Chapel Hill is contained in the following dispatch:

"Of course I shall accept it and needless to say, I deeply appreciate the honor, not only for the personal satisfaction it brings out but also for the credit it reflects on the university which has made it possible for me to accomplish what I have," Paul Green, youthful Tar Heel playwright, declared tonight when informed by the Associated Press that he had been awarded the Pulitzer prize in playwriting for 1927.

This is the first time this prize has come south. Hatcher Hughes, native Tar Heel and a former student and faculty member of the university, won it in 1924, but he was teaching in Columbia university at the time.

Not unlike a great many men who have pulled themselves up to fame by their own bootstraps, Paul Green was born and reared on a farm. He is a native of Harnett county. After graduating from high school, he taught in a country school for two years and then entered the state university. He wrote his first play while a freshman and it was produced by the senior class. The war interrupted his studies and he served overseas with the 105th engineers. After being discharged he returned to the university and immediately began devoting his spare time to writing plays. Since then he has written a total of 30 one-act and three full length plays. The short plays have been produced by little theater groups all over the country, and two of the longer pieces. "In Abraham's Bosom" and "The Field God" have been produced on the New York stage and have won considerable favorable comment. A number of his plays and poems have been published.

Paul Green may properly be called a product of and a co-worker in the folk play movement at the university, a movement initiated by Frederick H. Koch eight years ago when he founded the Carolina Playmakers, the group that recently dedicated the first stage owned theater in America to be devoted to the development of native drama.

Playwriting thus far has been a hobby with this young university professor. He earns his living by teaching philosophy.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A TEACHING OBJECT LESSON.

Listening in on Dr. Luther Little, last Sunday, who in his services was calling upon his congregation to take note of the flood sufferers, we caught an angle of the suffering. Said the divine, "most of the sufferers of this flood in Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas are colored people, but that does not lessen our obligation." Not his words, but the idea which they conveyed.

The Uplift embraces this opportunity to publicly commend the people of the South especially for their magnanimous, generous and faithful act. The

cost was not calculated; the character of the sufferers, the race to which they belong, or their standing in the affairs of life, did not remotely enter into the noble effort to aid them in their distress. It simply tells what is in our hearts when human beings have to face death or starvation.

The response to this call for help has put the great Southern heart on the map—we heard the call. We answered. And, now that the necessity for doubling the amount which the Red Cross estimated would be needed, is aroused, just see how the great people of this common land will rally in a response.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A FITTING STORY FOR THE DAY.

In this number we have the priviledge of reproducing a story by Ben Dixon MacNeill, who attended the opening of the new Science Building at Elon College, which was made possible by the generosity of Mr. B. N. Duke, of Durham and New York, and his brother, the late J. B. Duke.

These gentlemen gave it to Elon as a memorial to their mother. The News & Obesrver carried a picture of the great mother, Mrs. Artelia Roney Duke. It was from a daguerrotype, taken in the middle of the last century. It is a unique picture, showing how the good women dressed in those days. The Uplift carries the cut in this issue.

We learn from this exhibit that your goodness will soon or late rise up to bless you and keep your memory green. Years will not dim it.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A GREAT LOSS.

Word now comes that the apple crop of Watauga county is destroyed by the freeze of last week. It is said that the crop on the Moses Cone orchard of 20,000 trees is a total loss. This we may take it as the probable effect throughout the apple growing section of the mountains. The loss works a hardship on the noble people of the mountains.

The floods of the middle west are doing their havoc; misfortunes are occuring about in the land; and yet we—some of us—ignore the fact that there is a Great Cause, which controls these things in our midst.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

It is now demonstrated, by watching the public mind, that a time will never come when North Carolina will be wanting in candidates for governor, A newspaper down east has even suggested the name of Dr. E. C. Brooks for the position in 1932. How thrilling!

Mrs. Artelia Roney Duke.

MOTHER OF NOTED MEN IS HONORED.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

Out of the shadows today came a wraith that was but a memory among the very old, neglected it seemed sometimes, and forgotten whilly. But today the wraith took on reality again, and that upon a day that is the anniversary of the day three score and ten years ago when she encompassed the miracle of giving life, and to a child who himself worked large things in the world.

Out of the shadows came Artelia Roney Duke, the wife of Washington Duke, the mother of his sons whose names have become legend among their people. Belately, but not because they consciously forgot her but because she was gone before they ever knew her. Due honor was done this woman whose sons wrought mightily in the world she left untimely young. Here in this place they have caused to be raised up a great building dedicated to the spread of knowledge, and they have called it after her name.

Seventy years ago she went down into the shadows and when she was come up again, she bore in her arms a baby that was called James Buchanan Duke. Almost sixty-nine years ago she died, at the age of 29, and the heartbroken husband gathered his brood about him and was mother and father to them for near a half century, while she slept in the little graveyard that overlooks the Haw River, forgotten, it sometimes seemed.

But not wholly. Today there was dedicated here a great buliding, given by two sons whose names are a part of the legend of this new era. Impressive ceremonies marked the dedication, with speeches by notable men, and a great company was here to participate in it. Later portraits of the woman and of her two powerful sons, were unveiled in the rotunda of the building that bears her name.

First there was the brief tribute to the Duke family in their relation to the development of education in North Carolina, which was to have been delivered by Governor Angus W. McLean, but in his unavoidable absence, read by Dr. A. T. Allen, Superintendent of Education. An appreciation of Artelia Roney Duke by D. R. Fonville, of the Burlington bar, preceded the formal presentation of the building on behalf the Duke family by Alex H. Sands, Jr., private secretary to Benjamin N. Duke, whose birthday it was.

On behalf of the board of trustees of Elon College the building was accepted by Dr. J. E. Rawles. On behalf of the faculty the acceptance was by Dr. N. F. Brannock, and on behalf the student body by R. M. Hook. Greetings were brought by Dr. Bert Cunningham on behalf of the North Carolina Academy of Science. The principal address was delivered by Dr. Robert L. Flowers, of Duke University, who was perhaps closer to the great dreams of Duke than any other North Carolinian.

Profound interest was evident in honor that was done the mother of James Buchanan Duke and Ben N. Duke. Through the years in which their names have loomed larger in the industral and educational heavens much has been heard of the father of these two, but little ever of the mother. For a generation people must have been wondering about her, wondering what sort of woman she might have been, why there was so rarely any mention made of her, and then but vaguely.

Born Century Ago.

Neither of the Dukes could remember her. Born just a century ago here in Alamance county, of a family that had been prominent in the affairs of the county since its earliest settlement, combining in her veins the blood of the Roneys and of the Trollingers, she was married before she was twenty, and before she was thirty she was dead.

Her sons grew up without being able to remember her, and though their father told them many things of her fine spirit, her great character, he himself, being father and mother both to them, inescapably loomed the larger in their minds, and it was he to whom they finally came to ascribe their early training. though in later years James B. Duke in particular, came to feel that many of the qualities of courage and daring that made him were his by maternal inheritance.

To Dr. W. A. Harper must be given the credit of the re-discovery of Artelia Roney Duke. There was a legend surviving about her, of course, and everybody knew that she was an Alamance county woman, but most of her generation were gone. She had died before the Civil War. There was not a picture anywhere that any knew of, and only a very old brother could remember her. But Dr. Harper kept up his search, piecing together scattered details of her life.

Daguerrotype Found.

Finally in the house of a collateral descendant of the Trollinger family, he found what they believed was a picture of Mrs. Duke. He took it to the then surviving brother, and asked him if he knew whose picture it was. "Surely," he said, That's 'Telia." The picture was sent to James Buchanan Duke. He had never seen a likeness of his mother. The faded daugerrotype was all that he had ever seen. He treasured it in his lone ly latter days.

When Elon College was partially burned in 1923 the Dukes made the overtures for permission to participate in the rebuilding of the college, designating one building to the memory of their mother. The building was made a part of the general plan of reconstruction, but was built entirely with money given by the Dukes. At the time of his death Duke was in correspondence about a permanent building which is devoted to the teaching of science.

President W. A. Harper of Elon presided over the services, and Dr. W. S. Alexander, college pastor, opened the program with a scripture reading and prayer.

A telegram from Gov. A. W. McLean was read by Dr. Allen, expressing his deep regret that illness prevented his being present for the dedication of this building.

In his manuscript Gov. McLean

held up to a high place the Dukes in the educational history of the Old North State. His subject was "The Dukes and North Carolina Education." He outlined the needs of the State under three heads.

Governor McLean declared he was not surprised at the large philanthropic gifts of the Dukes to North Carolina education, stating that for men of their type it was natural for them to do this.

In closing he paid high tribute to the privately endowed institutions, and their influences on the educational life of the State, and declared it fitting that this meeting today should be held to express appreciaction for these influences in our social order.

Dr Flowers first brought greetings from Duke University. He paid tribute to Washington Duke, characterising him as one of the most remarkable men this country has produced .

To me there is something peculiarly appropriate," said Dr. Flowers, "that the sons should have given this science building as a memorial to their mother to stand here in her native county where the men and the women yet to come shall be taught the application and the use of scientific principles."

He told of the boyhood days of the Dukes and of their earlier struggles. He outlined the advance of science in the past forty years, and closed his address by expressing regret that ill health prevented B. N. Duke from being present for this occasion.

The building cost upwards of $100,000.

THE BEST THING.

"I shine," says the sun,
"To give the world light."
"I glimmer," adds the monn,
"To beautify the night."
"I ripple," says the brook;
"I whisper," sighs the breeze;
"I patter," laughs the rain;
"We rustle," call the trees;
"We dance," nod the daisies;
"I twinkle," shines the star;
"We sing," chant the birds,
"Happy we all are."
"I smile," cries the child,
Gentle, good, and gay;
The sweetest thing of all,
The sunshine of each day.—Louisa M. Alcott.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

I see it stated in the papers that Uncle Sam is going to make some new greenback money, and the bills will be six inches long and two and one-half inches wide. The paper money now used is 7.2 inches long and 3.04 wide. We will have less bulk, easier to carry and spend; but just as hard to get as the old money.

Every now and then some fellow expresses the idea that he is "hunting for happiness." You don't have to hunt happiness. It is inward; not outward. It does not depend on what you have; but what you are.

No, Anna Belle; all persons who use rouge and cosmetics did not come from Rougemont, in Person county.

"You should never point, Johnnie," said Mrs. Brown, as they left the shop. "It is very rude." "But what are you going to do, Ma, when you don't know the name of the thing?" "Why," she returned, "let the assistant show you everything in the shop until she comes to the right one.

Each individual has his pet desire; and each, if given opportunity, would speak for jewels, glorious raiment, education, travel, money, or some other thing of no greater worth; but the thing that each deep down in his heart desires more than all other is life. Any normal individual, given choice between immediate riches with but thirty days of life, and continuous poverty with the promise of fourscore years and ten, would scorn the money. The rich covet number of days in which to enjoy their good things; the wretched and destitute cling as eagerly to life because each tomorrow may bring joy and prosperity. Well, if life and the hope of long-continued life are the things most to be desired, it would seem the first and foremost urgent business of the learned would be to adopt a plan of living that would give assurance of longevity. The unlearned being ignorant of these matters and by their ignorance made prey to folly, might reasonably be expected to die quickly by reason of some excess or indiscretion. The records for longevity are not held by the learned, however, but by the lowly folk who care little for germs and know less of sanitation. They survived to a great age, for the most part, because they were content—because they worried little—because they neither comprehended nor wished to comprehend the problems and crises that tormented the erudite and those in high place. In asylums where those of little wit are kept by the state the Reaper appears tardily. The feeble mind bears no burden of anxiety. The "queer," living uselessly, continue to live long after their normal, brethren have worn themselves down. It is a very strange thing that the witless should be safeguarded by their misfortune while the wise, refusing to take counsel of their wisdom, should lose the

life they cherish by reason of their failure to live as wisely as the witless.

On the Durham-Greensboro highway is a filling station carrying the sign, "East End Filling Station." A few days ago a motorist drove up, seeking gas. After reading the sign, he said he was sorry he could not get any there as his car was filled from the west end.

The country seems to have gone mad in the hunt for oil. Many stories of great successes and dismal failures are daily coming to light. A story is told of an old man and his wife, in Texas, eked out a frugal living by hard labor on their tiny dusty farm, until oil development came their way. The pounding of drills on their farm brought success. They were rich "overnight." They could not comprehend their good fortune. One of the oil men responsible for their quick turn of fortune tried gently to explain to old grandma that she had the means to immediately buy anything that she longed for greatly. Her reply was: "Why, I can really get a brand new ax, can't I? My back's near broke from using that old one." So it is with life always. We do not long for unlimited wealth, or for an accumulation of useless things. We want only a share of freedom and happiness; of joy and play; and freedom from continued financial embarrassment. We want only an opportunity to work for and obtain results from our efforts to win a fortune for ourselves and those who we care for.

Service to be worth anything must be timely. A man might be willing to pay a dollar for a candle at midnight when he wouldn't give a penny for it the next day at noon. Another would give his entire fortune for a horse to escape a forest fire and refuse him as a gift when the wind shifts.

Hello, folks! Did you get out of bed this morning with a smile and feeling that the world's a great place to live in? If you don't feel that way of mornings, it's time for your sulphur and molasses.

The line between success and failure is so fine that one man scarcely knows when he passes it. Many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort; a little more patience and a little more work would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out so does it come clear in. As dawn follows night, so do our results our efforts. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within. No really insurmountable obstacle if we just keep on trying. "Keep on going on."

Whether the exuberant delight that obsesses one with the possession of a surface to paint, a brush, and some pigment is an inherent love of art; an exotic dauber's joy, or merely a kindergarten complex remains a question in the mind of the brush wielder. But the fact remains—most women love to paint. The very manipulation of the brush and the evolving of color schemes, excites their conquest proclivities. Like Napoleon,

with the brush in hand—a groaning, unpainted surface, or furniture, in front of them—for the nonce they're world conquistadores, captains of all they survey. Home decoration is the thing. When hubby goes home, and attempts to take a chair, he is warned of "fresh paint." If he goes to the hat rack to hang up his hat, it's "fresh paint." In fact if he steps in the front door, he doesn't step —"fresh paint" on the floor, go around to the back door. He mustn't touch anything in the room—"fresh paint." There are times when it seems like a man's household is "fresh painted" and he is warned not to sit down. He has to stand it.

Duurham, the other day, had a movie picture entitled," The World, the Flesh and the Devil." It reminded me of the young preacher who was out on his first venture in sermonizing. He took for his text, "The World the Flesh and the Devil." He began by saying: "My friends, I will briefly discuss the world, the flesh, and then hasten on to the devil." He could not understand why his audience smiled at his most serious thoughts.

April, the shy, whimsical Miss, has stepped aside for demure, blue-eyed May, the joy bringer of the year. This is May, as Milton so aptly describes the month:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from east, and leads her,
The flowering May, who from her green cap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, beautious May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and grooves are of dressing,
Hill and dale boast of thy blessing,
Thus we salute the with our earthly song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

TELLING THINGS STRAIGHT.

A boy twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said,

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy."

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."—The Way.

MOTHER'S DAY.

Sunday, May 8th, 1927.

Woman has always been the personification of the world's ideals. When the first historian began to write, he found woman chosen as the bride of art. In all ages the things ministering to the good of others have been made feminine. The ships bearing the cargoes across the seas; the seasons bringing variety; the earth itself has by common consent been the universal mother. Woman's influence has always glorified the world. The noblest conceptions of the human mind have always been presented in the form of a woman. Liberty, justice, and all the holy aspirations and sacred realities. The sculptors of olden times made the immortal idea the daughter of the gods. All through the gospel story we find a surprisingly high position accorded to woman.

It was a woman Chirst gave the first clear proclamation of his Messiaship. His first miracle was wrought because of the faith and at the solicitation of a woman. It was a woman, who, because of her grateful faith poured over him the costly ointment, and she was the only person to whom he ever promised an immortality of remembrance. Among the last words Jesus spoke upon the cross were those with which he commended Mary to the care of his beloved disciples. A woman was the first at the tomb, the first to see the risen Christ, the first to believe in Him, and the first to bear testimony of the resurrection.

John Randolf said: "I should have been a French atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was that my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name'."

When James A. Garfield was a boy his mother loved and cared for him with great solicitude and tender care. In return for her faithfulness, toil and love, he endeavored to so labor as to make her happy, and do her honor. When he was inaugurated President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1881, after he had taken the oath of office in the presence of many thousands of people, he kissed the Holy Bible and then turned and kissed his aged mother and his wife. Months rolled by, and he was assasinated; and during all the long weary weeks of suffering that followed, he wrote but one letter, and that was to his mother. He was surrounded by men of state, attended by leading physicians of the country, and anxiously inquired after and sympathized with by all the civilized nations of the earth; he was watched over and cared for by many good friends, and by a faithful and devoted wife; yet in the midst of all this his thoughts turned to his old home. "Mother! dear mother! my heart calls for you." "I must write to mother;" and calling for pen and ink he wrote the only letter ever written after stricken down.

May eighth is Mother's Day. It

is a beautiful way in which to honor the one who has done more for you than any one else. Write mother a letter. It will do her good and be a blessing to you. We can never half pay her for what she has done for us. She has stood by us when others have turned away. She will still trust us when others will hesitate. She will love us when the love of others towards us turns to hate. Boys do you really appreciate your mother? If you do, live to make her happy, and her declining days those of comfort and satisfaction. Is your mother growing old? Perhaps she would not seem so old if you would do something to smooth the wrinkles out of her face, and drive away the careworn look. Do you not remember how she sat up nights making clothes for you when you were a little fellow in bed? I can see my mother as she sat in front of the old fire place knitting and mending for five boys and four girls, all grown up and mostly all in homes for themselves. Now she spends a part of her time in knitting for her grandchildren. Do you not suppose she often thinks of those days? There is no love like mother's love.

Some one asks the question: "Does motherhood pay? If it doesn't then nothing pays in this life. Motherhood brings its own reward. It is doubtful if any one is so much loved as a mother. If our country can afford to pension our soldiers, she can better afford to pension the mothers who rear the boys to become soldires. True motherhood is a much better protection to this country than a standing army. One of the great curses of America today is the lack of children in so many homes. Let us do all we can to make mother happy while she lives. If she has passed on to the rewards of a faithful mother, let us pin on a carnation and look up and thank God for the tender recollections of other days. If she lives, write her a letter and tell her how much you appreciate what she did for you, and that you are trying to keep the promises you made to her when you left home.

Let Mother's Day be one full of tender memories and true thanksgiving.

"Youth fades, hope dies,
The leaves of friendship fall,
A mother's love outlives them all."

The haunting lines on motherhood are credited to Oliver Wendell Holmes. They are sure and true. A father may forsake his child. Brother and sister may become enemies. Husband and wife forsake each other. But a mother loves with the love recommended by St. Paul,—"that seeketh not itself, beareth all things, endureth all things."

Mother's Sunday brings to mind two fundamental ideals—the ideal of happy childhood, and the ideal home. Within the heart of every mother there is cherished a belief in the immeasurable possibilities of her boy or girl, and the right of childhood everyweher to be happy.

Mother's Sunday also brings to mind the ideal of the home. If "Home, Sweet Home" brings fond recollections today, it is because in that home a mother stood guard, and believed in that home above every

other institution that ministered to the welfare of her children. And our nation today, which is no happier than its homes, and no better than its mothers, and no wealthier than its wealth in manhood and womanhood, is great and rich because the mothers of America have made the American home the model and standard for the world.

More and more are women entering into the social and political affairs of life, and giving to the nation a wealth of devotion in the name of various motherhood. Don't forget them.

The nation does well to honor on this occasion,—mother's and potential mothers. Here is the patriot who through thick and thin, war and peace, prosperity and hard times, thinks always of first things first, and who looks well to the foundations of the commonwealh—the child and the home.

On the second Sunday in May all America pauses in its mad rush for wealth and fame to pay homage to America's greatest blessing—American mothers.. It is only proper that there should be such a holiday—a day that is just what the name implies—Mother's Day. And yet, too many of us wait until Mother's Day to pay her the honor and love we should be lavishing upon her every moment of our lives. Too many of us are bringing her disgrace and sorrow daily, and waiting for Mother's Day to attempt to erase them from our records and ease our conscience by the simple gesture of observing Mother's Day.

Not alone by outward display, or great ostentation, is Mother's Day properly observed. True observance of this great day is in the heart. The display of carnations in the button hole is only adherence to a custom, and love for mother is not and never will be, subject to the radical changes of customs or communities.

Honor mother every day! Not by assisting in the country-wide celebrations or community fetes, but by living the kind of lives that mother brought us up to live. By worshipping the God she taught us to worship, and believing the things she taught us to believe. Be straight—start on Mother's Day to mend the threads of the wasted life you have been living—stay straight—start on Mother's Day to be the kind of a son she thinks, or would like to think you are. Be worthy of that mother, the one person whose love has been your all through your escapades, whose faith in you is as firm as it was when you were a babe in her arms. If you celebrate Mother's Day with that determination fixed in your mind then mother's love and mother's life has not been in vain.

No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause.—Theodore Roosevelt.

PURTY NI OLLAPODRIDA.

(Stanly News-Herald.)

"The out of doors season is now here in all its glory. The time when something pulls onto one's heart-strings and almost compels one to close up shop and go out into the fields and woods and saunter and loll along cool and shady streams."

The above remark was made to us Monday afternoon by a well known Albemarle business man—a poet who did not know he was a poet and may never know, and yet a poet just the same, or at least one with the soul of a poet, for surely such a feeling does not come to just anyone.

But possibly, after all we may be in error, for surely there is no person alive who was brought up on the farm, or out in the open, who, when, having been penned within the walls of a small office or place of business for months, has not felt that same impulse to get out in God's great open and feel the invigorating influences of nature at her best? Surely if there be one who is exempt, he must be a queer piece of humanity. For who with a normal imagination, could remain within the confines of the office, the store, or the bank and contemplate upon the free, quiet, fields and woods and streams, at this season, when birds and early flowers and soft breezes and life-giving sunshine are everywhere, without feeling an overwhelming desire to throw down and get out?

We used to feel intolerant toward the lazy fellow who spent so much of his time hunting and fishing. We once thought that the fellow who would spend hours and hours of his valuable time lounging around on the river bank fishing, was inexcusable and worthless. Now we view him differently. We have long since realized that the big pulling power in the fishing game is, as a rule, that natural longing to get out in the open, and now we love any person who enjoys fishing or hunting, for, as a rule, such person is drawn out by that love of nature which bespeaks a big, kind heart. Coming to think about it, did you ever see a natural born fisherman who was not a big hearted fellow, a lover of man and all of God's creation?

Then, too, the love of nature is not the only force which makes one crave to get out from among the crowds sometimes, into the open. These strenuous times in which we are living try one's nerves to the point where something in us cries out for relief through the world's solitude. Lord Byron felt that impulse—that call of the wild—that desire for the big world's solitude—when he wrote the following line in his masterful Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race
And, hating no one, love but only

her!''

And at another place in the same poem, Byron said:

''There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.''

John Charles McNeil had the same impluse into his soul when he made one of his characters say:

''Hit's an actual fac' I sometimes wish
Dat I was som'en wile'
A coon or a fox or a possom or crow,
Leas'wise for a little while.
I'd like to sleep in a holler gum,
Or roos' in a longleaf pine,
Whar nuthin' could come to mess wid me
Nor ax me whar I's gwine.''

So why shouldn't one throw down once in a while and take a few hours off in the great open spaces of this big, beautiful, world. Why should one be criticized for sneaking off occasionally to spend a half day, lazily fishing and dreaming beside a friendly stream?

Did you ever stop to look at some simple little wild flower, blooming in its innocent beauty and loveliness, away out somewhere, where no eye could be expected to admire its simple beauty and where it's fragrance might fail to reach the breathing of mankind, and wonder why it bloomed at all, when both it's beauty and fragrance may be wasted ''on the desert air'' **And then did you ever think that man, while the crowning glory of God's creation, is not all? Did it ever occur to you that nature, heedless of mankind, goes quietly along, even more obedient to the Divine will than sinful man? And these simple little wild flowers, growing all alone away out in the big world, can teach us that even the all nature, in ways entirely unknown grass and the flowers, the birds and to man, praise their Maker, and that even the elements join them in paying homage to the Great Architect of the Universe. ''The Fool Hath Said in His Heart, There is no God.''**

**Not how little we can do,
But how much, that's brave and true,
Ought to be the earnest thought
Into each day's purpose wrought;
Not how much we can get out
Of the world around about,
But how much we can put in it
For the joy of men, each minute.**

TO PRESERVE GALLANT "OLD IRONSIDES."

The campaign to raise money with which to restore and preserve, in her ancient dignity of form and symmetry of line, the old frigate "Constitution," famous as "Old Ironsides" because of her many heroic exploits at a time when she was practically the entire American Navy, is on, and Norfolk will have the priviledge of participating in the movement.

Reproduction of the painting of "Old Ironsides" by Gordon Grant, picturing her as she was in the days of her glory, and as she will be again when restored to her former state, will go on sale tomorrow morning at the store of Ames & Brownley. A window display, featuring the pictures, is being made. The pictures will be sold for 25 cents each, and the entire proceeds of the sale will go to the fund for restoring the ancient ship, Ames & Brownley defraying whatever incidental expenses that may be incurred by the sale here.

This is an unique campaign for funds. "Old Ironsides" is in the Boston Navy Yard, and is falling to pieces from decay and the ravages of time. She was one of six ships authorized by Congress in 1794 and she was launched October 21, 1797. The timbers which went into her construction were of live oak, white oak, and cedar from the Middle Atlantic States, and fir and pine from the North Woods, Connecticut, Maryland and Massachhusetts gave the iron for her guns and anchors. Paul Revere made the bolts which still hold her decaying timbers together. The daughters of Betsy Ross made the original flags and pennants which flew so gallantly from her masthead.

Record Unequalled.

The lines on which her hull is constructed are similar to those of a racing ship. Her fighting records have never been equalled by any ship in any navy in the world.

Her services in the war of 1812 with Great Britian, in which she defeated crack ships of the acknowledged Mistress of the Seas, has made a glowing page in the history of American fighting men and fighting ships. Another page has been written by her tour of duty in the West Indies and in the war with Tripoli from 1803 to 1805. Her marvelous escape from the British squadron in July, 1812, her fight with the British frigate "Guerriere" and her capture of the British frigate "Java" and the British men-of-war "Cyane" and "Levant" in a moonlight battle in 1815, reveal another stirring tale of American naval achievement.

It was in the fight with the "Guerriere" that the American frigate gained the name of "Old Ironsides." The shot of the British cannons peppered her sides like hail, but did no effective damage, and so thrilled the men of her crew that they gave her the nickname which has lived in history.

Saved By Public Sentiment.

In 1828 "Old Ironsides" was laid up and ordered destroyed. Public sentiment was so strongly opposed, however, that the navy was forced to order her repaired. Oliver Wen-

dell Holmes wrote the immortal poem, "Old Ironsides," at that time. She went back into service, and in 1855 went to the Naval Academy as a school ship. She was used for training purposes on various stations until 1897, when she was towed to Boston for her own centennial celebration. And there she has remained ever since.

In 1905 she was orderd to be used as a target for ships of the navy, but that raised another storm of protest and Congress appropriated $100,000 for her repair. This provided only for partial repairs above the water line, and the old ship now is rapidly falling to pieces.

In 1926 Congress authorized the Secretary of the Navy to accept public contributions for restoration of the ship. Congress declined to appropriate public money for the purpose.

Rear Adm. Philip Andrews, former commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard, and now commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, has been made chairman of a national committee of prominent citizens engaged in collecting funds from all over the United States to restore the old ship. Gordon Grant painted her picture, and copies of it are being sold everywhere for 25 cents each. The pictures are done in 10 colors, and measure 17 by 21 inches. They are suitable for framing. The original has been presented to President Coolidge and is to be hung in the White House.

Ames & Brownley agreed, at the request of Admiral Andrews, to place the pictures on sale in the Granby street store, just as they are being placed on sale throughout the country. The pictures are regarded as intrinsically worth far more than the price charged for them.

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur has sent the following call to the people of the United States to buy the pictures and swell the restoration fund.

"May the spirit of 'Old Ironsides' go sailing on! There is no relic in our country more symbolic of the early heroism of the nations than the U. S. S. Constitution. This fine old ship whose every timber embodies the ideals of the Republic, is a living reminder of our glorious past, and an inspiration of patriotic citizenship to our children and children's children.

"She bears the scars of 40 battles and a score of vanquished captains brought their flags and swords for surrender to her victorious captain.

"'Old Ironsides' has never known defeat. The ravaging hand of time now rests heavily upon this gallant old defender of our young nation. She sends forth to the land an eloquent call to all America."

Rome endured as long as there were Romans. America will endure as long as we remain American in spirit and in thought.—David S. Jordan.

NATURE'S CLOCKS.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

There are many contrivances in nature for keeping time besides the heavenly bodies. All the plants and animals have habits that correspond to the seasons, months, weeks, days and hours. Frequently they follow the earth's changes so closely that they may serve as fairly accurate clocks and calendars.

It is well known that the rings of trees record the years with unfailing care, telling not only the number, but their relative plenty. The horns of a cow also keep register of the years, as do horses' teeth, seashells, rattlesnakes, and many other animate things.

Every one is familiar with the abundance of signs which mark the seasons, such as the coming of birds and flowers in the spring, the fruiting of autumn, and the leafless trees in winter. The months are also easily distinguished by growing calendars. In January few birds remain north. February, with waning winter, gives us snowdrops and pussy-willows. March brings the violet and eardrop, and the grass is gray. With April the arbutus, bluebirds and daisies appear. About the first of May the migrating birds return from their southern winter quarters, and they are busy building their nests all through this month. They keep arriving until June, when the grand climax of song-birds fills the air with music.

During July and August the singing insects have their innings. These hot months are a continuous jubilee of their fiddlings and scraping. August changes the feathers of the orioles and boblinks for russet colored suits and ushers katydids upon the scene. September starts the earliest songsters on their retreat southward. One by one they join the choirs of warmer regions. October ripens the leaves into yellow, then red, and finally brown, and furnishes nuts for autumn feasts. The witch-hazel, which produces the only true winter flower, then begins to show its yellow blossoms. November strips the trees of their leaves in preparation for snow and ice. December is the quietest month outdoors, as most of the animals that have not gone south are tucked up snugly in their long hibernating sleep. It would be possible to indicate the weeks in a similar way, but that is a long story.

Each flower, bird and insect has its appointed time in the shifting panorama of beauty and music that stretches through the year. They perform their parts as regularly as actors in a play, all keeping well their places, and appearing only when the play calls them. This accuracy extends even to days and hours. The naturalist Thoreau said that if he were placed in the fields forever, he could tell the exact day of the year by the flowers around him. Other close observers of nature have claimed the same. Before mechanical clocks were common it was an ordinary habit to read the time of day in the flowers.

Every blossom has its precise hour for unfolding its petals and for shutting them. Although the light and

temperature affect these movements, there is always a strong effort made by the plant to keep its allotted time. Day flowers that are imprisoned in darkness still follow their usual outdoor habits. Most flowers open at sunrise and close at sunset, but there is no hour of the twenty-four when some blossoms do not awaken, and there is none when some do not go to sleep. This motion is generally gradual, but morning flowers open rapidly and afternoon flowers close very rapidly.

The daisy, or "day's eye," spreads its lids to the earliest rays of the sun, usually about five o'clock, and goes to bed just before sunset. The morning-glory does all its blooming between six o'clock and nine in the morning, and never opens a second time, the life of each flower being limited to a single morning. Dandelions awake between six and seven o'clock, and are put to sleep sometimes before evening when the heat is excessive. The yellow goat's beard so common in the meadows, ends its day at noon and, therefore is called "Go-to-bed-at-noon." The pink little pimpernel blossom is known as the "shepherd's clock," from its custom of closing exactly at two in the afternoon. The old-fashioned "four-o'clock" either was falsely named or has lost its reckoning, as it often does not appear until about six. Of all the plants which fold together their flowers and hang their heads at sundown for the night's rest, perhaps the most noticeable are the asters, which invariably hide their heads at sun-down. Many leaves do the same thing. The clover trefoils and the wood-sorrel (oxalis) close between six and seven in the evening. This action is very marked in all pod-bearing plants, as the acacia and locust, and especially the sensitive plants, which all double up, or rather double down, with the closing day. In a country walk toward sunset you may see the drowsy leaves and blossoms nodding one after another in slumber and setting a fine example of early dreams.

Heliotropes and sunflowers and marigolds, in fact, nearly all compound flowers turn towards the sun throughout the whole day, following its course, so as to face the east in the morning, south at noon, and west in the evening. The direction in which they point, therefore, shows the time.

Many kinds of plants bloom only at night, and toll the hours of darkness with their silent bells of beauty, ringing perfume instead of sound during their period. Often their fragrance is extraordinary, as if to offset the disadvantage which their colors suffer at night. The evening primrose does not show its loveliness until about seven o'clock. The night-blooming catch-fly modestly nestles out of sight on the ground through the day, but at seven o'clock, as if by the touch of the wand of a fairy, the little blossoms sparkle thickly among the grass. The night-blooming cereus begins to bloom at seven o'clock and is locked again at two in the morning. The great water-lily, Regia, is nocturnal, as are some other water lilies.

Linneaus, the father of modern botany, constructed a flower-clock which would tell the hours. Every hour of the day and night was in its arrange-

ment and it kept time accurately.

The animal kingdom also keeps time very closely. The lark and starling give the first signals of the sun's approach just before it appears. The most watchful of the roosters takes up the alarm, and rouses his comrades in time to catch the earliest sunlight. The sparrow chorus comes at the same hour, about four-thirty in the morning during the summer, and the grand jubliee of birds continues until five o'clock, while nearly all of us are sleeping. The grasshoppers and locusts perform their humdrum melodies in the sunniest hours, from nine until five. The cricket swells in volume as the day advances, until in the middle of the afternoon the meadows are filled with shrillness. At six o'clock the night orchestra tunes up. Here and there among the trees a katydid scrapes her wings together as if to try to pitch. Half an hour later the tree-toads are beginning to warble. Meanwhile the birds are saying farewell to the day. The catbirds whistle good-night at eight. Indigo-birds sing a song to the vanishing sun.

The eye of a cat is a very good clock. All through the darkest hours the pupils are widely dilated to a large round opening. Towards morntng they contract to an oval shape, and as the day progresses the black ovals become narrower and narrower, until at noon they are only thin upright slits. In the afternoon they gradually distend, and the ovals widens, until night brings the perfect circle again.

This kind of time piece in not as reliable as your wrist-watch, as its exactness dependness the light and accommodating mood of the cat.

THE MUNROE TAVERN.

By Lucia Bosley.

Bside the road on which the "British Regulars" marched from Boston to Concord and then scurried back, followed by the snapping flintlocks of the "embattled farmers," stands Munroe Tavern, in Lexington, Massachusetts. It might never have been known to history had it not been for that famous raid, when it was used by Earl Percy for headquarters and as a British field hospital.

The house, an almost square, substantial looking, two-story building, was erected by William Munroe, in 1695. At the time of the battle of Lexington the house was occupied by Colonel William Munroe, who served as orderly sergant of the Minute Men at the battle of Lexington, and was in command of the guard posted at the Hancock-Clarke house the night before, to protect Hancock and Adams. Munroe's wife and three little children took refuge on the hill behind the tavern, when the British relief force under Earl Percy took possession of the building on the afternoon of the battle, April 19, 1775.

On November 5th, 1789, President Washington dined at the tavern, in a private room on the second floor. The chair he occupied is still preserved in the house. In his diary,

President Washington wrote the following note: "Mr. Phillips accompanied me (from Andover) through Billarki to Lexington, where I dined and viewed the spot on which the first blood was spilled on the 19th of April, 1775."

In 1827 Jonas Munroe became "The Host." "Uncle Jonas" everybody called him. He remained in charge for thirty years; during this period the Tavern acquired fame for its hospitality and from the distinguished men who dined there; amog them we find the names of Quincy, Everett and Webster. Brilliant balls were given in the old Tavern which made the lofty walls resound with merrymaking.

Not only were the rich and great entertained at The Old Munroe Tavern, but drovers bringing sheep and cattle to the Boston Market stopped there. In certain seasons of the year more than a hundred horses would be in the stables, and their owners slept in every available space, even in the great ball room.

About Thanksgiving time came the most picturesque group of all. Turkeys, hundreds and hundreds of them collected from the farms in all that back country, came stalking in from the side roads to the main highway and strutted proudly down the road to Boston by the same historic route over which those British soldiers marched.

Always these flocks reached Munroe Tavern about "roosting time." There were great spreading elm trees about the hostelry into which the turkeys flew for the night; one of them, the largest of these elm trees, still stands at the right of the main entrance; grown into this tree is a hitching ring, said to have been used by Earl Percy himself to tether his horse on that fateful day over a hundred and fifty years ago. The tree, however, was known as the Turkey Tree for miles around, and is always spoken of by that name even today. It was a famous "one night stand" the droves of turkeys that made the journey on their own two feet in to the Boston markets.

The Tavern was so popular that it kept open even after the railroad was built. About 1858 it was given up as a public house. In 1911 it was given by two Munroe brothers to the Lexington Historical Society and is maintained by this organization as a historical museum.

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—James Oliver.

FRIEND DOG AT NEW WORK.

By Aubrey Fullerton.

Five good dogs of the kind known in the north as "huskies" were put at an unusual piece of work by a settler at Fort Smith, in the Canadian Northwest Territories. They were harnessed up in team fashion and used instead of horses in plowing a small field for spring seeding. It was not work to which they were accustomed, and quite likely they were a bit puzzled at first to know what was expected of them; but they did very well, despite the strangeness of the work, and in due course the field was ploughed and the crop was put in. Once more Friend Dog had proved himself man's able helper.

The usual service that dogs render in the north, where they are always workers rather than pets, is hauling freight. They are the mainstay in that respect of a country that is practically without horses, and for the greater part of the year they are burden-bearers for white men and Indians alike. Summer is their idle time, for the rivers and lakes are then open for navigation; but summer is short in the north, and when cold weather comes the dogs take up again their service of carrying.

Captain George Wilkens, on his recent expedition into the upper parts of Alaska, made an attempt to displace dogs with powerful tractors specially built to run over the snow, but the results did not wholly prove the point. Modern inventions notwithstanding, the husky dog will still rank as chief freight-carrier of the north and will continue to give service, just as the horse still has a place in an age of automobiles.

Baldo, the hero-dog of Alaska, is an outstanding example of what his kind can do in the service of humanity. There was, it will be remembered, an epidemic of diphtheria at Nome in the early part of last year, and an urgent call went out for serum with which to fight it. The nearest supply of the serum was at Nenana, 650 miles away, and the only way of getting it was by dog-train across the winter wilderness. How Baldo, the leading dog, rose to the occasion and led his train so well and so fast that they reached Nome in time to check the epidemic and save life, is a story too recent yet to require re-telling; and the fact that the achievement was due in part to the good work of the man who served as driver of the train does not take away at all from the brave things the dogs did.

Many times before and since that race with death the husky dogs of the north, both in Alaska and in the Canadian Territories, have proved their usefulness and their remarkable ability. Emergency trips with sick men, long hard hauls with sledgeloads of freight expeditions into far northern wilds, carrying supplies for future use, have all depended upon dogs for pulling-power; and rarely, if ever, have the dogs failed to do their duty.

The records of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who are the guardians of law and order in Canada's farther north, have scores of incidents that tell of services rendered

by dogs as policemen's helpers. Traders, trappers and missionaries bear witness to the same effect. Friend Dog is everybody's friend in the north and carries for all.

One of the most conspicuous pieces of work that is being done regularly by dogs is the carrying of the mails on the Mackenzie River route to the Arctic. This is the longest delivery route covered by postmen on the continent, measuring 1,675 miles, and its terminus at Aklavik is only a little short of the Arctic coast. Two through trips are made with the mails each winter, besides a number of more frequent deliveries to intermediate points, and in all cases it is dog-power that makes them. As in the other work that the husky dogs are given to do in the north, the mail trips are always faithfully carried out and usually on time. In the summer mail is delivered along the same route by steamers plying the Mackenzie River to its mouth.

Nearly all the work the huskies do is done in the winter months, with snow to run on, and summer-time is their time of rest, but also of discontent, for when they are not working they are left to care for themselves. Occasionally, however, some ingenious northerner finds new work that his dogs do for him in the snowless seasons. Of such was the Fort Smith settler who ploughed his little garden patch with a dog-team to help.

Disappointments should be taken as a stimulant and never viewed as a discouragement.

TENTATIVE SUMMER SCHOOL PLANS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Greensboro News.)

Plans for the summer school at Winthrop college, Rock Hill, South Carolina, were made public Thursday. They included more than 90 courses, many of them leading to a degree, and more then 72 instructors. An enrollment of between 1,500 and 2,000 was anticipated.

Winthrop summer schools have shown an enrollment of that size before. It is not only the largest woman's college in South Carolina but one of the largest in the United States and its work is highly regarded in the educational world.

On the same day the free conference committee of the general assembly of South Carolnia submitted its report showing a cut of about $54,000 in the appropriation for Winthrop college. Thereupon President A. B. Johnson, of Winthrop, announced that if the cut was adopted by the general assembly, it would be impossible, he thought, for Winthrop to have any summer school. He is waiting confirmation by the general assembly of its committee's report.

Meantime he is waiting to see

what he will do about the 72 instuctors whom he has already engaged. He is waiting also to see what will happen to the 1,500 to 2,000 students who were planning to attend the Winthrop summer school. He is waiting, finally, to see what the state of South Carolina proposes to substitute in lieu of a summer school which hitherto has been regarded as an important link in its educational chain.

With the affairs of a neighbor state, which are far from familiar disposition to attempt interference. to outsiders, the Daily News has no disposition to attempt interference. The general assembly has considered taxing virtually every conceivable object which has not too many votes behind it, warming up particularly to the idea of placing a five cent tax on two-quart fruit jars and thus obtaining a modicum of revenue and slapping the bootlegger business at one and the same time. But the thought that South Carolina is in such financial distress that it cannot maintain a summer school at Winthrop college is a thought that ought to be rejected instantly be every citizen of the state. South Carolina has just as much money to spend for education as it wants to spend. If it closes the Winthrop summer school, it will do so because it does not care enough about education to pay for it.

Snobbery is the pride of those who are not sure of their position.—Berton Braley.

COMMUNISM AND RELIGION.

(Dearborn Independent.)

Never since Christianity was first struggling with the pagan faith of Rome has it been so challenged as by bolshevism. Never before in the history of the world has a great government controlling one-sixth of the land surface of the earth proudly proclaimed itself atheistic. Today Russia is actively attempting to stamp out religion. It is not only a negative but a positive attack. The bolsheviks would not only banish God from the heavens, but usher in communism on the earth.

Children are made the focal point in the attack. Many have deserted the religious services. Strict orders have been given that the 86,000 teachers in Russia who are non-communists shall refrain from supporting religion in the schools. They fear even to answer questions honestly. The bolsheviks teach that all ideas of God are superstitious myths. They declare that religion is the 'opiate' of the people. The Communist Party in Article 13 of its program requires of all its members antireligious work. The weekly magazine, "Without God," has a circulation of 200,000. Another periodical, The Atheist in the Factory, circulates largely among the laboring masses. In many of the local maga-

zines there is a 'without God' corner. In Apri, 1925, was founded the Union of Atheist, a missionary organization which has for its purpose the weaning of Christians from their faith. In 1926 its membership exceeded 114,000. The most effective work is carried on in the villages where there is an 'economical' approach.

Active propaganda is carried on to convince the illiterate peasants that Christ never lived, that Christianity has been holding them in 'bondage.'

In the great clash between what the bolsheviks claim is scientific truth versus 'blind' belief, they are so confident of the victory as to affirm, 'There is no living God, religion is self-delusion; the truth will finally emerge in the fires of communistic criticism'. Persecution is rife, yet it is possible that bolsheviks in fighting religion have done the Church a greater service in a decade than the Czar's autocracy did in subsidizing it for ten centuries. Under persecution hypocrisy is laid bare. Sincere, devoted followers of the Christ are born.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Letter writing day came around last week, and all were glad to write home.

Elwood Pickett, a member of the seventh cottage, was paroled last week.

George Pearson, a member of the thirteenth cottage, was given a position in the ice plant recently.

The ball game last Saturday afternoon was postponed on account of rain. The boys retired to the cottages and amused themselves there.

A carload of coal arrived at the institution Friday and was unloaded by Capt. T. L. Grier and a number of boys.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, at Concord, held the services last Sunday Afternoon. He took for his text, John 3:16. "For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Mr. Lyerly brought some noted gentlemen of Concord, who rendered some very fine music. Mr. George Peck, (School band master), saxophone, Mr. Craven, violin, and Mr. John Goodman, Piano. The sermon and music was enjoyed by all.

About 250 officers and delegates of the Piedmont District Log Rolling Association, of the Woodmen of the World and Woodmen Circle, visited the school Tuesday afternoon. The party was in charge of J. Milton Todd, of Charlotte, District Manager. The visitors were escorted through the various departments and were pleased with our plant

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The subject of last Sunday's les-

son was "Peter's Denial and Repentance." Jesus said unto Peter. "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." When He was led to the high priests, Peter entered and began warming himself. A maid said to him, "And thou also wast with Jesus at Nazareth." But Peter denied, sayng, "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest." And another maid passing, said, "This is one of them." He denied again. And later, they that stood by said. "Surely thou art one of them, for thou art a Gallilean." And Peter denied it the third time. And as he heard the cock crow, he remembered Jesus' words, and he went out and wept. The golden text was, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. 10:12

HONOR ROLL

Room No. 2.

"A"

Roby Clodfelter, Robert Glassgow, Woodrow Kivett.

"B"

Frank Gough, Norman Grass, Wm. Ballew, Thurman Baker, Howard Shaw, Colen Sells, Norman Watkins. Highest average of month in 6th grade was made by Thurman Baker.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Clarence Whitten, Herbert Munn, Dealdon Campbell, Smith Baker, Bill Elliott, Edward Purifoy, Odell Loy, Leroy Daniels, Ozell Willis, Carl Shoaf, Earnest Farr, Edmond Hodge, Cordell Smith, Hubert Hines, Carl Griffin, Herschel Crews, Leonard Powers, Victor Eavens, Earl Griffen, Eddie Berdou, Edd Quilliams, Lonnie Wright, Arthur Fowler, Chas. Beaver, Lebron Vause, Dewy Walker, Earl Mayfield, Tom Parsons, Waldo Moore, Ted Stuart, Stanton Hale, Wheeler Vandyke, Woodrow Hines, Roland Tolson, Ben Chatten, Ernest Pleasant, Thomas Hicks, Carl Sopshire, Emmett Levy, Percy Long, Chas. McMillian, Perry Quinn, Ernest Walters, Arnold Cecil, Walter Quick, Henry Oldham, Mumford Glasgow.

"B"

June Marsh, Sam Perry, Robert Munday, Norman Bradford, Marvin Barnes, Hubert Grimes, George Smith, Obe Sims, Allen Johnson, Hays Crary, Johnie Price, Wylie Moore, Johnnie Daughtry, Thurman Parker, Charlie Chamberlin, Julius Lambeth, Brady Helms, Doby Williams, Wallace Harding, Vance Thomas, Alvin Roberts, Cecil Vause, Dan McCausly, Willard Spuires, Allen Wrenn, Clyde Kivett, Marvin Cook, Lester Whitacker, Clarence Warren, Glen Page.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Thomas Whitten, Isaac Bartley, Ralph Wright, Claude Wilson, Chas. Carter J. D. Sprinkle, Bill Goss, Earle Moore, Fuller Moore, Glendon Odom, Sherman Saunders, Guy Thornburg, Eugene Lewis, Clyde Cook, and Vernon Walker.

"B"

Nolen Austin, Turner Preddy,

Vernon Cox, Robert Cooper, Wendell Ramsey, Raymond Hinson, Howard Owens, Kelly Tedder, Amos Ramsey, Ivan McCombs, Robert McClain, John Hearn, Melvin Cauthren, Howard Atkins, and Theo. Troxler.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Horace Bridges,Robert Gupten, Henry Jackson, Chas. Loggins, Horace McCall, Elwood Pendergrast, George Stanley, Don Scroggs, Bruce Sprinkle, David Willams, Newton Watkins, Jack Walker, Bryon Ford, Paul Parton, James Abernethy, Talmage Fry, Sam McIntyre, Geo. Pearson and Elwood Webb.

"B"

Obie Brilges, Russel Capps, Alton Ethridge, David Fountain, Jennings Freeman, Everett Goodrich, Clawson Johnson, Robert McDaniels, Charles Morrow, jack Mayberry, Jesse Roundy, Ernest Rohr, Archie Waddell, Herbert Williams, Douglas Williams, Hurley Way, Guy Tucker, Boon Sherrill, Glenn Edney, Ramsey Glasgow, John Holmes, Vernon Literal, Clarence Maynard, Ed. Moor, David Seagle, Virgil Shipes, David Swanner, and Edgar Rochester.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Ralph Tallent, Gibson Lanier, Stanley Tripp, Louis Pearce, B. Fink, Kernie Smith, Joyner Rose, Paul Burgess, Claud Cook, Langford Hewitt, Johnnie Hill, George Hayes, Elmer Mooney, and W. Rackley.

"B"

Earle Willaims, Nicola Bristow, Deright Ewing, Edgar Cathrone, Grover Parks, Foy Allen, and Joe Johnson.

No boy is down till he quits,
No boy is through till he stops;
No matter how hard failure hits him,
No matter how often he drops:
A boy is not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate may bang him and slam him around
And batter his fram till he's sore;
But she can never say the boys is drowned,
While he bobs up serenely for more.
A boy is not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till he no longer tries.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

CONSULT TICKET AGENTS

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p364

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C. MAY 14, 1927, No. 17

CONFESSION.

This is the season of the year when we would like to own a little country place—if it were not so far from town.

When we would like to raise chickens—if it weren't so much trouble to take care of them.

When we would like to have a nice little garden—if it weren't that spading gives one a kink in the back.

And to walk to the office every morning—if it weren't so hard, and if it were not so clearly a public duty to patronize the street cars.

—Boston Transcript.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"You may keep your feet from slipping
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
O, beware, take good care
Of the tittle-tattle, tell-tale tongue."

A RECORD.

There has been some criticism, in certain quarters, over the employment of a New York attorney to analyze our bond offerings. No doubt there are hundreds of North Carolina lawyers that have more sense and judgment than this gentleman from New York, and he has the reputation of being a very fine fellow.

The kernel in the nut is this: New York had the money; North Carolina wanted it for its bonds to carry on its great constructive program; sensible men, especially the holders of money, do not put their wares into rat-holes, except occasionally they buy mining stock or Fisheries on the side; these holders of the millions wanted to know first if the "way is entirely clear" for a safe investment—they were and are right; they do not know North Carolina lawyers in matters of this kind, but they do know one in their midst. Dear old Ben Lacy, the honored state treasurer, found him when finding was hard back in the days before North Carolina had a good foothold on the map of the world.

Gov. McLean, wise man that he is, refound him, according to the records.

They drove a great bargain lately. There has been some newspaper ventilation of this recent occurrence. It is all right. The Governor acted a wise governor, being supported by a wise treasurer. There is honor enough to go around, while North Carolina rejoices in the ability of borrowing money in yankeydom for the low rate of interest at 4 per cent. Let these men alone, they'll get the rate down as low as South Carolina, not on the map except through Coley Blease, which drove a bargain the other day for the little loan of $4,500,000.00 from one of its state banking institutions.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

MUSIC WEEK.

Music week is now a memory. It started in with a program suggested by the National Federation in the form of a "Musical Breakfast," at Hotel Concord. It was well carried out, to the satisfaction of the leaders. The breakfast was not very loud in a musical way. The only criticism—is it possible for anything, anywhere to be pulled off without some suggestions of ommissions or misfits being made—was heard on the streets. The absence of our delightful and genial friend, Prof. George Peck, was very conspicuous. Mr. Peck is the most enthusiastic devotee of all music, including old jazz, in our community. He was missed.

In the dance hall of the Hotel Concord, Monday evening, there was another musical demonstration. Part of it was superb—the singing of Mrs. Sloan, whom we hear and enjoy over the radio every Sunday of late, was all but divine. The thing that marred the musical glory of the evening was an inconsistency. Genial Bachelor Horace Blackwelder was sitting in the lobby and hearing some peculiar songs etc., puzzled himself to know who that could be that was turning out that "canned" music? It didn't sound exactly right to him, as a proper paying of court to Music Week.

The shocking thing about it all was the great hand-clapping that occurred at the conculsion of each rendered production by this modern music box, itself a marvel, but out of place on the same program with an artist like Mrs. Sloan—she beat it 9 to 1. There sat at an open door in full view of the lobby a distinguished guest. It was not his purpose of securing an easy escape if things didn't suit him—it was the incidence of a crowded room. This gentleman was Prof. A. S. Webb, superintendent of the Concord Public Schools, and he has proof by several witnesses, if he needs to prove an alibi, that he did not join in the vociferous applause given to the dead thing that turned out pickled and canned music. There are some

folks that want to see the living soul in musical performances, and Prof. Webb is one, and he is eternally right.

Music week in Concord has done great good. It kept some folks out of idleness and gossip for the time being; it inspired others to greater musical efforts; it proved a contribution to real art—even to some real, attractive gowns that made their debut on these delightful occasions.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HOW CERTAIN PERSONALITIES LINGER WITH US.

*Rockingham date line: "Mrs. Jesse H. Page died this morning at the home of her daughter at Ansonville * * Mrs. Page would have been* 88 *years old on May* 30 ** * * She was the wife of Rev. Jesse H. Page, who died* 22 *years ago * * Surviving are six children, Mrs. Stephen W. Steele, of Rockingham; Mrs. Ben Dunlap, of Ansonville; Frank L. Page, of Philadelphia, Miss Annie Page, of Augusta; Mrs. L. R. Gooch, and Mrs. Fletcher Harris, of Henderson."*

The foregoing presents a train of thoughts that carry us back many years ago. We are impressed with the power of personalities. This was a modest, godly woman as she went about her duties as mother, lady, church member and citizen of Concord, when her husband was pastor of Central Methodist Church. The thought that possesses us this moment is the lingering personalities with which every community at times enjoy—they just refuse to grow dim.

A mighty man was the late Jesse H. Page. He had courage that refused to wear the collar of another other than that of the God whom he served; present conveniences, at the sacrifice of principle, peace, ease, justice or populartiy, had not a particle influence over his acts. Constitutionally he was a great Methodist; but in his pure soul mankink in general, whether saint or sinner, or of another denominational persuasion, had his keenest and warmest interest. He was the idol of superb manhood.

At the same time, another reprsentative of the profession of the ministry was going about doing good—the late Rev. C. M. Paine, of the First Presbyterian Church of this community. Elegant in manners, gentle as a woman, sweet spirited, his interest embraced all mankind. His personality lingers benignly and for good with us all to this day.

Then, too, the late Rev. W. G. Campbell, of St. James Lutheran Church, possessing a master mind, an artist in thought, with words and even with a mechanic's tools, drew people to him with hooks of steele. He took no thought of tomorrow—he left that with his God. He had the sense of hu-

mor well developed. On one occasion the most graceful and artistic cusser the town ever boasted turned loose one of his classical oaths in the presence of Mr. Campbell, whose profession then unknown to the local cussing artist; but afterwards he presented his apologies in the form of regrets for having "cussed" in the presence of a minister. "Oh," replied Mr. Campbell, "this is a free country; but your apologies offered to a higher source may be much more availing."

And around on the corner of Church and Means streets there labored one of the finest scholars that ever graced a profession in our midst. He was pastor of the Reformed Church, and his name was Dr. Trexler. Modest to an extremity; saintly in his walks before men, just as he lived in private. He, too, left in our midst an abiding personality that refuses to die, though for years he has been gathered to his fathers. This recall of the past is confined to the "down-town" section. At that time the great Baptist, now spreading over the community, had not at that time planted itself in our midst.

The beauty of the life and deeds of these "laborers in his vineyard" was that they were unacquainted with the art of converting and gathering into their folds the members of other faiths—they confined their efforts out "in the highways and hedges." Wonderful men they were; they have left an impress on their times that will not die; and so are the godly amongst us today—years afterwards their personalities will rise up to make our hearts glad to have known them and felt their influences.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WOODLAND WEALTH OF SOUTH BASIS OF GREAT INDUSTRY.

The timber resources of the South the basis of its great wood-working and allied industries, are brought to the attention of the nation in an advertisement of the Southern Railway System appearing in the May issues of magazines having a combined circulation of more than 10,000,000.

This advertisement, which is the eighth of a series dealing with advantages and opportunities in the South which is being carried by the Southern in publications which are read nationally, reads as follows:

"A soft green mantle of great forests clothes the rugged backbone of the Appalachian Range and the coastal plains of the South. Almost one-half of the nation's lumber supply is furnished by the South.

"The South values her trees among her most precious possessions. No longer do men slash away whole forests here, with no thought of the mor-

row. The Southern States and Southern lumber companies are co-operating to carry out not only conservation policies but also reforestation programs.

"The value of Southern forest products and the output of the Southern woodworking industries total more than $800,000,000 yearly. And each year the Southern lumber industries find an ever widening demand for their products.

'Timber is one of the South's great natural resourses. But this rich heritage is being conserved and developed for future generations as well as contributing its share to represent prosperity.

"The Southern Railway System is conducting forestry work along its lines in Southern Carolina on a tract of 19,000 acres, inhertied from the days of wood-burning locomotives. It is demonstrating that the adoption of modern methods of forestry and reforestation pays both large and small owners of timber tracts."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

THE GLORY OF WAITING

Patience is a great virtue. Glory! A long needed service is about to be had:

On the Concord-Charlotte Highway preparations for two new filling stations are making. It has been observed by Dr. Tracy Spencer, Secretary of the greatest county fair in America, that a long felt want is about to be overcome. Always it seems a new filling station is demanded for a race that has quit walking.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph

A bunch of hens cackling is about the most unmusical sound in the world, unless it be the monotonous tone of the horns messenger boys have put on their bicycles and by almost continuous tooting border on a nuisance. But the eggs the hens lay make mighty good eating.

Before marriage a man yearns for a woman. After marriage he earns for her.

I see where a man recently got 13 years for stealing a kiss. That was not petit larceny—'twas grand.

The cost of living will have to go a lot higher before people decide to do without it.

In the good old days of yore mother never said it with flowers. They never set apart a day for her, bless her heart. Just outside the door the lilac bush grew switches tough and ready for her hand. Then every day was mother's day, with mother in command. It is quite likely she never gave some of us enough; or as much as we deserved.

Algernon, big sister's "beau," was at her home on one of the evenings he usually spent with her. While she was up stairs getting all dolled up, her little sister, Janie, was entertaining Algernon. Suddenly Janie asked him: "Do you belong to a band?" "No, dear," replied Algernon; "why do you ask?" "'Cause daddy says you're always blowing your horn," said Janie, innocently.

For all the mistakes under the sun some one is to blame. But people are always putting the blame on some one else. They so often and so seldom see their own mistakes—and acknowledge them. And in most mistakes, the home folks get the calling down, innocent souls. If some one wrongs us we carry the grouch home and vent our displeasure upon the first one to give us the occasion to do so; and it may sometimes happen that the playful cat gets the kick we would like to give some one else Of course you don't. You may just sulk and grump without telling anyone what is the matter. When visitors arrive we are all animation; and may, perhaps, slip up the back steps and dress up to please the guests. What queer folks we are!

Life would be a lot sweeter if we'd show a little more consideration for the home folks, because they are the ones nearest to us, and the ones we love best, and yet they are often the ones treated the worst. If we would strive to appear our best at home always and ever as we do in company and public, and to the stranger, it would "brighten the corners where you are," and give life a sweeter tone. The home folks deserve this consideration. Custom that saves all for the stranger is wrong. Life that is considerate and just can spare the world most of its ills. And around home

is the place to cultivate the sweetest flowers to make the home life beautiful and bring in blessings innumerable.

It is told that a certain party was warned against borrowing money from a certain other party; that he was a Shylock. In the winter he wanted 50 per cent, and the summer 60 per cent. When asked why he wanted more in summer, the reply was, "Because the days are longer."

A distinguished lawyer some time ago found himself in a little west Texas county-seat town. While walking about and viewing the place he became conscious of a great rumbling volume sound, evidently proceeding from the open windows of a large building about a square away. The sound rolled and reverbrated and filled the air; it seemed to him like a gigantic human voice, amplified. Upon asking a bystander, if that was the court house, he was informed that it was. He said, "There must be a great trial going on." The bystander said, "Oh, no; that's only one of our prominent lawyers taking a judgment on default."

The home is the keystone of human society; the central supporting column of all human institutions none of which can rise higher or be any stronger than the home upon which they rest. The loftiest idea we have of heaven, a perfected humanity, is to call it home. In a like manner, our favorite name for God, is Father, and we like to call all men the children of God. Out of the home have sprung two other great institutions, the school and the church. Through these three passes the whole circle of human society but the greatest of them all is home. That is the mother, the source of all the others. What constitutes a true home? A house dosen't. A single individual dosen't make a home. Wealth, social prestige, political power do not make a home. Some of the humblest homes, measured by true values, stand out in history of the world as the most resplendent of all. It is not the house or its furnishings that really make the home. Hmoe is made up of that which is super-senuous, moral, ethical. It is not brick or mortar, but of hearts and wills. Of all the dangers that threaten American civilization, the greatest is the disintegration of the American home. If young people could only be induced to look deeper and further than a winsome face or the prospect of an automobile at one's disposal, many tragedies might be so easily avoided.

The American Red Cross is mothering those in need. Once again the Red Cross rises to meet a great emergency. No sooner had the telegraph wires flashed the news of the untold hardships and misery attendant upon the floods in the Mississippi river valley than this wonderful organization had its machinery functioning to relieve the distress. No time was lost. So well are the various departments of the Red Cross organized that supplies and nurses were on their way to the scene before the wires carrying the news were cold. The Red Cross never slumbers or sleeps.

It is constantly awake to the needs of the distressed or sufferers from any great calamity in any part of the world. Its eyes are all-seeing; its hands are all-embracing; and its activities encircle the globe. It is the great mother of those in need. High and low, rich and poor, exalted and humble, feel the loving care and gentle ministration of this great charitable organization. The Red Cross is on the job and the American people are responding to its appeals for pecuniary aid in a way that is characteristic of them. They have full faith and know that the money given to the organization will be well spent and where it will do the most good.

The chances are against some people. Recently in the superior court of the state of Washington, a man named Chance sued another man named Winn. Winn lost and Chance won. Is it any wonder that people still talk about the "practice" of law?

I have heard of some people who express a feeling of disgust at receiving letters marked, "Dictated but not read." It is a case of reflection on the stenographer, if there are errors or mistakes in phraseology or statement of facts. Then it carries the implication that the dictator did not have interest enough in the matter to read what he had dictated. It has been suggested that the following comeback or sendback would be appropriate: "Dictated but not read by Mr. Blank. Signed in his absnece getting his hair cut, by his secretary, Miss Dash. Stamp licked by Willie, the office boy, who also put it down the mail chute, and will be conveyed to you through the hands of a number of Uncle Sam's postofflce clerks."

WHAT IS A BOY?

He is the person who is going to carry on what you have started.

He is to sit right where you are sitting and attend to those things, you think are so important when you are gone.

You may adopt all the policies you please but how they will be carried out depends upon him.

Even if you make leagues and treaties, he will have to manage them.

He is going to sit at your desk in the Senate, and occupy your place on the Supreme bench.

He will assume control of your cities, states and nations.

He is going to move in and take over your prisons, churches, schools, Universities and corporations.

All your work is going to be judged, praised or condemned by him.

Your reputation and your future are in his hands.

So it might be as well to pay him some attention.—Ex.

RELIGION AND HIGHER LEARNING, HAVE THEY COMMON GROUND?

By C. W. Hunt.

Having in mind the great amount of discussion of Modernism and Fundamentalism, I was deeply interested in hearing, at the late Methodist conference at Dilworth church, Charlotte, Dr. W. P. Few, president of Duke University, who is gathering about him as great a company of learned men as were ever gathered together in modern times. Coming, as he did, for set speech, it was all the more interesting; and when he stood up and read the passage of scripture from Matthew 22:21: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's: and unto God the things that are God's" I was the more interested in what he would say in terested in what he would say in discussing modern tendencies with such a passage for a foundation, but the way was clear; and while he made neither promises nor assertions he related history as it is written, as it concerns religion and learning, beginning at the Elizabethan period, when religion and culture could find no common ground to go forth upon to bless the world, and the two drifted apart. Without mentioning any of the things that were done in that time between the Elizabethan time and the time of Puritanism, he mentioned this as another Epoc in the history of religion and learning, when Massachusetts and New England had founded great institutions of learning and culture, and the time was ripe for the two to go forth hand in hand to bless the world, but learning and culture could find no common ground to join Puritanism, which also flourished at that time, and the two drifted apart again.

Dr. Few said that the world now stands at another Epoc, a time the like of which the world never saw for wealth and culture, and asked the question: can they be cemented together at this time and go forth to bless the world. He made no mention of how such can be accomplished, but asked privately if that was to be a mission of Duke University? He said it was.

Here is learning and such an amount of money as the world never saw ravished on an institution of learning, the giver of which had both religion and culture in mind when he gave it; but others than he will have the direction of it, and can they, will they want to hold to enough of the "Faith of the Fathers" to make what it teaches touch and hold to pure and undefiled religion? If this is done it will mark a new era in learning and religion. Not that money fights the church; for all observers will agree that men are putting more and more wealth into the service of God and humanity, but that higher learning and the following of theories has taken far too many away, still further away from the professions of those who went to the burning stake for the faith that was in them. Can you vision culture, wealth, science, pure and undefiled religion as taught in our St. James version of the bible all blended to-

gether and going forth to bless humanity and give the world such a civilization as has never been in all the ages past? How delightful that would be!

I saw it stated in print some weeks ago that Bishop E. D. Mouzon of the two Carolinas Methodist church south, was of the opinion that the world is on the eve of the greatest revival of religion in all its history. From this point of view the bishop is an optimist of the very strong type; and I note, too, that this great speaker has been in a revival Meeting at Memorial church, Durham, the church at which most of Duke University worship, and that men of letters and religion had gone long distances to hear him. I think I keep reasonably close to the church's progress, and up to this good day the church, as such, has drifted further and further away from a world revival. I think, too, that all history will bear out the assertion that a prosperous world has been prone to forget God; that it takes calamity to make men humble, but the "more's the pity" that what Dr. Few had in mind cannot be brought about through culture and learning, so ably assisted by the money that has been accumulated?

TOO MANY SCHOOL FAILURES.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The figures given out by the State Department of Public Instruction at Raleigh, showing that an average of only 61 per cent of the white children and 43 per cent of the negro children in the elementary schools of North Carolina are promoted each year, reveal a situation which challenges the attention of the taxpayers of the State as well as that of the parents.

When a child in the public schools fails of promotion and has to take the same work over again the conclusion is inescapable that there is something wrong somewhere. The question is, Where? It may be that the trouble is with the child. If so, is it a trouble that might be remedied? In Atlanta some years ago it was found that the majority of children who failed to make their grades did so on account of bad teeth. Dental clinics were established in all the schools and a lasting improvement set in immediately. It may be, of course, that the trouble is with the teacher. In that event there is all the more reason to locate and cure it.

For a pupil to have to cover the same ground twice represents a waste to the child of time and a waste to the State of money. For it costs just as much to teach a child who is repeating work already done as to teach a child who is doing this work for the first time. It is a serious added expense to the cost of the elementary schools, therefore, that four white children out of every ten, and six negro children out of every ten in each grade are children who would not be there if they had been able to do the work of the grade satisfactorily the year before.

COLONEL BINGHAM DIES IN 89TH YEAR.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Colonel Robert Bingham, pioneer educator, died at his home on Bingham Heights here this afternoon after an illness extending over a period of years. After a recent attack he suffered a relapse Friday and since that time his condition has been critical. He was 89 years of age.

Funeral services will be conducted tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock from the First Presbyterian Church by the pastor, Rev. Dr. R. F. Campbell.

Sketch of Life.

Colonel Bingham was the third generation of Binghams to operate the famous Bingham Military school which was established by his grandfather at Mebane in 1793. He was born in Hillsboro, Orange county, September 5, 1838, the son of William James Bingham and Eliza A. Norwood Bingham. His paternal grandfather was born in county Down, Ireland, and came to this country after graduating at the University og Glassgow.

Prepared for college by his father, Colonel Bingham was one of the first four honor men in the class of 1857 at the University of North Carolina. He immediately joined his father and brother in the managment of the school at Mebane.

During the four years of the War Between the States, he was active in the conflict. After the war he returned to school work and a military department was co-ordinated with the school's activities. In 1882 the government began detailing officers from the United States Army as commandants of the school's cadet corps.

The school was subsequently removed from Mebane to Asheville and known as Bingham School of Asheville.

Colonel Bingham's service to North Carolina was in the field of education. Three distinct and separate victories are largely due to his efforts. First, the fight to have the legislature pass the county option tax bill for education in the days after the Civil War; second, the move for industrial education then unknown was launched in this State by Colonel Bingham in a speech while head of the Masonic Lodge in North Carolina, and was followed by the appropriation which created State College then called the college of Agrciultural and Mechanical Arts.

Famous Address

The address of Colonel Bingham at Black Mountain in 1886 before a state gathering of teachers in which he urged them to call upon the Legislature for a State normal school for women was followed by action of the Legislature appointing Charles D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman to carry on the work of this character, a task that led to sentiment so strong that the reluctant Legislature granted the appropriation for what is now North Carolina College at Greensboro. The third great battle that he waged for education was for the compulsory school law, a thing that stirred up a great deal of controversy in the state as parents objected to

what they thought an inherent right to control their children. This storm cleared when the first local bill went through the Legislature as a result of Colonel Bingham's efforts and Asheville became the first city in the South with compulsory education.

Another interesting event in Colonel Bingham's life was the publication in the North American Review in September, 1904, of an article giving documentary proof that Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis had been taught "Rawle's View of the Constitution" that the Union was dissoluble and that if it should be dissolved allegiance would revert to the States.

For several years Colonel Bingham's health had been such that he could not continue with the active managment of the school in which he left an impression upon the character of hundreds of alumni. He was considered one of the most remarkable figures the State has ever produced and had an unusual gift for handling boys and young men.

His son, Rogert Bingham, owner of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and two daughters, Mrs. R. T. Grinnin and Mrs. S. R. McKee were at his bedside as were several grandchildren.

I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one...I am not concerned that I am not known; I seek to be worthy to be known.—Confucius.

CONTROLLING THE MISSISSIPPI.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Can the Mississippi River be so brought under control as to protect those who live in its valley against floods such as the present? And if so, how?

These questions have long concerned the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley. They are more in the minds of the American people at present than perhaps ever before. Special interest attaches, therefore, to a full discussion of the whole problem in The New York Times of Sunday by Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Slattery, who has served as a district engineer in the Mississippi Valley and who, The Times says, "is largely responsible for the most successful method of river bank protection now in use."

Colonel Slattery begins his article with a review of the problem. It has been, he says, under discussion at Washington for eighty-three years; but during much of that time the discussion has been concerned almost entirely, from the national viewpoint, with the question as it related to improvement of navigation. The States and the landowners were left to grapple for themselves with the protection of lands and towns. Since

1879 when the Mississippi River Commission was created Colonel Slattery estimates that "probably two dollars have been spent by local levee districts for every dollar spent by the Federal Government."

All of the proposals offered for the control of the Mississippi in flood are rejected by Colonel Slattery except one. First, he takes up the reservoir plan, which seems to be the prime favorite of those who approach the problem without any special information as to what is involved. Quoting from authorities who do know what is required, Colonel Slattery shows that to have retained the river within its banks in the flood of 1912 a reservoir would have been needed in the vicinity of Cairo, Ill., covering about the area of the State of New Jersey and with an average depth of fifteen feet. There would have been needed besides in that year a number of huge artificial basins and dams not only at the headwaters of the Mississippi but also along the main river and its tributaries as well. "Any comprehensive system of reservoirs to hold back flood waters, no matter how they may arise, would cost billions," says Colonel Slattery, citing a calculation of Colonel Townsend, an acknowledged authority on the subject, that "it would probably cost as much to build a reservoir of sufficient capacity to hold the amount of water that flows in only a day past the mouth of the Red River as it woul cost to complete the levee system." And the public is reminded that reservoirs would have to hold the excess flow of many days, not merely of one."

Reasons are then given for the conclusion that other proposed remedies, such as outlets and diversion and cut-offs, will not do. The problem when it presents itself is one that must be over a considerable periol and no mere makeshift solution will suffice. A second river bed, which some have urged, would be in defiance of the known fact that in its natural state the Mississippi has never been able to maintain two beds. Army engineers have no faith in diversion and they regard the suggestion of cut-offs as one which, if followed, would almost certainly do very serious harm.

Furthermore, Colonel Slattery disposes rather mercilessly of the cherished idea that reforestation might provide a remedy., "The worst flood ever experienced at St. Louis," he says, "occurred in 1844, at a time when the primeval forests had hardly been touched." Conceding that reforestation may have some influence on a river during midstages, he says that trees could not check an extreme flood, which may be due to a variety of causes, and continues: "Even if reforestation were effective, the process of growing forests is too slow as a solution of the Mississippi problem. Fully fifty years would elapse before the effect of forests planted now would be felt, if felt at all. Moreover, thousands of highly cultivated acres would have to be reconverted into forest land."

So, by a process of elimination, the engineers, declares Colonel Slattery, have ruled out all proposals except those for a more extensive levee system. The levees can be made effective, against such a flood as that now raging or even a worse flood,

he undertakes to prove, not by the exposition of a theory but rather by citing what has been accomplished through levees in spite of the fact that the levee system has never been made complete or adequate. First pointing out that the levee system has not kept pace with the requirements upon it and that obvious and well recognized weaknesses in the system have not been remedied, Colonel Slattery yet maintains that the levees have abundantly justified the faith that was put in them.

"Because the population of the Mississippi Valley is denser than it ever was before," he says, "because more land is under cultivation, the actual money loss and human suffering this year will probably surpass all previous records. And yet engineers who know the river and the levees take some pride in the fact that this year there have been, up to the present time, only five breaks in the main levee. Contrast this record with the fourteen crevassess of 1912, the ten of 1913, the 712 that occurred in the three years 1882, 1883, 1884, and it becomes evident that the accumulated experience of years has given the Mississippi stronger levees—yet levees that must be made still stronger and that must be rounded out into a complete system if disastrous flood damage is to be averted."

Colonel Slattery would halt the further extension of levee systems on the tributaries of the Mississippi until such time as the main system of levees along the river can be completed to a grade and level sufficient to withstand the higher floods incident to the reclamation of the basins along the tributaries. He would have the problem of determining the flood danger of the Mississippi boldly faced and the main levee system enlarged and pushed to completion with liberal assistance of the Federal Government, recognizing that this is no local problem, no sectional problem, but a national problem.

What the cost of a great line of levees such as is required would be Colonel Slattery declines to estimate. He says that in 1913 Colonel Townsend, to whom he refers as the greatest authority on the river, put the cost of the system which he then had in mind at $57,000,000. It would be higher now, of course, but the public at large will agree with Colonel Slattery that "even if the cost is hundreds of millions, the expenditure would be justified." The losses entailed upon the nation through the Mississippi's uncontrolled floods have far outrun any possible cost of levees that are needed to bring those floods under control."

One Against the World.—"Look, Daddy," said a little six-year-old,.. "I pulled up this cornstalk all by myself."

"My, but you are strong!" said the father.

"I guess I am, Daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."

MR. BOWERS ON JEFFERSON.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Claude G. Bowers, whose "Jefferson and Hamilton" is the outstanding study of these two brilliant Americans, talked to the North Carolina Bar Association during the past week on Jefferson's part in the framing of the American Constitution and his relationship to the courts. He showed that even though Jefferson was on a diplomatic mission in Paris at the time the Constitution was framed his part in molding its character was, along with the efforts of James Madison, a controlling influence.

Hamilton, Mr. Bowers reminded his auidence, threw all the weight of his brilliant intellect toward setting up a monarchy. It was Madison and Oliver Ellsworth who above all others gave to the new government the republican shape which it actually took. It was Jefferson, home from Paris, who made the fight for the Bill of Rights whose adoption, it was hoped and believed, circumscribed for all time the powers of the central government and provided for the press and for the individual citizen full and adequate safeguards in the exercise of religion, in the free flow of public opinion, in the person and in the home.

The voice of Mr. Bowers, lamenting that the great service of Jefferson has never been appreciated by his countrymen, and crying out that the national captital is clogged with "stone and bronze gargoyles of nonentities and mediocrities," "the fourth rate general" and the "ephemeral politician," but contains no memorial to Madison the "Father of the Constitution," or to Jefferson, sponsor of the Bill of Rights and author of the Declaration of Independence, is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Why should it be strange that Jefferson goes unhonored with any monument at the set of the nation's government? It is not that he has been the victim of more detraction and misrepresentation than any other great man in the history of America. That could be met and exposed and dissipated as Mr. Bowers has been doing so ably and eloquently. But is it not true, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler said at Baltimore the past week, that "a large number of those who call themselves Democrats spend their time in fighting against principles which Thomas Jefferson taught and to sustain which he brought the Democratic Party into existence?" And if that is true, what would it profit the name and fame of Jefferson that there should be raised to him a memorial in stone or bronze.

The heart of Jefferson was in the principles of individual liberty and the rights of man which he espoused. Material reminders of the spacious sweep of his intellect and of his character we have in plenty. The University of Virginia which was his creation is one of the noblest expressions of the human mind. But far and wide as the genius of Jefferson ranged, it was the things of the spirit for which he spent himself over a long and diligent life. If he

could come back to earth his con-"Jefferson and Hamilton" and such cern would not be as to the existence addresse as that at Pinehurst can or the absence of some marble to hismake those who call themselves dismemory. He would wish to knowciples of Jefferson take stock of their whether those who still had his nameown minds and consciences he will upon their lips knew his teachings,render priceless service not only to believed them in their hearts andthe memory of Jefferson but to the practiced them as he did against evilcauses for which Jefferson spent his as well as good repute. life.

If Mr. Bowers by such books as

UNOFFICIAL OBSERVATIONS

Having ground out four stories on its recent convention, I shall now indulge in a few unofficial observations on the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, an excellent if conservative organization.

A convention of women is popularly supposed to be a fluttery, chattering helter-skelter sort of an affair, but though in the intervals between sessions there was plenty of chattering, there was nothing fluttery or helter-skelter about that convention. I was struck by the dispatch with which the business—more than could comfortably be reported—was transacted and by the strict observance of parliamentary procedure at all sessions. The only purely feminine touch in the business-like presiding of Mrs. McKee was when, not knowing the name of a woman who had addressed the chair, she recognized her as "The lady in the orchid dress."

It is impossible to see a gathering of this kind attended by representatives of thousands of sensible, public-spirited women all over North Carolina and to hear the reports of what they have been doing for the improvement of their communities without realizing that "The Good Wimmin" is much more than a phrase and that the womanpower of this State, still imperfectly organized, is a tremendous force—and an even greater potential force—for the public welfare.

At the final banquet of the convention the ex-presidents attended in the costumes of the periods of their administrations which, as Miss Adelaide Fries said, gave a fine opportunity to study the history of millinery. One of the things for which women should be especially thankful to a heaven increasingly kind to them is that styles have changed along lines of freedom and common sense. To see Mrs. J. T. Alderman, who was president of the Federation some twenty years ago, return in a hat the size of a cart-wheel, in sweeping skirts and with cramped waist and pompadour was to wonder why women ever put up with such foolishness and inconvenience when the present free and sensible styles in dress were possible.—Nell Battle Lewis.

WHO WAS SHYLOCK THEN?

(By E. B. Johns in Dearborn Independent)

Fortunately for the sensitive American who is being held up both here and in Europe as a Shylock, as propanganda for the cancellation of foreign debts, a parellel for the situation is to be found in the finanuation is to be found in the financing of the Revolutionary War. The ward the loans of the Revolution, compared with the attitude of France and other European countries toward the World War debt, cannot but thrill with pride the heart of Americans.

In a discussion of the foreign debt, the word 'people' should be used instead of 'government' as is the usual style. There is not the least question that this is a 'government of the people' in the foreign debt transaction. Every cent of the money involved in the debt has or will be taken from the pockets of the people. What the United States Treasury 'forgives' our European debtors must be made up by our people.

The only beneficiaries of cancellation in this country would be the international bankers.

The alleged financial experts have reasoned in circles so skilfully that the average man is affected with mental dizziness when he attempts to follow their arguments. Experts have contended that it would be ruinous to the United States if Europe should return the money which it borrowed from the United States during and since the war.

We have been so busy expressing our gratitude to France for help to the struggling Colonies during the War of Independence for the past 150 years that there is a hazy impression in this country that the French debt was never paid.

Orators and others have referred to 'our debt of gratitude to France.' Generally it is believed that this debt of gratitude is a debt of money lent by France to the Colonies and which has never been repaid.

Recently, I made extended inquiry around Washington, where there is more than usual interest in foreign affairs, on this subject. A surprisingly small number of persons had any definite information on the subject. A heated discussion at luncheon on cancellation of the debt was interrupted by the question, 'Did the United States pay her Revolutionary debt to France?'

The 'internationally minded' person who was urging the cancellation of the entire foreign debt insisted that it did not. The 'selfish' American who resented the Shylock inference, and was arguing that one way to reduce the taxes in this country was to require foreign countries to pay at least a part of the debt, was not sure, but thought that the United States paid at least a part of the debt.

They were both surprised when I stated that the records of the Treasury Department show that the United States paid every cent of the debt with the exception of five years' interest upon a part of it and certain commissions to the bankers that were paid to the French Government. Moreover, this Government eventually paid secret subsidies which it was

not even morally obligated to pay. Futhermore, according to the record, France was not slow in asking when the young Government would be ready to make payments or fund the debt.

Under the leadership of Alexander Hamilton, the young Republic took up the question of paying the debt to France and other countries in the first week of the first session of the First Congress. A proposal that a loan of $12,000,000 be made to refund the foreign debt had no opposition in Congress. This is stated by all of the historians of the period. There was bitter opposition to the new nation paying the debts of the Colonies, and when the proposal was on the verge of defeat it is stated that Hamilton traded the location of the national capital for some votes from Virginia and Maryland. It thus appears that the pork barrel was also opened in the first session of Congress, for the location of the capital city was then a mudhole.

It was with this first pork barrel deal that Alexander Hamilton established for the young Republic a national credit that has never since been shaken. He did it by funding all of the Revolutionary war and reconstruction debts for $75,463,476. This does not seem to be a very large sum today but it was an enormous debt for Congress to assume in the first year that it was granted the authority to collect taxes by the states. It was almost twenty dollars for every man, women and child when the purchasing power of a dollar was equal to about a hundred of the present currency.

A farmhand was then working for four dollars a month, and only the large planters could afford to pay it. It is doubtful whether there was $75,000,000 in gold in the country at the time. Farmers brought their products to the towns to trade to the storekeeper for goods. Only the large planters who dealt directly with importers engaged in cash transactions.

The slump in the franc was inconsequential in comparison with the depreciation of the Continental moey or bills of credit that were issued during the war by the Continental Congress. (The expression 'it is not worth a continental,' is still in use.) They wers finanlly redeemed at 100 to 1 in specie. The anti-Federalist talked of the enormous debt sa enslaving the people just as the French politicians do in discussing their after-war debt to this country.

But the pioneers of the Republic faced the situation as courageously as they had faced the British veterans during the seven long years of war. In seventy-five years the Revolutionary debt was paid and the Civil War debt of $2,844,626,000—the largest in the world up to that time—was contracted. The fact that the debts of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War, were taken care of so courageously by the people gave this Government almost unlimited credit in the World War.

To the uninitiated in the intricacies of finances it would seem that if debtor nations had talked more of paying their debts than of cancellations or of repudiation, the franc—in the case of France—would not

have had such a stormy career since the World War. Despite the efforts of financial experts to mystify the situation with technicalities, it is plain that the failure of France to pay and the intrigues inspired by international bankers are responsible for her present condition. No individual can expect high credit if he is an avowed repudiator.

But there have been invented ingenious arguments to show that France is not morally obligated to pay the war debt. The war debt is considered in the nature of a subsidy to France for holding off the German army until we entered the war. This argument fails, for, according to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, the war debt has been cancelled. France has been paid her subsidy, if it were a subsidy, by the cancellation that has already taken place. In a few words, Secretary Mellon, in the now famous letter to Frederick W. Peabody, makes this plain. He says: 'France's' after-the-war indebtedness with interest amounts to $1,655,000,000. The settlement negotiated by Ambassador Berenger with the American Debt Funding Commision has a present value of $1,681,000,000.' The total indebtedness of France, including interest, as of November 15, 1926, is $4,025,000,000. The proposed settlement therefore amounts to a cancellation of $2,344,000,000 or the principal and interest of the loans made to France during the war.

This appears to be a rather generous proposal for a Shylock to make. The proposed cancellation of the after-the-war debt would amount to an indirect contribution to the international bankers, because it would create a better market in France for private loans. It is proposed to add to the tax burden of the American people about two and three-quarters billion dollars for the benefit of international money lenders. From this, the average French citizen would receive no benefit. The American taxpayer simply makes good the depreciated issues (government and private) of French securities held by the international bankers.

The idea that the money which the people of the United States loaned to France was a subsidy was not suggested until the after-the-war loans to France were made by the United States. When the first war loan was made the French Government scorned the idea that it was to be a gift. The day before war was formally declared the American Ambassador at Paris was instructed to make inquiry as to the amount of the loan that would be required by France. After a conference with the French premier the American Ambassador cabled the Secretary of the Treasury on April 11, 1917:

The Premier personally expressed the hope to me, that no resolution would be introduced or debated in Congress tending to make a gift to the Government of France from the United States, however much the sentiment of good will prompting it might be appreciated by the French people. In view of France's action in the Franklin agreements in the years 1782 and 1783 in the time of our own distress, I hope I may be permitted to suggest that it would appear to be a generous and gracious thing should such an arrangement

prove feasible in making the French loan at this time to stipulate that no interest shall be charged or be payable on such a loan during the war and thereafter for a limited number of years.

On the following day Ambassador Jusserand cabled an extended communication relative to the terms of the loan, the concluding paragraph of which was:

This interest, by the terms of the law, shall be paid by all the Allied countries concerned. As to the terms for payment, I mentioned (supposing this to be desirable) that of fifteen years. Mr. McAdoo said that he had no objections to that.

Fifteen years did not appear to be satisfactory and Ambassador Jusserand reveived the following on April 19.

The Minister of Finance insists that the term of amortization shall be thirty years, a normal and minimum term in such operation. While thoroughly understanding the difficulties indicated in your telegram, I transmit the pressing communication which I have received.

As late as March 18, 1919, the French Government, through Mr. deBilly, Deputy French High Commissioner at Washington, disavowed any intention of asking for a cancellation of its debt to the American people. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Rathbone having been advised that Mr. Klotz, the French representative at a meeting of the financial drafting committee at the Peace Conference, raised the question of an 'interallied agreement as to the consolidation, reapportionment, and the reassumption of war debts,' addressed a communication to the Deputy French High Commissioner. In the course of it Mr. Rathbone said:

'You will appreciate also that the Treasury cannot contemplate continuance of advances to any Allied government which is lending its support to any plan which would create uncertainty as to its due repayment of advances made to it by the United States Treasury.'

Fearing that further loans to the French Government would be stopped, Mr. deBilly hastened to throw the responsibility of bringing up the question upon the Italian Government. He declared that it was brought up by the Italian delegation, concluding by saying, 'Furthermore, Mr. Klotz points out with reference to the attitude of the French officials toward the principle involved in the question, the French Government never made any declaration favoring either the Italian proposition or any other similar proposotion reproduced in the press or in the French Chamber.'

Upon this assurance cash advances of the United States to France subsequent to March 18, 1919, aggreated $690,000,000 and in addition there was an indebtedness of $407,000,000 incurred by France to the United States in the purchase of war stocks, a total of approximately $1,100,000,000. This, it will be observed, comprises a large part of the present demands of the United States upon the French Government.

There is a mass of documentary evidence, inculding the very act authorizing the issue of Liberty bonds to raise the money which was sent to France, to support the claim that it was regarded as a loan not only

by this country but by France as well. But with all this, against which no reasonable doubt can be raised, it might be well to inquire how the acknowledged subsidies to the Colonies was treated by the United States. Neither the Colonies nor the new Republic were under any obligation to pay certain sums of money that were secretly advanced to the Colonies by the King of France. Two paragraphs from recognized authorities tell the whole story of the transaction.

In Bolles'" Financial History of the United States, it is stated:

The first money advanced to the colonies was through Beaumarchais on June 10, 1776. The amount was 1,000,000 livres. This amount was advanced secretly and for the purpose of purchasing munitions. But as a matter of fact, owing to a scandal which arose, it is doubtful if any of the munitions were ever delivered.

Bayley's History of National loans relates how this subsidy was paid in the following paragraph:

By an act of Congress, April 18, 1806, $78,886.26 was paid to the heirs of Beaumarchais, and under the convention with the King of the French of July 4, 1831, 800,000 francs were also paid to the heirs of Beaumarchais.

In a statement of the account set forth in Bayley's hictory, the United States in shipment of produce and cash payments is credited with 7,701, 631 livres. The total of the claims of the Beaumarchais heirs, as stated by himself, was 6,274,840 livres, or an overpayment by the United States of 1,426,787 livres.

No complaint ever came from this country on account of the payment of the debt for which it was acknowledged that we were not obligated either morally or legally. The Beaumarchais heirs were not styled 'Shylocks' even if there was a question as to whether the muntions were ever delivered. No attempt was made to plead the lack of obligations to pay either the loans or the subsidy because France was interested in weakening Great Britian's influence in the new continent and tearing her from her rich colonies.

The country at large has not made any inquiry as to the motives of France in helping the Colonies during the War of Independence. It has been simply satisfied with the fact that France did help the colonies and on all occasions has expressed its gratitude. Not only has it erected monuments to the French leaders who participated in the War of Independence, but Congress made a gift of $200,000 to General Lafayette and granted him a twnship of land. Lafayette is a hero in this country today. No accounts have yet reached this country of the erection of a monument to General Pershing or any of the other leaders of the American Expeditionary Forces.

A few passages from the history of the part that France took in the Revolutionary War will reveal that she had a motive. The following from the pen of Alexander Hamilton illuminates the entire situation when France extended her help to the Colonies:

France, the rival, time immemorial, of Great Britian, had, in the course of the war which ended in 1763, suffered from the successful arms of

the latter the severest losses and the most mortifying defeats. Britian from that moment had acquired an ascendent in the affairs of Europe and in the commerce of the world too decided and too humilating to be endured without extreme impatience and an eager desire of finding favorable opportunity to destroy it and to repair the breach which had been made in the national glory. The animosity of wounded pride conspired with calculations of interests to give a keen edge to that impatience and to that desire.

The American Revolution offered the occasion. It early attracted the notice of France, though with extreme circumspection. As far as countenance and aid may be presumed to have been given prior to the epoch of the acknowleldgment of our independence, it will be no unkind derogation to assert that they were marked neither with liberality nor with vigor; that they wrote the appearance rather of a desire to keep alive disturbances which might embarrass a rival than of a serious design to assist a revolution or a serious expectation that it could be effected.

The victories of Saratoga, the capture of an army, which went a great way toward deciding the issue of the contest, decided also the hesitations of France. They established in the government of that country a confidence of our ability to accomplish our purpose, and as a consequence of it, produced the treaties of alliance and commerce.

It is impossible to see in all this anything more than the conduct of a jealous competitor, embracing a most promising opportunity to repress the pride and diminish the power of a dangerous rival, by seconding a successful resistance to its authority with the object of lopping off a valuable portion of its dominions. The dismemberment of this country from Great Britian was an obvious and a very important interest of France. It cannot be doubted that it was both the determining motive and an adequate compensation for the assistance afforded to us.

During the World War my work gave me a great deal of reliable information as to the morale of the British and French forces when we were drawn into the conflict. It will be recalled that when this country was putting into effect the Selective Service Act and feverishly placing our man power in the field that a thousand regular officers were sent to France to study French warfare.

Their confidential reports were depressing indeed. There was no hope of either the French or British forces defeating the German army. They believed that with the arrival of American troops the advance of the Imperial army would be stopped and an honorable peace would result.

'When I went over,' related a regular colonel, who was afterward a general officer, 'I was billeted first with the British army, then afterward with the French. It took a great deal of courage to have faith in our ability to turn the tide of the war in favor of the Allies. A very delightful French officer with whom I became closely associated was particularly depressed and insisted that the best we could expect was to stop the German advance.

'After I had been over again in command of a unit I met the same French officer shortly after the bat-tle of Chateau Thierry. He rush-ed up to me and literally weeped upon my shoulder. "Now," he said, "with your wonderful American soldiers we will keep going till we reach Berlin."'

EMPTY HOUSE.

Something there is about an empty house
That echoes harshly through the heart of me.
Its hollow rooms resound with nothingness
And once industrious mice are stilled with awe,
Now quailing at its tongueless silences.
Here once was light and heat from open hearth.
Here joy and love and laughter, day and night,
As pulsing, life flowed freely through its veins.
Once dishes rattled in the kitchen sinks
And fragrant odors filled the many rooms.
This bleak, forbidding staircase once was decked
With couples, courting down its graceful length,
While through this long and dismal, gutted hall
There tripped to lilting music many feet.
Around this spacious lawn, now rank with weeds,
There romped the children of the neighborhood,
While parents watched from shaded porticos.
Deserted now, and doomed to dreamless dust,
There looms above the shaggy, unkept hedge
A grey and gloomy house of memories;
And through the ancient maples down the drive
Its windows cast a vacant, glassy stare.
A living ghost, it greets the misty dawn;
A deathly ghost, as creeping night draws nigh,....
A faded book of tales told long ago.
I long to fold its arms across its breast,
To close its eyes and touch the flames of rest.

—Bright W. Padgitt.

HUMBUG PRINCE TELLS OF HUMBUG.

By William O. Trapp.

Barnum, of whom it was said at his death that more had been printed of him than any other American except a President of the United States, will make his bow again this week.

This time it will be in the form of his autobiography. "P. T. Barnum's Own Story," combined and condensed from the various editions published during his lifetime by Waldo R. Browne and now printed by the Viking Press.

New York was the arena of this "Prince of Humbugs." Here he came as a boy, here he established the enterprises with which his name was long connected and here he reached the climax of that amazing career that ended with a world-wide reputation and $4,000,000 in real and personal property.

Barnum wrote the "blurb" for his own book many years ago when he set down that he had tried to portray "more than half a century of work and struggle, and final success, in spite of fraud and fire—the story of which is blended with amusing anecdotes, funny passages, felicitous jokes, captivating narratives, novel experiences and remarkable interviews—the sunny and somber so intermingled as not only to entertain but convey useful lessons to all classes of readers."

In these "captivating narratives" he covered the whole ground, describing often with great frankness the episodes that gave point to the famous sayings attributed to him, that the public likes to be humbugged.

His career as a showman began with his exploitation of the woman, Joice Heth, in 1835, whom he advertised as the one-time nurse of George Washington. She was then believed to be 161 years old. Barnum, then living in New York, went to Philadelphia and bought her from a showman. Barnum was satisfied with what purported to be a big sale from Augustine Washington "of one Negro woman, named Joice Heth, aged fifty-four years, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty-three pounds lawful money of Virginia." The date of the bill was February 5, 1727.

He exhibited her not only in this city but on the road as well, and when interest died out a letter appeared in one of the newspapers asserting that Joice Heth was not a human being but an automaton made of whalebone, India rubber and numberless springs ingeniusly put together, with the conversations coming from a ventriloquist.

Then Barnum became interested in a second entertainer, a "Signor Antonio," who balanched crockery and spun around on stilts. The showman did not think the name "Antonio" sufficiently foreign, so he changed it to "Signor Vivalla" and set forth the extraordinary qualities of "Signor Vivalla who had just arrived from Italy."

This second entertainer proved a profitable investment, particularly after a long-sustained piece of publicity in the Phildelphia newspapers which terminated in a contest of skill,

shrewdly faked by Barnum, between Vivalla and a performer named Roberts.

Joice Heth died soon afterward and a surgeon, performing a post-mortem, declared she could not have been over eighty, as evidenced by the lack of arterial hardening.

Later when Barnum had acquired the American Museum at Broadway and Ann Street, the attacks upon him became more frequent, apparently, for he wrote that "if I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited camels, leopards, a rhinosceros, grizzly bears, ourang-outangs, great serpents etc., about which there could be no mistake because they were alive; and I should hope that a little clap-trap occasionally, in the way of transparencies, flags, exaggreted pictures and puffing advertisements, might find an offset in a wilderness of wonderful, instructive and amusing realities.

"Indeed I can not doubt that the sort of clap-trap here referred to is allowable, and the public like a little of it mixed up with the great realities which I provide. The titles of 'Humbugs' and the 'Prince of Humbugs' were first applied to me by myself. I made these titles a part of my stock in trade."

One day Barnum engaged a man to do the following publicity stunt: The man was given five bricks and the instrustions to "go and lay a brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street; another close by the museum; a third diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, by the Astor House; put down the fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church opposite; then, with the fifth brick in hand, take up a rapid march from one point to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point.

The man did as he was ordered, with the further stipulation that he was to enter the museum every hour, walk solemnly through it and then resume his bricklaying duties.

In half an hour the man had attracted 500 persons and at the end of the first hour the sidewalks were packed with people, all eager to solve the mystery. For several days that continued until finally the policeman on duty at the corner complained and Barnum withdrew his brick man but, as the showman explained, "this trivial incident excited considerable talk and amusement; it advertised me; and it materially advanced my purpose of making a lively corner near the museum."

Another of Barnum's curiosities was the very club that killed Captain Cook, of which a friend of Barnum's once said that he was sure the American Museum had it because half a dozen smaller museums all had it and the friend was sure that a large establishment like Barnum's would not be without it.

"The Feejee Mermaid" was one of the most widely known of Barnum's hoaxes, a work of art with monkey and fish "so nicely conjoined that no human eye could detect the point where the junction was preformed," Barnum wrote, and then added that "assuming, what is no doubt true, that the mermaid was

manufactured, it was a most remarkable specimen of ingenuity and untiring patience.''

In the first four weeks of the mermaid's exhibition the receipts amounted to $3,341, according to Barnum.

As Joice Heth had started him on the road to a showman's career, the mermaid now gave him a good start on the road to riches.

The rest of his career was more ethical from the present showman point of view.

In the old days, if one missed a stage coach he was contented to wait two or three days for the next. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.—Selected.

A REMARKABLE TOAD.

By Dale R. Van Horn

Toads have been known to burrow many feet into the ground. In digging out excavations for cellars and pits in the springtime of the year, they are sometimes found down to a depth of seven or eight feet. Several years ago we all read about a toad which was found in the West, down in a clay bank, a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet. The toad was encrusted in a thin coating of apparent limestone and when brought to one of the big zoological gardens in the East, seemed to eat heartily and be none the worse for his long existence underground. It was roughly estimated that this toad was buried sometime prior to the landing of Columbus. If this was true, think of the many meals he had to miss.

But the most remarkable story of a toad was told to me by an old well digger. In the middle western states there used to be men who made a practice of digging wells. The subsoil in these parts is of heavy, compact clay, and the diggers could dig to a depth of fifty or seventy-five feet with little danger of a cave-in. The digger whom I am telling of, however, was finishing a deep well in the hills one day, when, at a depth of ninety-seven feet, he noticed a small hole in the side of the well shaft, as he sunk his spade to a new depth. He stooped down and something stirred into life. He quickly enlarged the hole with his finger, and out fell a little toad! Not much larger than a walnut, its skin was perfectly transparent and the eyes had long since grown shut. The toad died as he reached the surface of the well. Though this sounds impossible, it was true.

Gladys (romantically)—''I think the poets are right, George. It is only in the great open spaces that we find ourselves.''

George—''Well, we're 25 miles from anywhere, the sun is going down, and I have lost the map, so now's your chance.''

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Charlie Chamberlian, a member of the thirteenth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last Monday.

The ice plant has been put into operation recently. It furnishes enough ice to supply the school.

A new washer has just arrived for the laundry. The shop boys have finished putting it up and they are now getting it "broke in" for use.

The shoe shop boys have been very busy all during the winter monthes. They will now have time to "loaf" for a while, as the boys have begun going barefooted.

Last Saturday afternoon, all the boys went to the ball ground. As there was no outside game scheduled, the officers played the boys. Both did some fine playing, but the officers won, 11 to 5.

The bakery boys have not been mentioned lately in these columns. They are right on the job just the same. They bake enough bread for 450 people daily. They do their "share" of the work, and maybe more.

Everybody has been enjoying fresh cabbage and strawberries for the past week or so. The season's vegetables are now being gathered and used. Mr. Hobby, dairy manager, has been making a quanity of butter lately, and we have been getting it once a week.

Last Monday afternoon, Virgil Shipes, Guy Tucker, Everett Carter and Manning Spell, rendered a short program for the members of the Second Presbytrain Church of Charlotte. Their program was enjoyed by all and the boys had a fine time.

Rev. C. H. Trueblood, pastor of the First Baptist church of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon in the auditorium. He preached on a Mother's Day subject. He told of a Mother's love and how she was our best friend. He told a story of how a mother started out to visit a neighbor, some distance away. The weather was fair when she left home, but before she had gone very far a snow storm came upon her. She lost her way, and as she had not enough clothing for her and her child, she removed some of a part of her clothing and wrapped her child up snug. She was found the next morning, dead. Not far off was the baby, still alive. She sacrificed her clothing that the child might not suffer. This is called Mother Love. He told several more stories of a Mother's love. The sermon was enjoyed by all.

"Peter and the Risen Lord" was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. Mary saw the stone rolled away from the sepulcre, and ran and told Peter. Peter and John then went to see for themselves, and found nothing but th linen garments lying there. They returned home and dined. While they dined, Jesus appeared unto

them. Jesus asked Peter if he loved Him, and Peter answered Him saying "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus said, "Feed my sheep." He asked Peter the second time, and received the same answer. Later He asked Peter the third time, and he said, "Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And Jesus said "Feed my sheep." The golden text for this lesson was, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."—1 Peter 1:3.

A HINT TO BUILDERS.

Anne Blackwell Payne

I wonder why some architect
In this most enterprising day,
Does not design a residence
With roof that can be rolled away.

So when the weathers are benign
No tiles nor shingles shut you up;
With blue above you when you dine.
And black and silver when you sup.

And if you breakfast soon enough,
There will be gold and palest red;
And some days snowy clouds will float
Like gleaming squadrons overhead.

And when you go to bed at night,
And all is silent in the town,
Celestial ladders may be lowered
With angels walking up and down.

Then, maybe, some stupendous eve
If you are still enough and wait,
O, with a lovly singing sound
A star may fall into your plate.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
Summer Vacation Folder

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, [illegible] 21, 1927. No. 18

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A CHILD OF IGNORANCE.

Prejudice is one form of ignorance, that shuts the mind against the other side, which contains most likely an equal amount of truth. It is more often true than otherwise that the generality of people know only a small part of the truth on any subject. The other fellow may know just as much or more. Because we think this or that is correct does not, of necessity, make it correct by any manner of means. There are two sides to most every question, on almost every subject under the sun. The open mind realizes this, and is tolerant. The prejudiced, or closed mind, realizes nothing but what its short vision sees, and is intolerant.

—Old Hurrygraph.

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The Uplift

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CAN NOT BE DISREGARDED.

The alarmingly growing tendency on the part of young women, indulged, I think, by mothers, to spend every night in pleasure and dissipation and every day in bed, will if not cheeked ruin any world that revolves around a planet and eat the vitals out of any generation that lives on a world. "God is not mocked." His law, "Six days shalt thou labor" can not, in safety be disregarded!—Dr. J. C. Rowan, of the First Presbyterian Church of Concord, concluding his admirable discourse on motherhood on "Mother's Day."

"UNFAIR TO THE WORK."

It is most unfortunate, says the Dearborn Independent, that we are so strongly under the impression that to do a piece of work and not get the credit for it is little less than a calamity. This habit of making the work secondary and the recognition primary is unfair to the work. It encourages a peculiar kind of ambition which is neither lovely nor productive. By doing the thing for which you may get no credit, you are building certain qualities which cannot be hidden.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

ABUSE OF AN INSTRUMENT.

Physical condition for the past six months has enforced a close-by-to-home life at evenings. The presence of a radio has aided in making that condition more tolerable. Some mighty fine things and discourses, together with music, some elevating and others most disgusting, are given out over the radio. The services at the First Baptist and the Second Presbyterian

churches, at Charlotte, are particularly engaging and helpful, though the Charlotte Hotel Dinner Music all but drives one mad.

Some evening ago there was broadcasted from a certain station the mouthings of a religious wild geranium, who sought to confuse his radio audience on the matter of immortality. Of course, he represents some phase of the modernistic activities that we daily encounter. He may have a faith in the Bible, but the sum total of his arrogant remarks would have the effect of creating doubt among those who are not well-anchored. Such performances should be denied the use of broadcasting stations.

It was very comforting, however, to hear the manager of the Broadcasting Station to make an explanation, which amounted to an apology, that the Station was not endorsing all matter that went out from his place. He probably knew what was in the gizzard of the wild geranium that sought to settle the matter of immorality, along lines of his views.

In this number we are happy to reproduce from Quarterly Review an engaging article on Personal immortality, by Rev. Dr. Rowe. But truth has a terrible struggle to run down falsehood and lies.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

CAN'T LOSE HIMSELF.

Col. Al. Fairbrother, who made a distinct place for himself in journalism and as a live citizen of the state in general, decided to slip off and take up his residence at Long Beach, Calfornia—to us folks, kindly like being out of the world.

The Colonel has done journalistic stunts in many of the states and cannot be lost. The Chieftain, of Tecumseh, Nebraska, where the colonel once stirred up the natives with his virile pen, located him at his new home, and insisted on the colonel's sending his picture to keep the natives posted as to "his looks" after his journey around the circle.

Col. Fairbrother complied, sending himself housed in a well-appointed library, accompanied by a characteristic communication. The Uplift thanks The Chieftain for a copy—one loves to follow up dear and true friends as they mosley about the earth. Col. Fairbrother, if the picture is reliable, seems to be growing younger out in the golden west.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"SEEING THINGS GROW."

Enthusiasts, in their great pleasure over good seasons, hitting of the moon

right in planting and things generally looking prosperous, take on a 100 per cent average.

You have heard farmers, florists, horticulturists and scientific agriculturists sometimes in an attempt to tell you how things in their line are coming along, simply declare: "you can see them grow."

G. F. Barnhardt, who lives in an attractive home on the Mt. Pleasant road and boards at the same place, besides being one of the most efficient rural mail carriers for nigh unto a quarter of a century, is also director of his own farm. Quoting him: "I had sown some peas—the season was fine—breakfast was a little late—I walked down to see how the peas were coming on—they had worked themselves out of the ground in a doubled up manner like normal peas do—when I had returned from the other side of the patch, the very same peas had unfolded themselves and were standing erect—that's seeing things grow."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

HARRY DEATON COMMENDS US.

My Dear Editor:

Your tribute to the former pastors of churches in Concord, in the last issue of the Uplift, is very, very fine and I want to say how much I enjoy your articles about people who have been powers for good. There is just one other old soul at Concord at the period your article refers to who though walked humbly with God, was a man of influence among his flock and his people—Rev. J. Simpson, the one-arm Confederate. He was a great favorite of Rev. Dr. Payne and Rev. Mr. Page, as you will probably recall.

Do you recall the record of Irwin Woodhouse, who as a boy left his father's printing office to work in Columbia, but refused to hold the job because it required Sunday hours. His record would suggest a strong article on Sunday observance and would be beneficial to many younger ones who at this period do not regard the Sabbath except as a holiday.

I just want to say that I appreciate your splendid articles.

Respectfully yours,
Harry P. Deaton.

Harry Deaton, editor of the Moresville Enterprise, himself remembers Dr. Payne and Rev. Jesse Page; and he commends our little tribute. He recalls another godly servant among men—the late Rev. J. Simpson. Our remarks were confined to what they call in Concord the "down-town-section." Who among us could ever forget the grand old one-arm soldier preacher—he was pure gold, and God spared his life many, many years to go about doing good.

That man Woodhouse, to whom Mr. Deaton refers, is still with us. You

couldn't turn his head were you to nominate him to run against Cal in his next race. Mr. Woodhouse modestly, faithfully and untiringly goes about his business as bank president. Were the bank directors to ask him to function on Sunday, he would throw up his job just like he did with the Columbia position.

Sabbath observance is a vital matter, that is being half-heartedly treated. Last Sunday in a near-by city an unusual musical program was being sandwiched in with a scholarly and edifying sermon. The services were being complimented in the presence of a conspicuous member of that very congregation. "I heard that it was very fine," said he, "but I did not hear it; you see I was reared on soft plowed ground, and I just have to take off some time to keep my feet in trim. I was out on the golf-ground." A very frank confession, but he's a good fellow, and being such he is setting an example that will influence less favored people.

About the only way, in these times that one may know when Sunday comes, is to watch people in fresh clothes and flivvering to the country. But Irwin Woodhouse knows when Sunday comes in another manner.

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FILIAL.

Ever since and before a certain man left this world for another scene we have been impressed with a beautiful picture of a daughter, who ministered most affectionately to her widowed mother. They seemed to us like an older and younger sister moving about in sweet communion with each other.

What matter if the old mother had grown wrinkled, less active and possibly more set in her views—not as pretty as youth endows the sons and daughters of men—that daughter still blinded serenely and happily with a true and genuine filial attitude sets an example for all girls and boys, who find their parents growing old and "set."

Too often young people grow tired of their aged parents; cease to show that loving attention that motherhood warrants; become haughty in their superior knowledge of how things should be conducted. Oh, look upon the reverse side of a picture that we see every day, as we go about our daily affairs. One set of children remain always in love with their parents,playing little sisters and brothers to them—another lot of children, impatient with the soul that went down to the brink of the grave to give them being, and through life made galling sacrifices for their pleasure and profit.

Contemptible filial ingratitude! The other day that old mother that

remained in the love of her daughter, companionable and awfully considerate, was called hither. Since then this writer has heard dozens speak of what they had seen but never mentioned it before: "Wasn't that a beautiful picture which that daughter and mother made as they moved about in life."

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WHAT IS A WILL?

Has a man or woman the right to make a will—to designate, in the case of death, to whom or what his estate may descend. This seems to be an accepted right in law; but it is rare that a large estate under a will goes uncontested.

The love of money is a sin that attacks us all. To be sure in different degrees. When a man of alleged wealth passes, the whole community begins to speculate how he has left it. This curiosity is not confined to those naturally expected to be the heirs, but all begin to surmise the disposition. In many instances outsiders seem more concerned and busy themselves in passing judgment upon the wisdom of the deceased in his disposition of his property.

What is a will? That is a question that in too many instances has to be referred to courts to decide. Today in North Carolina two gigantic legal struggles are making to ascertain the genuineness of two wills. To break a will oftentimes it requires the impuning of the character and the deeds of the departed. Things are said in public that if ever before said found expression only in whispers or insinuations.

But what will men not do for the sake of a gain? In this day of our civilization and progress, if not of our great glory, can not the lawyer write a will that thwarts the very suspicion of a probability of being broken at the hands of a court?

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is a wonder to me how people expect to keep ahead of their bills if they let the bills keep running.

The toboggan of life is pretty well adorned with splinters. This will be realized when a fellow begins to slide down.

There are but few men, if there are any, but what have not, at some time or other, tasted defeat. The success that overcomes this taste is the refusal to swallow it.

The smallest dew drop at night, sparkling on the tiny leaf of the most insignificant flower, reflects the radiant image of some beaming star. So, the deeds of charity done, or the words of kindness spoken—however small and trivial they may be—reflect the lustre and beauty of the noble spirit which prompted them, and show in bewitching loveliness the angel part of human nature.

There is an old axiom of caution very generally used to the effect, "Look before you leap." It is good advice. But there are some people who leap before they look, and then they look foolish.

It has been said that some office holders have more pull than a porus plaster. There is no doubt about some of them sticking to an office closer than one of these plasters to the hide.

Some people think a thing is impossible because they can't do it. There are others who do it, and never think of the impossibility of any undertaking. The "can'ts" never get very far. The "doers" overcome all possibilities.

It was on the Hillandale links. He was a beginner; elderly in age, but accustomed to hard labor. He was equipped with a heavy bag of clubs, of all designs. Securing a caddie, well up on the rules of the links, he started off. He was bad on the first hole; worse on the second; and continued to get worse as he went the round. The caddie was accustomed to better results. At last this gentleman became bunkered in one of the most impregnable hazards of the course. After endeavoring to dislodge the ball with every club in his bag, he turned to his caddie and asked: "What shall I take now?" A gleam of hope sprang into the caddie's eye, "Poison," he suggested gloomily.

Paradoxical as it may seem, nevertheless it is a true observation, that the shorter the skirts these days the longer are they worn.

A successful man is the one who almost quit—but didn't. The man who failed is the one who almost persisted long enough—but didn't They both did the same thing, but there was a vast difference between these didn'ts.

Dr. Charles O'H. Laughinghouse, in

his splendid address to the 15 graduates of the Watts hospital, Thursday evening, said, "People are hunting happiness and never find it. Happiness was self-forgetfulness." That is one of the best definitions of happiness I have heard in some time. There are only two kinds of aristocracy today worth considering. First, the aristocracy of goodness. We find this where one is caring for infants, invalids, or helpless old age. The second—the aristocarcy of brains. Knowledge is power, and we are compelled to bow to the man or woman who knows. But for real happiness and soulfilling joy of the first magnitude nothing can compare with that of accomplishment. To be able to make good under any and all conditions; by giving service of the heart, and brain, and sinew, brings joy and greatness the only true measure of which is service. No matter where and how we are situated, if we find our mission and do our work with love for it; not forgetting our love to God and our fellow men; we are blessed. This constitutes the only joy worth striving for and reminds me that "The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we all should be as happy as kings." If kings are happy, and I doubt if some of them are.

The artless prattle of innocent childhood is joy to the soul. How the sweet music of their hearts and voices calms the wild yearning of the sorrow-crowned years of maturity! In a happy home, a few evenings since, when the family was gathered around the tea table, entertaining unexpected guests, the fond mother said to the youngest darling of the household; "Mamie, darling, be careful; you musn't spill berries on the table-cloth." "Taint a table-cloth," promptly responded the little darling, "it's a sheet." Late that night, when the company had gone, and that sweet child was bent with head nearly where her feet ought to be, with tear-blinded eyes catching occasional glimpses of a fleeting slipper that fluttered in the air in eccentric gyrations, one could see how early in the stormy years of this brief life one may begin to suffer for the truth.

The Christian religion is quite distinct from all other world religions in the place and emphasis it gives to sympathy. The whole Gospel is pervaded by it. The Golden Rule is the expression of it in the broadest terms. The genuine Christian cannot be indifferent to the feelings, the needs, the joy or the sorrows of any of his fellow men, be they Christians or not. Nor can a passive goodwill suffice. We are enjoined to DO as well as thnik and feel for others, as we would wish them in similar cases DO by us. We are not to be simply pleased with the good fortune of others; we are to share with them, in their joy; nor are we to stop at a mere regret over the misfortune of others. We are to rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep. Our feelings must be deep and real enough to make their experience a part of our own. And the reason for this is not arbitrary nor fictitious, but because, as God's children, we must manifest the charactr of our Father, who bears each of his children in His

great compassionate love. "In all their afflictions. He is afflicted," the Bible assures us; nor could the Father-heart of God fail to rejoice in the joy of His humblest child. The very homely, simple grace of human kindness links us close to God. That is the meaning of the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Some one has said, "At the age of twenty we have the face we were born with, but if we still have that same face at the age of forty, it is our own fault." As the returning ocean wave, little by little leaves an impression on the sand, a recurring emotion will gradually leave its ineffaceable mark on your countenance. So if you want a happy, optimistic countenance, you must have happy optimistic thoughts. We are building our faces day by day, and if you are past forty years of age look in the mirror and see what you have built.

Promotion schemes of various kinds run wild periodically. Land schemes, oil stocks, mining propaganda, and such have been broadcasted from time to time; and they have caught the unwary all over the land. It reminds me of a little story that is rated as being a "wild" one. A negro mamma took her son to the preacher to be baptised. "What are you going to call him, Mandy?" asked the preacher. "I'se gwine to call dis chile 'Opium'," she replied. "Opium! that's a terrible name to hang on to a boy. Where did you get the idea of calling him 'Opium'?" inquired the preacher. "You know dat colored missionary you done had at the meetin' last week? He said as how they have a lot of opium in China an' dat it cum from the wildest poppy dat growed. An' dis chile's poppy is suttingly a wild one."

"Friend after friend depart, who hath not lost a friend?" is a familiar quotation; yet how true. Sorrow is the common heritage of man; born to it as the sparks fly upward. When our friends are summoned to celestial service it is like Byron's description of one of his subjects "Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon. The deathless part of him who died too soon." I have seen a candle burn down to its socket. I have seen its light go out. I have seen a little remnant of oil that marked where once a living flame burned and glowed, and it saddened the heart. I have seen men come to public life akin to that candle and burn their lives out so long and low that none could see the reflection of the flame where once they flashed, nor could behold the beauty which was woven by the threads of silken sweetness. By the permission of heaven others have been allowed to climb the mountains of greatness, reach the pinnacle, with the glowing sun of success radiating about their heads, they were beckoned to ascend heavenward, carrying with them the aureole of a fine reputation; the love of every friend; the admiration of man, leaving to the world a fine example of Christian living. I can but say that as death must come and as there must be an end of the journey to us all, I would to heaven that those I love, and all my friends, could

leave in the sweet fate and faith of the devout Christian; and when they go out they could go in such a golden glow, gleaming upon their existence as will light their way to heaven. And that it may be said of each one: "A great tree has fallen in the forest, and with its crash the gates of heaven opened, and the angels came forth proclaiming to the Master, 'There cometh one to us whom we now receive for that we loved him long and dearly'."

The measure of a man is his willingness to wait. It is an essential element of power; a decisive test of character.—J. M. Hark.

CAREERS OF SERVICE.

(Asheville Citizen)

Now are the days when the young women, with three years of thorough training and hard study in the hospitals, recieve their diplomas and go out in the white caps and uniforms to take up their work as registered nurses. It is an important event in the life of the community. It means that the city and the county are given powerful reinforcements for the army which fights against disease and ministers to the suffering.

The young woman who gives her mind and body to the profession of nursing undertaakes an arduous career. Her strength will be tried to the limit. There will be times when she will face tremendous responsibility. There will be many times when the difference between life and death will lie in her gentleness and resourcefulness. She will work longer hours than the members of any other business or profession.

She will have to develop an enormous tact. She will have to learn to go into any kind of a home and from the moment of her arrival, make herself a part of it not only without friction but also with an efficiency that will lessen the cares and duties of the household. She will learn to smile, whether she feels like smiling or not. She will carry within herself a store of cheerfulness and courage upon which others rely day and night.

But she will be richly rewarded. She will always be lifetd up by the knowledge that she is doing a noble and indispensable work. As she journeys through the years, she will be happy by the gratitude of those whose pains she has conquered and those whom she has helped to save from death itself. She will be inspired by the confidence of the physicians and the public in her work.

She will realize that work done well in the lonely hours and away from the sight af many, builds up a reputation and compels acclaim. Best of all, she will know the blessed contentedness and the imperishable serenity that come to those who go through life giving themselves grandly to the help and comfort of others.

THE BEST MERCHANDISE.

(Monroe Journal)

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof of fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with her. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.—Proverbs.

How beautiful is the proverb quoted above regarding the getting, and the value of wisdom. As a piece of rhetoric it is fascinating, but how far away and unreal does it seem in a time like this! Its beauty of expression and its suggestiveness as a controlling element in life belong to a time so unlike the present that they can scarcely be visioned as having effect today. They belong to that other day when loving mothers took their sons to the Old Book and with trembling fingers pointed out that other saying of the wise man—"Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness and all things shall be added unto thee."

But gone as the other days are, it would indeed be an impossible world except for the harking back to their precepts. We talk of radicalism and conservatism, but the thing which has made the English speaking people a conservative people more than any other one influence, is the hold which the scripture of the Old Testament had upon it. Its gems of thought are shot through with conservatism, and its precepts of wisdom grew out of the experiences of centuries when every day life was vastly different from what it is today.

In these days individual experience counted for much. Age was honored merely as age on the presumption that long life and experience must necessarily have added wisdom to all who had experienced them. Hence, it arose that old men, having passed thorugh the vicissitudes of life in a day when more depended upon individual conduct and experience than today, when men moved about in circumscribed spheres, when there was no such thing as travel and communication with far places, were looked up to and honored in proportion to their display of wisdom and self control, and the unfolding of their virtuous lives in plain view of their kindred, their friends and their neighbors. Wisdom, not success, was emphasized. It was a day of physical scarcity and one was not looked upon in admiration for the amount of stuff which he was able to acquire but for the wisdom displayed in using what he had.

And now, having come to a day when wisdom and understanding as distinguished from mere success, are not understood, it is little wonder that the precepts which were accounted the essence of wisdom in that day now seem far off and idealistic. But modern life is yet to write its moral code as strongly as the older day wrote it's and lived by it. There is so much tumult and shouting today, so much of action, so much of building up and tearing down, that no one takes the time to ponder upon abstract wisdom or ideal courses of life.

IT WAS A MILD WINTER.

Lenoir Topic

Last fall we were told that we were heading into a hard winter. There was a big crop of dogwood berries and persimmons and this was a sure sign that nature was furnishing plenty fruits and berries for birds. This was a sign that never failed. Then the cur dog had an extra heavy coat. He too was preparing for the long cold months. There were plenty of other signs. We don't remember half of them now. All of this leads us to note with interest the report of the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture.

A remarkable series of mild winters in the United States has occurred since the severe winter of 1917-18, according to this report. The winter of 1926-27, just closed, has been in general, and over most of the country, one of the mildest of the long series. Other outstandingly mild winters were those of 1920-21 and 1923-24.

A few small areas along the northern border of the country were slightly colder this year than usual, but in all other regions the winter was warmer than normal, and decidedly so in the South and Southeast, temperatures ranging from 3 to 6 degrees above normal. As a result of the mild weather in the South, vegetation there at the end of February was abnormally advanced, with early fruit trees in full bloom, and peach buds showing color as far north as the southern Ohio Valley.

In comparatively recent years zero weather has been experienced as far south as the east Gulf coast, but this year such low temperatures did not extend farther south generally than Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Missouri. No previous low records were broken anywhere in the country, but the maxima equaled or exceeded the previous high record at many stations. There was more than the usual amount of snowfall in the northeast from the Lake region eastward and south to Pennsylvania, but otherwise, east of the Rocky Mountains, there was generally less than the usual fall of snow.

. Interesting in comparison is the report from the Southern Hemisphere where summer time occurs during our winter. In South America, especially Argentina, the outstanding weather features was the unsual and persistent warmth, averaging 3 degrees above normal, while in Australia the season was generally mild and warm, although with no harmful temperatures, and accompanied by unsually favorable rains.

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GUILTY BUT DID A GOOD JOB.

Jake F. Newell, in Charlotte Observer.

"I am calling the case of the State versus Gus Boger, your honor," announced the solicitor, in a tone calculated to throw fear into the heart of a country negro. "Call Gus Roger, Mr. Sheriff," he continued, as he rummaged among a batch of bills of indictments. "Here I is!" answered the dusky Gus from the rear of the courtroom.

The scene was in the county courthouse of Carbarrus. It was "court week" in Concord. All of the horse-traders of western Carolina had swarmed into the trading lots with their plug stock, and kept up an incessant hum of voices, punctuated with "Whoas;" a vender of "goober-nuts, peanuts and parched pinders" cried his goods near the lawn gate; a negro with a banjo entertained a crowd of his own color across the street as he tunned in on African melodies and brought his instrument over his head and then around his back without missing a chord; main street presented an unsually busy appearance; and the courtroom was crowded with those who had business with the court and others who had nothing else to do and nowhere else to go. Indeed, the spring and fall terms of court, and "circus day," were the big events looked forward to yearly by the populace.

Gus Takes The Stand.

"Come around, Gus!" said the giant ex-Judge Montgomery, as he arose from a side seat and sought a chair at the table assigned to attorneys for the defense.

"I represent the defendant, your honor, and am ready for trial," said the ex-judge, in a voice rich and resonant.

"Gus Boger, you stand charged by the bill of indictment with an assault with a deadly weapon, to wit: a claw hammer, upon one Wilse Garland. How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" inquired the solicitor of the defendant, in manner most legal and learned.

"Not guilty, your honor," responded the cool, deliberate Montgomery.

The jury was passed. Wilson Garland, black and powerful of frame, was sworn as witness for the state. His testimony tended to show that, at a meeting at Ebenezer Methodist church, colored, situated in that certain political sub-division of Carbarrus known as "Number Ten," the defendant, without provocation or previous insult, assaulted him and struck him in the head with a claw hammer, with the result that serious, though not permanent, damage was done to the scalp of the witness. The solicitor turned the witness over to the defense for cross-examination.

"Stand aside," directed Montgomery, the master of trial procedure.

"The state rests," echoed the voice of the solicitor.

George Tells The Tale.

"Any evidence for the defendant?" queried his honor, in a manner that suggested the futility of an attempt.

"Yes, your honor," answered Montgomery, in the same cool, deliberate demeanor that was always his. "Come around, George Boger!" There was a shuffling in one of the seats

on the "colored side." An old man, neat looking and cleanly dressed, with ginger-cake complexion, emerged and made his way to the front, where he was duly sworn, and then took his seat is the witness chair. His eyes had a sort of pleading appeal. He looked as though he would like to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. His head was bare and shiney as a polished billiard ball, except for a fringe of gray semi-kinkey hair that ran like a crescent around the rear.

"Your name is George Boger?" asked the defense attorney.

"Yaas, boss—George Boger is my name, sah."

"Do you know the defendant here?"

"Guess I does, boss. Dat boy over dere is my son Gus—Gussie, we calls him at home, dough his real name ought to be Augustus, so my white folks say."

"Were you at Ebenezer when this assault by your son on Wilse Garland is alleged to have been committed?" led the attorney for the defense. "And if so, did you see all that occurred on that occasion?"

"I was right dere, boss; an' I shorely seed all dat was done an' heerd all dat was said," ventured the witness, in reply.

Just What Happened

"Well, now, Uncle George, just go ahead, and, in your own way, tell his honoh, the judge, and those gentlemen over there, the jury, just what was said and what was done. Just tell them all about it, directed the defense attorney.

Turning first to the judge on the bench and then to the jury, Uncle George began:

"Yo' Honah, please! an' you gentlemen ob de jury: Dis happened at Ebenezer, which is a colored folks Methodist church down in number ten. Our wimmen folks was givin' what we call a fish fry to make some money for deir missionary ciety. All de church folks what was grown was dere. De wimmen folks had put a long table, 'bout 50 feet long I spose, in de church yahd. Dey had deir best white table cloths on de table, and deir best dishes, too. An' dey had plenty ob fried fish—just plenty ob fish. De fish was piled up in heaps on plates, an' a plate ob fish was one right after another all along down de table, gentlemens. Niggahs like fish, you know, an' our wimmin knowed it would take lots ob fish to please de crowd what would be dere.

Enter Wilse Garland.

"Eberything was peaceable, and everbody was having a good time. Our preacher was dere, an' he had jes' axed a blessin'—a nice blessin'. An' den, some one looked up toward de edge ob de woods at de top ob de slant, an' say, kinder skeert like! 'Lawd, dere comes Wilse Garland'. An' eberybody look de same way, 'cause eberybody knowed dat where Wilson is dar is trouble also. An' Wilson, he come steppin' down to de upper end ob de table. An' he say: 'I sees dat you is all heah!' An' we says: 'We is.' An' wid dat, Wilson he step up on de table wid his feet —boof ob em, boss—an'he stahrted to walk down dat table, from de upper end to de lower end; an' as he went along he jes' planted his brogans in de plates ob fish, an' squashed de fish an' broke de plates, till he

got to de lower end ob de table, and step off: an' when he step off, boss, my son Gus—dat is Gussie ober dere—he hit Wilson wid a claw-hammer an' knock him down, sah. Yas, sahr, he knock him down wid a claw-hammer. Dat was all, sah!''

''Did he knock him speechless, Uncle George?'' coaxed the astute Montgomery.

''Yes, sah, boss; he knock him speechless—plum speechless, sah!'' And then having some doubt as to the exact legal and technical meaning of ''spechless,'' the witness added: ''Dat is, boss, I spose you'd call it speechless—he was a lyin' dere a cussin' all de time.''

Safety In Flight.

''Examine the witness,'' yielded Montgomery to the solicitor. ''I don't believe I want to ask him anything,'' courtesied the solicitor to Montgomery.

''That is the case for the defendant, your honor,'' said the attorney for the defense.

''Where is that witness for the state, Wilson Garland?'' queried the judge, in peremptory tone.

''Wilse Garland!'' called the Sheriff.

''Lawd, boss, Wilse Garland, he done crawled on his belly aroun' de ends of the benches an' got to the front doah, and I has no doubt he's down in number ten by now,'' volunteered a colored woman from her seat in the colored tier.

''Mr Solicitor,'' said the judge, ''if Gus is guilty, he ought not to be; and if he ought to be punished, he shant be; and if I ought to do it, I won't. Gus, you may go, with the thanks of the court. Mr. Clerk, just enter a verdict of not guilty—I think he did a good job myself.''

The colored contingent from number ten shook hands all around amid verbal confession and an excess of joy; one old woman exclaimed: ''Lawd bless my soul an' dat Jedge;'' and the pastor of Ebenezer pronounced a fervent ''Amen!''

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.—Francis W. Bourdillon.

EVIL AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

By Mary Rudisill in Charlotte Observer

The Bible commands us not to judge in religious development, so we are writing on the effect that our present living is producing.

In the Old Testament we read very much about war and punishment for sin, then again we read of David, who followed after God, but was entrapped in wrong, and he bent beneath the chastising rod of his Lord, and his petition was heard in the heavenly courts and he was forgiven of sin and became the sweet singer of Israel. The New Testament teaches of the love of Jesus, redemption from sin for all who will accept the Savior, then again we learn of punishment for those who refuse to accept God, so it is with us today.

Our growth is noted in a three-fold development, material mental and spiritual. In Nort Carolina we like to boast of our great achievements in material progress, and of our educational facilities. We have noted, however, the depletion of the country in the depopulation of the fine old manses and the riches, and the and riches. As to our mental atincrease in the cities in inhabitants tainment we often read in the newspapers of someone, who has become unbalanced in mind and commits suicide, or because their financial affairs are in struggling conditions, then again we read and hear of automobile wrecks and murders. We see these sins intermingle with our advancement. Sin of course came into the mind and action of moral being, when Satan tempted Eve and when Adam yielded, but it brought discord, so ever since humanity has been striving against its invasion. With our great boasting of advancement in intellect let us think of the evil that is intermingled, and think of spiritual.

A few years ago at the historic Rock Springs campground, we heard Rev. Gilbert Rowe, Jr., preach on the subject of the prophet Jeremiah pleading with God for Him to bring back and exorting the people to hear and obey the Word of the Bible truths.

We often hear of storms and floods destroying many lives and much property, as trouble has been arising with foreign Nations, it really appeared to us that God might be chastising for wrong, and now we are face to face with the most terrible flood that has ever swept the country with the Mississippi River breaking the levees. At present we say let the Nation pray that with our advancing intellect for the fragrance of God's love.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, tell it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

WITH A FIRE DEPARTMENT.

(By Donald Hough, in Dearborn Independent.)

A siren screeches, traffic stops. Other sirens, from all directions, all distances, scream their warnings. The weird chorus is followed by the roar of heavy motors, the rumble of ponderous apparatus, as the fire department equipment rushes through the halted traffic—masses of nickle and red steel, thundering through like an army of juggernauts.

The buildings tremble as the great trucks pass; the skyscrapers echo and reecho the crash of the motors, the lurching rumble of the apparatus, the imperious, penetrating wail of the sirens.

Romantic? It must be, else every person on the street would not stop his business to watch this every day occurence. It is romantic, and it makes every man's pulse beat a little faster to see these tons of polished iron tear along. There is romance, too, in the fighting of the fire. The spectacular water towers, the rapid-fire orders, the wheeling of the hose, the miraculous erection of the long ladders, the smoke, the crowd, the policemen, the shouts—the rolling smoke and flaring billows of flame.

On the other hand consider the calm contentment of the depths of the North Woods. Observe, for instance, one of those flowing roads of water, flanked by towering pines, which so silently moves through the aisles of the forest. The scene is so permeated with placid quiet—the sparkling water and the jagged spruce sky line, and even the blue sky itself, and the white clouds, make up a picture of such vast depth, such eternal calm, that the appearance of a canoe—such a frail thing in the face of other works of man—breaks into the picture like the thrust of a knife.

Here it comes, leaving its V-shaped trail behind it; raising no dust, shaking no buildings, crying no warning; moving as silently as a phantom. As it draws closer you can see the brown faces of the woodsmen who are paddling it.

You are startled to see three other canoes come around the bend. Like the first, they move silently towards you, past you, and into the vast waterway labyrinth beyond. Behind these come others. Perhaps a dozen dark-green canoes, paddled by two or three men loaded to the gunwales with brown pack-sacks and red boxes, may pass before the calvacade has reached an end.

On the bow and stern of each canoe are the letters, U. S. F. S. These are the canoes of the United States Forest Service. You have seen the fire department of the North Woods on the way to a fire.

The Superior National Forest, in northeastern Minnesota, is known as the Venice of America. It is the center of a region comprising nearly five million acres which is traversable almost entirely by canoe. It is a region of long, irregular, island-dotted lakes, short rivers, wandering channels. It is a land of pine trees and rock, and the moss-covered terraces of lava and glacial rock slip into water that is clear and cold. Here is a country in which the canoe is

supreme. All transportation is based on the canoe as the standard vehicle.

The administration of the United States Forest Service in the Superior Forest is built around the canoe. During the past few years the detachable outboard motor has been used on the larger bodies of water near Ely headquarters, and on the long water lanes along the international boundary which form the backbone of transportation, motor boats have been placed in service. But it is significant that the principal duties of both these modern means of transportation are in towering strings of canoes.

The forest rangers of this region use the canoe just as the cowboy of the old West used the cow ponies, and just as most folks nowadays use the motor car. They think, talk and work in terms of the canoe. The ranger on duty not only paddles his canoe, but carries it around rapids and between lakes. In fact, he is entirely dependent on it, and it is almost a part of his soul and body.

Of all the activities of these canoe rangers, combating forest fires is the most interesting.

Before you can put out a fire, you must find it. The fire detection system of the Superior Forest is based on the lookout tower. A dozen or so of these towers, usually made of wood and often taking advantage of tall pine trees are placed in strategic positions throughout the forest. Most of these towers are reached only after arduous journey by canoe, and at nearly all of them is a ranger station, at which the lookout lives during his term of duty in the depths of the big preserve, and at which quantities of fire-fighting tools and other equipment are kept. In spite of their inaccessibility, most of these towers are connected with the hearquarters of Ely by telephone. The wires are just single little strands of metal that are run through the woods, from tree to tree in most cases, and that leap rivers, cross bays, and suffer unending casualties between falling trees and the antlers of moose.

The lookout man keeps constant watch from the top of the tower. A spiral of smoke seen through his binoculars—too large for a camp fire—and he takes a compass reading by sighting across his oriented map, and telephones it to headquarters.

The forest supervisor goes to his big map on which each tower is indicated by a piece of string, places the piece of string in the direction shown by the compass reading, and he has partly located the blaze. Before long another yookout calls in and gives his reading, the supervisor places the string denoting that lookout, and where the strings cross, there is the fire.

The next thing to do is to put the fire out. The supervisor looks over thes water routes on the map, looks up the data in his records to show in what kind of timber the fire is burning, locates the nearest tool caches (metal cylindrical boxes located at strategic points and filled with tools) and decides on the amount of equipment and the size of the crew needed.

In another book are listed the names of the able-bodied men available for duty in case fire—citizens of Ely and of the surrounding territory—and he

sends out a call for the number of men he needs. These men he places in charge of a few rangers, and at the head of the party is placed the ranger in whose district the fire is burning.

The fire department may arrive at the fire before night; perhaps they will come to it the next morning; again they may have to paddle two, three or four days before reaching it.

The fire itself may be the most sordid variety, smoldering in peat, or creeping through the moss and eating into the vegetable mold—the mold that covers the roots of the trees, which are consumed with it. In fact, it is quite probable that from the time the work starts until the fire is out and it is time to return home, not a speck of real fire will have been seen. It burns along the ground just as the tobacco of a cigar or pipe burns, smoldering along, glowing red when fanned by a breeze.

Fighting such fires becomes a drudgery of digging, blasting water-carrying. The boots of the fighters dry up and break; their clothes become incrusted with mud; their facess resemble burnt cork. It is wet, muddy, hard work, and the men sleep whenever they can, with their boots on—and there are no cheering crowds.

Again, the fire may be roaring through the very tops of the trees, and then the most heroic methods are used. Such fires are usually fought after dark, when the wind has died down and the fire has climbed down out of the tree tops to sleep for the night. Even then the fire is not fought hand to hand. It is a matter of digging ditches, felling trees.

Sometimes the crew that has traveled so far finds the fire too large to handle. Of course, the lookouts on the towers are keeping a constant watch, and when the fire is seen to grow larger after the crew has arrived, they phone in for more men. When the fire gains, all the crew can do is to hover around, pouncing on it at the least signs of weaknesss, striking here and there at a vulnerable spot, until it has been confined to a small area and can be 'ditched out'.

Many summer vacationists and canoeists pass through the Superior Forest each season. Every once in a while they come to a charred, barren, desolate area—a region visited by fire.

Perhaps they pause in their paddling and look in surprise, for they are several days in the wilderness.

'How do you suppose a fire got away out here in the woods?' asks one of them.

'The funny part of it is,' replies his companion, 'how it ever went out without burning up the whole country'.

If they knew, perhaps they would be more careful with their camp fire that evening.

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand divine, eternal drama.—Charlotte Cushman.

WHEN RECORDS FALL.

By W. H. Bertenshaw.

In all the Cushman track squad there could be found no more promising miler than Allen Sherman. Perhaps it wouldn't be exaggerating to say that the same squad carried no more lowly aspirant for mile honors than Harry Brown. Allen had entered Cushman with an enviable prep school reputation, while Harry was just learning the rudiments of the art of running. Both were running in the mile event and both were freshmen; here the comparison ended.

The yearling team was scheduled to close its season on the first of June with a triangular meet, and Coach Tom Bryant, late of the American Olympic coaching staff, was leaving no stone unturned in his efforts to win this meet. Receiving special attention was the mile run, the winner of which was to receive a fine silver cup. In years gone by the mile event had never been so honored; but this year all three colleges had exceptionally fast Freshman milers, and a prominent alumnus and friend of Coach Bryant had offered the trophy in an effort to spur on the runners to a new Freshman record for the course.

All too soon came the day of the race, and a half hour before the entrants for the first event were called, the coach had his squad in the locker-room listening to final instructions.

"I have told you all week how you must run in the other events, but in the mile I haven't even announced the runners. They will be Allen Sherman and Harry Brown; and I'm running you, Harry, because you can set a fast pace and keep it up three-quarters of the distance if necessary. The men from the other teams will probably ignore you for the first lap' thinking it is the old game and knowing Allen as our fast man; but if you can punish yourself for three-quarters of the distance, as you have been doing in time-trials, they'll get nervous after the first two or three laps and conclude that they'd better try and pass you. This will end in tiring out the opposition, and Allen, who will run his normal race, will be able to pass the other runners who have shot their bolts too soon. Let's go out and warm up," he finished curtly.

To many a fellow this being a sacrifice for some other runner, this forgetting of self for the ultimate good of the team, wouldn't have carried a very strong appeal; but Harry was a beginner, and, furthermore, Allen was his best friend as well as the man who had brought him out for the team.

The first events in the meet ran off smoothly. The teams were evenly matched and the mile event arrived with the score so close that that Cushman must take the mile or at least get a second place to win the meet.

The crowd stood tense with expectation as the runners lined up. A murmur of relief surged through the spectators as the bark of the gun released the six eager runners. They were off almost as one man, all six running abreast for the first few yards. Then, as per instructions,

Harry started out at a terrific pace. Long, of Wilson College, who was with Allen favored to win, ignored Harry. Two of the others, however, quickened their strides and tried to catch him. Allen and Long ran almost side by side, with the remaining runner electing a compromise measure and running midway between the two groups.

For a full lap Harry kept up the killing pace and still Long refused to give chase, but during the second lap he began to get anxious, and on the third lap, when Harry showed signs of being able to keep it up, perhaps, he pursued him in earnest.

"Everything is working as the coach planned it," smiled Allen to himself as he kept up his steady, distance-eating stride.

At the end of the three-quarter distance Harry had visibly weakened and was practically through as was Long, who realized too late that he had been outguessed. Allen, who had been over a half lap behind at the start of the third lap, rapidly cut down the distance until he was soon running just behind Jones, of Wilson, who had elected the compromise measure at the first of the race. With one lap to go, Allen came abreast of Harry, with Jones ten yards behind.

As he attempted to pass Harry, the latter, weakened to exhaustion, and running on sheer courage and will, caught his spikes in a too-long shoelace, tripped and fell in Allen's path, throwing them both and allowing Jones to take the lead. Game to the end, both runners picked themselves up, and Allen gave chase to the fleeting Jones, who had not only made up for the ten yards he had been behind, but was now twelve yards in the front. Stunned and shaken by the fall, Allen's all wasn't enough to overtake the speedy Jones, and he finished second, with Long a good fifteen yards behind and Harry too completely all in to get up and finish the race.

Harry's voice was choked with tears as he tried to explain to Allen how the accident had occurred, and although Allen laughed it off and even suggested that he himself might have been responsible for the trouble. Harry knew how keenly he had felt the disappointment of losing the big race and could hardly keep back the tears as he thought bitterly that he had robbed his chum of the cup.

"Beautiful running, Harry," said the coach, who was, above all, a game loser and a good sport. "You got a tough break, that's all."

Still Harry refused to be consoled.

During the sophomore year Harry was changed to a half-miler and made a very respectable showing indeed. Just before the last meet of his junior year the coach called him over one day before praactice.

"I'm going to enter you for the mile even in Saturday's meet with Duval. They have no half-milers that either Sanderson or Phillips cannot beat quite easily. In the mile they have Jackson and either you or Allen must beat him. That's a big assignment for any miler in college circles and I think a record will be broken by the man who beats him."

The day of the Duval meet dawned bright and clear. It was to be an important day in the annals of college

track. The meet promised to be an exceptionally hotly contested affair, with the mile event standing out boldly among the events in which lesser notables were entered. Beside the fact that both schools had exceedingly clever milers, there was the award of a silver loving cup to the winner—a custom continued since Harry's freshman year, and, what was of even more importance, the winner of the mile was almost sure to be elected captain of coach Bryant's runners for the following year.

The meet started with first and third places in the hundred-yard dash going to Cushman. From then on it was nip and tuck—first one team would gain the lead, then the other. When the time arrived to run off the last and most important event the score was tied.

"We've got to take a first to win," whispered the coach to Harry and Allen as the official called them to their marks. Harry thought the coach's voice carried a suggestion of worry.

The gun went off. Six lithe and sinewy bodies were off together as six pairs of legs moved rythmically down the straight-away. Side by side ran Allen, Harry and Jackson, with the other Duval runners and the third Cushman man grouped a yard or two in the rear. Half way round the eight-lap course Harry was lead-with Allen and Jackson directly behind and the other runners apparently out of the race. But the leading trio were running so close that either Jackson or Allen could have reached out and touched the man ahead.

Before the race Harry had said something to himself:

"This is Allen's big chance, and my big chance to repay him for the accident that caused him to lose the cup two years ago. I'll be the 'goat' today and run as fast as I can. Jackson will surely follow if I can keep it up, then Allen will breeze in ahead and I'll have the satisfaction of knowing that the old debt is paid—and it won't make any difference in the score whether I win or Allen wins."

So during the next two laps the spectators were surprised to see Harry speed up, instead of merely trying to hold the slight lead which he had. Perhaps they were also surprised to see Jacksn speed up so that he kept scarcely three yards behind the fleeing leader.

Old heads in the stand shook their heads and muttered to themseives: "The boy's a fool. He started his sprint too soon."

But Harry speeded on.

At the soud of the gun announcing the final lap all three runners speeded up. Harry glanced out of the corner of his eye and noted that Allen, who appeared fresh, was quickening his speed, while Jackson appeared to be winded. Harry, himself, felt surprisingly fresh. So he steeped out.

"Allen will catch me on this lap. Things are working as they used to in the frosh year. I can't last this lap out."

Half way around Harry heard the stps behind him quicken and thought to himself:

"Here's Allen. Everything's working fine."

Harry had been running at a man-killing pace and this speed began to tell on him more and more every min-

ute. He felt the tired muscles of his legs move painfully, and only because his will required it; he struggled for breath, and each inhalation sent pains shooting through his lungs. He found himself wishing that Allen would hurry and pass him so that he could consider himself through. But all this time he had pushed himself along as fast as he could go because this is the code of the track, the indefinable something within each good runner that makes him hang on and fight to the last ditch.

With only the last quarter of a lap before him and each step getting more painful, the thought occured to Harry—"Am I not being a quitter in not pushing myself to the limit. Would it be fair to the school and to Allen for me to slow down, so that he might win a cup to repay him for the one I made him lose?"

The insistent answer coming from down deep in his heart was. "No." To the surprise of the spectators Harry, who had looked to be on his last legs, started a sprint. His face was drawn up in pain, his lungs hurt and his feet felt almost leaden, but he resolved to live up to the code of the track; to give the best that was in him.

The coach was frantically waving him on to added efforts:

"Come on, Harry, come on. You're breaking a record.

With a last heart-breaking sprint he finished first, the second man so close that he heard the pounding of his tired feet distinctly.

Over the line he collapsed into the arms of the coach. His legs could stand no more and his knees gave way underneath him. Vaguely he heard the announcer say:

"Results of the mile run: Brown, of Cushman—First." Then a shiver went through him and his face paled as he heard the second announcement: "Second—Jackson, of Duval." Here the voice was drowned as he called the time and explained that this was a new track record.

A feeling of pride mingled with fright went over Harry's tired frame as he thought of the results had he not played the game for all he was worth. His mind went back to a quotation he had read the day before:

"This above all to thine own self be true—thou can'st not then be false to any man."

Later, he found that Allen had got a "stitch" in his side on the last lap, and had not Harry kept up his killing pace, the meet and the event would have been hopelessly lost.

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which he attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is the conscientious completeness which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.

—William Mathews.

LIBERIA–THE NEGRO REPUBLIC OF WEST AFRICA.

By Robert S. Demmler, in Dearborn Independent.

In the whole vast continent of Africa, containing 11,500,000 square miles, one-fourth larger than North America, there are only two sections that are independent and free from the domination of a foreign country. These are Abyssinia near the east coast and the little Negro republic of Liberia, with 40, 000 square miles, the size of Ohio, on the west coast.

Liberia, therefore, occupies in the international world of affairs an independent position, like the United States and the other powers. During the World War, Liberia declared war upon Germany and suffered thereby the bombardment of the French wireless station at Monrovia, the capital, and the sinking of a small government boat. Ninety-nine Germans were interned and later removed by a French cruiser and carried to French territory. All German property was taken over by the government, whereby some substantial brick buildings in Monrovia became government property and were put to government use.

Liberia is very jealous of her independence. Her officials are very wary of dealing with foreign governments and citizens lest Liberian rights be abridged and valuable concessions be granted with irreparable loss to the republic.

It is largely this extreme wariness on the part of the rulers of Liberia that is responsible for the almost totally primitive and undeveloped condition of the country. Early in the 19th Century an American colonization society sent over from America a shipload of freed slaves who settled on a bit of land now the site of Monrovia. Later more were sent and territory was acquired from the natives by barter. In 1847 the colony organized into a republic with a constitution modeled after that of the United States. England and other conutries soon recognized the new government, but the United States, on account of southern prejudice, did not do so until Lincoln's Administration during the Civil War.

The constitution permits only a colored person to become a citizen and to hold real estate; hence much of the difficulty in securing the needed capital abroad to help in the development of the country.

The government's coat of arms bears the motto,'The love of liberty brought us here.' The zeal of the early settlers resulted in building up at Monrovia a capital with a population of some 6,000. Broad streets were laid out and numerous large brick dwellings were erected, mostly of the style known in America as southern or colonial. Today, however, the streets of the capital are completely grown over with grass except where native rocks appear, and no vehicular traffic is visible. The arrival of ships at Monrovia is the main activity. The harbor, being obstructed with bad sand bars, is not a favored one and only a few lines touch at this port.

Strictly speaking, there is a very limited amount of vehicular traffic.

It consists of three or four automobiles. The writer, with his two sisters, who were traveling with him, and the business manager of the local Lutheran mission, enjoyed a motor ride to a 2,000-acre rubber plantation thirteen miles from Monrovia over the only vehicular thoroughfare that the entire republic possesses. This road was just being extended, but with a branch road the total Liberian automoble road mileage would hardly amount to thirty miles. Horses cannot live in this climate, so wagons are of no account. No railroads exist in Liberia, so the only mean of transport into the interior is the backs of the native carriers, except for several rivers navigable for a distance of about twenty miles from the coast.

The black native carriers do their work very well. They will carry a kinja, or load, up to sixty pounds, for days at a time, receiving in payment one to two shillings a day. Only English silver money is in circulation among the natives and no American money, contrary to the belief of many Americans. For the transport of persons, native carriers again do the work. The writer and party spent two weeks visiting the interior stations of the mission. A hammock slung on a pole carried by two natives was used to carry each traveler, ten carriers being assigned to each. They carried in pairs from fifteen minutes to one hour at a time. A mission station in the interior about 130 miles from the coast was reached in this way, the hammock carriers covering about twenty-five miles a day and receiving three to four shillings a day.

The paths on this trip were not roads nor even lanes, but for practically the whole interior trip were mere trails through the dense growth of trees, vines and bush that cover most of Liberia. These trails are not kept clear. In hundreds of places great fallen trees obstruct the way and dozens of streams must be crossed on loosely and badly built bridges of saplings, many of them weak and rotten. Or else the streams are crossed over trunks of trees thrown across them, so that one must often do a sort of tight-rope walking. One is constantly getting in and out of the hammock to get over a fallen tree on the path or to cross a stream.

Elephants and leopards abound in the interior. Frequently elephant trails were seen. A large elephant was killed near a village just before the arrival of the party and a leopard was killed the same day on the edge of the village. Monkeys are numerous and usually scamper to the tops of high trees at the approach of people. Snakes are scarce and none were seen, although pythons are known to be around.

The native tribes, of which there are seven or eight principal ones, have each their own language and form a population of about 1,500,000 who do not vote nor participate in the government, except that they are required to pay certain taxes. The rest of the Liberian population, numbering about 15,000 to 20,000, are Americo-Liberians who have come direct from the United States or are descended from the original settlers. This latter small group runs the government and is responsible for the condition of Liberia today. English is the official language.

The people of Monrovia and other coast towns dress like Europeans,

but the native element generally wears little beside a loin cloth, which seems quite sufficient for the torrid, tropical climate of this land, lying in latitude only five to eight degrees north of the equator. Out of this large native population, who are a likeable people, plenty of labor is available for supplying plantations of rubber, coffee, pineaples, and other products.

COINING NAMES.

(The Pathfinder.)

When a new and startling thing is discovered or developed it devolves on somebody to name it. That is always promptly done—so promptly we rarely know who did it or when—and we, the general public take it for granted that it is all right.

But occasionally someone speaks up and protests that a blunder has been made, and then we the public begin to wonder if we had not better give a little more attention to such things. For, of course, it is for us, for our use, that these new names are jumped up, and if we are not careful we may be referring to something by an unsuitable name from now henceforth.

For example: A classic scholar writes to his newspaper that this new thing called "television," by which persons telephoning may see the images of each other at the same time, should be called "teloptiky." He explained that "television" is half Latin and half Greek, and that names from foreign languages should be all of one language and not a mixture of two or several. He admits that this sort of misdemeanor is no new thing, and he proves his consistency by maintaining that automobile should have been "suimoble."

Just as we were about persuaded that we had been set right by this scholar and rescued from an egregious blunder another scholar writes to take issue. "Teloptiky," he asserted, is not a happy term. The proper word, he explained is "telopsis," and to make that clear he said that it was a question of "teloptics," and that the proper name for an apparatus that enables one to see far is "teloption." He, too, seemed to know.

Remembering that telescope means "viewing from afar," and that it is no hybrid word either, we are more at sea than ever. And then there's "vitaphone," that other new thing. It seems to have been treated as bad as "television," for it is half Latin and half Greek. We have begun to fear that the man who named the prehistoric animals — megatherium, dinosaur, ichthyornis, etc.—may possibly have made a mistake.

After all, why go to Latin and Greek always for the new names? Didn't we coin the word radio?

Knaves and nettles are akin; stroke them kindly yet they'll sting.

THE BLUE FLAG–FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

By Alvin M. Peterson.

The blue flag is appropriately named. As much cannot be said of many other of nature's children. This pretty wild flower is a marsh or swamp flower. Its stem is long and the blossom waves at the top of this as if a brightly-colored flag at the top of a long staff. Sometimes this plant grows with its stem and roots in the water as if wading for pleasure. But it does not always stand with its stems or roots, or should I say feet, in the water. Sometimes it stands near the water's edge, beside a stream or pond. Sometimes, though rarely, I find blue flags growing farther from the water, on points or divides between streams, ponds and sloughs. There I find some near thickets or among saplings and bushes. But you may be sure that there is a good suppy of water in the ground, which the roots are able to reach and use.

The blue flag looks like a lily. One might think it related to our wild lilies, the day lily, the adder's tongues and the lily of the valley. But it is not. It belongs to a small family of wild flowers, the iris family. The name iris refers to rainbow, and this name is also a good one for these pretty flowers. The large blue flag or blue iris is blue in color. Its three main flower divisions have a white ground color, but are veined with violet and shade to yellow near the base.

The blue flag or blue iris is the flower of chivalry. It is also known as the fleur-de-lis, contracted from fleur-de-Louis, after Louis the VII, who adopted it as the emblem of his house. But there is no reason why this pretty flower may not be adopted by many of the rest of us as an emblem, for it is very common, to be found throughout practically all of the eastern part of our country. It blooms during the months of May, June and July.

The blue flag springs from a fleshy rootstock, which has many fiberous roots running from it. The leaves are long, narrow and pointed. In other words, they are sword-shaped, resembling the leaves of the cat-tails. Ruskin said of this plant that it "has a sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart."

The blossoms of the blue flag bloom one at a time. So it is no uncommon thing to find a plant with buds, a blossom and one or more withered and dried-up flowers.

Most plants produce seeds from which new plants eventually develop. But some plants cannot produce seeds unless they receive pollen from some other plant of the same species. The wind often carries pollen from one plant to another. But insects also are of great help to plants in this way. Bees secure nectar from blue flags, but while securing this they become coated with pollen which they carry to other plants. In other words, blue flags have nectar for the bees, but if the bees want the nectar they must earn

it by carrying loads of pollen from plant to plant.

Some plants we speak of as annuals because they live but one year. Others live two years and are known as biennials. Still others we call perennials since they live on from year to year. Blue flags are perennial plants, living for many years. Such plants are always in less danger of being exterminated than annuals. Still, the blue flag should be picked sparingly. Pick these lovely flowers only in regions where there are many of them, one blossom from each plant, and gather but a small bouquet.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Miss Vernie Goodman, who has been at her home in Mooresville on account of sickness, has returned to the institution.

Some of the boys have been setting out potato plants recently. Others have been working on the flower beds and mowing the grass.

Last Saturday afternoon all the boys watched a ball game from the grandstand. China Grove and the School teams both did some fine playing. China Groove won, 12 and nothing.

We have some "fine" spellers here. The other day a boy sent a pair of shoes to the shoe shop. On the tag he wrote, "Half soles and heals." Evidently he does not know much about spelling. On account of embarrassment, we refrain from mentioning his name.

Last Monday afternoon, some members of the Second Presbyterian Church at Charlotte, made a visit to the School. Guy Tucker and Everett Carter sang a couple of pieces and Manning Spell recited. After we had rendered our our "program," a couple of their "bunch" showed us how the Boy Scouts signaled, using the Morse Code. The program was short, and enjoyed by everyone.

The dairy boys, or "milk boys," have not been mentioned lately. There are about 15 boys in all. They wash the bottles, deliver milk, milk about 40 cows twice a day, and other things that are to be done around an ordinary dairy. They are getting plenty of milk now. They get about 20 crates, three gallons each, in the morning, and 18 in the afternoon, so that we are pretty well supplied.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church in Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon in the auditorium. He read a part of the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew. His text was, "The Tradegy of To-morrow." You ask someone to do something, and they reply, "Wait until to-morrow." But to-morrow something may happen. "To-morrow I will start practicing for the race." Don't wait until to-morrow, because you will be

less anxious to begin. The next day a little anxious, and so on. "Don't put off until to-morrow that which can be done to-day." The sermon was enjoyed by all.

"Peter at Pentecost" was the sub- of last Sunday's lesson. Peter, with the other apostles, was preaching in Jerusalem. Some ask, "What meaneth this?" Others said, "They are full of new wine." Peter went on with his sermon. When he finished he asked them to believe and be baptized. And when they heard his sermon, they were converted, and three thousand were baptized. The golden text for this lesson was, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." —Acts 2:38.

"The Standard Question Book and Home Study Outlines" and "The Standard Dictionary of facts" are the latest addition to our library. These books were donated by Mrs. B. E. Weaver, of Charlotte, and we wish to thank her for this gift.

A MARKED-DOWN BOY.

You have heard of a marked-down coat
and hat, you have heard of a marked-down
toy;
Did you ever hear, among other things, of a
real, live, marked-down boy?
He's the fellow who never gets things quite
done; it would take but a minute more
Ofttimes to finish the task complete on the
farm, in the school or store.
He's the one who forgets, is this mark-
down boy, too often a thing he's told,
And he often puts off till some other time—
forgetting time lost is gold.
He's not quite prompt when duty calls—you'd
count it a failing trait—
Thinking it couldn't make any great odds,
should he be a minute late,
Now let people refer to a marked-down coat,
to a marked-down hat or toy;
But don't let anyone speak of you—be sure
—as a marked-down boy.

—Harold Farrington, in the Morning Star.

VACATION TIME

TRY THE COOL PLACES

IN THE

Southern Appalachian Mountains

OF

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

EASTERN TENNESSEE

AND

NORTH GEORGIA

"The Land of the Sky"

OR

THE POPULAR BEACHES

ON THE

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

REDUCED FARES

TO

SUMMER TOURIST RESORTS

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY, BEGINNING MAY 15th
GOOD UNTIL OCTOBER 31st

Write for
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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XV CONCORD, N. C., MAY 28, 1927. No. 19

"WHITE COLLAR" JOBS.

We need to get away from the notion that "white collar" jobs are more worth wrile than positions which require the worker to wear a soft shirt.

Suppose we all should want to be structural engineers. Who would carry the hod?

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

Next to parenthood comes teaching, for the teacher stands in place of the parent. Teaching is also a form of immortality. It is the teacher's privilege so to guide the growth of children that they come into possession of all that the race has found best through the long centuries of experience and study. It is a wonderful organization that unites these two forces into all-inclusive movement for the service of childhood.—National Ed. Association.

"WELL, HERE WE ARE."

The above simple greeting was the outpouring of Charles A. Lindbergh to his immense audience on French soil when he completed his New York-Paris flying trip. General Pershing is accused of having said something somewhat similar when he approached LaFayette's grave when the distinguished American had arrived to aid in removing the German heel from the necks of the irritable French.

This was a courageouus undertaking of the air man—so hazardous that he was spoken of as the "fool flyer." And his fellows in the flying business are alleged to have said that "it couldn't be done." It was done—done in 33½ hours, when the schedule called for a full thirty-six hours.

Of course, in a few hours Lindbergh has written himself down in the world's history as a hero. All through history men have accomplished what the world thought was impossible—Columbus, Fulton, and scores of others have contributed to the world deeds that were "impossible."

In a lesser degree and less conspicuous way men and women are every day achieving things that the neighborhood thought impossible. In a way

they are heroes—less unsung. We have seen orphans left with a problem of debt and encumbrances that looked deadening; and yet the orphans have worked out success. They are heroes in their class. Then the widows, with a household of children and encumbrances, have taken the wheel of control and reared and educated large families and kept untarnished a good and pleasing name. They are heroines.

After all it is courage, pluck, wisdom, determination. Lindbergh, though just beyond the age of youth, seemed not to have had the necessity of battling with a serious enemy in life—fear. The only fear he entertained was a proper calculation of the probable or possible interference of the Sand Man.

The Sand Man, besides the influence of Old Lazy Man—one who would rather nurse a fuss than prosperity—causes more kinks in human lives than any other force. This going-to-sleep on the job records the greatest number of failures.

But Charles A. Lindbergh is a hero—the Sand Man got after him, but Lindbergh won out.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"MURDER NEWS."

The Uplift is partial to the writings of James Hay, Jr., a frequent contributor to the editorial page of the Asheville Citizen. He is always unique and engaging.

You do not have to agree with him always, as you probably will not in his views expressed in "Murder News" which we reproduce in this number. But he gives you something to think about.

Some saucy newspaper, taking note of the number of violent deaths and murders occuring recently in Mr Hay's beloved adopted town, speaks of Asheville as the "Chicago of the South." It may be that Mr. Hay in writing his article on murder was moved to do so to lodge with the public mind a defense of the city of his adoption.

A few murders in Asheville may have a salutary effect on the cosmopolitan aggregation of a growing city, in keeping down the murderous spirit, but it cannot be denied that the advertisement given this proud city in a manner like this does not contribute towards her glory.

But, whatever may be the correct theory about all this murder business, more people eagerly read in the Asheville Citizen the accounts of these murders and each tries his own ability in solving the mystery, than read

and appreciate the account of one of her distinguished citizen preacher having been elected president of a great body of church folks. That's not the fault of the Citizen or its reporters—its just what the people want and crave.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

VIEWING RESULTS.

From time to time school authorities are adding subjects and features to the school course. The leaders are determined to give the child of today more than they enjoyed when in school. Years ago, one feature that was emphasized was domestic science. Then the teaching of the subject fell by the way side. It is today revived and the authorities seem pleased with the results.

A few years ago public school music was authorized by School authorities, the state even making adoption of texts on the subject. A few schools were slow in introducing music into their curricula. With fear and trembling it has been adopted in certain schools but the first year under a capable teacher—one who could sing himself and delighted in it, having no time for things that a teacher should not encourage or entertain, the public at once became appeased and saw the wisdom of music introduction.

But should the music leadership fail to produce results, to inspire a love for music and the attempt to make music, either vocal or instrumental, then the public patron, the tax-payer and the well-wisher of the child begins to ask: "How come?"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

CAN'T LOSE THE STATE.

While Lindbergh is a native of Missouri and a citizen of another state, North Carolina takes a peculiar interest in him. Had he not been given his primary lessons in Flying by a Wake county man, in all probability his flying machine might now be floating about in old ocean and the pilot in the bottom of the deep.

Have you noticed that every time a really marvelous deed is recorded, somehow or other the grand old state bobs up as an immediate or remote contributor.

Says Stopford Brooke: "Our times of greatest pleasure are when we have won some higher peak of difficulty, trodden underfoot some evil, and

felt day by day so sure a growth of moral strength within us that we can not conceive of an end of growth.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

RIDING FAST.

There is one force that stops for nothing. It pays no attention to conveniences, times or conditions—Death.

It may be just a notion or the influences of a ripening age that produce a notice of the many who go away; but it seems certain that during the past twelve months the number of deaths of prominent folk in the state has been unusally large.

Here and there they are dropping out, having run their course.

On Monday at Laurinburg, ex-Judge Walter H. Neal, for a long time an influential factor in the state, was called hence. Judge Neal, very active for 30 years in the service of the state and at the bar, was not yet classed among our older people. He had just reached the age of 68.

And Charlotte mourns the loss of several prominent and conspicuous citizens in the latter few days; among them Capt. R. A. Torrence, and ex-Mayor John W. Wilson.

"WANTED: WOMEN TO WORK AT HOME."

"I really must do something," mused Janet. "Since crops have failed for two years, I can't ask father for money to buy the pretty things that any girl wants; but mother depends on me so it's no use to think of leaving home and working in the city. Yet I have three or four hours a day when I'm not busy. Oh, if I could find some way to make money at home!"

Hundreds of girls have a problem similar to Janet's, says Mary Pressly. Are you one of them? Probably you have done what she did—searched the newspapers for promising advertisements.

Janet found a firm which wanted girls to do embroidery for them. She made inquiry, and they wrote that the work must be done with a special needle, on a special frame, both of which they would sell her, for cash only. She investigated other schemes—knitting, tinting pictures, flower-making, addressing envelopes, etc.—and found that in every case she had to buy some equipment before she could do the work. Also they promise to buy her produce "If it meets our requirements," and she realized how easy it would be for dishonest people to reject her work on some trifling excuse. It was plain that a majority of these firms wanted only to sell her something.

Always beware of the company which offers you work at home, if you have to buy something from them in advance. Each girl must work out her own solution of the problem of "how to earn money at home"; but she is much more likely to find her solution through use of the resources at hand than through answering some advertisement which may conceal a trick.—Onward.

The superintendent of a certain railway is very officious in insisting that station masters send word immediately, no delays tolerated, of all accidents in their neighborhood.

Recently he recieved the following wire:

"Man fell from platform in front of moving train. Will wire details later."

Five minutes ticked by, there came another telegram:

"Everythink O. K. Nobody hurt. Engine was running backwards."

—Tit-Bits.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The relative value of criticism is here very aptly illustrated. Henry Drummond was asked how men get to know God. He replied: "Men get to know God by doing His will and there is no other way." That being true, it is unnecessary to pay much attention to that class of "experts" on theology who limit their spiritual activities to the right of adverse criticism.

We live in the beginning years of the "Age of Power." Power has lifted man in less than 150 years farther along the great highway of civilization than he had gone in all the preceding 2,000 years. Consider this astonishing change. Where people, years ago, used steers or horses for transportation, just as their forebears had done for thousands of years, we use high powered automobiles. Hand power is replaced by power machinery. Power takes the burden off our shoulders. We supervise—and power does the work the human race has had to do with its own hands since time immemorial. Power! We culitvate, harvest and manufacture our food with power. We transport with power. Power machines make our clothes, supplies our heat, our houses, creates our jobs, and makes it possible for us to live as we do. Power means prosperity. The United States is the most prosperous country on earth. The United States also is the greatest power country in the world—the productivity of each workman multiplied 30 and a fraction times by power machinery, if my memory serves aright. The two are inseparable. Oil and gas are taking their places along with electricity, in producing power. So, on we go.

The silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

The symptoms of love is when a boy begins to pull at a little fuzz on his upper lip, and tie his necktie over a second time.

It was Herbert Spencer who said: "The man who, expending his energies wholly on private matters, refuses to take part in public affairs, pluming himself on his wisdom in minding his own business, is blind to the fact that his own business is made possible only by the prosperity of all." The most potent constructive influence in any community is its citizens banded together, working in harmony for the good of the entire community.

They boast a good deal these days about feminine independence, and that women are coming into their own. But I notice that a great many wives still have a very little control of the family pocket-book. She may have a meager allowance doled out to her by her husband for whatever may be needed for the home and children and there's little left for her own pleasures. It is also noted that some men are great sticklers for the latest

labor-saving machines and devices for their offices, but are mighty slow in becoming enthused over labor-saving devices for the use of their wives in the home. That is because that is the way some men are built.

Of all the natural forces that influence people's minds, and consequently their feelings and actions, none is so potent, none so unconsciously appreciated, as is the beautiful. The beautiful appeals to the emotions. It makes a lasting impression. It is more powerful than an appeal to reason. It requires no reciprocal efforts on the part of an observer. It is irresistible, regardless of the station in life or the education of the one looking upon it. It stirs the deepest feeling of humankind. It is the common language of thought. It is well so. Contemplation of the beautiful causes thoughts and emotions that lead to the good and the true. A woman in a lonely cabin places a mountain flower in the window, continually rearranges such furniture as she possesses, wearing a bright colored ribbon—all in a quest for the beautiful. The mistress of a comfortable home or mansion does the same things, perhaps in higher degree, but for the same purpose. The beauty in everything lifts the soul heavenward.

The members of a certain church circle in this city were some time ago given fifty cents each as talent money. They are to see how much they can make this money earn. One member bought a setting of eggs from her husband, and paid him for them more than the regular market price. Then she borrowed a hen from her hubby to do the mothering for the chicks. It was her intention to have a brood of chickens to sell and thus increase her fifty cents. But the hen, like a whole lot of folks will do, sometimes, got contrary, and would not set out the contract she was set to do. "Flew the coop," to use a slang expression, after she had set long enough to spoil the eggs, and the circle member's prospects. But the circle member has secured another setting of eggs, and another hen that has more ambition, and a higher regard for her duties, and now hopes to make a handsome return from her summer chicks, to make her talent count big. Hope she will.

What is socialism? Many citizens who believe absolutely in the individual right to private property when their own stores or their own farm is in question, will favor public ownership of the other fellow's property or industry. If you would call these citizens socialists they would be highly insulted. But that is what they are. All of us have witnessed the socialistic experiment "with the other fellow's property" in the case of banks, insurance, railroads, ships, electric light, and power companies, street railways and other lines of private business. The owner of a peanut wagon, or a shoe store, who voted for public ownership of some other business would object most strenuously if a proposal were made for the state to own and operate all the peanut wagons and shoe stores. That would be invading the private rights of the individual! But where is the difference in prin-

ciple? There is none. There is constant pressure in politics to drive the socialistic wedge into some private industry. There are people who would divide up another man's property. They would be indignant if they were referred to as socialists; and yet that is what they are. Once the constitutional log which protects private rights and liberty is cracked with the wedge of socialism in one business it will be hard to prevent it from being split wide open as the socialistic principle is applied to other lines of activity.

I don't care what others may say, but I maintain that the American homes are the standard of comfort. It has been said that the United States has no distinctive type of art, literature, architecture and other things which the old world claims as its own. I will not argue this question, but I would like to point out a step in progress toward human comfort which is distinctively American, namely, the age of electrical conveniences. What American would want to live in the average European dwelling or farm house? Even the hotels, except the more expensive ones, have few or none of the conveniences or luxuries which in this country are considered necessities in the smallest homes. While we may not have developed a distinctive national type of architecture in the United States we have developed a standard of house comfort which will be referred to in history as the "electrical home" period.

Some readers have heard of Tristan Barnard, the novelist and playwright. Perhaps some of them have read his stories and enjoyed his writ. However this may be, a good story regarding him is now going the rounds. It seems that he went into a swell restaurant to dine. He ordered liberally and in due season was presented his bill, which was a "stunner." He sent for the manager who wanted to know what he could do for him. Bernard replied, "I must embrace you." "Embrace me!" asked the astonished manager. "Yes, sir," was Bernard's reply, "for we shall never meet again." The story has its application.

Another dream of science has come true. Recently a man in New York City picked up a telephone instrument and not only talked with, but actually saw Secreatry Herbert Hoover sitting in his office at Washington, 200 miles away. It seems the television is at last a success. It remains to be seen if it will bring joy to everybody. There will be some who would rather not be seen over the telephone, and some I would not like to see. No doubt others will enjoy it and use the 'phone more freely. While this invention marks another tremendous stride in the progress of science, especially in telephony, it has not been adapted to home uses. One satisfaction it will afford is that it will reveal "Who's this?" at the other end of the line, and the question will not have to be asked by the person making the inquiry. Paraphrasing Old John Jasper, "De world do move."

IS THE WAY TO THE STARS THROUGH THE SCHOOLHOUSE?

(Monroe Journal.)

Would the children of the country be benefitted by eight months schools everywhere? The movement to amend the State constitution by requiring an eight months school in all districts is gaining momentum in the State. There is one man at least who enters a protest and puts his protest on educational grounds. He is an old teacher, and now edits the Chatham Record.

Mr. Peterson takes for his text the Latin motto of Buie's Creek Academy, now Campbell College, "Ad Astra per Aspera," which he translates as, "To the stars through difficulties, or the rough." A part of Mr. Peterson's argument is given below, without question marks:

The writer was a teacher for a score of years, but has never yet lost his perspective and become a plumb fool over education as a mere product of schools. More than once has he advised boys to quit school, the kind they had the benefit of attending, and pick up chips for their mother's kitchen fires if they could not find nothing more profitable to do. They had no taste, no desire, no capacity, for abstract thinking, or for the beauties and excellencies of literature; yet, thing-minded as they were, the school did not acord them the means for development of the very real, if homely, talents whch they did possess; while the everyday duties about the home, on the farm, in the store, or shop, or driving a dray, did actually give them an education which they could not acquire in the ordinary school, an education in as true a sense as any in which education has ever been defined, "the fitting of one for living in his environment." Moreover, to whatever attainments of culture and power of abstract thought such one may ultimately reach, he will reach it through participation in affairs and through the solution of problems arising in immediate relation to his trade or tasks. That is the way he is built—just as a bird dog must be trained in conjunction with field and covey.

On the other hand, the lover of learning for itself, the youth capable of abstract thinking, who delights in literature and finds his joy in attainment of knowledge, if deprived of his proper share of the "rough"(aspera), will lack the opportunity of really "fitting himself to his environment," and will, also inevitably, be passed in the race over the rough courses of real life, and will be adjusted as lacking that most essential of all things, common sense, also the ability to adapt himself and his resources to the requirement of the occasion.

Time and again, this writer has declared that he should prefer a boy of his to attend a good school only six months a year and give the other six months to farm work, with a proper quota of half-holidays for fishing and swimming, hunting, and feasting upon the wild grapes and berries and nuts of the forests, and a perpetual oppor-

tunity to meet the problems of every-day life and the necessity of attention to hour and detail of his varied tasks, than to have him attend the best eight, nine, or ten-months school and loaf the other two months. But this is in direct antagonism to the insistent plea of the theorist and self-interested school man, that "the country child must be given the same opportunity as the town child." But this writer appeals to facts and not to fancy. It is the age of proof by induction. And the data are on the side of our contention, save that instead of "six months of good school, stated as a condition of our contention, the men who have come up through the "rough" have as a rule had shorter terms of what certainly our modern school men would not designate as "good schools."

Goldsboro, for instance, has had a public graded and high school for close on to a half century. It had Moses, Alderman, Joyner, and other notables as its superintendent. Every native of the city under the age of sixty has had an opportunity to attend that school without money and without price. There for a half-century has prevailed the condition that our theorists are seeking to make universal in the state as the panacea for all the ills from which it suffers and as a lever to formerly undermind of achievement. But we shall make the following startling statement and defy theorists, even the whole school oligarchy of the state, to disprove it, and here it is: An area of sandhills within a radius of three miles of the junction of the Coharies in Sampson has furnished more men of distinction and achievement in business, in medicine and surgery, and in school than has the whole city of Goldsboro within the stated period—and we will name ours.

* * *

In brief, if the "education" of all the people is a pancea for all evils and an assurance of a new prosperity, Goldsboro should be the very centre of culture and achievement in North Carolina. Is it?

But they may say that the education given in the last quarter of a century in the schools of Goldsboro is not the kind of education they are now demanding; but assuredly, it was the kind fostered by the much heralded apostles of education in this state. Moreover, Goldsboro is not the only criterion. Nine and ten-months schools are no new things in North Carolina. Clinton had a ten-months school almost from time immemorial. The writer at fifteen entered it the first of November, when the session had been in progress nearly three months, quit the first of March to go back to the "rough," cleaning off ditchbanks, cleaning out the ditches themselves, persimmon shrub, planting and thinning corn, chopping cotton, milking the cows, et cetera, and returning to the town school the next November to catch on the best he could, and thus in all he got 15 months at the Clinton schools, riding from home six miles and paying a dollar a week tution. Out in the same section from which we came scores of other boys failed to get even the few months at the town school. But when one goes to day and asks who has achieved anything for the town of Clinton and the town of Sampson, he will find that all those who had the

ten-months school had failed to get the experience of the "rough" the "aspera," scarcely half-dozen of real achievement or of more than a smattering of culture, can be named, while he will find the town in the hands of the country fellows who attended the country term of three and four months, if they were lucky, and moored to the ditch, the fences, the plough and even the turpentine tools.

Of course, we know that under the old regime hundreds of youths were smothered and have remained underlings, with little outlook on life and with little or no capacity to enjoy the higher things. Mostly, however, those who have not arisen to the enjoyment of the intellectual owe the fact more to lack of capacity or disposition and to lack of stamina due to hook-worm, to adenoids, or physical handicaps than to lack of opportunity. The world itself today is a university where a bright and open mind cannot help gleaning facts and principles, and even the elements of a culture. But our contention does not contemplate a return of the faulty school condition of forty years ago, but it looks to the salvaging of the favorable elements of the old environment and their union with the opportunities of a well equipped and well manned school for a period which will not serve to monopolize the whole period of youth. The modern treatment for hookworm is assuredly better than the copperas pills given the "puny" lad forty or fifty years ago, but that fact is no reason why you should give him an overdose of the modern concoction and thus as thoroughly unfit him for life as the continuance of the hookworm plague would have unfitted him. It is the golden means for which we contend.

Again we shall say what we have said before, that the long school term is best for the average town child. As the longer he is in school the less he loafs. A long term in the towns is defensive and the best that can be secured for the average town child. But a term in the country so long as to deprive a youth of the essentials of the real education denied the average town child, is destructive rather than consturctive. Moreover, it is a false alarm when the cry is made that the country child with a six-months term has not an "equal opportunity" with the town child and his eight-months term. The contrary is the truth. The country child, with a good school for six months and a normal farm life for the other six months, is he who has the superior opportunity. Facts prove it, and even the oratorical blowhards who deplore the discrimination against the "poor country child" give themselves away as fast as they talk. Only the other day one who commended the effort of the school clique in this country to have an eight-months term all over the country, gave his case away by saying that it is from the country that the men and women who are achieving things come and will come. Yet the country has not had the eight-months term, while every old town in North Carolina has had from time almost running beyond the memory of man a ten months (ten-months, mind you) school, till it was shortened thirty of forty years ago to a nine or eight months term.

"Ad astra per aspera," but the

modern school regime is not only attempting to deprive the child of his God-given rights to pass through the preliminary "roughs" of actual life, but in the very school is allowing him to choose the soft and easy tasks. The roughest and hardest possible are cherished by teacher and pupil alike as good for the physical youth, but so soon as they return to the school room then mental exercise that would compare with the physical game of croquet or marbles is the popular thing, and necessarily, forsooth since the mental physique of the average pupil is no more fit for the rough and tumble of Latin and geometry than the hook-worm sucked youth of forty years ago was fitted for the hazzards of the football field. But while that is true, it is suicidal for the brawny-minded to confine himself to the croquet games of the mental weaklings.

Passenger (formerly telephone girl)—"Porter, why didn't you call me as I told you?"

Sleeping Car Porter—"Ah did, lady. Ah said 7:30, an' you said 'lines busy."—Dough Balls.

BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN HIS MOUTH.

He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. You have heard that sentence many times, and you knew that it meant the one so born was fortunate in his birth as far as the things of this material world is concerned. But did you ever stop to wonder how this exprssion originated?

The custom of giving gifts is very old, and especially old is the custom of presenting the small child gifts at birth. The children of the middle ages were the receivers of very attractive sets of spoons, it being the custom for the godparents to give to them the Apostle Spoons, which were then in vogue. These spoons were of silver gilt, the handles terminating in figures of the apostles, each with his distinctive emblem.

Although single spoons with the figure of the patron or name saint of the child were sometimes given, it was more common for the entire set of twelve to be given. The very wealthy, however, included a thirteenth spoon which was larger than the rest, with a figure of Christ upon it.

This custom has passed; in fact, it began to lose in popularity long ago, but the phrase born with a silver spoon in his mouth has lived on as an applicable allusion to a child born to wealthy parents.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY.

Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe, in Quarterly Review.

If man's belief in immortality is not founded upon fact, then folly instead of wisdom reigns, and the whole course of events is purposeless. Creation culminates in man, and so far as this world is concerned, man culminates in death. The process starts with dust and ends in dust. Would God strive for millions of years in order to make nothing? Does the end justify the means and energy expended? Would God bring creation up to the point where something really worthy is produced and then annihilate the product of his hands in a moment? Some may be able to think that God is so much more foolish than themselves, but reason cannot think so.

If man is not immortal, the universe is worse than foolish; it is wicked and fraudulent. What could be more cruel than to create a being, whose whole soul longed for immortality and whose whole life gets its significance from its hope of immortality, and then dash those hopes to the ground in the endless night of death? It would be wickedness on the part of the universe to command men through law and conscience to live as if they were immortal, if they were not really so. Without immortality, man would be a mere phenomenon, and for him there would be no such thing as duty. He would owe nothing except to himself to save his skin. His law would be to eat and drink, and then die. All wise men would be fools, and all martyrs madmen.

Men have tried in vain to find a basis for ethics aside from immortality. It is true that many agnostics and materialists have been men of excellent character. These men, however, have been heirs of a system of morals which they obeyed and believed instinctively. They have also been eminently respectable and had to obey the laws of respectability in order to maintain their positions. When someone remarked to Huxley upon the purity of his conduct, he replied that he was obliged to live right because he was proving that men could be good aside from religion. Truth, justice, duty and moral obligation are ideas that belong only to the realm of the eternal. Mere phenomena or things act of necessity, and only beings essentially eternal act from choice or purpose. One ought to do right, because the dignity of his person is such that it ought not to be offended by his doing wrong. In the realm of phenomena there can be no such thing as sin. Things can "err" or "miss the mark", but they cannot do things worthy of condemnation. Sin is a disturbance of the relation existing between beings of eternity above time and phenomena. Animals are not punished because they have done things morally wrong, but only in order that they may be taught to do what we would have them do to win favor or avoid pain.

Nothing is really good except what lasts, and nothing perishable has intrinsic value. The material universe is destined to wear out and be resol-

ved into fire mist again. Whether this earth shall freeze out and, according to Spencer's theory, by a gradual resistance of the ether, finally clash with the sun, or whether it shall come to its end in some other way, we do not know; but all agreed that it will some time run its course. Since this world has in it nothing but perishable forms, it has a value only in so far as it can serve something imperishable. If anything in the world survives, it is man's immortal part, and if there is anything of lasting value, it is the human consciousness. Take that away, and nothing remains but meaningless confusion. The earth is a great place for beginnings and promises much. The realm of knowledge invites, fields for the satisfaction of ambition fascinate, and it seems at first as if there were many lines of employment worthy of the attention and activity of man. Through one grand stage after another, creation moves upward till it produces man. Here at last is an explanation of the process. The child grows and learns; he sees, knows, and enjoys; his faculties are developed, and he becomes a character. But just as soon as the child has grown into a man, tested worthy, and experienced, pain strikes him, and men say, "He is dead." Even before man comes to his full stature, he passes away. About the time he has learned how to live and is really prepared to be a citizen of the earth, he is removed from it to give place to others, who are as inexperienced as he himself once was. No sooner does one arrive at the stage where it may be said that he really has a character than he dies. There is a suggestion of profound wisdom in the lines written by a passing wag upon the pine board at the head of a little negro's grave:

"If I was to be so soon done for,
What in the world was I begun for?"

Some have tried to find motive and reward enough for faithful work in the conviction that men are evolving toward a racial perfection, so that the individual in the present imperfect state of the world has the privilege of contributing toward the production of that welfare of unborn creatures with whom I can never have anything to do. In the second place, the very perfection to which the race is supposed to be coming is all the sadder because of that perfection. For without immortality the race must perish with the earth, and it is sadder to see a perfect thing become extinct than to see an imperfect race perish.

Other parts of creation come to perfection before they pass away. The perfect elephant and the perfect lion have appeared in countless numbers. But where is the perfect man? What man is laid in the grave after having attained to his ideal? There are resources in the depths of every soul that have not been touched, possibilities that have not been dreamed of, faculties that require unlimited time for complete expression. When are the ideals of men to be realized? They have a sense of justice, a conviction that the universe is straight. But eternal justice does not appear to the individual upon the earth. There is a tendency toward righteousness, but there is no perfect righteouness. The inequalities are so glaring that they have tried the faith of many a

saint. Fathers bring misery upon children, who never have a fair chance in this life, and the innocent mothers suffer more than the sinning son does. The seed of sorrow is in the sin, and the seed of joy is in the act of goodness, but often both saint and sinner die before the time of harvest. Without reference to eternity, justice is a mockery.

If men were made for the earth, they would be contented with it. The horse eats his food with satisfaction, never looking up at the stars or wondering who made the grass that he eats. He is fitted for the earth, and the earth is fitted for him. But man is a terrible misfit, if he was made solely for this world. His body is held down by gravity, but his mind refuses to be confined. He watches the course of the comet in the heavens; he studies the spots of Mars. He acts as if he were a citizen of a larger country than this world. He realizes that he is on a journey, nightly pitching his pilgrim tent a day's march nearer home. If we should grant the materialistic theory of evolution, we should find here a tremendous mistake, an inexplicable anomaly. According to that theory, the organism is fitted to the environment and the environment to the organism. But here we find a form that is satisfied only in so far as it rises above its material environment, a form that never at any other time feels so wretched and degraded as when it acquiesces in the limitations which its environment would place upon it. Nature would also convict herself of a meaningless and cruel blunder, if it should be found that she had developed within man a belief and longing that it would be impossible for her to satisfy or to substitute. If man is not immortal, nature is what Schopenhauer supposed it to be—a blundering idiot, producing a colossal mistake.—

FLAPPERISH.

Here is something good from The Outlook, and may fit the lives of some Monroe people:

"Newly-wed to the real estate salesman who is trying to sell her a home: 'Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital ward, reared in a boarding-school, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church; get my meals at a cafeteria, live in an apartment, spend my mornings playing golf, my afternoons playing bridge; in the evening we dance or go to the movies; when I'm sick I go to the hospital, and when I die I shall be buried from an undertaker's. Why should we buy a house, I ask you? All we need is a garage with bedroom'."

slowly drove old Molly home through the night storm. She upbraided herself for being so rebellious over having to help out with this work that she so cordially disliked.

When she had finished school in February she had hoped to secure a position as a domestic science teacher in some rural school, but at the time there had seemed to be no opening for her, and her grandfather's failing health had made it seem necessary for her to stay home with him. They were the only two left of a famthat had never been very large, and gradually the old man, who had never been very strong leaned more and more on his young and capable granddaughter. Though Anita hated the monotony of the work, she tried to bear her burden bravely, for it seemed foolish to her to give up a business so well established when she had nothing else in prospect. For a number of years he had been agent for a rug-making company, taking orders for rugs of special sizes and colors, and buying up old woolen clothes from which rugs were made that he could sell at a fair profit. It was for that purpose that Anita had bought the old clothes from Julie on that cold winter night.

As she drove old Molly through the alley and into the stall back of the little shop, she noticed that there was a light in her grandfather's room. It was very unusual for him to go to bed without waiting for her to fix his supper. Leaving the horse munching on his hay in the warm stall, she snatched up her bundles and hurried into the kitchen. The light had not been turned on, and the fire was almost out in the stove. Her granfather had evidently been upstairs most of the afternoon. He must be sick! Tossing her bundles into a corner, Anita hurried up the narrow stairs.

She found old Mr. Barnes, a friend of her grandfather's, seated beside the bed on which the old man lay. Startled, Anita hurried across the room, but Mr. Barnes placed a silencing finger on his lip and motioned her to follow him back into the hall.

"He's just dropped asleep," he whispered. "He was took sick in the middle of the afternoon when I had come in to sit with him a while. I got him to bed and called the docter. He said it was his bronchials again. Too much going out in the cold. He left two prescriptions, but I didn't dare leave him to go out and get them filled. Knew you'd be in pretty soon, and could get them."

"I was later than usual—I'm sorry. Do you think Granddad is seriously ill?" asked Anita anxiously.

"Nothing but the same old attacks like he always has. The doctor says he ought to be all right in a day or so if we get his medicine right away."

Mr. Barnes handed her the two prescriptions, but Anita paused at the top of the steps and asked, "Do you know if the postman brought us any mail this afternoon? I'm looking for an important letter."

She did not want to tell their old friend that there was only fifty cents left in her purse after paying for the last bundles of woolens. If that check had not come from the rug company there would be nothing with which to pay the druggist. She could not give a hint of this to their old

THE TARNISHED DOLLAR.

(By Ruby Lorraine Radford in Young Folks)

With a shiver Anita closed the heavy hall door, though it did little towards relieving the cold of the big empty hall. She wondered if it was the effect of the storm out-of-doors that made the fine old house seem more austere and forbidding than ever. Possibly it was because she had found traces of tears in Julie Morris' eyes when she had answered the door. But as usual Julie had smiled through her tears and greeted her cheerfully.

"I have my bundles ready," she had said. "I went through everything in the attic last week, and I have lots to sell you today. You—you see, we're going through all our things."

Anita had known for a long time that her old school chum and her mother were gradually selling off their rare old furniture, so she quickly changed the subject. But to her merry chatter Julie had listened abstractedly, and at last she interrupted.

"You'll have to excuse me, 'Nita, some men are there in the library to talk business with me. I'll have to get those bundles of old clothes for you and hurry back to them."

Julie was only half way up the steps when Anita closed the front door. Evidently the two men in the library thought the caller had gone, for immediately she heard them talking in low tones.

"Well. it's certainty they can't go on living like this much longer. We're bound to get the place sooner or later."

"It'll be a wonderful proposition with the new hotel almost complete only a block away. You know there'll be tourists to come down who'll want a place in this community, but don't care for hotel life."

Even if that wasn't done," put in the first speaker, "the old place could be fixed up and rented out by rooms, or used for a tea shop—with these wonderful grounds there wouldn't be a chance of its failing."

Anita listened with bated breath at these men planning to get possession of the old Morris home. During her own lifetime her family had known nothing but poverty, but this only made Anita sympathize the more with her friend who had known plenty and was now about to lose it all. At that moment a sudden draught blew the library door shut, and she could hear no more. Presently she heard Julie in the upper hall, and a moment later two big bundles of old woolen clothes came tumbling down from the stairs. On some scales which she had hung on the hall tree Anita quickly weighed the old woolens, then from her purse she counted the change into Julie's hands.

Out on the snowy drive as she packed the bundles under the seat of the buggy, Anita thought of Julie's anxious eyes, and the words she had overheard those men speak. How eagerly had her friend's hand closed over the pay for those old rags. Even helping one's grandfather collect woolens for making rugs was better than having no certain source of income at all, though Anita, as she

friend, however, for he was poorer than they, but would have divided his last cent with them, had he known the need.

"There wasn't but one letter," replied Mr. Barnes, "and your granddad told me it was from a lady asking him to come to her house to see about having a rug made for her."

Down in the kitchen again Anita looked about for her pocketbook. Then she remembered that in her hurry she had dumped it into the corner with the bundles of old clothes. But it would do her no good to take, for she knew there wasn't enough to pay for the two prescriptions. She must get them fiilled immediately. She dared not wait for the chance of the money coming in on the morning mail, for she remembered with a shiver the last bronchial attack her grandfather had had. This one must be checked in the very beginning. For a moment she studied her class ring on her little finger. Possibly the druggist would take that as security till she could pay him the cash.

She might as well take along her purse and pay as much on the bill as possible, she decided, hurrying towards the corner whre she had dumped the bundles. She had just moved the top bundle aside and was about to pick up the purse when suddenly something rolled out of a pocket in one of the old suits Julie had sold her and went rolling across to the middle of the kitchen floor. Quickly she picked it up. It was a tranished silver dollar.

For a moment she felt almost as if a fairy godmother had supplied her needs by sending her the dollar. She picked it up and looked at it a moment; it was tarnished as though it had not been used in many a year. Probably it hadn't. Thoughtfully she looked back at the bundle of clothes from which it had fallen. On top was a coat of quaint cut, musty and motheaten. She took it up and examined it too. The dollar had evidently rolled from that inside pocket that was folded out. Well, whereever it had come from it would certainly help her through this emergency.

She had picked up her hat and was about to hurry towards the door when an unpleasant thought assailed her. The dollar really wasn't hers. Though she had bought the old clothes, she felt certain that Julie had not known the dollar was in the coat pocket. And Julie neede money, too. Surely, though, her friend would not mind lending her the dollar tonight when she needed the money so badly But it would not be borrowing, it would be taking, if she used the money without asking her frined's permission. Anita hesitated only a moment, then turned and slipped the tarnished dollar under the clock on the mantle. She would not tarnish her soul by using a tarnished dollar that wasn't hers. Even though she hated to give up her much loved ring even for a short time, she had decided that was what she must do.

Most of the stores had closed when she reached the main street, but she saw that the pawnbroker's shop was still open. After all it would be better to pawn her ring, so that she could have money in case her grandfather needed anything else. She hated to ask the druggist to take it as security anyhow. Though when she

was inside the shop she haggled with the pawnbroker, she could not make advance her more than three dollars on the ring. While she was waiting for him to make out the ticket she glanced around the crowded little shop. Suddenly a placard on the counter caught her eye, "We buy old coins. If you have a coin dated before 1865 it may be worth several hundred dollars. Buy our coin book for lists of dates and prices." She would probably never have have noticed the sign if she hadn't so recently picked up the tarnished dollar that had fallen from the old coat pocket. But she hadn't noticed the date on it. Surely, though, it was older than 1865, for the cut of the coat from which it had fallen was even more antiquated than the clothes in her grandfather's boyhood chest.

Anita's thoughts were racing ahead as she hurried out into the snowy street. Suppose that old tarnished dollar was worth even one hundred dollars. At the druggist's she left the prescriptions and learned that it would be a half an hour before they could be filled. She would have time to hurry back home and learn the date on the tarnished dollar. But when she had hurried into the kitchen and taken the silver piece from under the clock she found it impossible to make out the date. With trembling fingers she reached in the cabinet for the silver polish, and soon had the dollar almost as bright as a new one. Then she read the date. It was 1804. It ought to be of great value, she mused.

Back at the druggist's ten minutes later she paid for the medicine and found that she had a dollar over. She knew that it was terribly extravagrant, but she spent twenty-five cents of what she had left for a coin book. However, she did not yield to the temptation to look in it till she had given her grandfather his first dose of medicine, and sat beside him till he had fallen asleep again. At last Mr. Barnes was gone, too, and she was alone in the kitchen beside the fire she had rebuilt.

Her fingers were trembling as she turned the pages of the little book. Some of the coins were worth only ten dollars, some as much as eight hundred. Then Anita almost let the book fall from her nerveless fingers as she read, "1840 value $750.00." Surely she had read it wrong, or it was a misprint. It must be seven dollars and fifty cents, or at the most seventy-five dollars. She moved the book close under the light and looked again. Yes, it was so, seven hundred and fifty dollars. Then she examined the date on the dollar again; there was no mistaking it now. But she could not fully believe till she had phoned the pawnbroker and asked him to tell her the value of a dollar of that date.

For one black minute Anita sat there in the chair by the phone. Seven hundred and fifty dollars would relieve their financial strain and free her from the burden of this work she hated. Her grandfather was sick and needed special foods and care. Again a little shiver that was not cold this time ran over her; she could never tarnish her sould with tarnished money! Three minutes later she had summoned Julie Morris over her next-door neighbor's phone, for it had been a long time since the

Morris's had afforded such a luxury as a phone.

Though Anita did not startle her friend with the good news just then, she told her it was very important for her to see her that night. When Julie learned that old Mr. Brenner was sick she thought that Anita wanted her to come for that reason and said that she and her mother would be down as soon as the could get there.

It was a very astonished pair to whom Anita broke the wonderful news of the tarnished dollar she had found among the old clothes they had sold her.

"But surely you must be wrong—it can't be worth seven hundred and fifty dollars," said Mrs. Morris incredulously.

"It is, though," replied Anita. "I called the pawnbroker and made sure of it."

"Are you quite certain it came out of the clothes I sold you?" asked Julie.

For proof Anita showed them the coat and Mrs. Morris said, "Yes, that's the coat my great-great grandfather wore before he left home to engage in the war of 1812. I remember my grandmother showing it to us and saying they packed all his things away when he failed to come back. And just think that dollar has been in that inside pocket ever since he put it there."

"How little he could have dreamed that it would save the old home place to the family. I was only praying tonight for as much as five hundred dollars. If it had been found a day later, 'Nita, we would have already signed the deeds for its sale to those men who were up home tonight."

"Oh, I'm so glad," breathed Anita.

"And there'll be enough out of the money for me to open up the little tea shop in the corner of the garden for the tourists!" exclaimed Julie, the full import of the possibilities in that tarnished dollar breaking over her. "And, 'Nita won't you come up and work with me? You love fixing cakes and dainty things, and you don't love this work you're doing."

"And now that Mr. Brenner is sick he certainly ought to give up this work he's been doing. I'm sure you two girls ought to be able to make a comfortable income with the tea shop—with some ready capital to start on," urged Mrs. Morris. "You see, we feel that part of the money is really yours, for we couldn't have had it but for you."

"Oh, I'm not hesitating about accepting the offer!" exclaimed Anita joyfully, "I'm just trying realize my good luck."

A man asked to define the essential characteristics of a gentleman—using the term in its widest sense—would presumably reply, "The will to put himself in the place of others; the horror of forcing others into positions from which he would himself recoil; the power to do what seems to him to be right, without considering what others may say or think."—John Galsworthy.

MURDER NEWS.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

These are the days when some of the wise and worthy citizens, after eagerly reading two columns of the Cooper murder case and intently scrutinizing the photographs that illustrate the story, fling their newspapers to the floor, lift their voices to high E and inform the long-suffering neighbors:

"Its terrible to publish murder stories! All that disturbing stuff about blood and death! There's no telling how many other people it will incite to go out and kill somebody! It's a bad influence on the public!"

The fact is that the publication of murder news is a good and constructive influence. Instead of multiplying murders, it keeps down the number of such crimes.

It accomplishes this benign result by ministering to a psychological need in many members of the race and by providing an outlet for emotions which, if they were not gratified in this way, would express themselves in violence and tragedy.

In every normal individual in childhood the cruelty and killer instincts are highly developed. The youngster has not lived long enough to learn how to discipline his part of the racial emotional inheritance which prompts him to destroy those who thwart or anger him. We have all heard the wrathful child declare with frank enthusiasm: "I'd kill him if I could."

As he grows older, if his maturing process is entirely normal and successful, he suppresses this killer instinct. It sinks out of sight in the depths of his personality, and he is no longer annoyed by it.

But a large number of individuals do not mature with complete success. Their impulse is to go forth, like their remote ancestors in the bush and destroy those whom they hate, is suppressed, but only partially. The instinct remains in them, a pale, weak thing which, since it is a part of their personalities, craves some form of expression.

If it had no opportunity to express itself, no outlet for the small amount of emotion it constantly creates, it would grow into a powerful force and, ultimately bursting its barriers, play havoc. Like the river, as long as it flows out normally, it does no harm; but, dammed up, it finally breaks loose.

The man who has not entirely suppressed his racial killer instinct under the commands of civilization is the one who devours the murder news with interest and pays the writers of detective stories their royalties. The reader always identifies himself with what he is reading. That is why he reads and gets something out if it.

Thus, in reading the murder story, he murders vicariously. His killer instinct gets rid of its tension by those flights of imagination in which he, the reader, is the wily villain, tracking his enemy or victim to death. His impluse to kill is harmless as long as its tension is relieved in this way.

The same kind of mechanism is perceptible in the man who, although

a strict monogamist in his conduct, likes to tell undesirable jokes about the so-called romantic adventures of others. From the polygamous past of the race, he has inherited the polygamous instinct, and he has not entirely suppressed it. The impluse to philander is in him, albeit weakly, and he gives it expression in talk instead of action.

Similarly the woman whose married life is not ideal gets a big kick out of identifying herself with the heroines in the movies and in romantic novels. And the old maid, who wishes she had married, gets her kick out of gossipping unkindly about her sisters who have married or, she thinks, should be married.

The boy who "plays Indian" or "is a soldier" is expressing the same killer instinct which the adult gratifies in reading about killings. The adult accomplishes in mental play what the boy achieves in the physical.

Modern psychology has demonstrated that all the nervous and mental upsets, except those attributable to physical causes, come from the individual's failure to express himself adequately, to find an outlet for all his impulses and instincts. Suppression, the turning inward of the energy that should flow out in thought and action, is what does the damage.

The beneficent influence of murder news is indisputably proved by the man who, having just devoured the two columns of the Cooper mystery, clamors for the abolition of all murder news.

The two columns have satisfied his killer instinct. He knows at all times that this killer instinct is reprehensible. But when its tension is relieved and his sneaking desire to gratify it is temporarily met, is the only time he feels virtuous enough to clamor for destruction of the very thing that affords him easy means of dealing with it.

He is like the drunkard who, having gulped down a big drink of whiskey, slams the empty glass on the table and proclaims: "I'll never take another as long as I live!"

Murder news, therefore, helps a considerable part of the community to express harmlessly an instinct which, if denied all expression, would undoubtedly accumulate enough force and tension in some individuals to lead to violence or some other harmful behavior. The man who says it should not be published is the one whose killer impulse is not entirely suppressed. He is impatient as a result of his vague realization that it appeals to him, and he does not perceive that, because it does appeal to him, it renders him valuable service.

All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE LAPP'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

By Stockton Porter.

What the seal is to the Eskimo and the date palm to the Arab, the reindeer is to the Lapp, whose happy hunting ground lies in the Tundra, as the region along the edge of the Arctic Circle is called. Here the moss the reindeer loves and thrives upon grows, and as the Lapp lives upon the great deer of the far north, he and his family follow close in the wake of the great herds that range over the wide sections that come so close to the land of the Eskimo.

The reindeer is an enterprising animal, and when he gets hungry, instead of waiting for his food to be prepared and brought to him, as domestic animals do, he goes to work and forages for himself. His marvelously keen nose locates his dinner even when it is several feet down under the snow; once he knows where to dig, he goes to work with his great splay feet, and paws away until he has uncovered the moss in which his stomach delights. A herd of reindeer will be often seen feeding, with only their backs visible above the snow, so skillfully have they "dug themselves in."

The Lapps follow the deer from one feeding place to another, and canmping near the herd in tents, grow fat and fine, and array themselves in much warm wearing gear. For the reindeer is the happy little Lapp's perambulating department store, and supplies him with the covering of his tent, the clothes upon his back, the shoes on his feet, the hood on his head, the food for his table, and the harness for the deer that pulls his funny little sledge.

The Lapps are small people, the full-grown men being about the size of a fifteen-year-old boy of average growth. They sometimes come far enough south to meet trappers, from whom they secure tobacco, and matches, and occasionally a few yards of cloth. But they do not like the warmer climate, and very speedily take the cold, bleak trail that leads back to their land of ice and snow—and reindeer. The little Lapp turns up his short nose at tea and coffee, and drinks down big bowls of reindeer milk; he sniffs at the trapper's tools made of steel and wood, and potters away for days and weeks making his own weapons and tools out of reindeers bones; sometimes in summer he will make a hut out of wood, when he is close to the timber line, but this is seldom, for he much prefers the crude tent of his forefathers that is made entirely of reindeer hide.

The reindeer is an excellent beast of burden; he is easily tamed and trained, and will carry a heavy burden upon his fat back; his big, splay feet that seem so clumsy are really splendid snow-shoes, that enable him to travel with ease over the snow, pulling a loaded Lapp sledge at the rate of ten miles an hour. He makes music wherever he goes, for as he trots along at his queer, shambling gait, his hoofs clatter like a loose spoke in the wheel of a buggy.

The Lapp's sledge is entirely unlike that of his Eskimo neighbor. It looks very much like a fat little ca-

noe that has been cut exactly in half. The pointed end has an upright piece or stake, and the "traces" of the deer are attached to this; or, rather, the trace, for there is only one. A stout, leather band is attached to each side of the reindeer's collar; these bands are brought together between his fore-legs, under his stomach, where they are attached to a stout, leather trace; this, in its turn, is brought straight between his hind-legs and hitched to the upright that is at the end of the boat-shaped sledge.

The reindeer makes an excellent steed, but riding in a Lapp's sledge is hard on the tenderfoot, because the queer conveyance rocks to and fro like a boat, and the first trip a person takes he is often desperately seasick. The deer travels steadily, and has only one real defect as a steed; he does not know how to "whoa" and he refuses to learn what that word means, no matter what language he hears it in! Slow down he will not; he either goes or does not go. When the word to stop is given, he stops like a shot, and unless the driver is a very skillful handler of both sledges and reindeer, the little boat-like sled sails under the deer's hind-legs, and there is trouble for the driver who will find his steed sitting down on top of him and his load.

The Lapps are happy, little people, wandering from place to place, living in their tents and making the very best of what ever they happen to have; they know all about doing without, even as they know all about using to the limit every good thing that comes their way—and that means —reindeer. The men hunt and fish and the women prepare the homes, the clothing and the food.

During the last twenty years the United States has become very much interested in the reindeer. About a decade ago a small herd of about a thousand head was brought to Alaska, with Lapps to teach the natives how to care for the deer.

The small herd thrived so amazingly that there are now in Alaska about 200,000 reindeer; many of these are owned by the natives, who are able to handle them as well as their Lapp teachers. The deer do splendidly in that cold land, up there so near the Pole, and it is believed that before many years Alaska will have the biggest and the finest herds in the world, and that the Indians of that "Great Land" will be more expert as raisers of reindeer than the Lapps!

—Girls' Weekly.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
And ye'r spine is feelin' proud.
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

FAMOUS MOUSETRAP QUOTATION.

(The Pathfinder)

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap, than his neighbor, though he builds his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

There has long been a controversy over the authorship of this famous quotation. Did Ralph Waldo Emerson write it, or did Elbert Hubbard? That is a question which has not been settled. Hubbard claimed the authorship emphatically. He asserted that he was the author in a conversation with S. Wilbur Corman, of N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia. He made the same claim in a letter to Dr. Frank Vizetelly, managing editor of the Standard dictionary.

In the March 12, 1927, issue of the Dearborn Independent appeared an article entitled "Intimate Glimpses of Elbert Hubbard," by James W. Beckman, his secretary. Beckman writes: "Elbert Hubbard used to say: 'When you want to say something and don't want to take the responsibility for it yourself, blame it on a dead man. He can't deny it!'"

"The most noteworthy instance where he applied this was in connection with the famous mousetrap epigram which he attributed to Emerson. No doubt he was inspired to write it by the desire to put over the fact that because the Roycrofters were doing some things a little differently and better than they were being done anywhere else, people were making pilgrimages to Roycroft from every part of the world. He felt it wouldn't be quite right for him to say it, so looking over the list of possible sponsors he picked Emerson as the most eligible.

"Here is the saying, still widely quoted: 'If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door.'

"However, as if to set himself right with Emerson before joining him in his 'Little Journey of the Home of Jehovah,' Elbert Hubbard said: 'Ralph Waldo Emerson never wrote that mousetrap crack-out-of-the-box. That was a mousetrap that caught a lot of literary mice intent on orphic cheese'."

All this sounds plausible, but if Mr. Beckman had investigated he would soon have learned that it is impossible. The famous mousetrap quotation, we find, appears in a little book published in 1891. There it is attributed to Emerson. That was several years before Hubbarb started his Roycrofters. The book is entitled "Borrowings," and was compiled by the Ladies of the First Unitarian Church of Oakland, Cal. We have examined that edition personally. However, "Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotation," edited by Kate Louise Roberts and published by Funk & Wagnals Co., places the first edition of "Borrowings" back two years further—1889. That work says: "Mrs. Sarah S. B. Yule credits the quotation to Emerson in her 'Borrowings' (1889), asserting

that she has copied this in her handbook from a lecture delivered by Emerson.'' If this statment is true, those who claim that Hubbarb is the author of the quotation cannot prove their contention unless they are prepared to produce evidence that he used it before the year 1889, of before the year 1891 at the latest. We have not seen the 1889 edition of Mrs. Yule's book, but we have examined the edition of 1891.

Hubbarb was probably sincere in claiming the authorship of the quotation. The evidence, however, indicates that Emerson was the author. It is likely that Hubbarb forgot the source and, as often happens, supposed he originated it. In Emerson's Journal of 1855 appears the following passage which bears out our position:

''If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles, or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad hard-beaten road to his house though it be in the woods. And if a man knows the law, people will find it out, though he lives in a pine shanty, and resort to him. And if a man can pipe or sing, so as to wrap the prisoned soul in an elysium; or can paint landscape, and convey into oils and ochers all the enchantments of spring and autumn; or can liberate or intoxicate all people who hear him with delicious songs and verses, 'tis certain that the secret cannot be kept: the first witness tells it to the second, and the men go by fives and tens and fifties to his door.''

In ''Nature Addresses and Lectures'' Emerson says:

''If a single man plants himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come around to him.'' This is the same philosophy expressed in the mouse-trp quotation, which is either another Emersonian version of the same thing, or a paraphrase of Emerson by Elbert Hubbarb. There seems to be no evidence to support Hubbarb's claim, except his bare assertion, which is contradicted by positive evidence. Unless it can be shown that Hubbarb used this quotation before 1889, several years before he gave up business and started the Roycrofters, his claim to the authorship should be abandoned and it should be attributed to Emerson just as it was in 1889 and 1891.

THE BIBLE.

We search the world for truth: we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul,
And we are seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find what all the sages said,
Is in the Book our mothers read.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Lawrence Vaughan.

Last Sunday was a warm and pretty day so the boys of the different cottages went for a walk or went out on the grass and enjoyed themselves.

Last Saturday afternoon there was a ball game at the ball ground. Officers against the boys. The boys did some fine playing this week and beat the officers, 11-17. It was a very good game.

We are glad to announce that the receiving building, which was mentioned some weeks ago, is about to be finished. The masonary is completed and the carpenters are now working on the roof and interior.

Mr. Edward W. Boshart, of the Department of Industrial Arts, State College, Raliegh, N. C. was a visitor at the School last Wednesday. He was escorted by Captain Grier and showed great interest in our school. We hope he will visit us again.

Last Sunday we had visitors from Charlotte to see us. Doctor Albert Sidney Johnson, of the First Presbyterian Church held the services. The sermon "What is Life." Life he said is composed of three things, Service, Sacrifice and Christ. His text was taken from the fourth chapter of James. We appreciated Doctor Johnson's sermon and hope he will visit us again.

We have some fine "historians" here with us. The other day a boy was asked, "When did the Mecklenburg farmers sign the first Declaration of Independence?" He replied, "May 20, 1975." Maybe he is a little ahead of time with this, but he is generally behind everything else except his meals. On account of embarrasment, we refrain from mentioning his name.

Our good friend Mr. J. J. Barnhardt contributes prizes quarterly for the boys who excel in the different branches of our school work. Last Friday night the program consisted of recitations and declamations. It being also the anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, the auditorium was appropriately decorated with large U. S. flags and the program was opened by the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner.

The prize winners were as follows: In the recitation contest—First, Bill Goss; second, Ted Stewart; honorable mention, Robert Sprinkle.

Declamation Contest—First, Jack Walker; second, Samuel Moore; honorable mention, Virgil Shipes.

Mrs. J. W. Pike, William Barnhardt, of Concord, and Vernon Crook, acted as judegs of this contest.

In addition to the regular prizes given by Mr. Barnhardt, Mrs. J. W. Pike, gave beautiful stick pins to the boys that did not win the contest.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON.

Have you ever seen a boy lose his temper over almost nothing? If you have, and I am sure you have, you felt like telling him to keep his shirt on. That is, of course, provided that you ever use slang.

And what would you have meant if you had told him to keep his shirt on? You would have meant for him to control his temper and not get angry so easily. Now let us see how this expression came to us with this meaning.

Long, long ago, indeed, so long ago that our forefathers were called savages, though, of course, they were not, this expression originated. In these ancient days there was much fighting between peoples. And, of course, as you know, we of Anglo-Saxon origin have always been courageous in battle and our forefathers came in for their share.

The Romans looked upon the ancient Britons as barbarous. Why? One reason was that the Britons went into battle stripped for action, while the Roman soldiers wore the most elaborate armor and trappings.

This was not due, however, to savagery, but the Britons, our forefathers, had a natural inclination to rid themselves of everything that might hinder their hardest blows against the enemy. Taking off the shirt became the sign of battle.

And so today when we say keep your shirt on we simply mean keep your temper down.

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